

What is the A. P. A.

No month has been said of late by certain individuals in ridicule and condemnation of what has become to be generally known as the A. P. A. that it will not be unwise to speak of it—that the general public, not initiated in its mysteries and the reform it seeks to accomplish, may learn of the patriotic motives and the position it assumes in preventing the destruction of the public schools and other cherished institutions of this country by the ruthless hand of Rome.

The underlying principles of the order are thoroughly patriotic. As an organization, it has nothing to do with politics. By that is meant party politics—every American citizen who casts a ballot is interested in politics—and in this sense and only in this sense, is the A. P. A. politically interested. The object of the order is not to assist one party, defeat a second or create a third—but simply that each and every man shall sustain the institutions of our country, by placing in positions of honor, profit or trust; only those who believe in those institutions. Parties are not the owners of men, but do the bidding of intelligent men. But our political friend says: "If you are desirous of good government you will vote for the party ticket nearest your idea of what is best." Yes, that sounds very well, but do you believe that the head of a religious corporation has the right to think for all the communicants of that church, and that under no circumstances has a man the right to use his God-given intelligence and think for himself? You answer, No! Then your argument must be wrong, for whether or not candidates have been placed on the ticket by fair or foul means, you say one of the two great parties must do a man's thinking. The A. P. A. recognizes that politics must have its political machinery and that it is a necessity, but it says to the politicians: "Run your politics just as you please, but if your political machine cannot place men on the tickets who are in sympathy with every institution of this country the A. P. A. will find a machine that will. The order has no objection to Mr. Finnegan because he was born in Ireland, but if his name is to be placed on a political ticket, the A. P. A. want it there as representing an American citizen in word, act and thought, and not as the emissary and agent of a gigantic religious body which seeks through political advantage to sap the vigor and existence of our schools and government until it shall assume absolute power. To the extent that Irish-Americans, German-Americans, or any other hyphenated Americans are encouraged, to that extent do we encourage foreignism in America, and the A. P. A. is opposed to it, wishing all to fraternize and represent American principles and interests only, no matter what their nationality may have been. The A. P. A. makes no attack upon religion. Every man who lives in this country has the undoubted right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and no man or body of men can interfere with the right. The constitution of the United States clearly sets forth the fact that church and states are divided. While freedom to worship as a man pleases is admitted, the constitution clearly annunciate the principle that no religious sect, as such, shall interfere with our government, but that it shall remain in the hands of the people irrespective of the church.

One of the foundation stones upon which this country rests is the public schools. In it are taught those branches of study which make the children of today intelligent citizens and peers of their fellows. The A. P. A. has no word to say against the man who believes in the Roman Catholic faith, for a large percentage of that faith in their hearts believe in our public schools, and the Herald honors them for it, but there stands a single man, with the garb of a priest, who says: "If you send your children to the public schools in the name of your God, I'll send your soul to hell." The A. P. A. has a kindly feeling for the man who wants to do right, but contempt for the man, who, knowing better, would use the power of his church to destroy one of the best institutions in our land. The priest says the public schools are godless, and the A. P. A. replies, if that is true, who made them so? The Bible used to be read in them until the influence of the Catholic church was brought to bear upon them to have the practice discontinued, and today if they are godless upon the Catholic church rests the blame. The A. P. A. says to all men, worship God as you please, but this organization will stand in your path, when as a religious denomination of any sect, you attack the public institutions of this country. The members of the A. P. A. believe that the president of the United States is the highest person in authority in this country. The pope of Rome cuts no figure in our government, and any man who takes the oath of al-

legiance to this country and then acknowledges a higher authority is in violation of his obligations of citizenship. —Morris Herald.

As To Bohemians.

The official census of 1890 shows the following results, as regards matters of religion, in the kingdom of Bohemia: 3,612,297 Catholics; 96,499 Protestants of the Helvetic and 99,737 of the Augsburg confessions; 94,479 Jews; 6,344 Old Catholics; 1,180 persons without any confession. Or, in relative figures, there were out of every 1,000 inhabitants 903.48 persons Catholics, 16.19 Jews, 11.38 Protestants of the Helvetic and 11.38 of the Augsburg confessions, 1.12 Old Catholics, 0.29 confessionless, 0.33 of all others. (Moravians etc.) It is estimated that the number of Bohemians in the United States and their descendants is between 350,000 and 400,000. All things even, the same ratio of 900.48 that prevails in Bohemia should, to all appearances, also hold good in this country. But it does not. We may say that fully 50 per cent. of Bohemian Catholics, soon after their arrival in the United States, secede from the mother church; in other words, the Roman Catholic church has lost 175,000 of the 350,000 Bohemians residing in this country. Nor is it likely that she will ever get back any considerable number of them, for some of the secessionists have since turned Protestants, others have become agnostics, fulfilling the saying of Lord Macaulay, that those who separate from the mother church become infidels, while a third faction developed into Roman haters. Today the estrangement between Bohemian Catholics and ex-Catholics is complete, each party having its own newspapers, societies, halls, schools, etc. Of the many causes that led to this remarkable state of affairs we may mention.

The reading of Bohemian history. Reading of works which the Roman church usually includes in the "prohibited list" and which were inaccessible to the average readers in Austria. The supposed hostility of the church of Rome towards the Bohemians. Influence of newspapers, unfettered by religious or political censorship. Intolerance of the early priests, and their malversations in office. Scarcity of churches. The exuberance of a newly acquired freedom and its inevitable corollary, the hatred of former oppressors. Religious disputations in public between the secessionists and the priests, in which the latter appeared to be routed. It is a matter of common knowledge that Bohemia, prior to the period of anti-reformation in Austria, was a Protestant country. Protestantism in Bohemia is associated with traditions of greatness, liberty and respect. The re-introduction of Catholicity, on the contrary, is marked with terrible violence, with executions, torture, confiscations, exile, denationalization. After it followed a period of abasement which no Bohemian of the present day can contemplate without grief. While each of the generations between John Huss, the martyr of the fifteenth century, and John Amos Comenius, the exile of the seventeenth century, contributed its mite toward the renown and usefulness of Bohemia, the generations that have been born since the anti-reformation remained almost sterile. Bohemia, once famous for her schools, and her civilization, rivaling that of the neighboring nations, received a tremendous set back through the anti-reformation, from the effects of which she has not thoroughly recovered yet. In their zeal to reconvert the people to Catholicism, the Jesuits spared neither the language, nor the nationality, nor the traditions of the people.

Thoughtless newspaper writers and after dinner speakers are apt to place the Bohemian immigrant under the ban and exclude him with the other "undesirable" elements that come to this country. Their chief objection to him is that he is not of the Anglo-Saxon, or the Scandinavian or Celtic origin. Industrious habits, usefulness and fitness for citizenship are matters of no importance to these deep students of economical questions.—Bohemian Voice.

Playing Into the Hands of Romanism. What on earth are the Protestant ministers of this town thinking of when they commence agitating in the very thing that Rome desires. Cannot they realize the fact that in urging the adoption of religious education in our public schools they are practically sounding the death knell of these institutions.

What class of religious doctrine can they teach in a public school that is open to the children of every religious denomination that won't conflict with

the peculiar theories of the several different religious sects—some absolutely some.

The task of installing religion must be left to the home circle and the Sunday schools, connected with the various denominations. The education as offered by our public schools must be entirely secular and non-sectarian. The moment you commence to add religion as one of the branches of public school education, you furnish Rome with an undoubted good excuse for not sending her children to these schools, and also an excellent excuse for her desiring to help pay for the maintenance of them. In fact it would not be any time before every religious denomination would provide schools of their own, rather than have their children come in contact with religious teachings that to their mind would be in conflict with the theory of religion as peculiar to their sect or denomination.

The actions of the ministers of this town is perfectly suicidal and flying in the face of providence, especially after the recent propaganda of the pope and the arrogant and bigoted address of his representative to this country, Mgr. Satolli on the same question.

C. F. P. F.

EIGHTEEN MILLIONS.

The Grand Aggregate of Glorious Suns Which Form the Milky Way.

The "Milky Way," the grandest feature of the firmament which bends above us—the hazy path which so majestically bands the whole fabric of the skies together, is now known to be composed of a grand aggregation of at least eighteen millions (18,000,000) of suns each as large or larger than that which makes vegetable and animal life an earthly possibility. One is apt, when allowing the mind to revert to the contemplation of these misty and indistinct astronomical subjects, to measure their magnitude, or attempt to measure it, by making terrestrial comparisons. It is obvious, however, upon more mature reflection, that such comparisons are worse than odious. The bulk of our sun exceeds that of the earth 1,200,000 times, being 600 times greater than that of the bulk of his whole train of planets taken collectively. This being the case what basis can we use for calculating the magnitude of 18,000,000 suns, each as I have said before, probably larger than that which gives us heat and light.

The infinite number of suns which taken together make up the "Milky Way" are not set at a uniform distance from our earth, or even from our sun. In fact, they appear to work altogether independently of either this mundane sphere or our "glorious orb of day." The majority of them are planted at a distance too remote to be even imperfectly measured or understood. Some of them are so near (?) that light which travels at the rate of 185,000 miles per second would cross the distance between us and them in the period of about an even 10 years. Others, however, are so remote that it would take a full thousand years for their light to reach us! Some argue that light, the astronomer's only basis of search in the unfathomable regions of space, expands and decomposes in its progress and that at best it gives us only very imperfect data upon which to base calculations. This is conceded without argument; but I want to say this much before closing this "note." These curious calculations cannot help but force upon us the reflection that other solar systems still throng beyond the farthest yet discovered, and that though man may by aid of modern instruments behold the immensity of nature he will never be able to bring its bounds within the range of vision.

His Authority Made Permanent.

Mgr. Satolli, the papal legate, received at the Catholic university today the following cable message from Dr. O'Connell, the American secretary of the propaganda, who accompanied Mgr. Satolli to this country and recently returned to Rome:

ROME, January 14, 1893.—To Mgr. Satolli: The apostolic delegation is permanently established in the United States, and are confirmed as the first delegate.

O'CONNELL.

Information was also received here confirming the announcement that Rev. F. Z. Rooker, of Albany, N. Y., had been formally appointed secretary of the apostolic delegation, and stating further, that he had left Rome for New York and was no doubt the bearer of the papal bull creating the delegation and confirming all the powers of Mgr. Satolli.

OPTICAL GOODS

at 1/2 Price. We have an elegant line of the Diamanta Specs and Eye Glasses.

TRY THEM.

BELL STORE JEWELRY DEPT.

Eat Dyball's Delicious Cream Candies, 1518 Douglas St.

You should all remember that C. F. Shaw & Co., 518 S. 16th St., has always on hand, Vegetable, in season; also a full line of Staple Groceries. Do not forget us when down town.

John Rudd, 305 North 16th St., has a full line of Ladies' and Gent's Gold Watches.

P. O. S. of A. pins. AMERICAN Book Department.

EASILY MADE HAPPY.

How a Rich Man Learned Some Lessons on a Rainy Day.

A Mr. gentleman of my acquaintance got caught in the rain the other day while out for a walk on upper Broadway. He is not only rich, but eccentric, in that he rarely rides and that he wears a great deal. The rain that for a long time fell gently increased in quantity and was caught up by the rising wind and shot into faces and doorways, where people hopefully huddled for the time and beat upon the awnings and strove as if in mad desire to crush them and get at the hearts of those who had sought temporary shelter there.

The gentleman, although protected by a stout umbrella, was finally driven to one of those awnings, whence he peered up and down for any stray cab that might come that way. By this process he saw a man coming down the street, dodging from awning to awning and doorway to doorway. There were hundreds of people going and coming, pushing or pulling umbrellas, or who, enveloped from head to heels in waterproofs, went edging along with one ear turned down to windward, as if to split the storm. But this particular man commanded his attention because he had no umbrella and no waterproof and although the day was cold not even an overcoat. He ran awhile, then paused in some friendly shelter to repeat the run to the next, finally bringing up under the same awning with my friend.

Like most rich men of the world my friend is suspicious of his kind unless they come properly introduced. But he looked at this specimen of humanity and saw at a glance that it was a very wet specimen, plainly and lightly clad, but with a frank, manly, German countenance. Not having been addressed by it, he felt still more interested.

"Bad day for you," he said pleasantly. "Yes, for anybody," replied the man, folding his arms across his water soaked bosom.

"Got far to go?" "Right good bit," said the specimen.

"You'd better take a street car. Here comes one going right down Broadway."

"No; I'm going over on the other side and then down the Bowery."

"Well, that is a 'good bit,' but you can get a car over there," remarked my friend. The specimen laughed. "A street car is too rich for my blood today," said he. "Oh, I've got the money," he added, seeing the cynical look that came into the gentleman's face, "but I want that for something else. That's the reason I'm footing it. I'll get wet, but when I get down to the place I can get dried out for a glass of beer."

The perfect confidence of the specimen in his programme elicited the echo:

"For a glass of beer?"

"Oh, yes! You see, I don't stop at an expensive hotel. It's the Palmer House, down in Chatham square, and—"

"Chatham square? Why, that's miles from here!"

"I know that well enough, but I'll get there in an hour or two," was the cheerful reply. "When I do I'll buy a glass of beer, and they will let me dry out before the big stove. I can't get much wetter. If I took a street car, you see, I'd have no beer and no place to dry." He laughed again.

"You don't seem to mind it much."

"Mind it! What's the use? I'll be fixed all right in a day or two. And as for a little water—fought! The specimen shook himself like a young spaniel. "Well, I must be running or I'll get cold," said he, and he started off without more preliminary.

"Hold on there!" shouted the astonished gentleman. "Come back here a moment." The specimen came slowly back, but he shivered in spite of his air of indifference.

"How much money have you got?"

"Fifteen cents if I walk—ten cents if I ride," the specimen replied rather shamefacedly.

"Well, here you ride." He put a half dollar into the specimen's hand.

The specimen looked at it a moment like a flash, and catching the giver's hand before it could be withdrawn mutely pressed it to his lips. There had been nothing cringing or sycophantic or whining. There was nothing of the sort now. It was a grateful, impulsive exhibition of genuine gratitude for just one instant; then with frank and glistening eyes he said:

"Ride? And I'll eat too—and sleep in a bed! I'm the happiest man in New York!"

And the specimen dashed down the street through the pelting rain, cut into Thirty-fifth street and disappeared toward the east side. And the rich gentleman looked up at the cloud riven sky, shook the folds out of his silk umbrella and started buoyantly down Broadway, saying softly, "The happiest man in New York!"—New York Herald.

Letter of a Suicide.

An octogenarian general left a letter lately defending the propriety of his suicide. Said he:

When an individual life has run its cycle and become a waste of nature in the body, overwhelming its mental and physical qualities with weakness and pain to an intolerable degree, it may with all propriety be removed.

Such being the case with the life of the writer, his apology to the world is by these terms made through his most beloved and most intimate friends, who, he trusts, will appreciate the relief to him from ceaseless distress, which, in his opinion, ought to be brought by the physician who is summoned with his drugs, surely for that purpose, but not for cure.—Boston Globe.

A Snake in a Bag of Potatoes.

A man purchased a bag of potatoes at the Cape Town market, and when the potatoes were turned out at his home he discovered that a puff adder was included in the bargain. That viper must have been callous indeed to have expanded no venom during its transit, and it is to be hoped that the potatoes were well examined after being in such company. The colonists are wonderfully expert in dealing with such quarry.—Cape Town Letter.

LOQUACIOUS SQUATTERS.

Once Upon a Time Meets White Travelling Over Successes of Prairie.

Journaling across the prairie in which ever way the road runs, we at length overtake the strangest looking cavalcade imaginable—a dilapidated wagon with a dirty, ragged cover, drawn by an ill-assorted team of a very small horse and an over-sized mule long since fit subjects for the bonnyard. The driver is a dirt begrimed, tobacco stained, low visaged man, while his wife and family, which last is much too numerous for even a wealthy man, are if anything more dirty, more ragged and more disheveled than himself. On a tall, gaunt mule rides the eldest son and heir (5), driving before him a herd of two cows, a calf, one sheep, a goat and an old, blind, lame horse, while two mangy, mousetrap curs trot in the rear as if only too fully aware of their miserable existence. Occasionally the jaded team essays to move out of a walk, but as quickly relapses into the pace which for many weary months has been its accustomed gait.

As we rode up the following dialogue ensued:

"Howdy."

"Howdy."

"Travelin' rite smart."

"Come far?"

"Come from the bottom lands of old Missouri."

At which point there is a lull in the conversation, during which each surveys the other. Suddenly the knight of the tobacco quid turns interrogator:

"Say, stranger, what might yer name be?"

At this an insane desire takes possession of us to reply like the schoolboy, "It might be Jones, but it ain't," but we tell him our name, after which the way is open for an endless string of inquiries, the first of which are invariably:

"What might your business be?"

"Where be you goin'?"

"Where'd you come from?"

"How's crops there?"

This sort of thing is bad enough to go through once, but when one passes a dozen such each day in the week, with each of whom he is expected to go through the same performance, it becomes a terror by day and a nightmare in our dreams. Moreover, one is expected to stop and go through it, and I have more than once heard myself characterized as "too high toned to talk to common folks," and merely because I had no time to stop and talk with them. The absurdity of this is at once apparent to those here in the east, where to mind one's own business is the universal custom. As a matter of fact, a live, energetic man has no time to talk or fool with people by the way. It matters not a picayune whom he meets, what their business is, where they are going or anything else concerning them.

At night we camp at the only water hole we have seen during the day and are soon joined by three bands of movers. Presently as many fires are burning, and as the darkness gathers the scene is by no means unpicturesque. Children are playing about, women are cooking, the men are tending the horses and staking them out for the night, while the flickering of the campfires, the harsh talk and coarse laughter of the men lend a certain something hard to describe. If everything we possess is not borrowed by our neighbors we are lucky, even to provisions, which last of course are borrowed on both sides that they are not to be returned. Supper over, the siege begins. Visitors pour in from all sides, mostly from the male element, and for hours we are entertained with a complete history of each. We cannot ask them to go, for are they not "gentlemen" and as good as we? So there we sit, until finally one by one they drop off and leave us to ourselves.

This is a fair sample of a ride over Texas roads, and the same may be repeated every day in the year. In fact it was during my stay until I hated the sight of a wagon on the same road.—Washington Post.

A Cozy Nook.

Apropos of upright pianos a scheme for utilizing their backs in the formation of a cozy corner was recently seen. The piano was placed between the mantel and the window, the back toward the fireplace and quite out in the room. The straight back was covered with old gold silk, laid on in straight, lengthwise folds. A bench or settle, with end arms, but no back, was drawn across it and provided with a flat seat cushion of old gold corduroy and two pillows covered with the same material. Between piano and fireplace, in a position to throw its rays on the music rack, stood a piano lamp with a shade of old gold chiffon, and at the other end a palm was growing in a jar of dull Japanese effect.

When this cozy nook, which was still further protected at the opposite side by a "crane pole" portiere swinging out at an oblique angle with a door space, was lately intruded upon there lounged in it a husband with a pipe, and at the piano his wife struck scattering chords and gossiped with him between whiles.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Progress in Artificial Rubber.

The discovery made by Dr. H. A. Fildin that isoprene, which can be prepared from turpentine, under certain conditions changes into what appears to be genuine rubber, has been followed up by experiments, the result of which points to an early utilization of the new process. It is now announced that Bouchardat has produced the same change by heat, and the product is a material resembling pure Para rubber in every way and amenable to vulcanization.—New York Telegram.

Enemies of the Oyster.

One to two million oysters are produced from a single parent, and their scarcity is accounted for by the fact that man is not the only oyster eating animal. The starfish loves the oyster and preys upon it unceasingly. A variety of whelk is also very fond of young oysters, to get at which it bores right through the shell and sucks the fish up through the hole thus made.—Buffalo Express.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

"Here's the honor, from down to here, I'm glad to see you, from down to here, I'm glad to see you, from down to here, I'm glad to see you."

"How are you getting, getting strong, I'm glad to see you, from down to here, I'm glad to see you, from down to here, I'm glad to see you."

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