

GOV. STONE'S OPINION.

It is Not Complimentary to the A. P. A.

He Says It is Prospective, Un-American and Wholly Vicious.

The letters published below are self-explanatory. Read them carefully. Draw your own conclusions and vote your own sentiments at the next election, and your name will disappear in Missouri as it did in Nebraska.

WESTPORT, Mo., Jan. 26, 1894.—GOV. W. J. STONE, JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.—Honored Sir: In the Western Crusader, a Catholic paper published by R. M. Ryan, priest, in this town, I find the enclosed deliverance accredited to your excellency. Under the caption "What Men Think of A. P. A.," Priest Ryan seeks to deliver the weight of your political position against a rapidly growing organization. Such utterances are not characteristic of your public utterances, therefore some of your strongest supporters wish to inquire whether you are correctly quoted by "The Crusader." Let us have your answer. Respectfully, L. B. NOLAND, Pastor M. E. Church, South.

STATE OF MISSOURI, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, JEFFERSON CITY, Jan. 29, 1894.

REV. L. B. NOLAND, WESTPORT, Mo.—Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of the 28th inst. I send you by this mail a copy of the Jefferson City Tribune, containing a full report of the address delivered before the Young Men's Democratic club on the 8th inst.

I know nothing about Mr. Ryan. Some priests, and preachers too, bring more turmoil than peace into the world, and do more harm than good. I do not know whether he belongs to that class or not. As to myself, I am unqualifiedly and unalterably opposed to the A. P. A. organization. I am opposed to any kind of bigotry or intolerance. So far as the Catholic church is concerned, I do not subscribe to its principal religious dogmas or tenets of faith. I am distinctly Protestant in my beliefs, but I abhor bigotry from whatever source it comes, and more when it comes from those with whom I am in accord than when it comes from those with whom I do not agree. If there is any earthly reason for the existence of this prospective, un-democratic, un-American organization known as the A. P. A., I am unable to determine what it is. I believe it to be radically and essentially wrong in purpose and wholly vicious in tendency. Respectfully, WM. J. STONE.

KIND WORDS

From One Who is not a Member of the A. P. A.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 31, 1894.—Editor THE AMERICAN.—Dear Sir: I am a constant reader of your paper, and although I have never belonged to the A. P. A. I am in hearty sympathy with it, and as soon as opportunity offers, I will lose no time in falling into line. I have traveled and lived in the principal cities between Kansas City and New York, Quebec and Winnipeg. I have lived in Protestant north and Catholic south and west of Ireland, but never have I seen or heard of a more disgraceful or cowardly assault than was perpetrated at Turner hall, Kansas City, by a degraded, priest-ridden, foul-mouthed mob of representatives of the Catholic church, upon an utter stranger, Bishop McNamara (not so-called Bishop McNamara, as our Catholic-fearing contemporary the Star says) and his wife. I want to ask your readers: Will you stand idly by in the face of all this, and see Rome trample on your rights as citizens? They have taken our dearly beloved flag off from the coffins of our dead soldiers (who died thousands upon thousands on the battle field clutching in death that sacred emblem of freedom, Old Glory) before they would allow the corpse inside their sacred church. They have attempted to murder Bishop McNamara and his wife openly in our streets. Yes, and were mocked by the press of Kansas City for failing to do so. Where are we? Are we in America? When a child I remember in Ireland we used to sing of America, the land of the free. Can this Kansas City be part of free America? It is mockery to say free America as long as you let the minions of a foreign power dictate and frame your laws. That is just what they are doing for you in Kansas City more than any other city in America, and why? Simply because you keep your mouths shut every election. You Americans have the power in Kansas City. You have the votes; why don't you make them count? Americans, why don't you employ Americans? Why feed and clothe Roman Catholics to mob your children in the future? They are taught to suck the life's blood out of you. Don't you believe they will do it? Read THE AMERICAN and see the way Roman Catholic employers obey the will of their clergy. See them turn out of their employment one by one every Protestant. On the other hand, can you show me any account in any paper where a Protestant employer has requested a Roman Catholic to vacate his position? Can it be you are afraid? By far the most of our merchants are Protestants, can't you get as good men among Americans and as many? Yes, you can. By putting an ad. in THE AMERICAN you can get any kind of help. It is the merchants, tradesmen and working men that patronize THE AMERICAN. There are lots of them this hard winter that you could do a little to help by sending to

turn to the subject of life, present and future. And it is they, who have left in all nations, writings, which we deem sacred, and which according to our faith, we consider, from God, or inspired. Of all nations and all men none have reached such exaltation or such lofty thoughts concerning "deity" as the best men of the Hebrew race. Men in all nations have become valiantly devoted to morality, but none have reached such high devotion or such intense desire for life as the Hebrew prophets, who in several instances seem to have been really alive with enthusiasm for life. The mass of the children of Israel, however, while evidently devoted to their religion, seem to have been dull of hearing and, being constantly in communication with men of low and barbarous notions about them, for several hundred years before the appearance of Jesus of Nazareth, had fallen low, and were apparently benumbed. Teachers and priests had risen among them who ignored their prophets and exalted their great general and law-giver, Moses. At the time of Jesus, their highest priest was Sadducee, which sect did not believe in the immortality of the soul. How they could ignore the sentiments of their prophets is past comprehension, except they had degenerated into mere materialism, which is probably the answer. A few quotations from their prophets will show the temper of those marvelous men, that too at a time before the world had heard of the now prevalent belief in the immortality of the disembodied and invisible soul: Ezekiel 18: 31-32, 33; 11, 31; 15; Deut, 30: 14-15; Isa. 25: 7-8, 28; Jer. 21: 8; Hos. 13: 14. Such as these are numerous, but these are enough to induce those interested to search for themselves. In my next chapter we may show something more interesting to thoughtful men and women who are willing to study for themselves. These quotations show in part at least where Jesus of Nazareth got his inspiration. X. X. X.

A Travesty on Justice. To the Editor of THE AMERICAN. DEAR SIR: After reading the partisan accounts of the recent riot at Turner hall, in this city, published in the daily papers, it must be a matter of great surprise to any intelligent person that persons closely connected with Bishop McNamara, whose lives had been threatened and were in danger from the mob, should have been in view of the law upon the subject, arrested for carrying concealed weapons. I unhesitatingly declare that these gentlemen had a right, under the laws of this state, and under the known circumstances, to go armed. They were committing no offense in so doing. Let me examine the law briefly. Section 3502 Revised Statutes 1889, page 854, defines the crime of "carrying concealed upon or about the person any deadly or dangerous weapon," or "going into any court room during the sitting of the court, having upon his person any kind of fire-arms, bowie-knife, dirk, dagger, sling-shot, or other deadly weapon," etc. "and any person shall, upon conviction, be punished," etc., fixing a penalty of not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars, or by imprisonment of not less than five days nor more than six months in the county jail, or the punishment may be by both fine and imprisonment. If this were all the law upon the subject of carrying concealed weapons, the public would be justified in pronouncing these gentlemen guilty. For were not loaded revolvers found on their persons? Yes, truly. But let us examine the next section of this same law, section 3503, same page, and then perhaps we'll have a clearer notion of the law than we have. I quote the section in full. Here it is: "Section 3503. Above section not to apply to certain officers.—The next preceding section shall not apply to police officers, nor to any officer or person whose duty it is to execute process or warrants, or to suppress breaches of the peace, or make arrests, nor to persons moving or traveling peaceably through this state, and it shall be a good defense to the charge of carrying such weapon, if the defendant shall show that he has been threatened with great bodily harm, or has good reason to carry the same in the necessary defense of his person, home or property." Can any one doubt that these gentlemen had a right to carry weapons for the "necessary defense of their persons, homes or property"? Had they not been threatened with great bodily harm? Had they not been surrounded in their home with a howling, blood-thirsty mob? Their arrest was a travesty upon justice. More anon, STYLUS.

After a Rainy Day. After the rainy day, After the stormy weather, Breaks the gold in the grey, Good and sunny weather, Flutters and flutters the spindler, Turns to mist and rain, Clear in a way that is tender A crescent moon grows. After the rainy day The passion and sobbing are over; Dim in distance away, Seem my love and my lover; The gold of the evening is round me, Night comes with the wings of a dove; The peace of the evening hath bound me Faster than love. —Katharine Tynan in Boston Pilot.

Not According to Shakespeare. The question sometimes arises whether an actor can successfully depict one emotion while feeling another. I once saw poor John McCullough give a striking exhibition of his ability to do this. He was playing King Lear, and I occupied a seat very near the footlights. It afforded me exceptional opportunities to observe the play of his features and catch every thing that he said. He was rendering one of the most pathetic passages in the play, and tears—real tears—were trickling down his cheeks. The orchestra was endeavoring to enhance the pathos of the scene by playing slow music, soft and low. But McCullough's acting did not need any artificial aid. He acted his part exceedingly well, and in his soliloquy, without so much as a shadow of a change taking place in the expression of his face, and he seemed to me that he didn't move his lips to say it. "Stop that d—d fiddling!" His voice couldn't be heard except by a few who were immediately in front of him. The leader of the orchestra heard it, and a look of pained surprise came into his face, but he stopped the "fiddling" at once. The great mass of those who filled the theater and soon broke forth into thunders of applause, but not the faintest suspicion that while McCullough had touched their hearts to the quick by his superb portrayal of the old king's grief and misery, he had really been madder than a hore.—New York Herald.

Slavery in Siam. Slavery has been abolished in name in Siam, but it can never be abolished in fact, for the slaves have no means of supporting themselves outside their masters' houses. Every member of the Siamese upper classes can fether his servants or throw them into prison without any kind of trial or permission being necessary. One morning I went to call upon one of the ministers, a man who has been to Europe and who once actually got into serious trouble for trying to inaugurate a sort of woman's rights movement in Siam. I made my way by mistake into a part of his grounds where visitors were not expected, and I found a slave fastened out to the ground in an ingenious kind of pillory, in which he could not move hand or foot, while another slave tortured him with severe strokes of a bamboo rod at the word of a member of the family in order to force him to confess to some mischief.—Contemporary Review.

Legal Tender. In October last the Central bank, Antwerp, notified Messrs. T. & Co., Importers of wheat, that henceforth only 1,000 francs' worth of 5 franc pieces would be received at a single payment. This notification enraged the excitable head of the firm to such a degree that he at once consulted a lawyer, who told him that in the eyes of the law the bank was not entitled to impose any such restriction, whereupon the head of the firm stated in reply to the advice of the lawyer that in future all their payments should be effected in 5 franc pieces, and he kept his word. Every time he had to pay money into the bank he bought up all the 5 franc pieces he could collect from the other banks and forwarded them to the Bank Centrale. A few weeks ago he paid in the sum of 60,000 francs, which had to be conveyed on a wagon hired for the purpose and which took a couple of tellers ever so long to count.—Etoile Belge.

The Maxim Airship. A Description of Its Lightening Flight Along the Trial Track.

Pushed by the workmen, the machine rolled slowly out of the house and slowly stood upon the track in the park. It had completely filled the workshop from roof to floor, but here, with only the sky above it, seemed smaller and lighter. The steam was hissing in the boiler, the big screws had made one or two preliminary revolutions, and a light along the track was extinguished. "Jump on board!" shouted the engineer, who stood at the boiler emitting half a dozen different gauges, and climbing over an outlying rail like the outrigger of a native's mounted platform. The official duties required him to interpret the speech of the natives into English, and the speech of the foreigners into Hawaiian. The latter was necessary, as many of the active members from districts remote from Honolulu and Hilo had little knowledge of any language but their own. The former duty, turning the natives' speeches into English, was seldom necessary, as the foreign members were naturally men who had been on the islands long enough to master the simple and easily acquired native language. But it was a duty Hagsdale loved, and his performance was a source of constant delight to the foreign members and spectators. His method was to interpret every two or three sentences, and he would sometimes naively interrupt a native struggling in an impassible labyrinth of guttural and leave him there in speechless amazement, while he launched into an eloquent address on the beauties of a moonlight rainbow or some other equally unrelated subject. Or a gray haired member from Waikopoo might arise in his place and explose a few gutturals which were to the effect that one of his oxen had been drowned in the Ulupelakua ford, and he wanted to know when the government proposed to bridge that creek. Hagsdale would rise, bow to the member and proceed dramatically in some such manner as this: "The distinguished and eloquent member from Waikopoo desires to direct the attention of the honorable members to what he aptly characterizes as their lamentable lapse from that high sense of duty which most distinguished the patriot from the politician. Not since the regretted days of Kanehahala I of glorious memory, whose warlike was as the thunderbolt and whose canoes shimmered o'er the waters like the mysterious lights which beacon the spray as it dashes across the coral reef, not since the taboo was by royal edict placed on the religion of our forefathers and we all became Christians by ukase, not since the enemies of the great Kanehahale fled in fright up the valley of the Nuuanu, and fearing death less than the wrath of their pursuer flung themselves over the Fall, where their bones in fantastic dreamy strew the cruel rocks, even now, not since the jules of the sea first made the sailors of Captain Cook delirious with joy, not since then has there been on all these islands a Kanaka so mad as was the honorable gentleman from Waikopoo when his bull ox sank in the treacherous sands where puff the waters of the Ulupelakua."

Christmas Feasting in Old Times. There are certain dishes which are peculiarly dedicated by custom and tradition to the Christmas feast. The plum pudding is almost the sole survivor of a long list of equally savory ones. There was the boar's head, always the herald of the feast, and always seasoned with mustard. Next in importance was the peacock. The skin was carefully stripped off, with the plumage adhering. The bird was then roasted. When it was done and had cooled, it was served up again in its feathers, and with gilded beak was sent to the table. Sometimes the whole body was covered with gold leaf, and a piece of cotton, saturated with spirits, placed in its beak and lighted as it made its gorgeous entry. The noble bird was not served by common hands. That privilege was reserved for the ladies most distinguished by birth and beauty. Geese, capons, pheasants and pies of carps' tongues also helped to set out the Christmas table in days gone by. But Christmas, as far as its eating was concerned, always had its specialties in liquor carts was unlimited.—New York Sun.

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