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NOTES AND COMMENT.

JUDGE J. H. MACOMBER has been invited to deliver his lecture on "The Causes Leading to the Reformation," at the Trinity M. E. church, Kountze Place, Sunday evening, March 11th. The lecture is very interesting, and abounds in historical facts regarding the papacy, and the rise and fall of the Roman empire. Go out and hear him.

How to raise a Free Speech fund is being seriously discussed by many of our friends, while a great many are sending in their mites from time to time. One friend sent us a blank properly filled, agreeing to pay \$5 whenever there is an attempt to abridge free speech in the future, another handed us \$3, and a number of others have handed us and sent by mail sums ranging from 25 cents to \$1, since our last issue, and at the rate the fund is now growing, we will soon be able to go after the dastards who dare menace our most cherished constitutional guarantees.

SOME three weeks ago we made a statement which we have since discovered is not borne out by the facts. It was in relation to the number of Protestant colleges that had received arms from the government. We have found that there are more than a score so supplied. We make this statement in justice to the Roman Catholic church which we are trying to show up in its true light, believing it is better to acknowledge an error than to allow it to go uncorrected when we have the proof at hand. The error was due to carelessness on our part, and the too positive assurance of a member of the company, who had a copy of Thebes Alarm in his possession which he positively assured us contained the figures he quoted. Hereafter we shall not take any man's word for a statement, and shall only make a positive statement when we have the book containing the information in our possession. We regret having made this error, but can assure you it will not happen again.

If Roman Catholics will refuse the American flag as a gift, how can you expect them to be loyal to our institutions? This thing occurred in Pittsburg, Pa., and seems to justify the growing suspicion that Romanism, as a religion, is a misnomer, and is being used by the hierarchy to weaken the safe-guards which have been placed around our liberties, in the hope of eventually making this the home of the Jesuit and the abiding place of the pope. A dispatch from Pittsburg, March 2, 1894, says:

"At the conference of the attorneys and the officials of the patriotic organization who are resisting the attempt of Rev. Father Cosgrove to install nuns as teachers in the Thirty-Fourth ward public school, the lawyers gave a preliminary opinion that the action is illegal, and steps will be taken to get a court decision to this effect. Two of the men at the meeting said they had offered, some time ago, to present the school with an American flag, but the Catholic board of directors refused to accept the gift. The school is probably the only public educational institution in Pittsburg that does not float the stars and stripes. Councilor Kerr has received numerous letters requesting his interference in the matter, and urging him to do all in his power to keep the public schools free from sectarian interference. Today he received a copy of resolutions adopted by a Philadelphia council condemning the action of the school board. Father Cosgrove today announced that he will give the Catholic children religious instruction in one of the school rooms if the directors allow it."

ROME understands the art of advertising well. Yesterday the pope was seriously considering giving to the world a new encyclical, today he is on the verge of dissolution, tomorrow there is no truth in the reports recently sent out regarding the pope or his policy. And so she keeps it up. She has some members of her colossal aggregation or some embryo scheme constantly before the people. She recently sent out a different article to that heretofore hawked about, and we copy it to convey to you the full extent of her greed for notoriety. It says:

"Nothing has been decided as regards the date of the next consistory. Regarding the succession to the papacy, Monsignor Jacobini is well thought of. He is not a cardinal as yet, but his high qualities have attracted the attention and won him the sympathy of an important faction of the ecclesiastical senate, which desires to see him admitted to his ranks, precisely in order to prepare his candidature for the papacy, and I am assured that his holiness has been repeatedly and earnestly solicited to confer with the cardinal's toberetta upon this distinguished priest. It will therefore be of interest to make

known the character and the nature of the merits of this future cardinal, who may some day, providing circumstances prove favorable, occupy the chair of St. Peter.

Monsignor Dominico Jacobini, the titular archbishop of Tyre, was born in Rome on the 14th day of September, 1857, of modest parentage. He studied at the pontifical seminary, in the neighborhood of the church of St. Apollinaris, where he subsequently filled to Greek chair and took over the functions of prefect. He then went to the propaganda file, where he acted in the capacity of archivist and minister of the United States, Canada, East India and China. In 1874 Pius IX. named him substitute in a secretarial department, and in 1876 he was inscribed as one of his holiness' domestic chaplains. Later on he filled in succession the important posts of secretary of the congregation, of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs and of librarian of the holy church. In 1882 the present pope returned him to the propandanda file, conferring upon him the title of secretary, having a year previously promised him titular archbishop of Tyre.

Mgr. Jacobini is an ecclesiastical of irreproachable habits of life, who has more especially distinguished himself by the range and the variety of his learning. He is eminently gifted with that foresight and fitness, which, according to a celebrated writer, makes the Italian a nation of diplomats. He does not belong to the class of prelates who desire to see the church remain in close contact with systems no longer in harmony with modern thought. On the contrary, he has grasped exigencies of modern times and has neglected nothing which could prove of practical necessity to the church or place her in a position to maintain her rights. With this object in view, he devoted himself with extraordinary zeal and activity to the foundation of various Catholic associations, which at present contribute so powerfully to the defense of religious interests.

"For close upon two years Mgr. Jacobini has filled the position of papal nuncio at Lisbon, where he has ingratiated himself in political circles, and more especially at court. He is very popular throughout Portugal. The revival of the Catholic movement in that country is due to him, a movement which has resulted in the declaration of the clergy of Braga inviting Portuguese Catholics to devote themselves, above all, to the defense of conservative religion and society, leaving aside all political and partisan questions."

The letters continue to pour into this and our Kansas City office asking for information regarding the case of Bishop McNamara, and endorsing him as a man and as a Christian. Here is the latest one:

The patriots in this city, Washington, so many of whom have listened to the fierce and fiery denunciations of Bishop McNamara, and endorsing him as a man and as a Christian. Here is the latest one:

We all read with avidity whatever is printed of his heroic battles with the pope's Irish in that city, as we did a little before of his similar contest in Maysville, Ky.

The question has been several times asked me lately, whether the bishop does not unnecessarily stir up these rioters by imprudently attacking the pagans. They say that McNamara stamps his foot and hurls defiance into the very teeth of Rome; that he needlessly irritates and exasperates the "bloody beast."

The truth is, these good, conscientious Protestants neither understand Romanism nor the bishop's plan of campaign. The bishop, too, has a more lively sense of the power and danger in this modern paganism than most non-Romanists have; and he desires to awaken the American people to the danger of this great and terrible power that is so rapidly spreading its dark shadow over this bright and beautiful land.

We must not lose sight of this fact—that McNamara was for a long time a part of this monstrous hierarchy, and he realizes its deadly character as no Protestant ever does.

His efforts are directed to showing Protestants what the real spirit of the hierarchy is. If you desire to ascertain the real character of a hornet you run a stick into the nest, and at once you learn whether it is a dangerous institution or not.

It is not so much a question as to whether McNamara is prudent and judicious in his manner and matter: it is rather a question of constitutional right. Has he a right to stamp his foot and say whatever he honestly thinks in his own hired hall, either for or against any religious system?

There is no doubt that he might, in any city north of Mason and Dixon's line, denounce in bitterest terms every article of political faith in the democratic, republican, or other party platform, without fear of being mobbed. So too he might denounce the A. P. A. in his heart's contempt, and its members would either stay away, or attempt to answer him by fair argument. He might attack the tenets of Presbyterianism, Methodism, or Baptistism, denounce their doctrines and stamp his foot to his entire satisfaction, and yet not be molested. But the moment he attacks Romanism there is a howl, and the air is filled with stones, clubs, brick-bats and curses.

When a man has no reason or argument to sustain his cause, he gets mad,

and throws mud and brick-bats at his antagonist. When a lawyer has neither facts nor law on his side, he must abuse the attorney on the other side.

There is neither reason nor common sense in Romanism. All history and all reason are against Romanism, and hence the mud-slinging and brick-bats. Who ever heard that the Mafia, or any other robbers, ever trusted to argument or reason to defend themselves? The Romish hierarchy has never relied upon either alone to defend its doctrines or practices. Everywhere it rules by force, and claims this by divine right.

Now McNamara's mission is to raise the question whether the arrogated powers of the hierarchy can maintain their assumptions against the constitutional liberty of the United States.

The hierarchy claims to be exempt from all adverse criticism—to be superior to all other creeds as well as to all political parties. It says: "I am more holy than thou!" hence, no one dare openly to criticize this "holy" combine.

The American people will be very slow to submit quietly to the dictation of any foreign body among them, claiming to be better and holier than the laws and constitution of their own country. The American people will claim the right to criticize anything that comes along. McNamara must be sustained, or free speech is already at an end. His cause is the cause of all lecturers on all subjects.

I would now like to suggest that every subordinate council of the A. P. A. take up a collection of one cent from each member, and send the same to its state treasurer to be forwarded immediately to the supreme treasurer to constitute a fund for the defense of free speech—said fund to be drawn upon for all necessary expenses incurred in procuring ball, able counsel, etc., whenever needed for the defense of any lecturer or other worker in the cause of freedom. One million cents is \$10,000—an ample fund for a year at least; and so small a tax on each man would not be felt, and yet would be productive of great good. No war can be carried on without funds, and the anti-pope war is no exception. Let us hope the supreme president will send a circular to each subordinate council requesting such a collection. CHASE ROYS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our friend N. N. Schuyler, of Sioux City, writes us as follows: As I agreed to inform you of the results of our election, I will do so by enclosing part of the Sioux City Times, by which you will see the republicans made nearly a clean sweep, electing all but two men. There are some happy people in our city, I assure you, and some who, of course, feel blue, for they now see that they were not in it but a short time. We have an old timer elected as mayor; a man who served Charles City in the same capacity a number of years ago, and the people there are proud of him just as we are. He is a man of first class ability, an old soldier and highly respected by all. With such material in the mayor's office, Sioux City can look for one of the best administrations she has ever had. I must say we are only too happy with the choice of C. W. Fletcher for our mayor. For city attorney A. H. Burton is one of the best of Sioux City's men, a perfect gentleman and a man of sterling ability. The whole ticket was made up entirely of broad-minded men, whom any city could safely entrust her interests in their keeping. Under the guidance of such men as were elected here the 5th day of March, we will look for an administration in the interest of the whole people of Sioux City.

Our Darling gave the A. P. A.'s another rubbing in the First Congregational church last Sunday. It is the very best advertising the A. P. A.'s can get. It would be a grand and glorious thing if we had more of those kind of Darlings stationed in different parts of the United States. They would make A. P. A.'s by the thousand the same as he is doing in Sioux City. We have good, able men who handle him, like Corbett handled Mitchell, if I am allowed the expression. He will be very likely to realize in the near future that he has bit off more than he will be able to digest. While he was raking the A. P. A.'s Sunday there were three others who were sustaining the order in different churches here in the city. I would be pleased to send you the sermons but we don't get very much in this line in print, I am very sorry to say; but things are coming along very smoothly. There is a goodly number who are cursing the A. P. A. just at present. One of our city lawyers was heard to make the remark regarding the decorating of the street cars with banners and flags, as they passed this fine gentleman of learning, that there was some of those d—d A. P. A. flags, which were a disgrace to Roman Catholics. Mr. Editor, I once saw the time, between 1861 and 1865, when, if I had heard a man make such a remark as that, I would have put a saber clear through him. Such things as

that, which it is wrong to call men, should be exported, sent out from under the flag of this nation, and sent over on the Tiber to take up their abode under the yellow rag, instead of allowing them to trample on one that has made this a free country and one of the best nations the sun ever shone upon. The time is coming when such traitors will be forced to respect the stars and stripes of this nation; and may God hasten the day to make such men respect the old flag and the constitution of the United States!

MISHUR EDITOR: Moi matin' at O'Flaherty's saloon last Sunday afternoon was was ave thu moost enthusiastic of iver attended. Malcshay was present and sun ave thu byes from boyant thu river droppid in whole of war in thu ciatre ave moi discourse, and thu sthamped thuir fatid inclusions. O! hed wan ave thu moost illigant grane flags wid thu knooit koid ave thu harrup worrookd oopan it wih thuir eyes iver risted ahn, an' o! take thuir two earners an' whanved it back and fourth in thu braze thershake wid applause. When it bokame soilent so oi cood be hurd of inthrodushid sun righolous kondemning thu senty ave Brooklyn fur thu departhur frahm thu toim honored koshthum ave diaphayin' thu Irish flag ahn thu goverment hail an thu wuz adopted at wanst. Jimmie Maloney thin tuk thu flure full ave enchlussiam—sun bigots may sal he wuz fall ave liker, but thu woud be a bible on az good a mon as iver served a turm in jale—an' proposed three cheers fur St. Patrick. Terry O'Donnell thin arose an' painted in worrum kolors thu dades ave valor and darin' ave Generals Milligan, Concoran and Shields, and deklaired thu saved thu koontry wid thu help ave 144,200 Irish soldiers and a little assistance from Generals Grant, Sherman, Howard, Logan, Alger an' Hancock and thu 1,963,800 privates. He wuz just makin' a foim rference to thu byes who wrested Texas from thu grazers an' spoke ave thu "brave ginerals ave Irish blood, an' our eyes under him, thu thot ave whose courage an' steadfast loilty to thuir country's flag, worrumd iver dhrup ave Irish blood, thu brave, thu gallant, thu intrepid thu indomitable Riley," wih sun ave thu byes who hed bin under Riley, an' knew his fait an' thu ave about fifty ave his soldiers, began to kloze in ahn bin an' whieper that Roiley waz a brathther an' sun ave his min war, an' thu war all branded, or shot, o! thot Terry woud whip thu hoal lot, but he didn't, an' fur thu salk ave paces of deklaired thu matin' luded untill nixt wake at thu sism plakin. Az we left thu saloon an impudent little gossoun sang afther us thu song from Harper's Weekly, of April 2, 1870.

"Biddy, me darlint, Come, lave that hash, And gird upon me Me sword and sash! Me noble war-horse Neighs at the door (Sure 'twas a car-horse The day before!)" "Och, sure, you luk splendid In all them things! Sure, you're desclined From tin Irish kings!" "Hurry, me darlint! Sure, by the powers, One day in the year, at heste, New York is ours; We'll block the strate, Kape the ears back, And all we meets Must clear the track, Och, sure, whin the Irish Has all their own way, 'Twill be still better Nor 'tis today; We'll have no policemen To make us quail, No more o' them schools, And divil a jall. We'll let 'em see, Be all the powers, What New York'll be The day it is ours!" Yours, PATREY LACY.

We referred two weeks ago to a speech which Mr. Charles E. Winter delivered in the First Baptist church the evening of February 22, 1894. We did not expect, at that time, to be able to give his beautiful tribute to the nation's flag to our readers, but through a kind intervention of providence we find we are able to do so this week. It will repay any one who reads it. Mr. Winter spoke as follows:

THE FLAG. Some historians have said that the conquests of Rome were not achieved by men and arms in battle, but by the Roman Eagle. The eagle was the sign and symbol. It was the standard borne through every conquest. That standard was invested with the stern qualities and heroic virtues of its bearers. Captives and runners had carried to the outlying and distant countries stories of that wonderful people. And when the rude barbarians beheld advancing the emblematic eagle it meant the visitation of an army wonderful in fortitude, fearful in energy, ruthless in action, stuporous in rage; and they threw themselves prostrate beneath the outstretched wings of that terrible symbol. Thus the standards and flags of all nations and people become invested with the characteristics of those they represent. The flag of a nation embodies its ideas and principles of government, the history of its people, the memory of its heroes. To each citizen it represents all that is worthy, good, noble, heroic, virtuous, glorious. Happily to him the faults and crimes it has witnessed are dispelled in the radiation of its glory. But the true worth of a flag may best be measured from without the pale of its influence. From this standpoint we may view and make judgment with impartial judgment. The flag of Spain, for instance, with emotions of pride and reverence as we go back and behold the radiations of the immense sails, a scarlet tint, crimson, upon that little voyage, but as we lose sight of that little group of vessels and turn our faces to the land, we instinctively draw back from the dust of the danger of the disposition. The Russian flag is one that causes a thrill of gratitude in every American heart as we think of the dark days of 1861, but that thrill changes to one of horror as we draw that flag aside and gaze into the north of the Siberian mine. The Tri-Color of France waved above a La Fayette and Madame Roland, but it waved above a Marat and Robespierre. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," were written upon its folds, but stained in innocent blood, they were transformed into license, anarchy, fratricide. Germany's flag is the flag of a powerful nation, a progressive people, but the iron hand of military rule is there. The flag of England represents the stock from which we sprang, it represents the virtues of the great Anglo-Saxon race, but in its blackest shadows we discern the broken outlines of Ireland and India.

But the American flag! The Stars and Stripes! We may be blinded in a measure, but we cannot believe, we do not believe that in the eyes of mankind there is a reproach that can dim its lustre. That flag compels respect the world over. Its enemies must admire it, honor it. It is not for the transcendent genius of its generals, the heroism of its defenders, then for the principles it represents. Humanity may warp the glory of our great, but he French, English, Spanish, Russian, German or any other foreign nationality, can contemplate those principles and from his heart have one word of criticism, disparagement or antagonism to offer. Why, what does that flag mean? It means a voice in government, the right of speech, equality before the law—a free nation. It means a liberated body, a liberated mind, a liberated conscience—a liberated man. And mankind everywhere, regardless of nationality or condition, must recognize, does recognize the wisdom and beneficence of those principles.

We revere the flag because it symbolizes those principles. They are indeed worthy of reverence. When we thus transform and embody them in the material in cloth and color and form, we verge upon the realm of idolatry. We worship the thing for the thing signified, the substance for the sentiment, the representation for the ideal; but it is a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul! It is a noble, a grand idolatry in which the American heart can never worship too steadfastly and devoutly. But we do more than revere the flag. Reverence is a powerful, but distant expression. It is high, and deep and wide, but it is not near; it surrounds and makes secure, but it does not touch and thrill; it does not vitalize and inspire. We love the flag. We love it for the past it has, for the scenes it has witnessed, for the lives that have been sacrificed in its defense. We love it because it was conceived "mid the struggles of a nation for existence, because it rose like a halo of hope above the shadows of oppression; because it was borne by a people who knowing, asered maintain" the rights of man. We love it because of Washington; because of Adams, Hamilton and Jefferson; because of Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, because of the immortal Lincoln. Yet we have only heard its glories from the lips of others. We have only read its history. We have been protected by the flag. What can measure the affection of those among us who protected the flag; who fought under its folds in the hour of peril; to those who had that proud privilege, to those who endured hardship and privation, who gave the best years of their lives that it might yet wave over a united people, its colors, though faded, are more beautiful; its stars, though blotted, are more brilliant; it has a deeper meaning, a grander significance. The depth of their love for the flag can only be conceived when we go back with them and join in the tollison march; when we waste away in sickness and misery within the walls of Libby Prison. "When speaks the signal trumpet's tone, And the long line of colors marching on; When the life-blood, warm and wet, Has dimmed the glittering bayonet!" when with bleeding hands and lacerated breasts we stagger up the heights of Lookout Mountain; when we face the belching cannon at Gettysburg; when we dash with Sheridan up the Shenandoah; when we sweep with Sherman to the sea, when we conquer with Grant at Appomattox. Then and then only can we realize the misery and suffering, the devotion and sacrifice, all the glory and inspiration that touches the heart of the old soldier as he looks upon the shining folds of that flag.

That flag is never out of place. It fits, and adorns, and ennobles wherever, whenever, whatever it touches. Let it float from every business house; let it go into every church in the land; nail it above the desk, the bench, and the forge; hang it above the fire place where white-haired men in tremulous accents may tell of its glories to the children at their knees. We have a great public school system. It is as complete as the ablest minds of the age can make it, but it is not complete, and never will be complete, unless high upon the staff of every university and every school house, be it the pretentious city structure, the log school house in the forest or to some searier home, the sod school house on the plain, there may be seen floating on the breeze, waving its salutations to the skies, streaming over the heads of the sons and daughters of America, guarding its own, the Stars and Stripes, the flag of the nation. Let it float. Its mission is to awaken, educate and enlighten. And if by its silent eloquence, it has aroused 'mid the quiet waters of the Pacific a sleeping people into a new and higher conception of being, inspired them to stand erect and breathe the breath of life, in the name of humanity and civilization, and the Liberty we love, let us not withdraw its uplifting presence from their departing gaze. Not Freedom is the heritage of all men. It is a universal right. And where Liberty's flag has once flung its folds to the heavens and glittered in majesty let no man, no nation, no continent lift a hand to strike it down.

It is a source of gratification to every American that a project is being advanced looking to the observance of the 14th day of June as a Flag Day. This movement grew out of the enthusiasm of the public school teachers and children, and will, without doubt, be made a national holiday. The schools of the nation are to unite on this day in a uniform observance, doing homage to the flag and inculcating the principles for

which it stands. What a grand spectacle it will be! Hearken to the swelling chorus from the lips of millions of the children of the nation. Hear the mighty strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" as, in the morning, hour by hour, the Atlantic and in tidal waves of song rolls over mountain and valley and plain and on to the Pacific. Would that freedom's song could be taken up beyond the sea and echo to the earth! Bayonets without the nature of the nation! Those singing children are the morning masses, not the classes, but the masses of this American commonwealth. They will be citizens in the highest and noblest sense of the word. They will guard and protect the principles of the forefathers and go onward and upward to broader views and grander heights.

Only once in our history a century of national life has that flag waved over a disunited people. From the south they began to raise the whippersnaps of secession. Began the doctrine of state sovereignty stood boldly in our national halls, and congress was torn with dissenting principles. The Titanic Webster took up the gauntlet cast from the hand of the brilliant Hayes, and while the nation stopped to listen and the world waited in anxiety the outcome of that struggle of the giants, the great expounder of the constitution, his feet planted upon the rock of unity, stood like an ancient god and poured forth the ponderous and profound truths of that immortal document, illuminated with the passion of his holy logic. But all to no avail. Argument was drowned in the clash of arms; smelter fell, and the greatest civil war in history began. Union or dissolution! Through all the long, dark period from 1861 to 1865 the waves of destruction poured over the land. The solemn guns tolled the death knell of the country's brave, homes and hearths, north and south, were left desolate; sorrow and death hovered like a pall over the stricken nation. Then, there came a leader! A silent man, a strange man from out the west, that moved like a figure of destiny across the lines to the forefront of battle, and the sword of the Confederacy fell at the feet of General Grant. The will of God was done, the constitution was upheld, the flag, the flag was triumphant, and waves today to bless a re-United States and re-united people.

The Red, the White, the Blue! I know not the original significance of those colors. I know not the thoughts that inspired their choice. I only know the flag is a perfect flag. Try as we may to divest ourselves of our American prejudice our fairest judgment insists that no flag on earth can approach its blending charms.

"When freedom from her mountain height Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night, And set the stars of glory there. Then mingled with its gorgeous dyes The milky baldrick of the skies, And striped its pure celestial white With streakings of the rainbow light."

What a magnificent tribute to its beauty! But is there not a deep significance in the three colors of the flag? They betoken the life of the nation. The power of prophecy has long since departed, this earth, but may it not be that some latent spark kindled the sacred fire for a moment, and in their sudden light the conception of the flag was born.

In the Red I read the past. It is the symbol of strife. I see the nation's birth, a period of travail and agony; a period of force and suffering, of bloodshed and destruction. Again follow doubt, discord, alienation, a arm and convulsion, until, 'mid the awful throes of the civil war the nation passes over the crimson border. In the White I see reflected the present. It is the symbol of Peace. The nation has advanced into the realm of reason. Arbitration has succeeded war. A lasting truce has been struck. The whole nation, north and south, unite in ennobling pursuits of industry, science, invention and art give forth beneficent and refining contributions. The nation is arising to a fuller and truer grandeur. In the Blue I behold the future. It is the symbol of Love, Calm, clear, deep, serene, it inspires truth and faith. It is the color of the skies. It is the environment of stars. It is of the heavens. It suggests a new spirit among men—"Man is his brother's keeper." Justice is enthroned as last, while humanity is the potent influence. I behold the working out into a majestic reality of the grandest rule of actions. Of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Thou flag of the nation! Not only art thou prophetic of our life and future, but of the progress of the human race. Where America leads, the nations of earth will follow, and Thou shalt bend them on to the highest and noblest destiny. Then all hail to thee! We salute thee. We revere thee. We love thee. We will protect thee. We will be worthy of thee. May'st thou ever wave, the symbol of liberty, happiness and peace.

The ex-priest "A. P. A. Seguin, editor of The True Protestant, of Chicago, is here to lecture on Romanism, at Central Hall, 1097 South Fourteenth street, Monday evening, the 12th inst. He lectures with his priestly garb on. Subject: "Why did I leave Romanism and its Degrading Priesthood in 1880." Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., "Our Little Red School House or Parochial Schools, which Americans wish to have?" Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., Mr. Seguin will divulge the sacramental seal of the confessional-box, and will speak on the abominable questions which the priest is obliged, in virtue of his office as confessor, to ask to women, especially in that charnel box. This meeting is for men only. Admission free for each lecture, 25c.

Omaha Ladies' Orange Lodge will hold their regular semi-monthly meeting at Redman Hall, Continental block, next Tuesday evening. All Orangemen with their wives are invited to be present and become members. The annual election will also occur.

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which it stands. What a grand spectacle it will be! Hearken to the swelling chorus from the lips of millions of the children of the nation. Hear the mighty strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" as, in the morning, hour by hour, the Atlantic and in tidal waves of song rolls over mountain and valley and plain and on to the Pacific. Would that freedom's song could be taken up beyond the sea and echo to the earth! Bayonets without the nature of the nation! Those singing children are the morning masses, not the classes, but the masses of this American commonwealth. They will be citizens in the highest and noblest sense of the word. They will guard and protect the principles of the forefathers and go onward and upward to broader views and grander heights.

Only once in our history a century of national life has that flag waved over a disunited people. From the south they began to raise the whippersnaps of secession. Began the doctrine of state sovereignty stood boldly in our national halls, and congress was torn with dissenting principles. The Titanic Webster took up the gauntlet cast from the hand of the brilliant Hayes, and while the nation stopped to listen and the world waited in anxiety the outcome of that struggle of the giants, the great expounder of the constitution, his feet planted upon the rock of unity, stood like an ancient god and poured forth the ponderous and profound truths of that immortal document, illuminated with the passion of his holy logic. But all to no avail. Argument was drowned in the clash of arms; smelter fell, and the greatest civil war in history began. Union or dissolution! Through all the long, dark period from 1861 to 1865 the waves of destruction poured over the land. The solemn guns tolled the death knell of the country's brave, homes and hearths, north and south, were left desolate; sorrow and death hovered like a pall over the stricken nation. Then, there came a leader! A silent man, a strange man from out the west, that moved like a figure of destiny across the lines to the forefront of battle, and the sword of the Confederacy fell at the feet of General Grant. The will of God was done, the constitution was upheld, the flag, the flag was triumphant, and waves today to bless a re-United States and re-united people.

The Red, the White, the Blue! I know not the original significance of those colors. I know not the thoughts that inspired their choice. I only know the flag is a perfect flag. Try as we may to divest ourselves of our American prejudice our fairest judgment insists that no flag on earth can approach its blending charms.

"When freedom from her mountain height Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night, And set the stars of glory there. Then mingled with its gorgeous dyes The milky baldrick of the skies, And striped its pure celestial white With streakings of the rainbow light."

What a magnificent tribute to its beauty! But is there not a deep significance in the three colors of the flag? They betoken the life of the nation. The power of prophecy has long since departed, this earth, but may it not be that some latent spark kindled the sacred fire for a moment, and in their sudden light the conception of the flag was born.

In the Red I read the past. It is the symbol of strife. I see the nation's birth, a period of travail and agony; a period of force and suffering, of bloodshed and destruction. Again follow doubt, discord, alienation, a arm and convulsion, until, 'mid the awful throes of the civil war the nation passes over the crimson border. In the White I see reflected the present. It is the symbol of Peace. The nation has advanced into the realm of reason. Arbitration has succeeded war. A lasting truce has been struck. The whole nation, north and south, unite in ennobling pursuits of industry, science, invention and art give forth beneficent and refining contributions. The nation is arising to a fuller and truer grandeur. In the Blue I behold the future. It is the symbol of Love, Calm, clear, deep, serene, it inspires truth and faith. It is the color of the skies. It is the environment of stars. It is of the heavens. It suggests a new spirit among men—"Man is his brother's keeper." Justice is enthroned as last, while humanity is the potent influence. I behold the working out into a majestic reality of the grandest rule of actions. Of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Thou flag of the nation! Not only art thou prophetic of our life and future, but of the progress of the human race. Where America leads, the nations of earth will follow, and Thou shalt bend them on to the highest and noblest destiny. Then all hail to thee! We salute thee. We revere thee. We love thee. We will protect thee. We will be worthy of thee. May'st thou ever wave, the symbol of liberty, happiness and peace.

The ex-priest "A. P. A. Seguin, editor of The True Protestant, of Chicago, is here to lecture on Romanism, at Central Hall, 1097 South Fourteenth street, Monday evening, the 12th inst. He lectures with his priestly garb on. Subject: "Why did I leave Romanism and its Degrading Priesthood in 1880." Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., "Our Little Red School House or Parochial Schools, which Americans wish to have?" Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., Mr. Seguin will divulge the sacramental seal of the confessional-box, and will speak on the abominable questions which the priest is obliged, in virtue of his office as confessor, to ask to women, especially in that charnel box. This meeting is for men only. Admission free for each lecture, 25c.

Omaha Ladies' Orange Lodge will hold their regular semi-monthly meeting at Redman Hall, Continental block, next Tuesday evening. All Orangemen with their wives are invited to be present and become members. The annual election will also occur.

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