THE BLACK PROPHET

An Anti-Papal Love Story Full of Human Interest

By GUY FITCH PHELPS

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By Standard Pub. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Synopsis of First Two Chapters

The scene of "The Black Prophet" is laid in a flourishing western city, which from a trading post through the magic transformation that has marked the past century of our history has developed into a prosperous metropolis in which the sky scraper and stately churches are external manifestations of material prosperity.

Here rise the spires of the pretentious cathedral-like Roman Catholic church of St. Andrew's flanked by the priest's house, on one side, while in the rear is found a convent walled from the world and screened by noble trees.

In the priest's house we are brought face to face with Father Dahro, the Black Prophet of the story, typical of that large and ever growing army of priests who are looking for the good things of this world and who are so large a factor in the Roman Catholic political machine that is today the most deadly menace to free institutions, that threatens our republic. Dahro loves rich food, choice wines, and other things with which the priests of God are not supposed to be concerned.

Boldly contrasting with Father Dahro, who represents the man of the world masquerading under the robe of a priest, we find Mark Gordon, the young associate who has just arrived at St. Andrew's, a young and unspoiled child of a mountain home, who represents the fine, high, idealistic and spiritually minded man of God, who enters the service of the church that he may serve humanity by loyalty to God and man. This young priest has had two year's service over a small Catholic church in a humble community prior to being promoted to the position of associate at St. Andrew's. The meeting of the two priests brings into bold contrast the scheming politician and sensual man of the world and the young mystic who aspires to be a servant of God.

CHAPTER III.

The Vestal of the Virgin

Mark entered the church and moved slowly up the aisle, his head bowed. Before the holy images he knelt and repeated many prayers.

Above him the Gothic arches faded into dim shadow. On every side, life-size images looked down from their recesses. From the aisles he passed into the transept, and on toward the high altar. At the center the Christ dripped in agony, His head swooning upon His breast. Adoring Madonnas worshiped on either side. Below gleamed tall candles. On the right and left stood the side altars, with chalice, ciborium and ostensorium. Carved in antique design, with fluted pillars, raised upon a smooth surface and crowned with gorgeous capitals, stood the tabernacle. In a consecrated niche reposed the feretary, wrought in sprayed silver, and adorned with a row of carved virgins, over which hovered angels with wings spread.

In a richly trimmed receptacle rested the communion paten, baptismal shell and ablution cup. Golden acolyte candlesticks stood upon ornamental pedestals. Back of the main altar swung the sanctuary lamp, and under this the lectern. A thabor, wrought in gold, stood ready for the ostensorium and the benediction of the sacrament. Cruets in costly metal faced each other on a tray; above them the ambry, odorous with perfumed oils. The missal stand, draped in rich satin, supported the holy Book. The antependium before the altar was very rich in design. Angels with half-spread wings faced the center where Christ hung in crucifixion agony.

In a room back of the altar, and smelling of cedar, hung the vestments of the priest: alb, surplice, stole, chasuble and cope. As has been stated, the confessional was situated at the front of the church, half lost in the abiding twilight of the angle. In appearance it was like an antique cabinet, its three doors and frame being of deeply stained rosewood. In the silence and gloom of the corner it seemed mutely conscious of the secrets and sins which halting lips had uttered there.

Mark passed worshipfully through the transept and knelt before the side altars, repeating prayers. Then, crossing the sanctuary, he prostrated himself before the high altar, invoking the Mother of God for aid in performing his duties in such a place of sanctity. It was all so different from humble St. Margaret's, with its few poor images and cheap works in oil. At last he rose and kissed the sacred stone at the center of the altar. As he did so the flutter of garments attracted him, and he turned to see kneeling before the Virgin a strangely interesting young woman. Amidst the hovering images, the intangible colors tinting and glorifying arch and span, she seemed like a materialization from the stained-glass transoms.

For a time Mark stood looking at her. A glory of sunset fell over her from a rose-window, touching her face and hair with a mystic radiance which gave to her beauty a beatific quality he had never seen before. Her clasped hands looked soft and white in the flooding effulgence. Her features, rapt and expectant, seemed touched with the mellowness of pain. She was kneeling just in the center of the light which poured down from the stained windows, which made her appear to be floating in a sea of opal fire. There was about her a vague ideality which half removed all sense of personality.

She remained for some time with her eyes fixed upon the face of the Virgin, her lips moving. Mark would have slipped away, had it been possible to do so without disturbing her. She rose slowly from her knees, and he saw that the grace he had thought the result of the prismatic colors was largely her own. She had a wealth of brown hair, and her eyes seemed to have caught something of the shadowy wonder of her surroundings.

Passing quite close to where he stood half hidden in the angle of the side altar, she dropped to her knees before the figure of the Christ, her eyes raised to the streaked face. With this nearer view of her he saw that she was indeed beautiful. There was something about her which reminded him of the twilight, or the white seeming of flowers.

Compelled to be an unwilling witness of her devotions, he stood waiting for an opportunity to leave the church without making his presence known. While doing this he discovered that she was troubled; that she struggled with something which caused her lids to brim with tears and her petition to come in quick half-sighs through her moving lips. Becoming quiet, she remained motionless for a minute, then rose and left the church.

Passing out through a rear door, Mark walked about in the candid morning sunshine, his thoughts in a tumult. His nature had been thrown into chaos and his wits into a whirl. The natural in him had been stirred, and the first conflict between it and the ecclesiastical was upon him. He was astonished to find that the beauty of the strange young woman had gripped him so profoundly. He had never dreamed that such a thing was possible. He hurried to his room to pray, yet an hour before the crucifix did not cool the strange flame which had been kindled so suddenly within him. Then a fear came to him, as if his soul were in jeopardy. He was very much astonished, and his confidence in himself considerably shaken. Why did God permit one of the binders of His church to know such wild surges of the carnal? He had thought himself immune to the beauty of women; but he had been suddenly awakened to the fact that the armor of his sanctity was not so thick as he had supposed. To find his true place in this chaos was extremely difficult.

Unexpectedly he had seen this woman, whose name he did not know, and just as unexpectedly she had stirred him with something that was like the adoration he bore the Christ. He had not asked it, he did not want it, but it had come, nevertheless. More than this—he had been forced to look below the pleasing form to the naked heart of her, had seen that she was troubled, and his own soul had cried out to hers. He was completely baffled by the suddenness and strangeness of it all.

Obeying an impulse, he passed through the little gate in the front wall and walked on slowly, without regard to the way he was going. He wanted to feel the spring wind on his face and get the touch of the sun. He was sure the sound in the trees would bring quiet. But in this he was disappointed, for he found it impossible to put from him the vision of the worshiper in the church. Then other things came up for consideration. He wondered who she was, where she lived, and what it was that troubled her. She was doubtless a member of the congregation at St. Andrew's: then Dahro knew her. If he did, how had her beauty affected him? Another thing was clear: she was wealthy; everything about her indicated that.

For an hour he walked aimlessly from street to street. He was deeply agitated. Against this assertion of the natural rose the superstructure of the vow and the altar. Every such emotion he had foresworn. Beauty and the hand of woman were to be to him as dreams undreamed. It had never occurred to him that such feelings, even of temporary interest, could engage his attention. His trouble was that he had not reckoned on the strength and persistence of nature. According to his teachings, it was the demand of religion to crucify nature. But he had failed to take into account the fact that nature will not submit to crucifixion. There may be periods of imprisonment; but these are usually followed by escapes into the realm of falling pollen, mating bird and dreaming woman. He soon found that he was fighting a giant. Naturally he condemned himself for being so much stirred up on first sight. It would not be so bad if there had been time for acquaintance. But to fall into a fever over just seeing a woman—a woman to whom he did not even speak—that was abominable! But what of it? The spirit did not require long periods for its measurements, and he remembered that he had always been a believer in first impressions. Certain it was that a voice as potent as the sun's call to the frozen roots in the ground had moved him, and he had been compelled to hear.

He was suddenly aroused from his gloomy reverie by a crash of wheels, and turned to see bearing down upon him an open carriage, the horse thoroughly frightened, and beyond the control of the driver. Mark glimpsed a white face for an instant—glimpsed it and knew it. The next moment he was just where the maddened animal would pass. An obstruction caused the animal to swerve, and before he could gather himself to renew his onward rush Mark had grasped the bits, and was matching his own splendid strength with that of the horse. The brute lunged and fell. In the struggle the carriage was overturned, and the girl thrown to the ground.

With the aid of the driver, who had escaped injury, Mark brought the horse under control, and then turned his attention to the young woman. Finding that she was not seriously injured, he signaled for a cab, and the next minute was whirled away, the driver having given directions where to go.

Mark found it necessary to support the limp form of the girl in the cramped space of the taxi. He touched her pulse. It was quite strong. It was evident that her injuries were less than her fright.

If the sight of her had been an unforgettable thing, by what possible means could he put from him the memory of this circumstance? He was wildly anxious to get away from her, and yet he was fascinated with the wonder and strangeness of being so near her—of touching her. There was the cast of fate in it all. Had this woman been ordained an element of test in his life? But there were things superior to fate, and one of these was Holy Orders.

She lay pale and still against his arm, and her breath came very softly, as if dying away. He feared lest after all she might be seriously hurt. The distance to her home proved to be more than a dozen blocks, and he had time to study the features of the unconscious girl. This he did by occasional glances consistent with the respect which he felt for her.

At last the rattle of the wheels told him that they were on a gravel driveway, and, looking out, he glimpsed the bulk of a mansion-like house, half lost in bordering trees.

The cab came to a stop before the main entrance, and a small, nervous woman hurried down the steps, breaking into hysterical lament as Mark appeared with the unconscious girl in his arms. Meantime, the driver was endeavoring to explain the accident. Mark tried to comfort the woman with a few assuring words, begging her to take him where his charge could be made comfortable. Composed somewhat by his words, she led him through a richly furnished parlor to a flight of stairs; thence to the rooms of the girl.

Mark placed her on the bed and turned to leave. As he did so the woman discovered that he wore the insignia of a priest.

"Blessed Mother of God!" she cried. "The holy father was guided by the saints to save my child! Pray for us, Father; pray for us!"

She hurried to a drawer and took out a wax taper. He blessed it, and lighting it, placed it on a table.

"Pray for us, Father," she pleaded, falling on her knees beside the bed, a crucifix in her hands, which she kissed passionately.

"First call a physician," he instructed, and a servant was dispatched to the phone.

Mark made request of the saints and the blessed St. Andrew, patron of the church and diocese. The prayer over, they rose and examined the girl's pulse once more. It was evident that she would soon regain consciousness. In a few minutes the woman uttered a little cry of joy and broke into endearing terms. Slowly the shadowy eyes opened and became fixed upon his face with a wondering expression. Gradually they cleared and a look of fear came into them as she remembered what had happened.

"The holy Virgin be praised!" the woman cried, kissing her daughter's hands and forehead wildly, "for she sent the father to save you, and bring you to my arms; and he has blessed a candle and prayed to all the saints."

The eyes of the girl returned to Mark's, and he felt the same hot rush of blood which had swept through him in the church. He rose against this with all his will, but the struggle continued. He soon found himself looking upon her as a creature of mystery and strange soul forces. He associated her with the witchery of woodland things, a dream-being which was not unlike the ideal one he had fancied in the old days when he lived among the shadowy canyons of the mountain land. She reminded him of low winds and clasping twilights, and she stirred him like an intuition. Some strange law (which he instantly set down as an evil one) was working out its freakish ends. A feeling of incompleteness came to him. He began to see that his soul would be a negative quantity separated from this woman. He did not reason it out, because he could not; there was no rule by which he could make his comparisons. It was like applying logic to memory. The mystery of it was hidden in the secrets of life itself. He saw all this in nature and pronounced it good. All about his windows at St. Andrew's the birds were building, and the air was a passion with their songs. Flowers opened their blushing petals and took in the pollen which insured other flowers and fruits. In everything but himself he admitted the law was of God. But his vows changed all that. He was to reach sanctity by abrogating the law.

He recalled himself from a daze of thoughts to find a new element had introduced itself; it was impossible to feel a stranger to this woman. It was as if he had anticipated her being with his own, and was recognizing in her a strange promise of possession; a co-ordination of existence hidden in the mystery of God and the human. Flint and steel burst into flame when brought together; pollenless flowers were made complete by the kiss of pollenated ones. The mate call of the wild creatures, the love notes of birds, cell absorption, took nature from its halves and made it whole—complete. These were the introductions of the Cosmos, and there were never any misunderstandings or strangeness in the matter. Looking into the eyes of the girl Mark saw that she, too, was conscious of the same sure facts of heart. Also, he knew that she set her will against it.

These truths of their natures had passed between them swift as a sunbeam. The veil had been rent from the top downward, and they stood candid and sure before the mercy-seat of love in the holy place of their souls. And yet he did not so much as know her name, nor did she know his. What of it? By the very power of being, by the spirit's ability to understand, both were aware of a harmony which comprehended the very sources of their natures. The discovery produced a kind of fear which chilled him like ice. A fearful sense of guilt came to him. The kindly eye of Heaven seemed to grow accusing. He recalled himself with a start, and muttering a few words of well-wishing, left the room. On the stairs he met the doctor, who paused to inquire after the condition of the patient.

Alone with her mother, the girl lay for a long time looking up at the ceiling, a strange shadow in her eyes. Slowly they brimmed with tears which were not caused by pain.

The elder woman brushed them away, and tried to soothe the sufferer.

"I—I—am nervous, mother, and—and—so tired!" she sighed, hiding her face on the other's breast.

"Blessed Virgin! to spare you, my child. All the saints be praised; and may they ever pray for us. Holy Mother of God, intercede for us. The veil will be as the holiness of St. Peter upon you."

The girl sighed deeply, but said no more.

Mark noticed the wealth of the rooms as he passed through them, and outside the lawns greeted him with their green culture. Tall trees whispered together above the walks, and varied flowers made the air cloy with perfume. But these only attracted him indifferently. He was deeply agitated; and, lifting his head, he drank the cool air as if it had been a medic wine.

All he had felt in the morning had been intensified by the unexpected experience which made it necessary for him to hold the cause of his unrest in his arms. A sense of having committed sacrilege possessed him. It was to him as the breaking of vows. In that solemn moment when he renounced all the things which are the privilege of an ordinary man, he had believed that he would never fall below the complete surrender of that hour. Now it was a troublesome matter to feel that an element had entered his life which threw that resolve into disorder, and made his vows seem a black gate which prevented him from entering a paradise which nature and his heart declared to be his lawful right.

Thus tossed with condemnation, he sought Father Dahro and rehearsed, first the accident, and after that the struggle through which he had passed.

"It is the banker's daughter, Joyce Melby!" Dahro exclaimed excitedly, when Mark had finished. "Her father is worth a round million, and her mother has much wealth in her own name. The mother and daughter are very pious members of St. Andrew's. The girl's father is dead, and her stepfather has great political ambitions, and he looks to the church to help him into office." Dahro smiled, rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction.

To this Mark did not reply, and the other continued:

"The daughter, Miss Joyce, is very beautiful, and is well educated. She contemplates taking the veil. It was I who suggested the convent to her. It pleased her mother very much, and her father agreed because he is ambitious for office, and, as I told you, looks to the church to put him through. He knows that I hold his matters in my hand." Dahro closed his fingers tight to illustrate the point.

"I can bear witness to her charms," Mark replied. "Twice to-day I have felt their power. Most holy Father, pray to the saints that this may be taken from me."

Dahro started up, and a glitter like broken steel came into his eyes as he fixed them on his companion.

"What do you mean, Father Gordon?" he asked, leaning toward his companion, his face very red.

"She came while I was worshipping in the church. When I saw her she was kneeling before the Virgin. She seemed like a vision of God. I have never seen anything so beautiful. After that she passed close where I stood in the shadow of the high altar. Her face was wonderful! There was something about her which kindled a flame in me. It was because of this I went out to try and drive away the troublesome element. Then came this strange accident to climax the other. My soul has been much torn because of it."

Dahro studied his handsome companion with a feeling of jealous anger.

"Mother of God!" he blurted. "So soon—so soon to approach the sacrilege of broken vows. Did you have conversation with her?"

"No."

"It is well. You are young, and it will take time for you to reach the establishings of grace. See that your vows remain unbroken, and that you do not put yourself where you may be tempted."

Mark started as if he had received a blow in the face. "She is pure as light," he protested with spirit.

"Ah! very true, my son; very true. And such the church covets for her handmaidens. But the thought—beware of the thought."

"Not that, most holy Father, not that. The sight of her moved me only to—I think—love. Because of this, I feared."

"Monstrous, Father Gordon, monstrous! Think of the monks of the caves and the desert, who turned from the face of woman to the more lovely face of Christ. Perdition seeks to draw you in, and you must flee from this temptation of the devil, lest mortal sin come upon you."

Dahro poured a glass of wine and drained it at a gulp. His words had increased Mark's agitation very much, and the condemnation which he felt became more dark and heavy.

"I have sinned, holy Father, I have sinned; absolve me from this wickedness by the authority of St. Peter!"

"I will, my son, but only by the sacrament of penance."

"I covet pain that I may be pure, holy Father."

"I impose only this, that you shall not enter her house nor see her by plan."

"I desire that, also, holy Father." Mark fell upon his knees and kissed the crucifix which Dahro held toward him.

"It is enough, my son; I must hasten now to take her the consolations, and to urge the displeasure of the saints at her hesitation to enter Holy House."

Dahro went out, and Mark retired to his room. For an hour he sat by the window watching the birds building their nests in the trees, and Gorney going and coming over the lawn. Occasionally the genial Irishman removed his hat and made some remark calculated to establish friendly relations between the young priest and himself. To these Mark replied kindly, and continued his struggle to put the vision of the girl from him.

(To be continued next week.)

Astonishing Power of Iron to Give Strength to Broken Down Nervous People

Physician Says Ordinary Nuxated Iron Will Increase Strength of Delicate Folk 200 Per Cent. in Two Weeks' Time in Many Instances.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In a recent discourse Dr. E. Sauer, a well known Specialist who has studied widely both in this country and Europe said: "If you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are ill you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied all their multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once loses the power to change food into living tissue, and therefore nothing you eat does you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become generally weakened, nervous and all run down, and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthy fat; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night; others are sleepy and tired all day; some fussy and irritable; some skinny and bloodless, but all lack physical power and endurance. In such cases it is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, which only whip up your flagging vital powers for the moment, maybe at the expense of your life later on. No matter what any one tells you, if you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the time double and even triple their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of their symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form, and this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. You can talk as you please about all the wonders wrought by new remedies, but when you come down to hard facts there is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and good, sound, healthy flesh on your bones. It is also a great nerve and stomach strengthener and the best blood builder in the world. The only trouble was that the old forms of inorganic iron, like tincture of iron, iron acetate, etc., often ruined people's teeth, upset their stomachs and were not assimilated, and for these reasons they frequently did more harm than good. But with the discovery of the newer forms of organic iron all this has been overcome. Nuxated Iron, for example, is pleasant to take, does not injure the teeth and is almost immediately beneficial.

NOTE—The manufacturers of Nuxated Iron have such unbounded confidence in its potency that they authorize the announcement that they will forfeit $100.00 to any Charitable Institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. Also they will refund your money in any case in which Nuxated Iron does not at least double your strength in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

With the Booksmiths

In this department The Menace will from week to week give brief but clear-cut outline characterizations of important books and pamphlets dealing with the irrepressible conflict between Rome and democracy.

"THE POPES OF ROME AND THE BISHOPS OF THE FIRST FIVE CENTURIES," by Robert J. Long, paper, pp. 345, price 75c, published by The Menace Publishing Co., Inc., Aurora, Mo.

This is unquestionably the best popular work dealing with the popes of Rome. It is the fruit of exhaustive research on the part of Dr. Long and contains copious extracts from the historical writings of various Roman Catholic and Protestant authorities. It is as the author well observes, an epitome rather than history, and yet it contains a remarkably clear or lucid portrayal of the early bishops of Rome and the popes, who it will be remembered, were not known by that title until the year 606. The history of the papacy during the Dark Ages and, indeed, until *after the Protestant Reformation had turned on the searchlight* and compelled Rome to clean house and pay some regard to common decency, is a dark and tragic page for the most part. Too often the good popes died early and under circumstances that gave rise to the general impression that they were unacceptable to the papal machine.

Something of Dr. Long's style may be gathered from the following quotation:

"We can not, of course, accept the statement that the Apostle Peter was a pope. All evidence goes to show that he was simply one with his brethren—inferior to James the Great in authority, inferior to Paul in labors and results, inferior to John in spirituality—yet for all this a great apostle. Neither was he ever in Rome, and if not in Rome then is the boasted seat of authority with its much vaunted virtue as the fountain of apostolic succession, forever shattered beyond repair. If there was a 'prevailing bishop' in the days of the apostles, the man was James, and not Peter."

This book should have a place in the library of thinking Americans who believe in the fundamental principles of the Protestant Reformation and modern democracy. It should also be used largely in circulating libraries of patriotic societies and other friends of fundamental democracy.

"CONVENT LIFE UNVEILED" by Edith O'Gorman, with appendix, thirty-second edition, The Menace Publishing Co., paper, pp. 284, price 50c.

The author of this truly remarkable, deeply interesting and transparently truthful record of her life within and without the convent, is a writer of more than ordinary ability and her simple, direct and absorbingly interesting story will enthrall the reader as does a powerful romance. Most of her convent life was spent in the state of New Jersey where she was well known and honored by Roman Catholics as a woman of exemplary character. For three years she filled the office of Assistant Sister Superior and for over one year was Lady Superior, which high office she held at the time when she escaped.

At the time when her book was first brought out the Rev. Henry H. Cordo, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Jersey City, N. J., wrote of her as follows:

"It affords me pleasure to speak of the high regard and esteem in which the author is held in this city. As her friend and pastor I commend her and her great work begun in this city through her eloquent and instructive lectures and her thrilling and interesting book, to the favor of the public wherever God leads her. The book is deserving of an extended circulation and of careful perusal."

Some idea of the popularity of this story of life behind the convent bars may be gained from the fact that since 1881 between three and four hundred thousand copies had been sold, and the demand is unabated. We know of no better story of convent life than this charmingly written and absorbingly interesting work. It is printed from clear type on good paper and merits the popularity which it has maintained from the day of its publication.

"ROME'S BID FOR TEMPORAL POWER" by Earnest Phillips, paper, pp. 29, London, England, The Protestant Truth Society, 3-4 St. Paul's Churchyard, E. C.

This is one of a series of pamphlets being issued by the Protestant Truth Society of London, England, dealing with the World War and papacy, in an able and thought-stimulating manner.

Mr. Phillips shows first that the claim to temporal power on the part of Rome, has cursed alike, the Roman church and the world. It has well nigh dried up the spiritual wellsprings of the church and has been a most fruitful cause of war throughout the ages.

He points out the fact well known to scholars that the *scriptural basis* of the claim rests upon tradition and the *historical basis* rests upon *forgery*, while the realization of the claim rests upon *military aggression*.

The pamphlet is replete with important historical facts and data, especially interesting and valuable is the evidence showing how while pretending to be concerned with world peace the papacy is continually intriguing for temporal power.

Mr. Phillips shows how Rome used the solid vote of the Center, or Roman Catholic party in the German Parliament as a club to force the government to permit the Jesuits to return to the empire as the price of supporting the kaiser's military progress with which he hoped to build up a militarism that would enable him to conquer for Germany the first place as a world power. He shows also, how the pope expects when the present war closes to recover his temporal sovereignty. The pamphlet is thoughtful and timely, we regret that we do not know its price.

"ROMANISM IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY" by the Rev. Randolph H. McKim, LL. D., D. C. L. Cloth, pp. 280, price $1.25 net, orders filled by The Menace Company, Aurora, Mo.

This is one of the most scholarly and thoughtful works that has appeared in years, dealing with Romanism and present day society in the light of history. The author is one of the finest thinkers among the clergymen of today, a writer who combines clear thinking and a thorough grasp of historical facts with a breadth of vision and scrupulous regard for fairness and verity that makes his work extremely valuable to all earnest minded and thoughtful people.

In the introductory essay, Dr. McKim considers in a masterly manner the condition of the Roman Catholic church since the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility and the prospects of Romanism in the United States.

The second discussion of the work is devoted to Pope Leo XIII, encyclical on the Reunion of Christendom. Here in the space of 125 pages the distinguished author considers the pope's masterpiece in a way that leaves little to be desired from the viewpoint of the earnest Christian in search of the truths of history in order that he may understand their bearing on life and society.

The third division of the work is devoted to an elucidation of the fundamental principles of Protestantism. While for many Americans the chapter that will hold especial interest is the luminous expose of the utterly fallacious claims of Cardinal Gibbons that British Catholics were the first to establish on American soil, the blessings of civil and religious liberty, few more misleading or sophistical utterances have been made by Jesuits in Europe or America during the last half century than that put forth by Cardinal Gibbons.

It was a daring thing to do, this attempt by ingenious casuistry of a master Jesuitical mind to insult the intelligence of every student of history in order that the rank and file who knew little of the facts of history might be misled, and we know of no utterance of Cardinal Gibbons' that has so tended to impair the credibility of all his future writings with people who place *truth* above any success that might be derived by deception as this attempt to represent the Catholics as responsible for first establishing civil and religious liberty in this country.

Dr. McKim's reply is frank, convincing and unanswerable, and all Protestants who are confronted by Romanistic picture on this question should read this reply as it will give them an arsenal of facts with which to refute the fallacious claims.

The book is thoroughly indexed and should have a place in the library of every thinking American.

This Wife and Mother

Wishes to tell you FREE

How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 119 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*

Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?

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Dr. F. D. G. writes and says that after he had used it for two weeks he thinks that "Trados 22" is fine and will recommend it to his patrons.

Mr. J. B. is very pleased with the Nose Shaper and his nose looks much better.

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