

THE BLACK PROPHET

An Anti-Papal Love Story Full of Human Interest

By GUY FITCH FIELDS

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Synopsis of First Four Chapters

The scenes of "The Black Prophet" are laid in a Western city. The three leading characters are: Mark Gordon, a young man of the Black Prophet, who is the senior priest in the great Church of St. Andrew's. He is a good man, a Catholic politician, whose love for automatic power and an easy life are only second to his devotion to the church. Mark Gordon is a young man who is usually supposed to be a character of those who devote their lives to the mission of the church. He is a young man of the Black Prophet, who is the senior priest in the great Church of St. Andrew's. He is a good man, a Catholic politician, whose love for automatic power and an easy life are only second to his devotion to the church.

It is in St. Andrew's Church that the young priest, Mark Gordon, first comes in face with Joyce, she is a young woman of surpassing beauty, accomplished and lovely. But in her eyes there is a certain mother, an invalid, fearing for her daughter's future in the world has determined that the convent is the best place for her child, a purpose primarily suggested and insistently fostered by Father Dahro who is extremely anxious to secure the vast fortune of the girl's mother for the church. This is, however, but one of the sinister reasons why the young priest is so devoted to the young woman completely under his power, as she would be in the convent, which stands back of St. Andrew's. Joyce is a young girl of the young life of youth, in her the world is very beautiful and her whole nature is in the thought of entering the convent, like a dove, still she is a devout Catholic, very conscientious, and desirous of pleasing her mother. She is a young girl of the young life of youth, in her the world is very beautiful and her whole nature is in the thought of entering the convent, like a dove, still she is a devout Catholic, very conscientious, and desirous of pleasing her mother.

Later Mark Gordon receives a letter from a runaway horse. The girl, however, was thrown to the ground and being injured and unconscious, the young priest takes her to his home. Recovering consciousness, the young girl tells in a flash what Gordon has discovered, the night of the young priest, which man call love at first sight, engulfed her, but like the young priest, feeling it to be a mortal sin, she has been against her feelings. The priest is crushed by the weight of his temptations, and going to the young woman, he tells her of his love, and she, in turn, tells him of her love, and she, in turn, tells him of her love, and she, in turn, tells him of her love.

After the man Mark Gordon hears the confessions of the penitents, among the number is Joyce, he, however, shrinks from asking the revolting questions which priests are instructed to put to maids and matrons, instinctively refusing to soil the soul of the beautiful, wholesome and pure maiden with the foul questions that he was expected to ask, for this desecration he is shocked and reprieved by Dahro.

CHAPTER V

The Stew of Guilty Ghost

MARK passed through the little gate in the front wall and looked at it carefully; then walked on rapidly in the direction of "The Shacks," a section of the city which took its name from the number of tumble-down buildings in that quarter. The community was well known to every settlement worker and city missionary. Through the jumble of poverty and filth wriggled a half-dozen narrow streets, littered with papers and prowled over by mendicant dogs. Sidewalk parance referred to the region as "Shoe Alley," but more often as "Guilty Ghost"—a term which had reference to the number of suicides which the locality had to its credit.

Leaving the paved streets, he passed through a region occupied by huge warehouses, with here and there a dwelling, which had obeyed the unwritten law of the city, and stood empty and silent, waiting for decay or fire to do its work. The god of the town had not loved the place, and the soul of the street—the coral instinct to build—had worked in another direction. Beyond this he came to acres of alabaster, ricked in tall tiers, the oval of the sawmills farther down the river. Beyond these he reached the outer fringe of Guilty Ghost, and with it the foul odors of what lay below. Rows of ramshackle houses, fronted to equally dilapidated sidewalks, leaned slovenly on each other.

Swarms of dirty children played in the streets, chattering in unrecognizable jargon. Dogs slumped about, many and quarrelsome. A little girl passed him carrying a pail of beer; her hair was an uncombed tangle. Women wrangled from reeking backyards, or shrieked the latest thing of interest in shrill falsetto. The place was draggish, and Mark was conscious of a sense of dread as he hurried on. Murder and crime seemed to walk the alleys with uncovered faces. From foul drinking-resorts came the stench of villainous liquors. In front of these, unwashed hangers lounged on beer-barrels, or sat with feet mired in the disgusting gutter.

Quite unconsciously he compared the place with the mountain land of his boyhood, with its alderian streams, and peaks half lost in blue mist. The thought brought back the hunger for what he had loved in the old days—and still loved. Gathering information as he went, Mark hurried on through aberrant streets and alleys, the conviction growing upon him that the region should never be permitted to shake off the appropriate name of Guilty Ghost. Nor was this feeling modified by the fact that he was on his way to visit a woman who held a membership in St. Andrew's. He had first learned of her existence when a half-starved boy came to Dahro with a scrawled note telling of the sickness of a child and the woman's dire straits. Dahro turned the case over to his associate, and Mark had taken his instructions, which were given between heavy gulps of wine.

After much difficulty he located the place, a shack of clapboards situated on a bank which sloped into a sink, where water stood throughout the year in a green pool. A gruesome picket fence inclosed the place, while the few square yards of ground which answered for a yard were trampled over by gaunt chickens that had their roost against the house. A recent shower had turned the surface

to mud, and the ground gave forth a stench which was nauseating. A bedraggled man scrambled from the door as he approached, where a woman met him with hollow, lack-luster eyes, which searched his face with a glance too leaden for curiosity. One look was enough to reveal her poverty and hopelessness. Upon learning who he was, the sallow face crumpled into a more pleasing expression.

"May all the saints bless you, Father!" she cried, leaving him to, and compelling a boy to abandon the only seat which seemed strong enough to bear his weight. This she pushed toward him. Mark sat down gingerly, and glanced about.

The boy limped into a corner and stared at him, while a cough came from a bed in a dingy room. At the sound the woman muttered to herself.

"Some one brought a note this morning which stated that you were in trouble—that somebody was sick—and Father Dahro sent me to find what could be done." Mark said, turning toward the woman with an assuring expression.

"May the blessed Virgin take care of him, the holy Father!" she cried, crossing herself. "He knows that I am a true child of the church; that I was born and baptized in Holy Mother. Once I confessed to him, and he permitted me to belong to St. Andrew's. It was so good in the dear priest to do that."

"Who is sick?" Mark asked, as a low moan issued from the darkness.

"My girl, Mary; she is very bad. The Magdalene is her patron."

Mark followed the woman to the bed and peered down into a pinched face. Large eyes, full of suffering, looked up at him curiously.

"She has never been strong since—since—the time she struck her; but he was drinking, that is why he did it. Jack was a good man when he was sober."

"Of whom do you speak?" he questioned.

his surroundings just then as on the relation the church sustained to this widow. It seemed to him another contradiction that she should be struggling to pay a priest to say masses for her husband's soul. If it was a fact that men went to the flames of purgatory—and he firmly believed they did—then priests should spend their time saying masses to release them from their torments. It was certainly inconsistent for them to postpone their services, or to condition them on the paying of money, especially when the pay came from the hand of the miserably poor. Here was this woman struggling to live, her children in silt and disease, while she went abroad on almost hopeless searches for bread and medicine, yet the church opened his hand and received her dollars; that her husband's soul might be released from torment. How was it that the benefit might be bestowed? Here was this woman, a daughter of the church, stricken with poverty, and her children sick, who received nothing from the church, but rather was compelled to increase the wretchedness of her family and herself in order that she might receive something of a spiritual cure. There was something very wrong here, though Mark was not just able to place it clearly before him. Then he shrank from such thoughts because they threw him into a fever of unrest. The new and strange things which were coming to him since he came associate priest at St. Andrew's were not all easy of adjustment to his innate standard of right. Troubled and out of humor, he reached St. Andrew's.

He found Dahro hugging a deacon of wine and blinking manfully. Mark rehearsed to him what he had seen. In vivid language he described the poverty and sickness and rage with which he had met. There was need of instant relief. Mark rehearsed the fact that sickness had taken the price of two masses, watching Dahro keenly for the effect of his words.

Dahro lowered his jaw a little, his mouth taking on an expression of self-justification.

"It is the rule of the church, and the laity will have to abide by it. You will learn, Father Gordon, to be governed by tradition when you have been a priest a few years. The herd should be taught to obey without question the power to bind and loose, so they will take our direction and what we demand as the very voice of God. Beware, Father, how you open their eyes. The church has all authority in the matters of salvation, and the people must bow to her scepter. So long as this is the condition we shall be able to hold them to the demands of Holy Mother; but once they are tainted with the poison of Protestant hypocrisy, we shall find ourselves at sea and without authority." Father Dahro's eyes burned with banked fires at he spoke. Striking his fist upon the table savagely, he continued: "The Catholic church is doomed if the laity is permitted to ask questions; they must be kept dumb; they must be smitten upon the mouth when they need it. Let them struggle to pay for masses; it will make them reverence the man who says them."

These words gave Mark a genuine shock; he was astonished at their villainous candor. Dahro, seeing this, rose with a wink, and poured a glass of wine. "Come, drink with me, my friend," he called to St. Andrew's that I might have a companion, and you must not spoil it by your Protestant notions. Here, sample, by a good smack, my Chamberlain; it is like the goodish nectar."

"Please do not tempt me, most holy Father, to depart from the practices of my life. I do not wish to drink wine."

"Ah! but you are missing it, my son; you are missing it. The years of celibacy grow long, and the glass comes to take the place of some things that can never enter the life of a priest. When the fire of the grape leaves in my blood, I forget that I am different from other men—may the saints be praised that was I thought worthy to become a priest—and I shake off the sameness of the commonplace in the glow of the vintage. You will get to it, Father; you will get to it, and many other things, too, when you have been a priest long enough."

Dahro drained the glass he had filled for his companion.

"You have the head for a cardinal, but not the morals," he went on, laconically. "More than that, you are lacking in palate also. You have lived too close to nature, and you should learn the lessons of Holy Orders from snow-banks or spring flowers." Dahro broke into chesty laughter, in which there was a manifest lack of mirth.

It was evident that the priest was well gone with wine, and Mark turned away with a feeling of repulsion. He was thoroughly astonished at what he had heard. Making the sign of the cross, he hurried to his room, where he fell upon his knees and remained a long time in prayer.

MAYOR MITCHEL ARRAIGNS DIGNITARIES

(Continued from Page 1)

the due administration of the law in the language of the statute, in the manner which I have already indicated, and further by attempting to teach witnesses what to say on the stand, prevent other witnesses from coming on the stand, and get them out of the jurisdiction.

Mr. Hotchkiss then stated that he desired these facts and suspicion of the commission of these crimes to be called to the attention of the commissioner of police in order that he might see the officers which he had for the detection of crime.

I told him I would communicate the facts to the police commissioner, which I did immediately, discussed it with the police commissioner, and he came to the conclusion that the means could be used here, as it was generally for the detection and prevention of crime, and that he would do what he could to obtain evidence of the crimes which I have named. About a week later Commissioner Kingsbury came to me and stated that there was reason to believe that the man Putter was about to abandon the jurisdiction, and as material evidence that I myself knew, that the commission of these crimes had been obtained through the supervision of the telephone of D. C. Potter, those of Father Farrell and Dean Potter, the son of D. C. Potter.

These were the four crimes which it was suspected had been committed by these persons either individually or acting in concert—perjury, criminal libel, conspiracy to utter a criminal libel, and conspiracy to pervert and obstruct justice and prevent the due administration of the law.

I might point out that libelous pamphlets were circulated, from the best information we were able to obtain, at the rate of 180,000 to each publication, and circulated at the doors of all the Catholic churches of the city—practically all of the Catholic churches of the city.

As to this specific crime, or the four crimes, the evidence obtained through the supervision of these three telephone wires was as follows: I give you the conversations that were taken down.

Confirmatory Evidence

This offer to introduce the conversations overheard by those who had supervised the telephone wires of the mayor's enemies created a commotion; and it was only at a later session that he was permitted, after all objections had been exhausted, to read the thirty-six or seven different dialogues he wished to give at that time.

On the following day, May 24, Mayor Mitchell repeated the conversations which he says his police-men overheard by tapping and listening to the telephone wires of the parties mentioned. There was the usual tumult in the room made no doubt by those "law-abiding and law-respecting" Roman Catholics we hear so much about but seldom see.

It is of little consequence to patriots what the priests may do to Mitchell or what Mitchell may do to priests. They are all part and parcel of the same great graft which has for its ultimate aim the capture of political power in the United States, and for its immediate purpose the attachment of all wealth and funds that are not nailed down.

they not apply it impartially to all offenders?

At Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., is a Roman Catholic institution called St. Vincent's Seminary which makes a regular business of such traffic as that for which this man Schlatter is prosecuted. They send out advertising matter which offers to all, who will send them the modest sum of twenty-five cents, the following:

First, a share in a mass to be offered every day for five years.

Second, a perpetual remembrance in prayers.

Third, a share in a special novena of masses, etc. etc.

This institution also advertises "miraculous medals" which are bits of metal about the size and shape of a pumpkin seed, which are supposed to confer supernatural favors upon those who wear them. Why are these Germantown fakirs allowed to carry on this sort of a business while Schlatter, who is reported to have actually caused most remarkable faith cures in Denver many years ago, is prosecuted?

We are not attempting to defend either, or to prosecute either; but we do believe that if blue sky and blessed bric-a-brac is to be peddled on the open market, the traffic should be as free to one cult and to one healer as to another. But possibly Mr. Schlatter has no political pull.

The Child and the State

The New York Evening Mail recently published the following article entitled "As a Woman Sees It," and written by one of its special writers, Rheta Childe Dorr. It teaches a much needed and very timely lesson.

How long will it take this great republic to realize the criminal outrage it perpetrates when it permits soulless so-called religious corporations to care for the homeless, helpless or the delinquent children in our midst. All such classes should be in the hands of the state, and every institution where such helpless ones are placed should be subject to frequent, rigid investigations.

Humane Protestant and democratic Americans, awake! Throw off your criminal indifference and end such shameful spectacles as that vividly described in the following article, and such abuses as were so thrillingly brought out in the recent investigations of the Roman Catholic charitable institutions of the city of New York where millions of dollars of the public money are being annually expended in the maintenance of institutions that are a blistering disgrace to Christian civilization. Here is the article from the *Mail's* special editorial writer:

A Lithuanian woman, in this country less than three years, was deserted by her husband. She had two children, a baby of one year and a little girl of seven. The baby she was able to place in the home of a friend, and the little girl she put in an institution. She did not investigate the institution, but, being very religious, confided her child without question to the sisters.

A month went by before she was allowed to see her child. No reason, just rules. What the poor woman saw when her child came into the room made her burst into bitter weeping. The little girl was chalk-white, emaciated, shrinking and terrified.

She had not had a full meal for a month. "One piece of bread they give you," she whispered to her mother. "For a little mistake they make you kneel on the floor with your arms held up—so. If your arms fall down from tired, they beat you with a ruler." There was more of the story, of which the above is merely a mild sample. It was told between sobs as the two sat under a painting of St. Joseph bearing a little child in his arms.

The mother hurried back to the hotel where she worked as chambermaid, and in her distraction sought out the writer of these lines. The woman did not know whether it was possible to get her child out of the institution—she did not know American customs, and she spoke little English. She was like a desperate animal.

A Genuine Rupture Cure

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Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer

AFTER THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE I HAVE PRODUCED AN APPLIANCE FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAT ACTUALLY CURES RUPTURE.



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who has been curing others for over 30 years. If ruptured, write him today at Marshall, Mich.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and I will send you, free, my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure; showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lin.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neck and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body, and seemed to be a part of the body, as it hung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable Godsend to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will use a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON,
80 Spring St., Bethleem, Pa.

Confederate Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., E. F. D. No. 11

Dear Sir—I am glad to tell you that I am cured of my rupture and can walk or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old and served three years in Eek's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,
E. D. BAKER.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your

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Yours sincerely,
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FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. Brooks, 1920 K State St., Marshall, Mich.
Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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