

course they would have to don the regulation nun costume, for they would have no luck at all if they dressed like Protestants or other brands of heretics, and the police would run them in, too. Go ahead girls. Let's all go begging. Its all for the church, you know, and 'the end justifies the means.'—Kenosha, Ind.

Some might say that at least this does not refer to the dioceses subject to Archbishop Corrigan, for the latter has been quoted some time ago, as being averse to the begging-sisters frequenting saloons.

We have ourselves seen such a statement in one of the ruled dailies. But we also see the sisters entering the sidemoors of saloons both in New York and Brooklyn. They look upon the saloon keepers as their legitimate prey. As for storekeepers either Jews or Protestants many of them have told to enquirers, that they are averse to giving money to these black-robed beggars, but they give, considering it a tax imposed upon their business by the power represented by these beggars. These meek, charitable begging doves will report the grocer and the butcher, who refuses them money, to every Catholic in the neighborhood, strongly advising them to not have dealings with them. The system of promiscuous street begging, from bloated rum sellers and others unwilling to be fleeced, is in itself matter enough to degrade the self-respect of the beggar-nun. The blackmailing process, the uncharitable spirit of hate, persecution and boycott-demanding, entered upon by them must leave but very little of the refinement of womanhood in the breast of the begging nun.

How far the want of all that is estimable in the Christian woman, can be supplied, by superstitious fumbling of rosaries, materialistic devotions to wooden crosses and brass images, and rapid revolutions or ejaculatory prayers, it is impossible for us to judge. The only thing we know, is this, that the character of a true woman is not plastic, but is of the finest and purest quality, not ready to stand the smirching of methods, such as pursued by the begging nuns of New York and Brooklyn.—Primitive Catholic.

#### A HYPNOTIZED PRESS.

The silence of the political and secular press in the matter of papal aggression and arrogance in this country is ominous of the potency of Romanism in politics. Unless the spirit of patriotism is revived and our free institutions are guarded by persistent vigilance and at every point, the Pope will Mexicanize the United States. Already the press is hypnotized and politicians stupefied by the magnetic touch of priestcraft. Political manipulators will trample over each other in order to touch the Catholic vote. Any man or body of men who openly oppose Roman influence in our political affairs, can find no favor in party councils. To criticize the confessional or the celibacy of priests, is pronounced intolerance. "Ex-priest," "ex-nun" and A. P. A. are dreaded as much as small-pox or yellow fever.—Arkansas Baptist.

The man who habitually indulges to excess in intoxicating liquors is finding his field for occupation narrowing continually. He is not wanted in the bank, in the store, the public office, and railroad companies are drawing the lines tighter every year, and if the tendency in this direction continues to increase the inebriate will have "hard sledding" to find respectable occupation. This is a good sign and the young man should take warning before it is forever too late.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

#### ROMISH PERSECUTION IN AMERICA.

Mrs. Gustave Erdelyi, of No. 255 East Third street, who dramatically renounced the Roman Catholic Church at the funeral of her husband last January, has since that time, she says been subjected to serious annoyances and dangers, which culminated last Sunday morning in the slashing of her hand with a knife by a stranger who had called at her office where she now conducts the Hungarian weekly newspaper of which her husband was the editor.

She was alone at the time. The door which leads to the street was suddenly opened, and a man entered the room. He was a stranger to her and she did not scrutinize him closely. He saluted Mrs. Erdelyi and, then asked her if she could give him the address of the Rev. Father Wolkey, a Greek Catholic priest in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Erdelyi answered in the affirmative and then sought for and found it among her papers. The man thanked her for her trouble and then asked her if she would not write the address for him on a scrap of paper. To this, also, Mrs. Erdelyi, assented and seated herself at her desk. She rose again and extended the paper toward the man.

#### SLASHED IN A KINDLY ACT.

He reached forward with his hand as if to take it, and then, in an instant, the sharp blade he had concealed in his extended hand slashed the woman's palm. The blood gushed from the wound over her fingers and upon her gown, as she leaped back in pain and fright. For a moment the suddenness of it all left her voiceless, but quickly she began a series of lively shrieks which soon brought all the inmates of the house to her relief. While she screamed her assailant quietly walked out of the house and made his escape. The whole affair was reported to the police.

The cut made in Mrs. Erdelyi's hand was a deep gash, running diagonally across the palm from the base of the forefinger, and was about half an inch deep in the middle.

#### FREQUENTLY DONE INJURY.

Mrs. Erdelyi told me yesterday that she has been the victim of persistent attacks of a vicious sort ever since her husband's death, when she became a Presbyterian. Not less than four times stones have been thrown at her. On one occasion about two weeks ago, she was sitting alone in her office, when, a fragment of brick was hurled through the doorway and struck her upon the nose. Another piece was thrown almost at the same time but missed her, and smashed the glass over a picture of Kossuth which hung on a wall back of her chair. This time also the enemy succeeded in getting away undetected.

Another attack was made upon her some time ago, when two men entered the office late at night while she was there alone. They begged of her to give them something toward the price of a bed. In response she gave them twenty cents at which they left. She noticed however, that they hung round the outer hall door. Soon after she started to go up stairs, but had only progressed a few steps when she was knocked down by a stone which struck her in the back.

On other occasions also she had been attacked, but less seriously. She had received a great many letters, usually anonymous, some of which warned her to leave the city. Mrs. Erdelyi