

'One teacher,' she says, 'told me recently that last year the state of immorality in her schoolroom was such that the authorities thought seriously of discontinuing school in that room for the rest of the year. . . . While parents sleep or deliberately close their eyes to these conditions teachers and purity workers are driven almost frantic by the many devices that the devil is putting forth for the destruction of our boys and girls, and the thought presents itself—Where are our morally, mentally, and physically strong men and women of the future to come from if this thing goes on? The occasional teacher who buckles on the armor of courage and wades through prejudice and opposition to go to the rescue of her pupils with purity literature and personal effort is all too soon, in the majority of cases, confronted by the virtuous parents, who demand to know by what authority she presumes to destroy the innocence of their children? Ten chances to one those innocent children know more of sin and wickedness than their parents, who, because they "don't like to hear about such things," deliberately close their eyes and ears to the conditions about them. To ignore sin is not conquering sin by any means, and silence and false modesty on the part of parents is simply aiding and abetting the Evil One in his work of destroying boys and girls.'

Our Aerial 'Scareships'

You can create a scare, as you can create a calumny, out of a trifle light as air. And the recent German scare in England found a curious echo in New Zealand, in connection with trifles still lighter than air—sundry hoax fire-balloons, to wit, that have lately been sailing through our midnight skies, and phantom 'airships' (one of them manned by Teutons) that have been cavorting through the airy imaginations of half-awake and timid (or tipsy) people and of the practical jokers who, like the poor, are always with us. These periodical spasms of scare and 'nerves' to which various countries are subject are the results of the modern 'peaceful' international commerce which Cobden dreamed would cement the peoples of the world together. Instead, it has produced a disturbing effect. Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, America, Japan, have all swarmed over their racial and national boundaries, in a fevered struggle for foreign markets, annexing territories here, creating spheres of influence there, going perilously near a world-war in a scramble for supremacy in the Far East, piling Ossas upon Pelions of expenditure on navies, and evoking—over the sale of pots and pans and cotton nightcaps—a spirit of rivalry, of suspicion, and of mutual hate which (as a recent author has well declared) 'throws civilisation back to the barbaric age.' We are indeed back to the menagerie theory of national life, and to the gospel of Force in its most repulsive form. Nevertheless, there are sundry things which England may well learn as the lesson of the recent scare. Some of them were set forth in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*. 'More distinctly,' it says, 'from the Continental events of the last few weeks than from our own naval crisis, we have learned that the one solid and overmastering fact of its kind in Europe is the fact of German preponderance. Nothing else on the Continent can compare for a moment with the combined massiveness and efficiency of German organisation; and unless we can learn in time to imitate the mental and practical thoroughness of that great people, we shall give place in empire and in trade, as well as in sea power, to an abler and more virile race, seizing our prizes from us by the same relative energy which enabled us to wrest them from others.'

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Germany's secret is organisation, education, concentration, a patriotism which burns with a flame akin to that of religious devotion, and which has been cultivated to a point of intense and self-sacrificing enthusiasm. Among the Great Powers there seems to be nothing quite on a par with the German patriotism of our time. Even in the Fatherland it has, perhaps, never been surpassed since the days when, in 1813, young Theodore Körner stirred the souls of his countrymen to emancipate themselves from a foreign yoke, and in his bivouac hut on the battlefield of Slecknitz, penned the spirit-stirring ode which moves the hearts of Germans to this hour. A translation of a single stanza will suffice to illustrate its spirit:

'The land is roused, the storm breaks loose—
What traitor hand now shrinks from use?
Shame on the pale-faced wretch who cow'rs
In chimney-nooks and damsels' bow'rs;
Shame on thee, craven, recreant sot!
Our German maidens greet thee not;
Our German carols joy thee not;
Our German wine inspires thee not.
On in the van!
Man to man!
Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!'

Atheism v. Religion in France

The war of official atheism on religion in France goes on apace. As before, the vast horde of 962,000 public functionaries—whatever their conscientious convictions may be—know full well that attendance at any sort of religious service spells certain dismissal. Quite lately (as we learn from Mr. Richard Davey in the London *Tablet* of June 26) the Minister of Marine ordered all religious emblems (prayer-books, crucifixes, rosaries, etc.) to be taken from the men of the navy. No religious picture or emblem of any kind may be exhibited in the streets or on the wayside. A pretty little picture of the Annunciation—used for advertising purposes by a firm of artificial flower makers at Nice—was duly 'suppressed' by law and the manufacturers were ordered forthwith to remove it from railway stations and other public places. The picture of Christ or of the ever Blessed Virgin—'our tainted nature's solitary boast,' as a Protestant poet styles her—is *anathema maranatha* to the French atheistic rulers. But (says Mr. Richard Davey, who knows France like a book, and whose article we are in small part summarising) 'an abominable figure of a nude woman, blatant, vulgar, and demoralising (it advertises some soap or other) is tolerated everywhere. It would therefore appear that, whilst a Catholic may not affix an image of the Savior, or of the Virgin Mother, or of any saint, to the corner of his house, anyone who chooses may put up a picture so obscene that (as a writer in the *Echo de Paris* recently remarked) "it would scandalise a hippopotamus," for nothing could exceed the insidiousness of many of the big advertisements exhibited at the present time all over France.'

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When the pagan Roman Emperor Severus lay dying, he commended his two sons to the protection of the lawyer Papinianus, who shone among the men of his time for his eloquence and his integrity. The two sons (Caracalla and Geta) were made joint emperors of Rome after their father's death. But the ambitious Caracalla had the life hacked out of his brother and reigned alone. The murderer desired Papinianus to extenuate the foul deed of blood to the senate and the people of Rome. 'No, sir,' replied Papinianus, 'it is easier to commit a fratricide [murder of a brother] than to justify it.' Whereupon Caracalla had the head of his incorruptible guardian lopped off. The reply of the brave old lawyer might—with only a change to indicate the nature of the crime—be applied to the latest effort of M. Briand to justify the persecution, plunder, and expulsion of the religious Orders from the hospitals and schools of France. It was easier to perpetrate than to extenuate this high crime of French atheism dressed in a little brief authority. 'As to the nursing Orders,' says Mr. Davey in the article already quoted, 'the state of confusion in the hospitals is quite indescribable, and in a vast number of them the authorities have been obliged to expel the hastily summoned and quite incapable lay nurses and to implore the nuns whom they had recently turned away to return at once, "if only out of charity for the sick." Thus the Sisters have all returned to the hospitals at Lyons, Vichy, Nevers, Nice, St. Raphael, Brest, Cherbourg, and other places, and it is said they will soon be restored to most of the military and naval hospitals at Toulon, where the secular nurses have been found to be not only incapable, but drunken and immoral. The fact is, that in France the nursing and teaching professions have been so long in the hands of the religious, that the average French layman or woman has never considered teaching or nursing as a profession worth entering. Thus the recruiting of teachers and nurses has, since the removal of the monks and nuns, become very difficult and the supply, ever since the secularisation, has continued to be below the demand. "I cannot see," said the other day to me a French gentleman who is by no means a pious Catholic, "why on earth the Government wanted to trouble about them at all. They did their work fairly well—at least, as well as the secular nurses who have succeeded them—and, after all, a Government which reaps an immense tax from authorised congregations of bad women (*maisons de tolérance* [houses of ill fame]) is not in a position to suppress houses of prayer and education, which evidently satisfied the parents and guardians of generations of children entrusted to the nuns.'"

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It is, presumably, no mere coincidence, that a grave increase in juvenile crime and vice has rapidly followed the suppression of religion in the schools of France. The problem has recently been made the subject of a work by M. Duprat entitled *La Criminalité dans l'Adolescence*. So much we learn from *America* of June 26. The author shows that, in 1890, the number of criminals of sixteen to twenty years old was one-sixth of the total adult criminals. It is now one-fifth. And yet there is a steady decline in the proportion of these young people in the population—in 1900 there were, for instance, 4,045,000 young men of sixteen

If you are interested in the quality of the tea you drink, just try Hondai Lanka 'Cock o' the North.' It's prime!

'Hech, McPhairson, but you's gran' tea you "Cock o' the North." It's as sweet as the skirl o' the pipes hersal.'