

PAPAL NOTES

(By L. D. Ratliff)

"The Primacy of the Pope is the result of a long development which did not reach its completion until Nicholas (858-867) effected the papal scheme—the subjection of every secular power to the Church, and of the Church to the Pope. Under Innocent III (1198-1216) the Pope claimed to be the representative of God on earth. All power was consequently his, not only in spiritual matters, but also in matters of the world."

Schaff, Encyclopedia.

Cardinal Manning, speaking for the Pope said, I acknowledge no civil power. I claim to be the Supreme Judge and Director of the consciences of men; of the peasant that tills the field, and the prince that sits upon the throne; of the householder that lives in the shadow of privacy, and the legislator that makes laws for kingdoms. I am the sole last Supreme Judge of what is right and wrong."

This is the Catholic estimate of Joe Sarto of Rome, a man who became Vice-Deity by the accident of Ecclesiastical politics.

No Pope or Council has ever denied the purpose of the Roman Church to possess the Temporal Power of the nations of the world.

Cardinal Gibbons instructed his congressional lobby to inform the House Navy Committee what the Hierarchy wanted in the way of an increase of chaplains, and the creation of a rank among them. The committee attached the measure as a rider to an appropriation bill, but it was new business and one member could stop it. It was stopped and stricken out in the House, but was put back in the Senate. Our Oregon Senators sat like knots on a log and let it go through. Not a voice was raised against the order of the Cardinal.

Voters Protective Leagues should be organized everywhere. In Toledo, Ohio, Norfolk, Va., Pittsburg, Pa., and scores of other places the Romanites have been routed by organization. We need it in Marion County. Rome has her representative nominee for the legislature, and there are other nominees who will be tools of the Pope's bunch.

Nearly all the Democratic members of congress from the west and north are Roman Catholics.

The priest in the exercise of Confessor is Christ for the time and cannot sin; but he can ask the girl suggestive and passion-inspiring questions preparatory to his final act of seduction when not functioning as priest. The Holy Confessional affords the opportunity, and the introduction for the rest of it.

Congressman Hawley voted for the Catholics against an educational clause in the Immigration bill. A Washington reporter said he wore a Catholic collar.

A GOOD LETTER FROM BROTHER LEON L. MYERS

La Grand, Oregon, 7-8 14

Dear Hoasmer,—
I just received your paper dated August 7th and I read it with great interest. I was especially interested in the letter written by Robt. Down concerning the Garner family and the Lasenan case. Now while I did not get the paper which contained the article referred to by him, nevertheless in the interest of justice and a square deal I desire to make a statement in regard to this same matter. Since we have located the sinister influence at work in our own ranks and have discovered the Jesuit, I can see where I was also misled to believe many of the things reported against the Garner family. I now see that they were right at heart and always acted in the interest of the cause and have cared for Mary Lasenan as probably no one could have done. The many friends assisting in this fight against Rome will rejoice to know that Mary Lasenan is in good hands and protected by the Lord in her struggle for freedom. I write this to correct as far as in my power as any wrong impression now existing derogatory to the character of the Garner family and of Mary Lasenan.
Leon L. Myers.

The Dead Ex-Nun's Affidavit

AWFUL CONDITION IN OREGON

A Peep into the Roman Catholic Holy of Holies. Fathers and Mothers Inferior who Parade as Saints while Committing Crime

State of Washington, } ss.
Thurston County

I, Rosa Anderson, being first duly sworn on oath say, that my maiden name is Rosa Brandli, that I was born in Lucerne, Switzerland, on the eighth day of September, 1869; and am now aged forty-four years; that I attended public schools, the principal of which was a Catholic priest, and was afterwards sent, while still a child, to a convent child school in Switzerland under charge of the Benedictine sisters; I wanted to become a kindergarten teacher; my mother sent me to the sisters' school at Ingenbohl in 1883; my sister had been there before me; the mother superior was a cousin of my mother; there were children of rich people there, also orphans; all the children of this school were placed in classes: first, second and third classes; those who paid money sat next to the sisters at the table and were served first; the others sat at the second and third tables, if there was not enough food for all, these latter went without food. They all had to work hard for what they ate. There was a girl there, a very nice girl, whose name was Victoria. She was an orphan. She was an adopted child and not being liked by her parents was sent to this school. They used to punish her by beating her head against the wall and other cruel punishments. Sometimes the rest of us received cruel punishments also. Sometimes they made us kneel before the crucifix for hours until some of us children fainted from exhaustion. Sometimes the sisters made us kneel before the crucifix with arms extended until we could say the rosary over three times. They beat my sister so long that her sight was impaired. The sisters beat her over the head. All the orphans were treated the same way. They often punished us in these ways which they seemed to think were easy, they told us that if we told any one of what was going on, they would punish us severely. When I was sick once, I sent home for some medicine; the sisters refused to let me post the letter. During this time I was receiving a Roman Catholic missionary paper from Oregon; it stated that only the priests and the sisters were civilized in Oregon; that the rest of the inhabitants were barbarians; this paper also stated that the priests and sisters were frequently slaughtered by Indians. They desired all who wished to suffer for Christ's sake to come out as missionaries. I was willing to suffer. When I was seventeen years old on September 7th, 1886, I left my home to come to America. I came to New York city and from there went to Rochester with my aunt and uncle and staid at the convent of the sisters of the Good Shepherd. They kept me behind screens and tried to hold me; they would not let me go outside to talk to my aunt when she came to visit me; I was virtually a prisoner. They had overall and suit factories inside the convent; the girls were forced to do all the work; but they received no pay whatever. When my aunt saw how I was held she took me home with her. She had a letter from the sister superior at Gervais, Oregon, whose name was Sister Bernardina. While still in Switzerland, I had gone from house to house begging money to pay my way to America, to Gervais, where this Benedictine convent was located. Nine of us came from Engelberg, Switzerland, at the same time. I was the only one coming to the Gervais convent. After receiving the letter from the sister superior I left my relatives in Rochester and came to Gervais, where I arrived on the evening of December 31st, 1886.

Two sisters met me at the train and took me to the convent. I ate alone in the visitors' parlor. After two days I was accepted as a candidate and had to conform to the convent rules which were very strict. Some of the rules of the Benedictine order are: No talking in the sleeping room, in the hall or on the stairs; if one does anything that is wrong or even thinks wrong,

one must go to the Mother Superior and tell her and ask her for a penance. For talking at the table or being late, one must prostrate one-self on the floor until a bell for rising is rung. There was a young sister in the Gervais convent that outwardly seemed very happy, but it was only pretense; I found out her name was Sister Augustine. She had taken the black veil out not for life. But could not leave the convent. She told me she was very unhappy and devoutly wished she might again have the white veil. We did not converse much except by notes written to each other. Once she told me she wanted to leave out that they would not let her go. She once wrote a letter to a friend and gave it to me to post as I went daily to the postoffice for the mail. I was conscience stricken however, believing that she was doing wrong and after concealing the letter for some time in my trunk I finally told Sister Bernardina, the Mother Superior, who commanded me to deliver the letter to her which I did. She opened it and read it and after again sealing it, gave it to me to post which I did. A short time afterwards while sister Augustine was away on a mission, an answer came to her letter containing money. The Sister Superior took the money and kept it. While at the Gervais convent I had charge of the Superior's room. One day as I was busy in the room a priest came to see sister Bernardina; he came into her room and she sent me on an errand. I returned, but there was no one in the Sister Superior's living room; I had some duties still to perform in her bedroom and started to go in. The sister was there and also the priest. He was in bed with covers over him.

She said the priest was unwell and that she was taking care of him. Soon after this I decided I would not become a Benedictine sister. I became acquainted with a Father Werner at Sublimity, Oregon. He was a Benedictine also. Father Adelhelm, who was the prior of Mt. Angel at this time, was his superior and the convent at Sublimity was under the control of the Benedictine Fathers at Mt. Angel. Sister Wilhelmina was superior of the convent of the order of Precious Blood at Sublimity, where I became a candidate and after a few weeks was made a novice. The Bishop could not come up, so Father Werner gave me the vows in 1887; when I came to Sublimity, the sisters were very poor; they had neither beds nor mattresses, but slept on sacks of straw on the floor. There was one bedroom in the convent which was occupied by Father Werner. Afterwards when the dwelling was constructed for Father Werner, the superior, sister Wilhelmina, took this room. The sisters worked hard, but there was no harmony in the community. Whenever the fathers would go away, the sisters were called together by the superior, and they would talk among themselves that the priests were not doing right and whenever the superior went to Stayton or anywhere, the priests would tell the sister superior was wrong in certain respects; the trouble had been of long standing. The sisters were mostly old sisters who had formerly been a part of another community presided over by two priests. One of these priests was a good man, the other one had committed a horrible crime so that the two had a falling out. The good priest appealed to the bishop to unfrock the criminal, but he refused and the good priest said he would no longer remain under the authority of the bishop. Some of the sisters followed the criminal priest and some of them adhered to the good priest, who removed with them to Sublimity, where he afterwards died.

Father Werner was sent there. I did not learn, where this other convent was, but it was some place in Oregon. While at Sublimity, I noticed the sister superior, sister Wilhelmina, gave her night dress each month to the novices; one day, as I and another of

the novices were outside washing, I said to her, "Doesn't the sister superior get fat?" She said to me, "Keep your mouth shut." I supposed she meant to scold me for breaking the rules about talking, but I noticed she got fatter and fatter. One day she was sick and a doctor came from Stayton. She was up in a few days however. One evening we were going upstairs after night prayer, sister superior called me back and took me into the visitor's room and wanted me to swear that I wouldn't tell something she was about to tell me. I told her I didn't know what it was she wanted me to swear to, so I could not tell what I would do. The next day she called me into her room and said the same thing and we had some discussion. Finally I promised that I would not tell the sisters. Then she told me she had milk in her breasts and wanted me to nurse her. A few days later she drove to Stayton in the buggy. The buggy stood outside the fence. I stood inside as sister Wilhelmina came down to get into the buggy. She had a package wrapped up in paper with her which she roughly tossed into the buggy, so that the cover broke exposing the contents. I did not realize what it was then and said, "Aren't you afraid of breaking that pretty doll?" She said she was going to town to get some material to dress it, but she never brought it back. The thing in the package was a dead baby.

Father Werner gave me lessons. I was teaching English and German. One day as I went in to get my lesson, Father Werner took me by the hand and took me over to a chair. I had a sister garb on at the time with the red veil of the order. He said, "I never knew your chaplet was lined," and put his hand on my bosom. He wore one of the same kind. It was very disgusting to me. I struck his hand away and went out and never took any more lessons from him. He was very disgusting and indecent in his remarks. He had a flute with which he imitated vulgar sounds, human and otherwise. Some sounds, he said, were like those made by certain of the sisters, others by certain animals. Once when I wanted to tell Father Adelhelm about the goings on, sister superior ran after me with a horse whip. It did not make any difference whether or not a sister was sick, she had to work anyway. Once they tried to make me eat a caterpillar for being unpleasant to the mother superior. Things we knew nothing of, as care of the livestock, for instance, we were compelled to do as penances for little misdoings. On several occasions my mother sent me money from Europe, but they kept it and wrote to my mother for more for my keeping, when they were already getting all my services free. Finally I made up my mind that I would leave the convent, and went and changed my clothes and told the superior I was going. She found out she could not stop me and tried to get me to promise to send any novices I heard of who wanted to join a convent. I told her I would advise them to drown themselves in the Willamette river before I could advise anyone to come to them. Then I went to Portland and was placed in St. Vincent's Hospital where I worked several months. Father Orth had a church on Third and Sherman Streets, I think it was. He got me a place near St. Lawrence Church, I think it was. I got sick and was sent back to St. Vincent's Hospital, where I was ill from fever for eight weeks. After I recovered I worked for three months more to pay it back. That is a sample of the so-called charity of the Roman Catholic Sisters. From there I went to work in the home of Mr. Stephens, who lived on Fourteenth and Everett Streets, I think. I was there several weeks; they were non-Catholics and fine people. I gave nearly all the money I earned to the priests. Mrs. Stevens found it out and paid me afterwards on Monday

instead of on Saturday. After doing some nursing in the country I went back to St. Vincent's Hospital and worked a while but received no pay.

I had been to see Father Summer off and on and he knew I had had convent experience. He did not want this known publicly, so he got the Dominican Sisters to try to get me into their convent. There are two branches or degrees among the Dominican Sisters: The regular choir sisters and the lay sisters. I told them I did not want to become a lay sister. They took me to California to their convent on Market Street in San Francisco. I joined as a candidate. The sisters were all served individually at their meals. They had either colored or white wine and drank freely of it. I was always used to water and asked for it, but they insisted that I drink wine. There was a large landing on the stairs covered with dry-goods boxes. As I passed these boxes on the stairs I heard shrieking and moaning, coming up from under the stairs. There was a secret passage from the boxes down below. I was there a few weeks when I was told I could not become a choir sister, because I did not bring the required amount of money. I told the sister I would leave and go to Portland. She said no, I must remain. Finally I was determined to go, they gave me a ticket on the steamer to Portland and secured a position with a family I had known in Gervais. They had a niece who asked me to go with her to visit the sisters of the House of the Good Shepherd. At first I said I did not want to go, finally the lady of the house prevailed upon me to go with her. When we got there and rang the door bell, a sister came to the door. We asked for the mother superior. The attendant said she could not be seen that day. My companion said to her "tell the mother superior it is Rosa Brandli." In a short time we were ushered into the parlor and the mother superior soon came in. I was very much surprised that the mention of my name had caused us to be received and was still greater surprised when the mother superior came up to me and put her arms around my neck and said,—"so, you have come at last?" I said, "No." But she began to talk and coaxed me and after a while I thought to myself that perhaps it is best that I be in a convent and was persuaded to join. I watched them very closely however, as I felt somehow that I had been lured there. I was put in charge of delinquent children and slept in the same room with them. One night I awoke suddenly and saw a sister going away from my bed toward the door. My face and pillow were wet. It was chloroform. At that time I was past nineteen years of age. They had tried to stop my telling girls what was going on to prevent them from going to the convent.

Archbishop Gross spoke to me about it, telling me to make no further mention about my experiences in the convent and to keep my mouth shut. I have had myself insulted many times in the confessional by being asked questions concerning sexual matters. A priest in Gervais always asked me if I was with a certain young man and if we touched each other and this was after I had joined the convent. I have also heard Father Werner make fun of things told him in confessional, also the priests pretend to regard these as privileged. I heard Father Orth say in Portland, Oregon, that before many years the desire of the Catholics to elect a president and to rule America would be fulfilled and that the Catholics could fight their way, if necessary, that they had plenty of arms and ammunition. I have seen the sisters weep bitterly who had to go in to where the priest was. One sister I know would cry when she went in and again when she came out. This sister had a small crown of thorns which she wore under her veil. Often in the school room I have seen her press this crown down on

STICKERS

If Jesuitism was out of the world, there would be no war.

The priests are getting the long green out of their short green dupes. See the point, Charlie.

Are you afraid to say or do anything worth while for fear of a loss of trade? If so you are just a common coward. The woods are full of such animals.

The wholesale House of Humbug is situated at Rome. It has branches all over the world. Samples of holy water, beads, talismans, holy fathers and miraculous lies can be seen in the monastic sample room at Mt. Angel, Oregon.

No reasonable man or woman wants to hurt the Catholic people or the "in-circle" of the priesthood. All that true Americans want is to stop the confidence game of Catholicism and to save our country from its demoralizing influence.

The banks of Germany—Dutch bank of Berlin, Dresdener Bank, Schaffhauser Bank, the Darmstadter Bank, the Disconto Gesellschafts Bank, and many others in Europe, are all connected with the great armament syndicates, so powerful and so profitable, of Krupp, Schneider, Armstrong, Vickers-Maxim and the rest. War is Profit!

The popes and the kings, with the aid of their priests and their so-called nobles, have lived for ages in luxury and ease while the producers have struggled in poverty for a most miserable and stultified existence. And whenever the people have, in spite of their over work and under feeding, tried to throw off the yoke of slavery, the parasites have had the gun already loaded and precipitated war. Awake!!!

Mr. Carnegie's company was fined \$500,000 for putting off worthless armor plate onto the government. The battle ship Oregon had three plates of this kind. Cleveland reduced the fine to \$120,000 and the government went right on buying of the swindler who had already made \$5,000,000 of illegitimate profits on his armor plate deals. Who pays for war business? crime in the world? Has Capitalism and Catholicism anything to do with it?

her head until the blood trickled down. I have seen sister Mary of St. Vincent Hospital in Portland cry when she had to go into the room where the priest was when called by him. In 1900 I think it was, or possibly later in 1899. We were living in Beaverton. I went to visit the home of the Order of the Precious Blood at Beaverton. I inquired for sister Wilhelmina who had been the Superior at Sublimity. They told me she was no longer Superior.

They said she had just gotten home and had been very sick and was very weak still. She looked very old indeed. I spoke to her about an old man who wanted work. She said I would have to see the priest. She took me into a back bedroom and called the priest. He came in with his clothes all open and part of his person was exposed. I told him about the old man. Then he asked Sister Wilhelmina if she had taken me about the building and the children's nursery. Sister Wilhelmina looked at me strangely knowing that I remembered the Sublimity incident. She was ordered to show me the children in the nursery. There were ten or twelve children in the nursery. They were the children of the sisters. They took in other children only to blind the public as to what was going on. They knew I was married and had children, but persuaded me to stay in the home. This sister stood between me and the door when I was leaving to force me to stay. She was anxious to have me return to Catholic faith to protect her past record. I knew from the weakness of Sister Wilhelmina, when I saw her at Beaverton, that she had been again confined. I knew this also from her talk and from her anxiety toward me.

(Signed) Mrs. Rosa Anderson.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of December, 1913.

A. J. LOVERIDGE
Thurston County, Wash.
Justice of the Peace for Little Rock