

Primate, exposure, complete though tardy, overtook the Ananias of the journalism that is 'yellow'. Had there been a Catholic news agency in these countries, the exposure would have followed hard upon the heels of the falsehood.

In Monday's daily papers there appeared the following cable message from London:—

'Cardinal Logue has returned to Ireland. He declares that the interview, about which a cablegram was sent on May 14, was a pure invention. He said he had never stated that Australia and New Zealand were on the verge of rebellion, and he never referred to India. He admitted stating in a New York drawing-room that when Britain became old and infirm she would likely receive her coup de grace from her Irish subjects, whom she was sending to foreign lands, and who went with vengeance in their hearts.'

Of the last sentence of this message, the Dunedin 'Evening Star' said in its issue of last Monday (June 15):—

'As he watched the vast crowds of Irishmen who met to do him honor and to celebrate the centenary of the foundation of the diocese of New York, and as he surveyed a scene which in its display of rich color and pomp and circumstance is said to have been without precedent in the religious life of the great city, and knowing, as he would, that the national aspirations and longings of the American-Irish are as passionately loyal as they have ever been, the Cardinal may, without laying himself open to rebuke, have seen in those unique gatherings a power strong enough and willing enough to administer the coup de grace to an old and infirm England. An utterance of that nature cannot justifiably be termed disloyal; on the contrary, it might reasonably be regarded as a friendly warning.'

There is no experienced journalist in New Zealand but knows the faults and follies of the American 'yellow' press—the manner in which it places the criminal on a pedestal, the notorious and wholesale unreliability that so often characterises its alleged 'interviews', its recklessness in assertion, its insincere praise and lying abuse of public men, and the extent to which it merits the epithet flung at it by Robert Louis Stevenson—'the mouth of a sewer, where lying is professed as from a university chair.' The knowledge of all this—the remembrances of the repeated exposures of the past and of the notoriously unreliable conditions of the present—ought to have sufficed to induce the New Zealand press to suspend judgment on the now exploded New York 'interview', apart altogether from the intrinsic improbability of the message itself. The better and brainier class of our secular dailies did, in fact, 'hae their doots' as to the genuineness of the alleged interview, and treated the matter in a reasonable and dignified way. But the numerically greater part of them imitated the vices of 'yellow' American journalism—the hasty judgment, the clamor, the spread-eagleism, and the jerks and spasms of a violence which (whether real or feigned) would have been amusing but for its disagreeable suggestion of epilepsy. We venture the hope that the diaphragm-shaking laughter which is against them now will enable them to learn the saving lesson that an ice-bag is a useful adjunct in the office of a newspaper that is to maintain the dignity, the balanced judgment, and the sense of fairness that sit like a diadem upon the brows of an organ and guide of public opinion.

The same general remarks apply to the few politicians who made a text—and sought to draw political capital—out of the sham 'interview' with Cardinal Logue. We leave them—and especially the politician on tour whose 'demonstration' assumed the most fantastically jingoistic form—to chew the cud of the bitter and humiliating fancies which last Monday's cable message must have brought them.

'Smiler' Hales, the noted Australian war-correspondent, wrote in reference to the cable-matter that

was sent to the ends of the Empire during the South African war:—

'Fully three-fourths of the cable-matter is utter rot. I used to think that the Coolgardie mining expert was the most awful liar that this country (Australia) had produced; but not now. Bless his simple soul, he was a mere novice in the art of dodging the truth and lighting on lies, compared with the man who manufactures war-news for export. The latter gentleman can stand up in a pair of blucher boots and calmly squeeze more unadulterated crimson lies through his lace-holes in an hour than a mining expert could turn out with a steam typewriter in a week.'

Among Caucasians, the American 'yellow' journalist is, however, the gold-medallist in 'the art of dodging the truth and lighting on lies'. His products have not the finish nor the gloss of the Oriental article. But (judging by the manner in which they are swallowed by a section of our press and a knot of our politicians) they have a ready market—among the gobemouches.

Notes

Bible-in-Schools

The Wanganui School Committee failed to force the Protestant version of the Bible into the working hours of the public schools against the wishes of the School Board. The Supreme Court decided in favor of the Board. Last week the Wanganui Ministers' Association tried to do by the suaviter in modo what the School Board had failed to do by the fortiter in re. The Board (says the Press Association) was 'willing to allow Bible lessons provided that they were given outside the hours fixed for the ordinary syllabus. It was resolved that any times set apart for Bible teaching must be outside school hours, and that the Board cannot see their way to alter the regulation fixing the school hours at five per day.'

The Music Cure

According to reporters on the spot, the Cheviot earthquake cured an old-standing case of rheumatism; toasting and perforating with long needles is the rather heroic Chinese 'remedy' for the same obstinate malady; and Dr. Kaufmann, of Chicago, has been made by the 'New York Herald' responsible for the statement that a timely flash of lightning cured a patient of his (one Mrs. Warren Williams) of an apparently hopeless case of typhoid, complicated with blood-poisoning. It reminds one of Panurge's cure through being partially roast alive by his Arab enemies. And now comes Dr. G. Norman Meachen, who states that music, rightly applied, is a sovereign remedy for (among other things) toothache. Dr. Meachen's prescription gives a new meaning to Congreve's line, that 'Music has charms to soothe a savage breast'. 'It is said,' remarks Artemus Ward, 'that men in a savage state never have the toothache. I have never seen any one with the toothache who was not in a savage state.'

Mother Mary Aubert's Work

Mr. J. M. Gallaway (Dunedin) was probably one of the keenest, most experienced, and most wide awake of the many delegates that attended, last week, the Conference on Charitable Aid and Hospitals. During his stay in Wellington he visited the Home of Compassion, in which Mother Mary Aubert and her Sisters in religion exercise towards every form of human ill that 'sweete sainte charitie' that is

'Meek and lowly, pure and holy;
Chief among the "blessed three"'

To a representative of the Dunedin 'Evening Star' Mr. Gallaway briefly confided the impression which that visit made upon him. 'This charity', said he, 'is,

J. TAIT, Monumental Sculptor,

273 Cashel Street W., Christchurch.

{ Just over Bridge
and opposite
Drill Shed.

{ Manufacturer and Importer of Every Description of
Headstones, Cross Monuments etc., in Granite, Marble
and other stones.