

THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 16.

DUNEDIN: THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1903.

PRICE 6D

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.
Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.
April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

LEO XIII, Pope

Current Topics

Political Trickery

A lie has more lives than a cat. It ordinarily takes a lot of killing, but most of all when it represents a tangible value in money or votes. In Australia, but more especially in New South Wales, the political and clerical leaders of the Orange brethren are again busy scaring their credulous following into a 'solid front' by the good old bugbear of the threatened domination of five million people by one million 'Papists' in these new countries. This is the chief plank in the formation of the new ally of Orangeism in New South Wales. Like the old Orange Societies its members are pledged to exclude Catholics from political and municipal life and to return to such positions only those who are associated or in sympathy with the movement. Like 'rough and tough old Joe Bagstock,' the Orange standard-bearers of the new association are sly, very sly. They know what they are about. They have learned by heart Plato's Machiavellian lesson in the 'Infernal Marriage': 'I will keep each faction in awe by the bugbear of the other's supremacy. Trust me, I am a profound politician.' The keeping up of that awe spells notoriety for the clerical, and solid votes for the political, leaders of the new offshoot of Orangeism. And thus each party catches the hare that it is hunting.

The Second Elijah

The middle age was the age of faith. This is the age of credulity. And the shortest cut to being a millionaire nowadays seems to lie in the launching of some new form of fancy religion, or the revamping of some old one, that will stagger the normally constituted mind by the preposterous character of its claims. Thus, the Eddys have become millionaires by 'Christian Science,' which is neither Christian nor scientific. And John Alexander Dowie—a Scottish imposter and former inmate of Melbourne Gaol—has gathered a vast following and raked in untold shekels by declaring himself to be the Prophet Elijah returned to earth once more! The recent report of his impending bankruptcy, that was published in the New Zealand Press, was, to say the least, premature. An American paper just to hand states that his name and fame have attracted to his standard farmers who sold out their homes in South Australia and other parts of the Commonwealth, and even in New Zealand, in order to lay their all at the pseudo-prophet's feet. Butler's couplet seems to have an application to their case:—

'Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat'

Here is how a recent issue of the 'New Yorker' sizes up Dowie—who, by the way, has two rivals to his

claim of being the re-incarnated Elijah: one a Rev. J. H. Smyth Pigott, in England; the other is one Mirza Ghulam Ahmed, in India:

'John Alexander Dowie,' says the 'New Yorker,' is the proprietor of a Zion city of 8000 inhabitants on the shores of Lake Michigan, about 20 miles north of Chicago. The city is located on a tract of 2000 acres, bought secretly by Dowie before anybody dreamed what he was up to. The inhabitants of Dowie's Zion community are as completely under his spell as were the personal followers of Mahomet to the Prophet. They work for him like an army of slaves, and everything they produce he calmly appropriates and puts in his own name. Besides his Zion city he owns millions of dollars of Chicago real estate, has banks of his own, publication houses, hotels and strong boxes bursting with choice securities. All told, he has about 15,000 devoted followers working for him, and if he keeps on growing he will ere long become a very formidable and possibly dangerous factor of society. He is already a power in northern Illinois politics, and swings his votes as one man. Not satisfied with his amazing success in and around Chicago, he proposes to establish himself here. Dowie invites abuse and thrives on it. He fairly foams at the mouth in his denunciation of the Catholic Church, is tireless in his roasts of the Press, and when the mood seizes him rages like madman over what he is pleased to call the persecution of his people. He dominates every proposition he takes hold of and is in reality an extraordinary personage. Chicago couldn't do anything without him.'

Our Tuberculous People

We get spasms sometimes in New Zealand public life. And we generally get over them. What, for instance, has become of the spasm of activity that shook our Department of Public Health some time ago in connection with the erection of consumptive sanatoria in various suitable places in the Colony? Has it spent itself, or side-tracked its early energy in the pressure that the Government is now putting upon various municipalities for the erection of infectious diseases hospitals? In the meantime the bacillus of tuberculosis is tunnelling away almost undisturbed, under the skin, in the bones, through the lungs, larynges, abdomens, brains, spinal marrow, and neck-glands of thousands of its victims, and confining annually close on 800 of our fellow-colonists. Over ten per cent. of all deaths in New Zealand for the past decade are due to the many and varied forms of tubercular disease, and the greater part of its victims are in the period of fresh young manhood and womanhood, from 20 to 30 years of age. The percentage of deaths is even higher in Europe. In England, during 1897, the proportion was 19.30 per 10,000 living persons in the population (in New Zealand the average rate for the past ten years has been 10½ per 10,000). And in Paris, according to a recent return before us, the tubercular bacillus is responsible for over

Hancock's "BISMARCK" LAGER BEER.

NEW ZEALAND'S
NEW INDUSTRY.