

The Golden Age

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Number 48

A Soldier's Doubts

C. B. CARVER, Captain of Infantry, U. S. A., died in France of tuberculosis contracted in the trenches. His trunk was sent to his mother in New York State; in it she found a letter written in France on October 25, 1918, between three and four weeks before the signing of the armistice. The captain was an only son, and a fine young man in every respect. The letter follows:

Sometimes in the strenuous course of events that take place at the present time, certain thoughts spring up in one's mind—queer thoughts, too, that cause one to ask questions.

These questions ought to be answered by some one. The answer may be hard to find; but if one believes what he has been taught, the answer exists.

Here is a thought and a question.

Recently a soldier who entertained some doubt as to the existence of a future life, had ample opportunity to witness many a scene on the Western Front. This soldier also at times had doubted the orthodox teachings of future rewards and future punishments. At other times he even doubted the existence of a God.

He joined an Infantry Battalion one afternoon, and was finally assigned to duty with it.

That night he ate his mess in one of the small groups, which were fed at intervals. Death and destruction had for some time been constant attendants of this group of men. They were a grim, determined, fighting group of American Doughboys.

At mess the Doubter heard rough talk, curses, ribald talk, songs, and coarse, low jokes. Later, in the dugout, he watched the men gamble, heard them relate bragging stories of past drinking bouts, of wild women; while he joined in with them listening, the roar of the artillery mingled with the voices within.

The writer, the Doubter, drew aside for a few moments. He had vividly remembered some teachings of bygone years. He looked back and dug from memory the sayings of his teachers in America, when he was at school. He recalled a Bible course that he had taken.

It had taught that the good shall live everlastingly. The bad shall perish in punishments. The good will

assemble in heaven. The wicked are provided for in hell.

The good are defined as the men who live temperate lives, who do not take the name of God in vain, who think clean thoughts, who respect women.

The wicked are the men who drink to excess, who curse, who think low thoughts, who do not respect women.

3. a. m.

The night passes on; no one sleeps.

Zero hour now.

The enemy resistance is enormous. At this hour the American Doughboys go over the top.

The first line is gone.

The second pierces the first line trench of the enemy. Still a third wave reinforces the swiftly disappearing fighters.

The daylight comes with cold mist. The mud is deep, thick and slippery. The Doughboys have been sixty hours in wet clothes without sleep.

The Doubter is one of the men in the third wave. The objective has been reached. The slaughter has been enormous. Stretched among a mass of shattered mire, the Doubter recognizes one of the men who only the night before laughed and cursed as he told in his way of some wild days gone by.

There was not much to bury. His limbs were gone, and his body was badly mangled. A blood-stained letter taken from his O. D. shirt read in scrawling lines: "Mother, I thought of you to the end".

The Doubter read the mother's address. For her it is a dark picture. He was the only son. He was red-blooded, rough; he cursed as he died; but he fought fiendishly to the last drop, as all Americans fight.

The teachers at home, the Soul-Savers, taught that this soldier has gone to hell. He was decidedly wicked, as they say.

The lonely mother back home has given her one son. He fought a glorious fight for liberty. He died in action. He went to hell as his reward. His punishment is everlasting.

The Doubter has begun to think queer thoughts. He is forced to ask now questions of the Soul-Savers back home.

He asks whether the Soul-Savers are not men who

have eyes, and see not, ears that hear not.

Do they have any conception of this one of millions of like instances on the battle field?

Perhaps they do not even comprehend the teachings of the God they profess to worship.

The questions come in a flood.

Can you answer them?

If there is a heaven and a hell, can you, who save souls, tell the Doubter where the line is drawn?

Which ones among the millions who have fallen in glorious action in France, go to heaven, and which ones go to hell?

If a just God rules, would He not in justice forgive each man who fell in action?

Read the lines by Chaplain T. F. Coakley:

"Not since Thine own great sacrifice

Upon the Sacred Hill of Calvary,

Has such a flood-tide set toward Paradise,

The countless millions slain to make men free.

They are the pure in mind, the clean of heart,

Unspotted holocausts, who kept Thy law—

Our first-born sons who played the victors' part—

Thy judgments will find in them no flaw."

Who are the pure in mind, the clean of heart, and who kept the law?

The men who cursed as they died?

The men who laughed and drank?

The men who found diversion in immoral women?

The Doubter demands an answer, because he has seen men die like this—because he knows that millions of men have died, and are dying now, who are not classed among the saved by the well-meaning Soul-Savers.

Is there a heaven? Is there a hell? If there is, which among those who have fallen on the field of honor go to heaven and which ones to hell? And if some go to each, who decides, and how?

And if you cannot answer, what does it avail you to study your theology, your Bible lessons?

I ask this in behalf of the Doubter.

C. B. CARVER, Captain of Infantry, U. S. A.
In France, October 25, 1918.

God Permits Evil

DOES God permit evil? Did Almighty God permit the World War?

God is all-powerful. He is the Almighty. "All things are possible with God." God could stop anything. The Creator who made the stars, who set them in motion and who maintains them in their courses, would have had no trouble in preventing the World War.

But according to the Apostle Paul, "the times of this ignorance God winked at." (Acts 17:30) He manifestly has permitted evil.

The first evil act among men was the act of disobedience recorded of the first human pair in their purity and perfection in the Garden of

Eden. Adam and his sweetheart, Eve, were on their honeymoon—in modern phrase—for the first year or two in their perfect home. They loved one another deeply, tenderly, devotedly, as only the perfect can love. They were the human embodiment of Him of whom it is written, "God is love". They exemplified perfect love. They loved God and every living being. They had sweet intercourse with their Creator, and with other perfect beings. Among these mighty beings was their friend and benefactor, a mighty angel named "The Morning Star". This great one was their special guardian and protector. They were devotedly attached to "The Morning Star"; they loved him, and trusted him implicitly.

Concerning "The Morning Star" it was written: "Thou art wiser than Daniel; there is no secret that they can hide from thee. . . . Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God. Every precious stone [good character quality] was thy covering. . . . Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth [defends and protects the human ones]; and I [Jehovah] have set thee so; thou wast upon the mountain [dominion] of God; thou hast walked [proceeded] up and down in the midst of the stones of fire [the shining stars of the universe]."

But evil entered into the heart of this great angel, unprevented by God. Shakespeare puts it, "Ambition—by this sin fell the angels". The Divine Record says: "Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. . . . Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty; thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness. . . . Thou hast set thine heart [to be] as the heart of God [to be a ruler of a dominion like God]."—Ezekiel 28.

This is the story of how the evil in the universe started, in the determination of a glorious angel to be first among the creation of God.

"The Morning Star" had changed his character, and with the change is given another name, "Satan," the adversary, "devil," the slanderer.

This "prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Ephesians 2:2), as "the god of this world, hath blinded the minds of them which believe not".—2 Corinthians 4:4.

The first one whose mind was blinded was the

woman Eve, who had loved and trusted "The Morning Star". Not knowing about his change to "Satan" and "Devil", the woman trustingly was deceived, and committed the act of disobedience.

The divine law had defined the penalty, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die". (Genesis 2:17) Adam was not deceived. He knew the penalty that his bride had incurred. He believed that within twenty-four hours she would be dead.

What would any young man, devotedly attached to his bride, do, if he saw her swept from his reach in the waters at the brink of Niagara? Unable to save her in whom his affections were centered, he would join her in the sweep of the cataract. Adam was not deceived; but he did not know that God had in mind a thousand-year day. He was desperate—and joined his bride in an act which would bring in death release from the torture of his heart.

"By one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all."—Romans 5:12.

All this could have been prevented by the Almighty. With the first ambitious thought, "The Morning Star" could have been blotted out. In thunder tones the voice of God might have swept through Eden and warned the woman of her danger. In mightier voice the God of Love could have held back the man from his sin.

But God was silent.

The Almighty permitted the sin.

Three Positions

AT THIS point the reader can take one of three positions:

He can decide, without further consideration, that a God who permits evil is evil Himself;

That God is a myth, like Santa Claus, and belief in Him a superstition, which should be swept into oblivion as unspeakably harmful to the world (This is the position of Robert Blatchford, Colonel Ingersoll, and many of the anarchists);

Or that Jehovah is infinite in justice, wisdom, love and power, and that in some way it was and is best to permit evil.

We take the third proposition, that the permission of evil will work out greater good than its prevention.

How can good come from permission of evil?

In the first place the difference must be clearly seen between *doing* evil that good may come, and *permitting* evil that good may come.

It is clearly wrong to do evil that good may come from the evil done. In this case the doer of evil is a benefactor, without clean hands. Such a course is forbidden by laws human and divine. God never does evil. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" says God's friend, Abraham, by inspiration.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him," said that greatest poet of all time, the lover of God, Job. Whatever the evil permitted, God will do the right thing. No evil will be permitted which will not bring an ultimate benefit. "Surely," says David, "the wrath of man [divinely permitted] shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath [evil too great to result in good] shalt thou restrain."—Psalm 76:10.

Permission or Prevention?

HOW CAN the permission of evil result in good, and be better than its prevention?

A child and a stove—the child is warned that the stove will burn him if he touches it. Ultimately he is burned. If the child never learned by experience, he might one day burn himself severely; conceivably he might walk into a flaming fire and be consumed.

Is it better to chain the child, so he can never get near a fire; or to allow him the liberty which will result in his learning to fear the flame?

Boys are warned against a variety of evils—drink, gambling, fast women. Most boys try the evils in spite of the warnings. By experience they learn to avoid evils because they find that the evils are harmful.

Would it be better to lock the boys up in cells under religious keepers and wardens and keep them from evil? or to allow them the liberty which permits experiences so unpleasant that ultimately they will not only avoid them, but loathe them?

God made man a free moral agent. He respects the free moral agency. He coerces the will of no intelligent being in heaven or on earth. A free moral agent Himself, He made man in His own mental and moral likeness, a free moral agent.

How can free moral agents be safeguarded against evil? By prevention of evil? or by the restricted permission of evil? Only through an experience with evil or an observation of evil

sufficient to produce a loathing for all evil, can free moral agents be safeguarded in mind and character, so that they will always choose the good and avoid the evil. Thus are produced men who are "as gods", knowing good and evil, and ever preferring the course which is right. Such have the spirit of God, the disposition to do instinctively as God would do. "The hour cometh...when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him....They that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," says Jesus.—John 4: 23.

All the human race will ultimately have this spirit.

One free moral agent is not responsible for the acts of another free moral agent. The exception is where one is set as a watchman to warn another; the trackman that lets a train thunder into an abyss without warning is guilty of the blood of the dead.

Says God: "When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman; if when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he bloweth the trumpet, and warn the people; then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning: his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul. But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand."—Ezekiel 33: 2-6.

A prominent clergyman says: "When they set us up on soap-boxes to preach war, we ought to have told the truth". If the clergy—self-styled divine watchmen—had blown the trumpet of truth, they would not be guilty of the blood of the slain of the World War. It is not too late for them to do their duty.

No one is responsible for the acts of his neighbor. Neither is God to blame for the acts of other free moral agents: for God warned humanity, in its earliest days, and for two thousand years through the Bible and such Christianity as there was.

Outbalanced by the Good

TO PERMIT evil is beneficial, provided there come afterward blessings which more than offset the pain and distress of the evil, and

which could not otherwise be attained by man.

The time for the offsetting blessings is the Golden Age, just about to dawn, when "millions now living will never die".

Then humanity will be under a reign of goodness and of blessing such as the loftiest dreams of man have never imagined. "There shall be showers of blessing." (Ezekiel 34: 26) "Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness," says the inspired prophet. (Isaiah 45: 8) "I will open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Malachi 3: 10.

The coming blessings and their undeservedness are spoken of again: "Then will I sprinkle clean water [truth] upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you....And I will call for the corn [grain], and will increase it, and lay no famine upon you. And I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field....Then shall ye remember your own evil ways [of the present and the past], and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your [past] iniquities, and for your [past] abominations. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you...I do not this for your sakes, but for mine holy name's sake....And I will sanctify [make sacred] my great name." (Ezekiel 36) In yet another place it is foretold that men will not be able to contain themselves, but will weep for very joy at the goodness of God—in the Golden Age.

The new and better order of things with its good will be so satisfying that the old—the present evil order of things—will never be desired again. "Behold, I create new heavens [spiritual powers of control, the reigning Christ] and a new earth [social order based on divine love, the golden rule]; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind [as past privations pass out of mind in present joy]" (Isaiah 65: 17) Men will never desire the old ways of sin and evil with which they had an average lifetime experience of thirty-three years each. The goodness of the better age will outbalance a thousand times the distress and trouble of the time of the permission of evil.

Any person who would then show a preference for the old ways of selfishness and sin will

be justly regarded as an enemy of mankind, a cumberer of the ground. "Every soul which will not hear [obey] that Prophet [Christ, then reigning to bless] shall be destroyed from among the people." (Acts 3:23) It is to be hoped that there will not be many such.

What of the Soldier?

BUT what of the man that cursed as he died? The Golden Age is the time of resurrection of the dead. The good since Christ's time will be raised to be spirit beings and be with Him in heaven.

Let us picture the future of those who the Soul-Savers say have gone to hell.

Answers to prayer will be prompt and sure in those days. "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear," declares the prophet.—Isaiah 65:24.

In answer to prayer the dead will come back to their families. In place of family ties broken by death, there will be a wonderful reknitting together of heart-strings long torn, but never satisfied until the answer comes when "all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth [to resurrection]".—John 5:28.

The dead soldier's mother, perhaps, will raise her voice daily for God to remember His promise and bring back from the field of honor the boy who in 1918 laid down his life.

Some day the answer will come: "The boy is coming back tomorrow; get his room ready; assemble the friends that he loved; have a feast prepared, music and flowers and light; for tomorrow when the oft-repeated prayer is spoken for the last time, there will stand again in your midst your soldier-boy, never to leave you again, if he will but conform to the goodness of the Golden Age."

Back home at last is the soldier who cursed as he died—now to learn the truth about the life that can be his forever, to learn that his

return was through the Redeemer, who laid down His human life that all might have one full, fair chance for eternal life. What soldier is there who would not then take the oath of allegiance to the Savior, and keep it as faithfully as he kept the oath to his country?

Boys spend four hard years in an apprenticeship to qualify for ten times four years, to earn a better living than the average. Others go eight years to college and professional school, and think the privations well endured for the opportunity to win a competence for five times eight years. How well worth will be the average thirty-three years lesson in evil, permitted by a wise Father, when the experience with that evil makes it possible for a free moral agent to crystalize his character against evil and have the opportunity to live forever—not merely with slightly better conditions than those of the period of evil but in the abounding life of perfection; not for a time but for eternity; not in conditions termed in the Bible the devil's kingdom, but in an earth transformed by human achievement into a Paradise—"the Paradise of God"!

Thirty-three years of evil for an eternity of good!

Who would not willingly pay the price?

Moreover, if evil had never been permitted, neither angels nor men could have understood the lengths and breadths and heights and depths of the love of a God who loves His enemies, who is kind to wrongdoers, who forgives sins and pardons iniquities, who permits evil but overwhelms evil with good—who is Love.

By permission of evil there is made manifest that Jehovah has a character infinite in Justice, Wisdom, Power and Love.

To everlasting ages men will understand a God who will shine in their hearts' devotion with a radiance brighter than the noonday sun.

Some Prison Experiences *By H. R. Naish*

I CONSECRATED my life to God in June, 1915, and became what is known as a Conscientious Objector, because God's Word commands that we shall not take life and that we shall love our enemies. I was very patriotic, and in October, 1914, had offered my services in the army; but being at that time only 19 years

old and not fully developed, I was considered too small.

In February, 1916, I presented to the authorities a sworn statement that in the event of conscription in Canada I would not accept service, as I objected to the war on Christian principles. After fighting the case through three courts or

tribunals, including Ottawa, I was arrested on the 18th of January, 1918, together with a friend who was of the same opinion as myself, and taken to the Detention Barracks in Winnipeg. There we were taken before an officer, who requested us to sign the attestation papers. This we both refused to do. That afternoon we were taken to Minto Street Barracks, and immediately brought before certain officers, who gave us much abusive language, in order to frighten us. But on finding that we were firm, they separated us, putting my friend in one Company and me in another. That night, we slept on a bench in the basement, because we had refused to sign for blankets.

We spent Saturday and Sunday in this manner, and on Monday morning were ordered to go to work in the kitchen. This we refused to do. You may wonder why this refusal, and I answer: Because the military authorities were so crafty that it was impossible to give them one inch. They would always try to get one to take a step, with the promise that it was all that would be required; and then, as soon as that step was taken, they would try to work one forward another step. Giving way one step made it all the harder to resist the next time.

By afternoon we were both locked up in the clink. We slept on the floor that night; and the next morning the Provost Sergeant, together with two policemen, came for my friend and took him away. He returned in about one-half hour, cold and shivering, his teeth chattering. They had stripped him and placed him under the ice-cold shower bath for several minutes. After dinner they came for him again, and this time brought him back unconscious. They dragged his body across the drill hall, and upon reaching the cell let him drop like a rag. From two o'clock in the afternoon until eight o'clock that night he lay there, without medical aid.

As soon as they brought him in they took me out; and when we reached the shower bath, they ordered me to undress. I refused; and they pulled off my clothes and placed me under the ice-cold water. Outside it was 30 degrees below zero. Soon my teeth began to chatter, and I began to feel as though I would drop to pieces. After a time they turned off the water and said: "Will you put the khaki on?" I said: "NO". Then the water was turned on again. After another spell the same question was ask-

ed, and again the same answer. Then the hot water was turned on, and a thick cloud of steam engulfed me; then the cold water again, and in a few minutes I fell on the stone floor exhausted. I was then taken back to the cell, where my friend still lay dead to the world.

The rest of the afternoon I spent rubbing his legs and hands, which were like ice. At night he came to enough to call my name. He then said: "Tell Sergeant — that I forgive him", and closed his eyes again. I am sure that he thought that he was dying; for he was without feeling from the waist down. About eight o'clock two officers took him to the hospital, and I did not see him again for two weeks.

DECEIVED BY THE EVIL ONE

The next day the officers did not bother me, but on the following day they ordered me to come down to the quarter-master's store and get fitted up with the cloth. This I refused to do, so was taken with force and fitted up. It made me think, by contrast, of those who outwardly look like Christ's, but whose hearts are far from Him. I looked like a soldier; but in my heart I felt that if the devilish deeds I had already witnessed, deeds done in God's name, really represented His kingdom, then I could wish to be forever far away from it all. The devil has a great way of making people think that the rules and laws of his kingdom are the rules and laws of the kingdom of Christ.

The following weeks were spent in serving terms in the Detention C. B., Punishment Diet, etc., etc., with repeated attempts to make me drill in the hall. During the two terms spent at the Detention Barracks I was used well by the N. C. O.'s and the captain in charge.

My friend in due time returned from the hospital and rejoined me at Minto Barracks. We were court-martialed, and given two years hard labor in Stony Mountain Penitentiary. After we had arrived there, our hair was shaved to the roots. We were fitted with prison garb, with our numbers all over everything. Any one seeing us would think: "Well, that is the best place for people who look so dangerous". How unspeakably small-souled it is for governments to try to undermine the self-respect of decent men by dressing them like tramps and purposely arranging to make their rogues-gallery photographs as ugly as possible! At night I used to

lie watching the great and small cockroaches on the ceiling of my cell as they went to their midnight banquet; and early in the morning I would see them wending their way home. After three weeks the officers sent for us again, and in five days more we started for England.

On April 10th we were marched down the main street to the station, having been joined by more of our friends; and it was not long before we were placed on the train. The next four days and a half we spent traveling from Winnipeg to Halifax, where on arrival we were immediately placed on a great liner. By accident we were liberated on board, but not for long; and in one hour from the time of going aboard we were all in the clink.

That same evening the guard, acting under orders, took us on deck and ordered us to carry shells to the guns. We refused, and were given fourteen days bread and water, and a sergeant placed in charge of us to "break us in". For the following week we were taken on deck twice a day and subjected to indignities. Often there were three hundred to five hundred soldiers standing around the circle in which we were being baited. Sometimes two of us were placed on our backs at opposites of the circle and the others were told to walk around. Two sergeants would stand near the ones lying down, and, as the others passed, would jerk our bodies so as to make the men step on our faces. We were kicked, pinched, knocked, cursed, called filthy names, and made objects of hate. Despite this, many of the boys were very good to us, and would often bring us little treats, all going to show that the mass are not so evil of mind as were some in authority.

After a week of this treatment we were taken into the dining-room and given the work of washing the floors. On one occasion the head steward gave instructions that we be taken into the kitchen and given afternoon tea, where they left us for half an hour to enjoy the blessing of a clean meal and of fellowship without the presence of guards. Some hearts are lofty and kind; and there were always some of this class around to give the cup of cold water which shall not lose its reward. While on shipboard I was placed in a little cabin all by myself, because of being a dangerous character (so they said). One day a call went around that we were being attacked by a submarine, and the next minute the

guns began to fire. We were rushed up on deck and placed in the front end; but the torpedo missed its mark, and after a short battle we passed the danger and went below.

Sunday morning, April 23th, we came on deck, and first saw Liverpool. The Liverpool docks were seething with khaki and filled with American ships, the decks of which were lined with soldiers. Everything was there to turn one's reason and to make a man act on emotion instead of reason. Several men on board who were returning from Canada to France seemed able to understand in some measure that we were sincere, even though they did think us mistaken; and they treated us kindly, in so far as they were able.

About noon we were landed and were marched to a railroad station, where we boarded a train for Seaford Camp, in the south of England. One of the guards passed some remark to the captain in charge of our party, about our trying to escape; but the captain said: "Oh, you need not worry about those men! They will be all right." At midnight we passed through London, and about 12:30 reached the station, two miles from camp. Here we were lined up in the darkness of a lane, and the roll-call was read. We refused to answer our names when read as Private, etc., but the officer in charge ticked us off as the names were called. We started for the camp, with a band in the lead. The town was in darkness, on account of the air-raids; rain was falling; and everything seemed forsaken. When we reached the camp we were placed in a tent, and slept on the wet ground.

ATTEMPT TO COERCE

When morning came we were ordered out to drill; and we promptly refused. Then we were lined up on the parade ground with a guard on either side. After much shunting up and down we were ordered out of the line, taken back to camp, and placed in the guard tent. The next day the same thing happened again, with the same results. After a few days we were taken to the 11th Reserve, and divided off into different Companies. On Saturday night I found myself placed in a hut with some thirty men who soon found out that I was an objector; but although some used threats, no one laid hands on me.

On Sunday morning I was ordered to church parade, and replied that I would not go. At this, two corporals fastened a belt and a bayonet

on me, put on the puttees, and pushed me into the lines, where I found one of my friends with handcuffs on. The band started to play, and to church we went. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," says the Apostle. But we were in handcuffs, dragged there by force to do outward homage, ostensibly to a God who "seeketh such to worship him as worship in spirit and in truth", but really to "the god of this [present evil] world" — the devil. On getting back to camp we were liberated again.

The following day proved to be an eventful one; for right after breakfast we were ordered for physical training. I was made ready and marched up the hill to the training ground, lined up by force with the rest of the Company. Then I had the pleasure of hearing a short address by the captain. He said: "Boys, these are the men who would let the Germans come over and violate your women folk," etc., etc., and other statements of like nature. He then ordered two men to take charge of me. The field was marked with ditches, wire entanglements (not barbed wire), walls of sandbags and, lastly, a seven-foot wooden wall. The soldiers were made to run at these, and either jump them or climb over them as best they could. When we came to the wall, they hoisted me up and were just about to let me drop when the captain called: "Don't let him drop!" I was then rushed down the hill to an armory, and there saw one of my friends being clubbed by a sergeant who had placed boxing gloves on himself and his quarry. Among them were gathered several lieutenants and other men who were off duty. As I came along they rushed him away and started on me. First the gloves were placed on my hands; then I was placed before the sergeant, who said: "Now when I say, Guard, put your hands to your face, so". The next minute he struck me a hard blow in the face, hard enough to knock me semi-conscious. Then he quickly pulled me to my feet and struck me again, this time on the nose, from which the blood flowed freely. Once again he pulled me to my feet, and administered another blow on my face.

At this juncture one of the officers standing by said: "Let that man alone; that's not fair play". But Captain — said: "If you don't like to watch it, then get away". The sergeant caught a handful of my flesh, and pushed and pulled me forward and backward for several

minutes, then turned me over to the guards, who took me back to camp, where I stayed for the rest of the day.

At the end of that week I was placed in the blink, where I remained for five weeks, with the other members of our party, and then was sentenced to one year in Wandsworth Military Prison, London. When we arrived, the man who met us at the door said to us: "You have heard about hell. Well, here you are." They had two mottoes, "We tame lions", and "We make or break you". But they had forgotten that they could not transform a lamb into a lion. Truly the Master said of some of His little ones: "They shall cast some of you into prison, and ye shall be hated of all nations for my sake", but "he that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved". They knew not the power that held us up to endure their revilings and taunts.

We were promptly taken into the alley-way and lined up, told all the things that would befall us if we were going to act still like fools and cowards, etc., etc. Then we were rushed to our cells. Everything was done on the double-quick at this prison.

MILITARY TORTURE

The cell was made of stone, with a large iron-studded door, and was absolutely void of furniture except for a tin gallon-pail of water on a stone shelf. At night they gave me a board, two blankets, a sheet and a pillow. Needless to say, I did not sleep much that night. On the following morning the N. C. O. ordered me to get my marching order ready. This consisted of full pack. But I did not obey; so as soon as breakfast was over, two N. C. O.'s came and put it on me, and then gave me a rifle to hold. At my refusal they became angry and, after several punches and kicking my ankles, they rushed me before the Commandant, who warned me of the result of trying to hold out. That worthy gave me three days solitary confinement, with three days bread and water and twenty-one days No. 2 punishment diet. Then I was rushed back to my cell.

That day and every day for the first week the N. C. O.'s would come to my cell, strike me in the face, throw me down and kick me, talk the vilest language, and seem to delight in pulling me out before the other prisoners. Some of them, however, hated the work they were being made to do, and once in a while would say a

word of cheer when no one was around to overhear. I suffered greatly during the first two weeks from hunger, as at first I was unable to eat the porridge provided in a dirty can every fourth day for dinner. Sometimes there were lumps as big as eggs in the porridge. I have found cabbage slugs in the soup, bacon rind in the bread, etc., etc. The potatoes were cooked with the jackets on, dirt and all, just as they came up out of the ground.

After I had been there for two weeks the N. C. O.'s took me out on a certain morning and, placing two of the other prisoners at either side, started to drag me around the courtyard, the guard all the time giving instructions. Then we went around to a lane between two buildings; and for half an hour I was dragged up and down, with a man at each side and one at my back, pushing and pulling, back and forward, as though possessed by the very devil. The man at my right beat me incessantly on my face with his fist; and the man behind me kicked me on the legs as fast as he could do so and keep running. This seemed to satisfy them for the time being; and so with a promise of more the next day, they took me back to my cell and locked me up again. For the next three days I was in great pain, as my throat and jaws were badly swollen and my back teeth were locked together. After the third day I was able to put bread crumbs between my lips and, with a painful effort, swallow them. It was ten days before I was able to eat or drink without pain.

I was never again violently treated after this, except for an occasional blow from one of the guards while in a fit of temper. But the punishment diet was continued for three and a half months longer. Sometimes I grew almost frantic with hunger, and never knew what it was to feel warm, on account of the poor condition of my blood. It was a common thing for me to walk the cell for hours to keep warm, until too tired to continue.

On one occasion I awoke and glanced around the damp stone cell, with its cold tile floor. Perhaps I lay there some ten minutes, looking at the big solid door sunk into the four-foot wall, then wearily at the bare cell again with not even a piece of furniture in it save the hard wooden bed-board upon which I lay. My meditations were interrupted by the "fall in" whistle of the prison-guard, and in a few minutes the

sergeant rapped on the door, at which signal we were expected to sing out in a lusty voice, "All's well, sergeant". But it is an effort to say such things when one has felt the pangs of hunger for two months steady, tossing around all night with sore bones, caused by the wooden bed and lack of fat over the bones.

Usually I was able to appreciate the privilege of witnessing for Christ against the powers of darkness; but this day seemed different. My mind was full of unhappy fears, doubts and distress, even to the point of doubting God's care and love. I arose hastily and was soon pacing the floor in great distress of mind, asking myself the question, Can it be that I have been wrong? What if the whole plan of the ages as brought forth in those wonderful books, "Studies in the Scriptures," is all wrong? But reason would not permit such conclusions.

About this juncture the famous Wandsworth Prison breakfast was served at the door. It consisted of a square of black bread about 4x3x3 inches, and for quick delivery was deposited on the bare floor at the door. At a given signal your sergeant or other N. C. O. on duty opened the door, at which moment with a loving and tender grip you picked up the daily manna provided, taking care not to lose so much as a crumb, and your gratitude was expected to abound all day, from early morning until 5:15 p. m., at which time another similar loaf was provided. Every fourth week a quarter-ration was served for one week, to revive strength for the following three weeks bread and water.

After the breakfast the conflict of mind started once again, and so I resolved to tell the Lord my troubles and ask for assurance. Strange to say, the greatest doubts of all the many in my mind seemed to be concerning the Seventh Volume of Scripture Studies, "The Finished Mystery," which I had time to read only once before my arrest in January, 1918. Three questions I prayed God to answer, if it was His will so to do:

- (1) Is the plan all right, especially the Seventh Volume?
- (2) Was the Lord pleased with my determination to have nothing to do with the support of the war?
- (3) If I faithfully served Him to the best of my ability, would He grant me the reward promised in His Word to them that overcome?

About ten o'clock a. m., as nearly as I could judge, footsteps were heard in the corridor outside, and then followed a moment of breathless waiting to hear whether they would stop at my door. We were always interested at the approach of steps to our cell door, because of repeated visits from the guards for the purpose of abuse. Then the big key clicked in the lock, and a Roman Catholic corporal entered. He asked my name and, upon being told, said: "This is for you", and handed me a little book about $2\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches, the vest pocket or war edition of the "Finished Mystery". We talked a few minutes relative to my views; then he left.

This was the first piece of paper in any shape or form that I had received since entering the prison, June 11. I sat down upon a stone slab and opened the first page. On it was written a few words of brotherly love from a friend at Kamsack, Saskatchewan. I turned again with an eager hand to read "The Revelation", as the war edition of the Seventh Volume was called. Previously I had not known of its existence. A strange little book this seemed, yet after all no different from the original version; and so I read on for some two or three minutes and then, as if guided by some unseen force, threw back some hundred pages.

I shall never forget what met my gaze—a picture representing the great apostate church, as viewed by John the Revelator. Quickly I threw back two or more pages, as though my eyes would not believe what they saw; and thus I read: "And we have the same inspired authority for the statement that only those who refuse to render worship to those powerful, influential religious systems (symbolized by the beast and his image) will be counted by the Lord as 'over-

comers' and be made His joint heirs as members of His elect church".

Then it all dawned upon me like a flash of light that here was the answer to my prayers! Yes; surely the truth as I knew it was all right, especially the Seventh Volume; and surely the Lord did approve of the course we had taken. All my questions were answered by that little "Pocket Revelation".

I cannot describe the joy and peace received for many a weary day afterward, but true to His covenant God never forsook me. And although there were during that strange year experiences which I can never put into words now, yet looking back I can truly praise the Lord for all the way that He led me. And above all my memories rank high that little book's visit to Wandsworth Prison.

After four months at Wandsworth a guard came to take us out and back to Camp Seaford. He was very good to us and on the way back to camp gave us opportunity for a meal of good food. But not one of us was able to retain the food on our stomachs, on account of the weakness of our digestive organs. After a few days, during which we had opportunity to tell many of the boys the good news of Christ's coming kingdom, we were reshipped to Canada. On the return voyage certain passengers refused to eat with us, and certain returning soldiers threatened to throw us overboard, but were unable to carry out their designs. After a few more weeks in prison at Quebec and Winnipeg, we were ordered to go home. This we did with hearts thankful to the Lord for the privileges He had given us of witnessing to His truth and of suffering for His name.

A House Divided *By Norman J. Veeder*

Herewith, dear Editor, my child
Into your keeping I entrust:
Grant it the milk of mercy mild
Nor reassign it to the dust.

See how it prattles and it smiles
To win its way into your heart,
Employing only baby guiles,
All innocent of other art.

But if it prove perverse and rude
(As often orphaned children do)
Cheer up; for I've an endless brood:
I'll straight another send to you!

"I guess I will take a walk," I said once upon a time to myself, and myself replied by putting on my little green hat and starting down town.

Now it seems that all the members of my body had on this very day decided to mutiny against what they had long considered the intolerable tyranny of myself. My eyes had often accused

myself of compelling them to scan long rows of print that were not in the least pretty to look upon, and all for the pleasure of myself alone. My ears had complained that they were compelled to pay attention to long, monotonous discourses that were not in the least melodious and soothing to listen to, and all to satisfy the ca-

precious whims of myself. My nose likewise made similar accusations concerning stuffy rooms; my tongue raved about tasteless diets; and my legs grumbled about hard pavements over which they were constantly required to jolt on hard leather heels. And all my other members had their little complaints and grievances which they had long suffered; but myself being omnipotent, had paid but scant attention to them or had merely laughed scornfully and continued to subject them to its autocratic will.

Therefore as I now started to walk to town, I suddenly perceived that things were not as they should be. When I started to turn toward the library, my legs did not turn but continued right on; my eyes refused to look at anything but grassy plots, flower-gardens and pretty girls; and my nose began sniffing down at a rose in my coat-lapel which made me feel most ridiculous, though I was powerless to do anything but think terrible words.

Meanwhile my legs kept plodding along, running hither and thither at every whim of my ears, eyes, and nose, continuing to do all the work and getting no pleasure at all from the trip, though all the time my eyes were rolling in every direction enjoying the beauties of scenery, while my ears placidly received the sounds of café player-pianos and whistled tunes and my nose went sniffing along, now and then repaid by a fragrant whiff from a restaurant or fruit stand or, at times, becoming aware of the proximity of a garbage-can, asking my legs to continue on with increasing celerity. At last my legs grew weary and became angry at this manifest unfairness; and when my eyes next spied a shop-window across the street with a beautiful painting in it, my legs flatly refused to carry them thither but kept right on going.

"I want to see that painting in beautiful colors!" cried my eyes to my legs. "Take me back at once!"

"I don't know what you are talking about," replied my legs. "What do I care for colors and paintings! I have pampered you long enough. If you want to go back and see anything, go ahead: but as for myself, I shall continue right on to a bench I know in a grocery store, where I intend to stop and sit down."

And they gave a similar answer to my ears when these heard a band playing several blocks away and urged my legs to run in that direction.

My nose fared no better when it vehemently desired my legs to turn aside after a passing peanut-wagon from which was issuing a most celestial aroma. And so my eyes, ears, and nose became excessively angry at my legs, but were powerless to do anything, and had to follow wherever my legs took a notion to go.

Meantime my legs went prancing along, determined to do just as they pleased from now on. Suddenly it occurred to them that they didn't remember where the grocery bench was; so they called up to my eyes: "Hey there, wake up! Where's Persimmon's grocery store?"

But my eyes replied: "We don't know and care less—there's nothing pretty to be seen there. Take us back to the picture-shop at once. We will close up for the day until you do." Then my eyes slyly winked at each other and clapped tight shut.

"Nose," screamed my legs in a rage, "smell out the grocery-bench at once! I wish to sit down."

But my nose only turned up and replied: "What, that musty smelling store? I should say not!" Then it sniffed its disgust, and said: "Why did you stop near a dead cat? Take me back to the popcorn wagon at once—it smells so much nicer."

"I smell no dead cat," said my legs stiffly. "It is your foolish imagination, and I shall stay right here until I know where the bench is. Ears, listen for a sound like a wooden bench, will you, and tell me what direction it comes from."

"I will listen to nothing but the brass band," said my ears, waxing very angry. Then they said, "I hear an automobile coming, and I should advise you to move with the utmost alacrity."

"Which way, which way!" cried my legs, becoming frightened.

"I am uncertain—you had better ask eyes," said my ears. But my eyes refused to budge a lid. Then my legs began to run about every which way; and all of a sudden there was a tremendous crash, and myself was hurled through the atmosphere and landed on the sidewalk, a complete wreck. My legs groaned: "I am broken in two places"; my eyes wept: "I am black and blue"; my nose snuffed: "Take me away from this gas—I am bleeding and suffocating"; and my ears drummed: "What an awful noise—I'm sure I'm burst". Likewise all my other members set up a tremendous wailing.

And so it came about that while I lay recuperating in the hospital, as soon as they were able all the mutinous members held a consultation, which resulted in their making overtures of peace to myself on terms which myself was only too glad to accept without reservations; and in accordance with which from thence forward,

myself has always taken great pains to satisfy within reasonable bounds the desires and inclinations for recreation of all the various members of my body, who in turn render to myself with utmost goodwill their services whenever required, so that we now live all together, a happy and a contented family.

Timber Thieves in Washington *By H. C. Pierce*

WE CAME West in 1908 to get us a home. We found we were five or six years too late to get homestead land that was worth taking; but about that time those that were proving up on their claims were selling them, as is usual with the first settlers in a new country. Proved-up land was selling for from fourteen hundred to two thousand a quarter, according to the location and the amount of saw timber on it.

My son-in-law bought a claim for sixteen hundred from an old bachelor that had just proved up. He paid a few hundred down, and had five years to pay the balance in at eight percent interest. We were told that the saw-timber on the land during the five years would sell for enough on the stump to pay for the place. Two or three lumber companies were operating in that section and had bought some state timbered lands and were buying some small tracts.

About that time, 1909 and 1910, the lumber business took a backset, and not much lumber was being sawed to ship. The lumber companies conceived the idea that instead of buying the timber of the settlers and having to remove it in a given time, most of those settlers would sell out to them sooner or later.

The homesteaders had not cleared much land during their five years of homesteading and so could not raise a living; and, being quite poor, they had to go out to work to support their families. In many instances they had run behind through sickness or some other cause; and when they got their patents from the Government they often had to mortgage to some moneyed shark or local bank, paying the limit of twelve percent. They could borrow from eight to twelve hundred on their land.

All the time the settler was in hopes to sell his timber to pay off the mortgage; but the lumber companies were buying no timber, knowing that sooner or later the settler would have

to sell out. They had their "cruisers" (timber viewers) out estimating the timber in the whole country, so that when the settlers had to sell as their mortgages became due the mills knew to a dollar what their timber was worth in the tree. They would offer you for the land from eighty cents to one dollar a thousand on its value (land and all). In that way they got pretty nearly the whole country.

Those settlers that hung on and would not sell for a long time were finally obliged to sell; for so many had moved away that in many communities there were not children enough to keep up the schools and the parents were not able to send theirs off to school. In war times in some localities the lumber kings started to saw that timber, but would not buy a five-foot stick from a settler.

Now where they have slashed the timber off, and where the old dry slashings are a menace to the country on account of fires, they offer those lands and advertise very extensively how they will sell those lands back to the settlers for the same price or a little more and give ten years' time to pay for them. Why not? They got two or three times what the lands cost them out of the timber and to have six percent coming in on the land is a fine thing.

And pray tell me how the poor fellow that has three or four hundred to pay down is going to make his payments, with no timber to sell to help while he is clearing those slashings and getting a start?

Many a man, after spending eight or ten years of the best of his life there in the woods, has come out with less money than he left the East with, and all the time the kept press are holding out inducements to people in the East to come and get a home; it is so easy! My son-in-law went out into the prairie and worked by

the year to pay up on his place; and the hard work and worry caused the death of his wife, just as the last payment was to be made. She left two little boys. It took three or four years for him to recuperate from that loss with the expense of his boys. He could not sell his place today for what it cost him.

The *Spokane Daily Chronicle* of recent date shows the reduction in the price of building material. Their claim all the time has been that the short hours, high wages, and high freight rates, shoved lumber to the unprecedented high prices. But now with hard times coming on and millions of that lumber on hand that was gotten out with high-priced labor (that they were so cocksure the world was going to need, and the world does need it, but cannot buy it), the companies are dropping (you will see) in price. But don't think for a minute that they are selling below cost; for they are not.

Just a word about pulp wood for paper: I see a great deal of talk about a scarcity of

timber for that. All over northern Idaho and eastern Washington are millions of cords of suitable timber for paper, such as spruce, white fir, Jack or black pine, and other timber going to waste. This the settlers would be glad to cut and sell, but there are only two or three paper mills in the whole country. I know of one section in the Clearwater country in Idaho—a strip eight or ten miles long with a stream running through the middle of it, where with very little expense it could be floated to the railroad.

I am not entering a complaint; for we people that discern the signs of the times expect it and rejoice in the fact that it is only a forerunner of the incoming kingdom of our Lord.

Hoping that this will be of some benefit to you, I ask you to excuse my writing with a pencil; but as I am an old man, all crippled up with rheumatism, my hands all drawn out of shape, I can write only with a pencil.

Yours in the hope of a better life, and praying that your work of uplifting will continue.

Modern Cattle Stealing By G. D. Fairbanks

IT LOOKS very much as though the financial interests of America, if not of the world, are pulling off the biggest steal in history.

Our recent terrible and sudden drop in prices was no natural economic event, but a well-laid plan; and we shall be badly fooled if we expect prices to rise again. The United States issued billions of dollars in bonds when prices were high and money cheap. These bonds had been gradually gravitating into the hands of the financial interests, but not quickly enough to suit their purpose, when came the order to retrench.

The banks called in their loans; and in order to pay them, people had to sacrifice their bonds and property for what they could get on a glutted market. Result, the interests got hold of the bonds at a big discount and at the same time cut prices to a low level, from which they will never recover to any material extent. We may be sure that the interests will see to it that prices do not recover, because it is necessary to their scheme to hold prices down and thus enhance the value of the dollar. Prices being now approximately one-half of war prices, the bonds, which were issued during high prices,

are now worth in actual property twice as much as when they were issued.

Suppose a farmer sold a cow for \$100 during the war and bought a bond. He became pinched by the sudden fall in prices and sold his bond to the bank at a discount, in order to get currency to run his farm. It is plain that the bond represents the worth of one cow minus the discount charged by the bank. Years pass, the bond becomes due, but the value of cows has dropped to \$50 each; and it will take two cows to pay off that bond, not counting the interest. Of course the Government pays the bond off in money, but this money has to come from the people in taxes, and our farmer will have to part with two cows in order to pay his share of the taxes which in turn pays off the bond. The holder of the bond loans the Government the value of one cow and gets in return the value of two cows.

The example of the cow can be applied to every other commodity, which means that the final owners of the bonds will force the American people to pay them double the amount of actual value that was loaned during the period of high prices by the simple trick of restricting the amount of circulating medium (money) and forcing down prices.

Give Us Manly Men *By Dr. Jno. A. Van Valzah, Ph. G.*

MR. Editor: I am a constant reader of your wonderful little paper and look for it with greater interest than all my other papers combined, and I take no less than twenty-five. I herewith submit an article for publication in your paper if it meets with your approval: prompted really by hearing a Bible student explain that the gentiles were eventually to succumb through being debauched by the Jews.* The fact that the Jews control the clothing business and are furnishing us with sissy clothing now worn by our men, and the demoralizing effect of the present-day picture-shows, makes it seem that this man knew what he was talking about.

SHOULD AMERICA RETURN TO MANLY SPORTS?

Quite frequently, of late, in the daily press there crops out a revival of antagonism to the art of self-defense, as evinced in the attempt to prevent the fistic encounter between Dempsey and Carpentier; while at the same time those self-same people condone and in fact encourage the most brutal game ever conceived by mortal mind—namely, foot-ball.

In a boxing contest there is absolutely no intent, desire, or attempt upon the part of either contestant to maim or kill his antagonist. How about foot-ball? Statistics record one hundred deaths due to foot-ball to one in the fistic ring!

As a foot-ball player, I know, you go after your opponents purposely to put them out of commission; and each year's death list, together with those maimed for life, goes to show they generally get what they go after!

Men place their lives in jeopardy when engaged in either sport; and yet, with ever present danger, should not either one or both be preferred to the English games of golf and tennis? Should sports be held out to young Americans that sap manhood and create effeminacy? Before answering, reflect that we are moulding the character upon which the future greatness of our nation depends; therefore we foot-ball fans should not knock the fistic fans, nor should the fistic fans knock the foot-ball fans; nor should either knock the base-ball or any other fans, when such fans are advocating manly sports!

Whither are we drifting, assisted by the fads of today, golf and tennis? What will be our

future if we pass up the sports, games, and exercises requiring and producing courage, brawn or muscle? In 1875 the English sparrow was brought into our country. Today what, as a result, has become of our native birds? Dead. Even the little fighting wren went the way of our most beautiful songsters; and so will go our sports if our press continues to play up golf and tennis on the front page of every paper in the country while they condemn our own American sports. The press in America today is not American, nor is it working for the best interests of America. It is all for England. Nineteenths of our news comes from London! Nineteenths of the pictures or photos in our papers and magazines are of English lords, dukes, counts or no-accounts!

Today Congress is busily engaged in passing appropriations of a magnitude that make the angels weep. Meantime the common people of the United States and of all the Allied countries are learning the bitter truth of how desperately they were lied to by artful politicians, called statesmen, to induce participation in the late war "to create disarmament, and world-wide democracy".

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Is He moving for or against us when He permits the minds of our youth to become debauched, through mediums? If so, then our only hope lies in our country becoming a country of amazons; otherwise we would have none to carry the arms and man the ships we are now providing; as the sissification of a nation is not conducive to the creation of men-of-war, but rather of *SHE-MEN*!

LOGICAL CONCLUSIONS

Permit me to draw a few logical comparisons. Among others Napoleon drubbed the Germans who at that stage, man for man, were no match for the French. Then there evolved the so-called turners, a manhood practically invincible. These physical giants romped all over the French in 1870 and virtually wiped up the earth with those dancing, effeminate, absinthe-drinking Frenchmen. Then in turn came an era of sane frugal living in France, necessitated by the German indemnity they were forced to pay, developing once more the men who defended Verdun.

In these days, when rumors of trouble between us and Japan are multiplying and with good reason, judging from the Japs' past history, should we be creating a future generation of *sissies*? Japan, meanwhile, is emulating the Germans with their gymnastic ideas, their broadsword and fencing, their jiu-jitsu, etc., creating the future conquerors of the world—THE YELLOW PERIL — unless the Caucasian nations get down to brass tacks!

Don't become angered when I say "sissies". Golf and tennis are well and good for old men, the idle rich, and nice young ladies; but do they make for red-blooded men such as are required to win battles and endure the hardships of campaigning?

'Where there is smoke will generally be found fire!' Permit me to draw your attention to the fire as evinced by the smoke of our country today, our idealisms, our ideals and our nice lady-like expressions. Our sissy men must express themselves in sissy words and phrases. Our statesmen have degenerated into word-mongers who frame up nice-sounding sentences with not an atom of sincerity back of them, only having in view the leading of the people into bondage.

If our forefathers were to pass up or down the business thoroughfares of any city, town, or hamlet in the old U. S. A. today, they would blush for shame. They would find in our show windows the pictures of men posing as ads. for glasses, with hair parted in the middle, and nice lady-like features, while women posing for the same have their hair parted on the side, and wear men's vests, coats, etc.

On the manikins in our gentlemen's furnishing stores they would find clothes for *our dear boys* (the last three words should be pronounced in the Oscar Wilde modulated voice) clinging close to their ribs and flanging over their hips; and no doubt some of the old-timers would go into the stores to get a rear view, to see whether they had grecian-bends!

Then, were they to visit a physician's office, they would find men galore wearing girdles, one might truly call them corsets! And these are those upon whom the future greatness of our nation depends!

Looking into the ladies' ready-made wear would apprise them of the fact that women are favoring the loose, shapeless coat-suit, not the

clinging lingerie that made them so charming, sweet, and lovable.

The ways of the world are surely upside-down when women take on masculinity, and men become patron saints to effeminateness.

If one of these SHE-MEN came courting one of my daughters I would holloa "Boo" at it, and the undertaker would have a job; or at least he-she or she-he would be frightened into hysterics.

AMERICA'S VULNERABLE POINT

Have the rest of the world, and particularly our enemies, at last found America's vulnerable spot, our tendon-Achilles? Is America the proud, the hitherto invincible, unconquerable, to be lulled into the arms of Morpheus, and its manhood broken down via the route of effeminacy? Are we soon doomed to be morally considered as the French have been in the past? Is this to be our sojourning in Cannes, and are we to be corrupted as were the troops of Hannibal, and thus at last go down into defeat? God forbid! But according to the swift and exceedingly rapid drift it would seem to conservative observers we are fast approaching the ragged edge! Will a Demosthenes arise; and if arising shall we hearken to him, or are we, the greatest nation the world has ever known, doomed to go down to defeat through corruption, introduced by our enemies, who could conquer us in no other way?

God grant that all American men and women will reflect; and, reflecting, act—get back to sanity in dress and sports that tend to manhood (not effeminacy) and womanhood (not masculinity).

God's greatest gift to a nation is manly men and womanly women.

* [We print this contribution because it is written with such manifest sincerity, and we believe it will be thoroughly enjoyed by our readers, whether or not they agree with every expression it contains. We have no thought that the gentiles are to be debauched by the Jews; that job has already been thoroughly well done by others. We do believe the Scriptural statements that in the Golden Age now dawning the Jews will have an opportunity of retrieving their past errors, accepting Christ as their Savior, and extending the knowledge of the true Messiah to earth's remotest bounds]

Paying Europe's Bad Debts *By H. C. Temple, M. D.*

MR. EDITOR: I clip the following from the *Alliance Review and Leader*:
FOR LIBERTY BONDS

Exchange of War Holdings Favored by High Officials.

Washington, May 26. — President Harding and his advisers are understood to favor the conversion of Allied debts to the United States into foreign bonds held directly by the American public in place of liberty bonds, as a solution of the foreign obligation problem.

The explanation was made by authorities, after the president had announced in New York city that he hoped "in a reasonable period we may change the form of these obligations and distribute them among all the citizens".

What the president and his advisers have in mind is a plan, being worked out gradually by the treasury experts, whereby liberty bonds, as they mature, can be replaced by bonds of foreign governments in debt to the United States.

This would accomplish two highly desired ends, it is pointed out by economists in touch with the government. It will make foreign governments responsible directly to investors for credit, and, if the entire foreign obligation is converted, will reduce the taxes that the administration must levy by more than \$1,000,000,000 annually.

I was just-connecting this in my mind with the following statement published in *THE GOLDEN AGE* of April 28, 1920, which reads,

"The European nations are in hard financial straits. These facts have been very generally published in the newspapers. We quote from the *Houston (Tex.) Post*:

"Owing the United States \$18,000,000,000, Europe is bankrupt and probably will never pay its debts, in the opinion of Mark O. Prentiss, chairman of the board of directors of the Bankers' Foreign Credit Clearing House," who said, 'I look for the repudiation by the Allies of their enormous financial obligations as the only way out.'"

My query was as to how the little fellows, the common people, the Liberty bond-holders, would appreciate the exchange of Uncle Sam's obligations to them for securities given by "bankrupt nations", thus using their savings to assist the big fellows in collecting Europe's bad debts.

When Will the Bubble Burst? *By George Colwell*

CONSIDER the interest evil of today. In every nation of the world the rich get interest on all they have, while the poor must pay it in rentals and on everything bought on time.

The country itself levies interest on all unpaid taxes and gives interest on all the rich man's wealth.

Starting out in life most young men are without capital. Let one of them, with a young wife, go on a farm. For the first few years when they really need help and the poor young wife needs a nurse girl to assist her rear her babies, they are burdened with debt and needs must pay interest on everything they've got, and the poor young wife not only must go without the nurse girl, but must add her frail strength to the drudgery work of the farm. And besides all this, let some misfortune overtake them; and they are driven from their homes, losing all they have paid, even what they have spared out of their want.

I. Donnelly in "Caesar's Column" writes thus:

"Interest on money is the root and ground of the world's troubles. It puts one man in a position of safety while another is in a condition of insecurity and thereby it at once creates a radical distinction in human society. The lender takes a mortgage on the borrower's land, or house, or goods. The borrower then assumes all the chances of life to repay the loan. If he is a farmer, he has to run the risk of the fickle elements. Rains may drown, droughts may burn up his crops. If a merchant, he encounters all the hazards of trade; the bankruptcy of other tradesmen, the hostility of the elements sweeping away agriculture, and so affecting commerce. If a mechanic, he is still more dependent upon the success of all above him and the mutations of commercial prosperity. He may lose employment; he may be stricken; he may die. But behind all these stands the money-lender, in perfect security. Give a million of men and a hundred years of time, and the slightest advantage possessed by any one class among the million must result, in the long run, in the most startling discrepancies of condition. A little evil grows like a ferment, it never ceases to operate. Give one set of men in a community a financial advantage over the rest, however slight, it may be almost invisible, and at the end of centuries that class so favored will own everything and wreck the country. A penny they say put out at interest the day Columbus sailed from Spain, and compounded ever since, would amount now (A. D. 1900) to more than all the assessed value of property, real, personal and mixed on the two continents of North and South America. Usury kills off the enterprising members of a community by bankrupting them, and leaves only the very rich and the very poor. Every dollar the

employers of labor pay to the money-lender, has to come eventually out of the pockets of the laborers. Usury is therefore the cause of the first aristocracy, and out of this grow all the other aristocracies."

We quote from "Little Giant Cyclopaedia":

"The ethical sense of mankind saw at an early day the wrong of usury. The Mosaic law was very explicit on the subject. Cicero mentions that Cato, being asked what he thought of usury, made no other answer to the question than by asking the person who spoke to him what he thought of murder. The Christian church in its early days and until the Middle Ages utterly forbade the exaction of interest. In the reign of Edward VI a prohibitory Act was passed for the stated reason that the charging of interest was a 'vice most odious and detestable and contrary to the Word of God.'"

The Popes were against the levying of interest, so were Martin Luther, Ruskin and many others; even Mahomet strictly forbade it.

In the laws of God is written, Leviticus 25: 35-38: "If thy brother be waxed poor and his hand fail with thee, then thou shalt relieve him, yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner. . . . [therefore every man must be a brother], thou shalt take no interest or increase, but fear thy God, that thy brother shall live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon interest, nor lend him any victuals for increase. I am the Lord your God."

And the Prophet David, writes in Psalm 15: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteously. He that putteth not out his money to interest, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be removed."

And the prophet writes in Ezekiel 18: 8, 9: "He that hath not given forth upon interest, neither taken any increase, that hath withdrawn his hand from iniquity, hath executed true justice between man and man, hath walked in my statutes and hath kept mine ordinances to deal truly: he is just, he shall surely live, saith the Lord Jehovah".

Any one can work the interest question, with

a fair degree of accuracy, by a very simple method. For instance, take any interest table and it will be seen that \$1 at 6 percent compound interest, becomes a little over \$10 in 40 years. Thus \$10 in 40 years becomes \$100. Thus \$1 in 80 years becomes \$100. Therefore for every 40 years add on a naught. Thus in 240 years (6 x 40) \$1 becomes (\$1,000,000) a million dollars. Every bank, loan company, etc., that advances their capital even only six percent per year would have in 240 years a million dollars for every dollar they have got today. One dollar in 640 years would give enough interest annually to buy up the whole world from pole to pole at one thousand dollars an acre without touching one cent of the principal. When will this interest bubble burst?

We print in part from the "Twentieth Century, N. Y." the following by H. C. Whitaker:

"Had one cent been loaned in A. D. 1, with interest being allowed at the rate of 6 percent compound yearly, then 1894 years later the amount due would be \$3,497,840,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 (8,497,840,000 decillions). If it were desired to pay this in gold 23.2 grains to the dollar, then taking spheres of pure gold, each the size of the earth, it would take 610,070,000,000,000,000 of them to pay for that cent. Placing these spheres in a straight row their combined length would be 4,326,370,000,000,000,000,000 miles, a distance which it would take light (going at a rate of 186,330 miles per second) 820,890,000 years to travel. It may be added that if the earth had contained a population of ten billions, each one making a million dollars a second, then to pay for that cent it would have required their combined earnings for 26,938,500,000,000,000,000,000 years."

But no land has ever withstood for long these ever increasing fortunes. Revolution or conquest has swept away in a single day fortunes that have taken many years to build up, and only too often with reigns of terror, bloodshed and anarchy. Such was the end of Egypt, Babylon, Jerusalem, Rome, France in 1800, and even Russia. Is anything going to happen to us?

Is Criticism of Government Slander? By A. F. Tomlinson

GOLDEN AGE No. 41 has arrived, and I notice that nearly the whole magazine is devoted to the exposure of the terrible crimes committed by the British Empire.

Now I am not complaining, nor shall I enter a protest; for I know that the people of Great Britain are neither better nor worse than those

of the United States. The only difference is that Great Britain has had the opportunities thrown across her path, and has taken advantage of them to build herself up and to become the greatest nation the world has ever had, while the United States is mad because she cannot do it.

So poor old England has to be lambasted from

every quarter of the globe, particularly by the Irish, her nearest neighbors. Now if England would only submit to the Pope, the man on the Tiber, war in Ireland would end immediately. Therefore the trouble in Ireland is purely a matter of religion. The Roman Catholics want to get control so as to be able to oust the Orangemen.

During the Boer war in South Africa, you will remember how our papers were full of propaganda (Irish and German) of the cruelties practiced upon the poor Boers. I have a brother who was in the Transvaal all during the war; and he claims that the British treated the Boers *too well*. The British fed and cared for the Boer women and children, and after the war was ended they restocked the farms and practically rebuilt the country. Many, in fact nearly all, of the Boers are now friends of the British. Note that General Smuts and others who were foremost in the fight on the side of the Boers are now British patriots.

My brother is now in Eureka. One day recently he picked up *GOLDEN AGE* No. 38 and read the article about the British doings in Palestine. He laid the magazine down and said: "I will never read *THE GOLDEN AGE* again; they are Sinn Feiners." I think myself that No. 41 would sell well among the Irish.

The Scriptures say: "Speak evil of no man"; and our dear departed Pastor said that we should not speak evil of our neighbors, even though it be the truth. Are not nations our neighbors, and is it necessary to berate other nations in order to make our calling and election sure? Is that kind of work to be the work of the feet members of the body of Christ?

My brother also said: "That is why I am British—the way they treated a foe. I am proud of the British. I lived among them for twenty-five years, and I ought to know."

I believe that the British Empire is filling her part in the Divine Plan of the Ages. She has pioneered and also exploited countries, and has made it possible for the Bible to reach the different peoples of the world, and also made possible the entrance of the demijohn and other vices. It has fallen her lot to do so. Other nations, including our country, are merely jealous because they have not the power to do that same thing. Selfishness is the great curse of all peoples, including the British.

What we need is Messiah's kingdom, described in God's Word. His rule will be that of justice and equity, and will give a fair opportunity to the poor and needy. His kingdom will subdue evil, will crush it out, and will punish sinners, both rich and poor. His kingdom will "lay righteousness to the line and justice to the plummet" and "will sweep away the refuge of lies" and subterfuges under which injustice is now so often cloaked. No wonder the Scriptures tell us that Messiah's kingdom is "the desire of all nations"!

[There is no wrong in pointing out the transgressions of a government; it is quite proper that the people should know of such wrongs, if they exist, as it enables them to pray more intelligently, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven". It is folly to teach and preach that present governments are parts of Christ's kingdom; they are part and parcel of Satan's empire, now falling into ruins. In the fourth volume of his *SCRIPTURE STUDIES* Pastor Russell spoke as plainly on these subjects as *THE GOLDEN AGE* has ever done; and throughout the years of his connection with the *WATCH TOWER*, of which he was editor, he periodically called attention to items such as we discuss in *THE GOLDEN AGE*.

We hold no brief for any earthly government; if they have the spirit of Christ let them show it and we will rejoice; if they have the spirit of Satan we will point it out and rejoice that their time is short; so we rejoice anyway. We try to be impartial. Britishers are human; they do not like to have their government criticized; Americans are the same. We could fill *THE GOLDEN AGE* with witless, pointless, entertaining matter such as abounds in publications everywhere, but we think it more worth while to lay a generous supply of facts on all subjects before our readers and let them form some intelligent conclusions as to the real conditions about us. In the end they will thank us for swimming against the stream]

All Nations of One Blood

By John H. G. Snow (Montreal)

THOUGH a natural-born Britisher I was greatly struck with the truth and its fair presentation in the article, "Earth's Greatest Empire", my only defense of my kinsmen according to the flesh being the Scriptural declar-

ation through the Prophet Isaiah 9:16, "For the leaders of this people cause them to err, and the people who are called blessed of them are swallowed up" (Margin).

As a boy I was taught the soul-inspiring doctrine that one Englishman was worth so many of this nationality and so many of that nationality, that the gentry had blue blood in their veins and divine right from the king down to some imaginary line below the clergy, of course, but never yet explained, because, as the Apostle Paul declares, it never existed.

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth." (Acts 17:26) How could all be made of one and yet some have become sacred, and when did this mysterious change take place, are questions all might well ask, and the answer is found in the words of our Lord Jesus (Revelation 2:2) "Thou hast tried them which say they are apostles and are not, and hast found them liars".

I append an imaginary dialogue between Jesus and the theologians of our day, which indicates a few of the many ways in which teachers of today have strayed from the truth:

JESUS: "Call no man your father upon

earth; for one [not three] is your Father who is in heaven, and all ye are brethren."—Matthew 23:9.

CLERGY: "Call us your holy fathers and your right reverend fathers in God."

JESUS: "My Father is greater than I."—John 14:28.

CLERGY: "Oh, no! You are equal in power."

JESUS: "I am the beginning of the creation of God."—Revelation 3:14.

CLERGY: "No! You are the Son uncreate."

JESUS: "Of that day and hour knoweth no man."—Mark 13:32.

CLERGY: "You do know and always did know all things."

JESUS: "Worthy is the Lamb to receive power."—Revelation 5:12.

CLERGY: "You always did have all power."

JESUS: "My Father and I are two that bear witness."—John 8:17, 18.

CLERGY: "You forget about the Holy Ghost."

JESUS: "Fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body."—Matthew 10:28.

CLERGY: "The soul is immortal and can never be destroyed."

Irish Question Once More *By Newton T. Hartshorn*

YOU ask; "Why don't the Irish fight square, not from behind hedges?" You give them 100,000 rifles with munitions and ten batteries of modern guns with munitions, and they will give all the square fight desired. I spent a year in Ireland and carefully studied the Irish question. It is not a local question. It is a world question. It is precisely the same question that in 1776 led the American colonies to rebel against British imperial tyranny. It is the great cause of human freedom and justice against the damnable spirit of imperialism that assumes to boss the whole world by a few for the benefit of a few, and the Irish today are putting up a fight for the God-given right of human justice and liberty. I am glad that the German imperialism got its finish; British imperialism next.

While I know that the Irish Catholics are vindictive to the last degree, yet like Paul before his conversion they are red-hot when they think they are right. There is something in the

Irish character that I admire. During all these long years of crushing oppression they have refused to lie down at the crack of the British whip. When they once get their eyes opened to the falseness of Romanism, they will be as earnest as Paul was after his conversion.

Things are shaping up, lining up against the Image of the Beast. The Pope, to save his skin, is taking the side of British imperialism. The Irish have given notice that they will take no politics from Rome. The Irish bishop that issued the pastoral letter threatening excommunication of those who engaged in Irish ambushes found his churches deserted. I believe that the Irish will prove to be the eunuchs that will throw Jezebel out of the window—but I may be wide of the mark.

Is it proper for a saint to come out boldly against injustice wherever it shows up? Our Lord told Pilate that His kingdom was not of this world. Times have changed. We believe

that Christ's kingdom is now in a sense at least beginning to be set up, and in that sense His kingdom is of this world; and while it would be both unwise and abortive, in fact wrong, to take sides in the politics of this expiring world, yet sympathy it seems to me may be expressed with those who are unjustly treated, whether

they be Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans or Jews. At any rate, from a careful study of the Irish question, I came years ago to sympathize with the Irish, with supreme love for the truth and all who have the same love for what is just and right, be they English, Irish, German, Chinese, French or Italian.

Sinking of the Lusitania *By Robert Ranson (Florida)*

PROBABLY no one happening of the World War made so deep an impression on the world as the sinking of the British steamer Lusitania in May, 1915, at which time 119 Americans lost their lives. At that time, if you remember, we were constantly told that we must be neutral even in our thoughts, and that the destruction of Belgium and of northern France and its architectural gems was no concern of ours.

In October, 1910, it was my privilege to make a trip to England on this noble boat, at that time I think the largest afloat, except her sister ship the Mauretania. I had crossed the Atlantic five times previously on other boats, and had voyaged round the world in the old days when the voyage to and from Australia and New Zealand took from one hundred and twenty days to six months, according to the winds encountered. I was thus no stranger to ocean travel; but my trip on the Lusitania will ever be one of the pleasantest recollections of my life.

She was at that time the fastest, best warmed and ventilated and the most comfortable ship it has ever been my good fortune to sail on. I loved that boat from the time I set foot on her till I left; and I often wonder how my beautiful cabin looks today, occupied as it probably is with sea monsters and possibly the remains of some unfortunate victims, at the bottom of the deep Atlantic about 35 miles off the coast of Ireland.

My first impression on looking over the ship was the awful scarcity of lifeboats and life-rafts; and in consultation with a friend we decided, after a careful once over, that in case of a wreck not over eight hundred out of the total of twenty-eight hundred souls on board could possibly escape a watery grave. Nobody worried, however.

The next thing we noted was that every officer and all of the crew had on their caps the mystic letters R. N. R. (Royal Naval Reserve) On

asking the meaning of this we were informed that the British government had subscribed one-fourth of her total cost, about half a million pounds, so that in case Great Britain ever went to war this ship and its entire crew would be *ipso facto* a unit of the British Navy. Every sailor on board was in fact a naval man, and had served his time in the navy; and a finer lot of boys I never saw on any transatlantic steamer, quite different from the ordinary deck-swabbers that usually make up the crew of this class of passenger vessels.

The interest in the trip was further heightened by finding an old friend on board, Lord Northcliffe, whom I had met in his humbler Harmsworth days in Florida. On the second day out his name was published in a supplementary passenger list, it not having appeared in the first one.

After reading it I gave my card to the purser and told him to take it to Lord Northcliffe's room and request an interview for me. The purser seemed to have that inherited dread of a real live lord that afflicts most of his race and told me two or three times: "I don't know whether 'me lud' could see you or not"; so I told him the best way to settle his doubts on the matter was to try to find out. Finally he summoned up sufficient courage to tap at the door of the great newspaper man's apartments and handed in my card.

Instead of shrivelling me with a glance the noble lord called out; "Hello, Ranson! How are you? Come in! How did you know that I was on the ship?" I informed him that his name was on a supplementary passenger list; and he said: "Durn it! I told them not to publish my name." I asked: "Why didn't you want your name published?" "Well," he replied: "You know these American reporters, and what a bore they are." I said: "Well, you ought to be willing to take your own medicine".

This accidental meeting was merely an incident of the trip but, curiously enough, connected with my ~~late~~ impressions of her final fate, and would have had no bearing on this narrative had not his lordship informed me that the Chief Engineer had invited him and his party to take a complete look over the wonderful ship and he asked me if I would like to join the party. This invitation I eagerly accepted. The following day at lunch the steward told me that the inspection would come off at two p. m., and I was on hand.

The first thing we were shown in the Chart room were twenty-four electric push buttons, and were told that the great ship was divided into twenty-four water-tight compartments divided one from the other by a water-tight sliding door; that each one or all of these could be immediately closed in case of accident; that any six compartments could be broken from the outside and the rest would prevent her from sinking; and that in fact the vessel could be cut in two and the two halves would float long enough till they got assistance to prevent any loss of life. Of course her construction was known to all marine engineers, and the point I have to make later in this connection will then be seen. I may pass over the wonderful engines, etc., etc.; for in a few days we sighted the coast of Wales and stopped off Fishguard to send the mails and London passengers ashore.

Thirty-two thousand sacks of mail were put off into two good-sized steamers, and as we saw sailing after sailing go over the side it seemed as if it would sink the tenders. The rest of the trip to Liverpool was uneventful and would have remained a pleasant memory the balance of my life and possibly not written about or referred to, had it not been for the shocking news communicated to me one night after I had retired that she had been sunk by a submarine.

Possibly a month later I began to worry about not having received any answer to an important letter I had written to England, and it suddenly struck me that probably my letter went down in the Lusitania and was never delivered in England at all.

With this thought in mind and remembering what a powerful mail-carrier she was, I wrote to the Cunard Company in New York and asked them whether much mail had been lost at the time of her sinking and whether any of it had been recovered. Their answer was that on her

last trip she had carried only ninety-seven sacks of mail and only that mail specially addressed by the senders to go on that boat.

Now comes the summary: If one department of the United States government took so much stock in the warning that the ship would be sunk that they (the P. O. authorities) would not send the mails in her, why did not some other department of the government forbid the company to carry a shipload of innocent passengers on a vessel carrying arms and ammunition, a boat advertised to be a unit of the British navy?

Every wireless man on the coast knew that the German wireless at Sayville was reporting day by day the progress of the ill-fated ship to German submarines hidden under the west coast of Ireland, but we were neutral and allowed this villainy to proceed unhampered.

In February, 1918, you will remember that Woodrow Wilson sent out the various members of his cabinet on a lecturing tour round the country to tell us why we had entered the war; and Secretary Houston, among other remarks made in Morocco Temple, Jacksonville, Florida, before eighteen hundred people said: "They say the Lusitania carried arms and ammunition, which she had a perfect right to do". Did she? This vessel like all others was subject to U. S. inspection, and no passenger boat is allowed to carry even a can of gasoline or a box of dynamite under these same regulations. Any breach of this rule would be instantly followed by a loss of license to all the officers and a heavy fine or confiscation of the ship.

This explains the motto on the medal struck by Germany after the loss of the Lusitania, one of which is in my possession.

"GESCHAEFT UBER ALLES!"

"Trade above all things." After a fair warning that any further shipments of arms and ammunition would not be permitted if a submarine could stop her, and so much stock taken in it that no mails were sent, hundreds of people, many of them women and babes, went down to a watery grave and the Cunard Co. had their passage money.

Not long before this a British ship carried some millions of gold to Canada and was conveyed by six British warships; but this leviathan crowded with precious human lives was allowed to be sunk and no helping hand in sight.

I am sometimes tempted to ask whether the British authorities wanted to see her sunk to drag us finally into the war! Anyway it made no impression on Woodrow Wilson; for he was neutral and told us that we must be, too.

Both in history and on the screen one fact stands out, that when the captain of the sub saw what he had done and that mass of struggling humanity going down to death, he became a raving maniac. Accepting as a fact that it was outside of the limit of possibility to sink such a ship with one torpedo, and that all they could hope to accomplish was to stop it till help came along, and, thus to frighten others from coming across in ammunition-laden vessels, is it reasonable to suppose that he would ever have fired even that one shot if he had dreamed of such awful consequences?

I cannot think of any happening in all history so awful in its results that with ordinary caution might have been so easily avoided. If such an act, committed as it was on the high seas, had been avenged upon the seas by our navy, we might easily have been spared sending our boys to fight land battles.

What more suitable motto could have been thought of than "BUSINESS ABOVE ALL THINGS"!

Items from Florida

By a Christian

A LADY here told me last night that one of the big moneyed men of this place landed three large boats yesterday before sunrise. The common small dealers do not dare come inside the three-mile limit; but this man came right into one of these small wharfs where we go to fish, bringing on each boat over three-thousand cases of whiskey. The man who takes the job of running boats gets ten dollars a case, so you can see what a man makes on one trip.

"This comes from Bimny or Nassau, but this is not the only source. I heard a man who is a Cuban and a Tram man on the Florida East Coast, ask Mrs. — for a bit of advice. He said that he had a chance to make some money and told her that the chance was to run a good big boat over to Cuba and bring booze to Key West, where he now runs trams. He told her that the man was going to give him five dollars a case. She said: 'Don't do it. Make them give you ten or don't take it.'

"This lady told me that one of her sons had just paid fifteen hundred for a boat and was

going to make his first trip on it in about a week. Another son had just got back from California (where he took a fortune made from this traffic) without a cent in his pocket. She has a young son who has no other business than 'boot-legging'. I don't suppose you know what that means, so I will tell you. He is the Zone man who handles the booze; he gets it for five and sells it for eight to a R. R. man who takes it to Jax and sells it for fifteen. He tells people here in the hotel that he will go down street and get booze; but he goes out into his back yard and digs down in the sand and gets it for them.

"A lady here told me that she did not always live on Easy street, but that her husband made one thousand dollars a week in the whiskey business.... The train men.... get the whiskey for \$3.00 and sell it for \$15.00."

[Ex-bartenders and other bums, according to our information, are now making fortunes carrying booze around the country in hand satchels. They have regular routes. Strange thing that these bright secret-service men cannot find them. Those brave men had no difficulty in finding Bible students in war time and hesitated not at perjury to land them in prison for life. New York city became so disgusted at the connivance of the federal detectives with the law-breakers that the New York police got after the law-breakers and arrested more than a thousand of them in one week]

Self-Sacrificing Bees

London Daily Express

A MOVING tale of the self-sacrificing bee-hive bee reaches me from a bee-keeper on a Scottish loch. His hives are on the more barren side of the water; and the bees, in their zeal for the flowers that scent the opposite hill-side, fly in battalions across the loch. The journey has no terrors. They are light on the wing, excited by the sweet perfume, and eager—so eager—that when the scented shores are reached, they pack their furry thighs with pollen or load up with honey to their utmost power. But to gather the spoil is one thing, and to return with it another. One bee after another, tired and heavy laden, falls out and drops with his load into the water. So great are the casualties that the swarms could be saved only by moving the hives so that little or no water separates them from the largess of blossom and the irresistible scent.

Hartsdale's Canine Cemetery

By Sophia Christian

JUST twenty-three miles from New York City, via the New York Central Railroad to Hartsdale, New York, in a secluded spot commanding one of the finest views in Westchester County, is situated a Canine Cemetery, established by Dr. Samuel Johnson in 1896. The cemetery at present comprises a plot of seven acres, but there are plans to enlarge it considerably in the near future.

Goodly sums are lavished on the deceased pets of the wealthy, graves costing \$2.50 per square foot, most graves averaging \$15; and there are special plots costing \$2,000 to \$5,000.

There is a cosily furnished rest room, the walls of which are hung with pictures of the deceased pets, among them that of a \$3,000 monkey.

The bodies of the pets are shipped to the cemetery in zinc-lined boxes, usually by express. They are placed in a receiving vault until the caretaker is notified when the family will arrive to witness the interment. The bereaved ones, especially the adult and male members of the family, often exhibit much feeling and shed many tears as the body of the pet is lowered into the ground. Or if it is not convenient for any of the family to be present, the bodies are buried by the gardener.

CEMENT CASKET FOR DOGS

If something more elaborate than the plain, varnished, zinc-lined boxes are desired, there are to be had cement caskets costing from \$40 upward, or white plush ones costing from \$25 to \$100, all lined with a soft white silky material. These are all enclosed in wooden boxes before being lowered into the ground.

There is a \$3,000 cat as well as a lion and two monkeys buried there, and the cemetery boasts a vault costing \$13,000, as well as costly and artistic headstones.

The grounds are beautifully kept, and the graves decked with flowers in season.

Here are some of the epitaphs:

Dick
Born 1907
died Oct. 10 1917.

Gyp
Born 1907
died Nov. 13. 1919.

Dearest little pals.
We miss you so.

My adored
Zowie

Died Aug. 21, 1917.

I do not cringe from death so much
Since you are gone, my truest friend;
Thy dear, dumb soul will wait for mine,
However long before the end.

Patsie

A Gordon setter
died March 20, 1908.
age 11 years 6 mos.

Con

A Gordon setter
died July 27, 1908.
age 12 years 9 mos.

Dearly beloved pets,
they were inseparable and now sleep
side by side

Our dear little comforters

Joujou aged 3 years

Daisy aged 16 years

Yanko

My pet cat

My pal and companion
for six years

I miss you deeply
Your loving Mistress
Kearney

Rastus

The smartest and most lovable
monkey that ever lived

Carronvale Laddie
aged 11 years 7 mos.
Faithful unto death

Skippy
Born a dog,
lived like a gentleman,
died beloved.

Wooley Reed
The most dog that ever lived

Collie
Beloved pet and faithful friend,
She passed away in 1906

It is strange that people would spend so much
wealth on such a project, but critics should con-

sider the huge sums that the wealthy give to endow hospitals, orphan asylums, etc. If it were not for their generosity many of these could not exist. Then what can be the underlying motive that makes people stoop to a lower plane, seeking companionship and lavishing such affection on the brute creation?

Perhaps they find in the loyalty of the animals, especially the dog, a quality that every human heart longs for; and in mankind's present condition, what is so rare as a true friend? No matter what happens, nothing seems

to shake the brute love of the animal for its master or mistress.

Thank God, the time is near at hand when mankind will find not only loyalty but perfect love for one another, as sin's dreadful work will be gradually eradicated under Messiah's kingdom, now at the door. Men will not then need to seek the brute creation; for the longed-for companionship, love and loyalty will be found welling up from every heart. The animals will be appreciated, but in their rightful place, and to a proper degree.

Antitoxins and Vaccines *By Mrs. W. R. Burzacott*

I SAW in THE GOLDEN AGE of April 27 an article on "How Vaccines Work", by G. del Pino, Glasgow. Believing that the old is passing and that the new is coming in, I wish to tell the readers of THE GOLDEN AGE what the new schools of natural healing have to say about vaccines. The following is a copy from one of their books:

DIPHTHERIA ANTITOXIN: The first case of diphtheria was reported from Roven, a small town in southern France, about fifteen years after they had started to vaccinate in that locality. Since that time diphtheria has followed vaccination faithfully from one country to another all over the face of the earth. These claims have been frequently ridiculed and condemned as utterly groundless and preposterous by advocates of vaccination. Now comes Dr. Tenison Deane of San Francisco, a representative in good standing of the allopathic school of medicine, and confirms the contention concerning the true cause of diphtheria, in a book entitled, "The Crime of Vaccination". The author subscribes himself as follows: A police surgeon, S. F. Asst. Surgeon S. F. Emergency Hospital; Adjunct to Chair Surgery, Post Graduate School of Medicine, U. of Cal.; Asst. Skin and Venereal Clinic, S. F. Polyclinic; Prof. Surgery, Pacific Coast Regular College of Medicine; Lecturer on Surgical Pathology and Bacteriology, etc. His attainments entitle him to a respectful hearing from believers in vaccination. his strong attainments should brace up the weakkneed opponents of vaccination and determine them to protect themselves and their families at any cost from the fearful hazards of this practice. We are taught by him, and the

reader must note, that the immediate effects of vaccination are nothing compared with the latent and lasting ones. The extracts from the book quoted bring home the fact that health boards and vaccination doctors are sowing disease of the worst forms. In Chapter IV is the following:

HISTORY OF A CASE: As one that started him on his investigation and study of the subject June 15, 1889, the author was spending his vacation on the ranch of a wealthy farmer in the northern part of the state of California, fifteen miles from the nearest town, a farm of 10,000 acres and no immediate neighbors. The farmer had a wife and seven children. The foreman, a negro, had a wife and five children. None had ever been vaccinated. Six of them were selected and vaccinated by the author: the farmer's wife, age 43 years; the farmer's daughter, age 6 years; the farmer's son, age 8 years; the farmer's son, age 25 years; the negro foreman, age 46 years; his son, age 12. All the rest were left out, and were not afterwards vaccinated. On August 1, 1890, the farmer, his wife, and five children went to the mountain ranch forty miles away, taking with them the foreman, his wife, and five children. There had been no diphtheria in the town nor any in their neighborhood. The mountain ranch was an uninhabited virgin pine forest district, with pure water, where they took up their camp.

August 24 an epidemic of sore throat and canker sores developed among the children: farmer's daughter, seven years old, son nine years old, and the foreman's son, thirteen years old, developed very serious throat and constitutional symptoms, and were taken to the home

ranch, where a doctor was sent for. Diphtheria was the diagnosis. The farmer's wife also developed diphtheria. All the rest who had not been vaccinated were cured rapidly of their sore throats. The farmer's daughter, seven years old, died. The farmer's son, nine years old, did not recuperate for one year. The farmer's wife, forty-four years old, had paralysis and sequelæ, which lasted over one year. The foreman's son, thirteen, became very weak and did not return to normal health. In 1893 the farmer's son, twenty-nine years old, died in Los Angeles, California, of tubercular intestinal trouble; in 1900 the foreman at fifty-seven died of tubercle or cancer of larynx; in 1902 the foreman's son, twenty-five, died of tuberculosis; in 1909 the farmer's wife, aged 63, died of cancer; in 1911 the farmer's son, aged thirty, died of tubercular meningitis; the farmer died of old age. All the rest are living and in perfect health, nor have they ever been vaccinated. No tuberculosis has shown in any of those living, nor is there any family history of tuberculosis. All who were vaccinated in 1889 are now dead.

BUSINESS GOES BRISKLY FORWARD

In view of the foregoing, what unutterable silliness the present anti-tuberculosis crusade and the elaborate cancer research! On these millions are spent yearly, countless dumb brutes are tortured, and human being are experimented on with every nostrum conceivable to modern medicine; and all the while the state manufacture of cancer and consumption, as well as of other diseases, goes briskly forward. It is a tragedy repeating itself year after year, as people are forced to be vaccinated on various pretexts—school attendance, the chance to earn your bread, to go about your business—these are made dependent on getting vaccinated whenever the health boards see fit to order.

Thus, one after another, the claims of nature-cure philosophy are verified by new discoveries of scientists of the regular school of medicine. The medical profession takes the stand that it is their business to cure the people, not to educate them. Students are taught in medical schools not to talk too much, to maintain a dignified professional silence, etc. The great revolutionary discoveries were made outside the medical profession, by pioneers of natural healing—by such men as Hensel, Schuessler, and

Dr. Lehman—and are not according to the opinions of the scribes of the schools. 'Nothing good can come out of Nazareth'; even though they did know, they would not impart their knowledge to the public.

It is a matter of government record in the agricultural department in Washington that the two great epidemics of hoof-and-mouth disease in 1902 and 1907 were caused by vaccines imported from Germany and Japan. It is strange that we cannot produce enough of the filthy stuff in this country. The reports in the daily papers at that time read as follows:

"The first cows exhibiting the disease had been placed in pens in the Detroit stock yards, which previously were occupied by vaccine calves, that is, calves that had been used on the H. K. Mulford farm for the production of vaccine. After the suspicions of the government officials, who investigated the origin of the epidemic, had been aroused, they procured vaccine produced from these calves and inoculated it into other cattle. These test animals broke out with hoof-and-mouth disease, leaving no doubt about the fact that the vaccine produced from these calves contained the germs of this horrible disease. In the meantime the poisonous stuff was being inoculated into hundreds of thousands of school children and adults all over the country. Not the least remarkable part of this story lies in the fact that these calves, after they had been saturated with the smallpox taint so thoroughly that they had become useless for the further production of vaccine, were sent by the millionaire owners of these vaccine farms to the stockyards to be sold in the meat markets and to be foisted on the public as veal. It seems strange that these wealthy firms had not decency enough to bury the disease-contaminated carcasses of the vaccine calves in quick lime. These are the people who pose as the guardians of the public health, who produce hundreds of poisonous antiseptics to prevent infectious and contagious diseases."

The reports about this matter from the government department in Washington appeared in the Chicago daily papers of May 17, 1909, and then were promptly quashed. To whose interest was it to muzzle the press thus instantaneously? Why were those responsible for these outrages not prosecuted for foisting such unclean, disease-contaminated food on the public?

These, as well as many similar occurrences, prove positively that the so-called anti-smallpox vaccine is not pure smallpox virus, but a mixture of all systemic poisons and disease taints in the body of the animal from which the vaccine has been produced. According to the law

of counter-irritation, all constitutional poisons and disease taints in the body of an animal or a human being try to work out through the vaccination sore. From this it becomes apparent that there is no more efficient method for the wholesale propagation of disease taints than through vaccination. Children have inherited enough disease taints from their fathers' and mothers' families without inoculating into them the tuberculosis, venereal, or other taints of the Jones and Miller families or of disease-infected cattle.

Humanity was never obsessed by a darker

superstition than that health can be promoted by making human bodies swill-pots for the collection of all kinds of virulent poisons, vaccines, serums, antitoxins, and other disease taints. Smallpox, if treated in a natural way, like all other acute diseases, leaves the system in a purer and healthier condition. Some of the worst defectives, such as epileptics and paralytics, were directly the result of vaccination and of diphtheria antitoxin treatment. To become immune to disease we must purify our bodies through the right natural method of living and pure diet.

Medicine By Navel *By S. G. Worth*

IF A cow, at death's door, be restored to health by the introduction of medicine through the navel and navel-string, why should not other mammals be successfully treated in similar manner?

In what I have to present there is no "if". My most valuable Jersey cow had gorged on frozen pumpkins and miscellaneous contents of a garbage-can, and was violently sick. A helpful village neighbor, owner of a milk herd—just a plain man—came on request to my aid, to assist, if he could. He placed his hand on her back, the cow being too sick to notice him, though a stranger to her, and inquired for a tablespoon and a vial of spirits of turpentine. When I returned with pure turpentine, direct to me from the distillery, he held the spoon toward me and commanded, "Pour it full".

After I had poured, he held the tip of the spoon against the cow's navel; and as he slowly raised the handle its entire contents disappeared into the cow's body. He extended his arm and commanded, "Pour it full again"; and, behold, the second spoonful passed upward, out of sight, as before. Not a drop fell to the ground, it being broad daylight—the cow standing in the open upon two inches of new, light snow upon which a single drop would have made an impression. And my wife was witness. Surely, not two minutes time was consumed in the administration of the turpentine. Turning to me, my neighbor quietly murmured: "I think that your cow will show improvement by tomorrow". So she did, and she remained well thereafter. What attraction or force, pray,

caused the liquid to mount upward into the cow's body—pump, syphon, absorption? Surely not absorption; for the operation was too speedy; and as for the other two, impossible. Can the philosophy of this phenomenon be explained, and is it broadly significant, suggesting a new channel for administering treatment to all mammalia, including man?

I can make affidavit to what I have told and give names, the locality, etc. I can also add that my wife's niece has since cured her daughter's cow, after hearing of my experience. But why so, seriously? This may be an old practice or, if new, of little account.

We were taught that the navel string is of no use after a mammal's birth; but after the experience given above I realize, and with new emphasis, that a mammal is developed in the foetus, its entire organism formed, through the navel-string as a channel; and I can but inquire inwardly if this man-relegated appendage may not prove to be a valuable channel, or the channel, through which all parts of the human body may be reached by medicines.

Some reader, with better qualifications than mine, may be able to analyze and exploit the question; and for that purpose I write. Treatments are now administered variously through mouth, stomach, lower bowel, lungs, skin and blood-vessels (by direct infusions), etc. How about the navel-cord?

READY MEANS FOR MEDICATION

Some, or many, readers of *THE GOLDEN AGE* confidently look for the early realistic fulfillment of the promise, "He healeth all thy dis-

eases". Reader, I would have no one think me over-serious, unbalanced, or frivolous in making reference to the marginal reading of Proverbs 3:8 in this connection. ("It shall be medicine to thy navel") An apparent isolated or detached Scriptural text should not be presumptuously employed to bolster up one fact, to the establishment of a system. But the wise man's allusion may not be altogether pointless, or unrelated, in this very instance, as we are nearing the "due time".

Drift of Modern Education

By H. E. Coffey

THE past half-century has witnessed wonderful strides in the educational progress of this and other nations of earth. A majority of this generation's great-grandfathers were illiterate men, unable to read or even to sign their own name. During their lives, however, education progressed rapidly, and most of our grandfathers learned to read and write; but only the favored few received more than a rudimentary education in these fundamentals. During the "seventies" rapid strides were made in all branches of human learning and skill, and most of our fathers received some tutelage in a few of the branches of science. Yet the instruction they received was quite inferior to the still greater knowledge imparted to us of today. We of this generation have been favored above all other generations. Yet so ungrateful are we for bounties bestowed that our superior knowledge and learning has grown commonplace, and we attribute it all to evolution of the human species—a false theory concocted by followers of "science falsely so-called".

It has been truthfully said that the wants, desires and cravings of humankind know no bounds. With a sincere desire for the advance of the human race as a whole, the cry for education was first sounded by compatriots of the rank and file and in various countries. Our own land, the birthplace of progressive democracy, sounded the clarion note that bade the common people awake from slumber. Common schools were established at the birth of our country, and have progressed with national growth. From that time on, the cry has always and ever been, "More colleges and better schools". But it has taken a long while to arouse the masses to concerted action. In the past the attitude of

the common people toward education was passive. But today, as never before, parents are insisting upon education, and their children are demanding it. The slogan now is for higher education.

For a time the country people were content with the primitive one-room schoolhouse, with its yearly session of four or five months; but this no longer satisfies. Where the population is sufficiently dense, the rural districts continue to consolidate and erect rural high schools. On the other hand vast numbers of people are migrating from the more sparsely settled communities to the larger towns where there are first-class high schools. But the high-school education is not deemed sufficient; and hordes of ambitious youths from the country, town and city are overflowing our many colleges and universities.

But, the thinking man inquires, whither is this mania for education and higher learning tending? Whither are we drifting? In order to get our bearings we inquire into what is being taught our aspiring youths of today. An investigation of the text-books used in our common schools reveals the fact that evolution, higher criticism, and other false theories at variance with the clear-cut teachings of the Bible, are instilled into the youthful mind.

FOOLISHNESS OF THE LEARNED

For example, the histories all represent man as progressing from the savage or cave-man upward, ignoring entirely the Genesis account of man's creation and subsequent fall from his original perfection. Geographies and other science text-books vie with each other in seeking to substantiate the foregoing. The Bible is lightly referred to as one of the many legendary histories preserved from antiquity. Thus irreverence for God's Holy Word is encouraged. In the primary grades fables and myths are presented in the readers, teaching the immortality of the soul and other false theories of churchianity. Thus has Satan been transformed, as the Scriptures foretold, into "an angel of light"; and his original lie perpetuated throughout Christendom. But this wave of enlightenment is having another effect. The people are awakening to the injustices of our day; and thus is hastened the destruction of our false systems of church and state—the drift of modern education.

Notes on Mark 6:21-28 By G. Westlin

HEROD: King of Judea under authority of Roman empire. Type of earthly governments under authority of Satan, the ruler of this world.

HERODIAS: Who had become unfaithful to her first husband in order to become Herod's wife. Type of church, which became unfaithful to Christ in order to become wedded to the pagan Roman empire as state church.

SALOME: Daughter of Herodias. Type of Protestantism, daughter of Papacy, the "Mother Church".

JOHN THE BAPTIST: Type of the true church, which condemns the union of church and state.

HEROD'S SUPPER: Feast at close of day. The World War at close of gentile day. Every war during last century has been a great feast to the real rulers and princes of this age — the money lenders, merchants, and manufacturers, particularly to those dealing in war materials. The Morgan Company, New York, is estimated to have increased their wealth by \$5,000,000,000 the first three years of the war, through financing loans and commission on purchases for Allies, the greatest increase being due to the rise in price of stocks in various industries, profiting by increased sales at war prices.

PROFITABLE "BANKING"

Note: The Morgan firm was made American purchasing agents for the Allies at the outbreak of war, and made it a rule not to let a contract to any firm until they had bought the bulk of its capital stock; and when the fabulous profits, on war contracts, had boosted the price of stock high enough to make a profitable sale, they sold out and repeated the performance with other firms. This continued during the war; and when it is realized the vast capital this firm controlled before the war, the estimated profits of \$5,000,000,000 may be less than half of actual war profits. The Morgan firm received \$300,000,000 in capital stock for organizing the Steel Trust, \$25,000,000 for organizing shipping combine and like commissions for organizing scores of large corporations since 1900. The profits on those holdings alone, from rise in price, would far exceed the billion-dollar mark.

HERODIAS did not dance.

Catholics the world over opposed the war, the Catholic hierarchy realizing from experience that wars these days tend to destroy the last remaining vestige of feudalism, the social order under which Catholicism developed and thrived so well.

SALOME danced:

The Protestant churches almost without exception welcomed and supported the war, which without their sanction and support could neither have been begun nor conducted by Central powers or Allies.

DANCE pleased Herod:

No Government could fail to be pleased with such support, or would refuse suitably to reward even to giving them a part in making and enforcing the laws (especially war-time legislation). Mark 6:23: "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee unto the half of my kingdom" (church-state power, prohibition, blue Sundays, etc.).

SALOME asks Herodias' advice:

Protestantism copies Papacy's system of suppressing free speech, free press, free assemblage. Protestant churches demand that religious truth injurious to their plans be suppressed by banning such books and literature as expose the truth too clearly to be openly denied by them, the writings of Pastor Russell in particular.

HEROD was sorry:

The statesmen and politicians, at the head of the Allies in particular, trying to justify their participation in the war by claiming that it was waged to defend and promote liberty and democracy, were reluctant to deny their lofty sentiments of political and industrial democracy, and by unconstitutional acts suppressed freedom of speech, press and assemblage. "But...for the sakes of them that sat with him." Under the pressure of profiteering financiers, merchants and manufacturers, the politicians surrendered to the demands of the clergy and did what had never before been attempted in America, interfered in religious worship and suppressed religious books and periodicals, forbidding religious worship and imprisoning people for their religious views.

JUVENILE BIBLE STUDY

One question for each day is provided by this journal. The parent will find it interesting and helpful to have the child take up the question each day and to aid it in finding the answer in the Scriptures, thus developing a knowledge of the Bible and learning where to find in it the information which is desired. Questions by J. L. Hoagland.

1. Does the Bible say that Christ has the keys to hell (Hades)?

Ans.: Yes. See Revelation 1:18.

2. What will He do with the keys of Hades (hell)?

Ans.: He will unlock the prison-house of Hades and call all prisoners forth.—John 5:28, 29; Isaiah 42:7.

3. Does the Bible say that Hades will deliver up the dead that are in it?

Ans.: Yes. See Revelation 20:13.

4. When the time comes that no more go into Hades and all are called forth from that state or condition, what will become of Hades?

Ans.: Hades will be no more. It will be destroyed.

5. What is meant in Revelation 20:14 where it says that hell (Hades) is "cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death"?

Ans.: Fire is a symbol of destruction, and the text quoted means the destruction of Hades, or the condition of Adamic death. The second death means utter destruction.

6. If SHEOL in the Old Testament means the same thing as HADES in the New Testament, does not the Bible say that SHEOL is to be destroyed?

Ans.: In Hosea 13:14, it says: "O grave [sheol], I will be thy destruction".

7. Does this same verse (Hosea 13:14) show that SHEOL is to be destroyed by bringing all out of the condition of death (sheol)?

Ans.: It does; for it says: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave [sheol]".

8. Was there a place outside Jerusalem where

fire and brimstone were kept burning, into which the refuse from the city was thrown to be destroyed?

Ans.: There was. It was called the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna.

9. Why was brimstone added to the fire?

Ans.: To make the work of destruction sure. The burning of brimstone was the most deadly fume known in that day. It was the best symbol of utter destruction.

10. Did Jesus use the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna, as a symbol of utter destruction?

Ans.: He so used it about eight times.

11. Does His use of the word show that it meant utter destruction?

Ans.: Yes; for He said (Matthew 10:28): "Fear him that is able to destroy both soul and body in hell [gehenna]".

12. Did any of the Lord's apostles make use of the word?

Ans.: Yes; just once in James 3:6, where it says that the tongue "is set on fire of gehenna [hell]".

13. How could the tongue be "on fire"?

Ans.: Surely it could not really (literally) be on fire, but it can be used to destroy the good name of another.

14. The Apostle Paul wrote fourteen of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament and gave us many admonitions and instructions. But did he ever mention or even hint at such a place or condition as eternal torment for any of the dead?

Ans.: He did not, but said on the contrary (Romans 6:23): "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord".

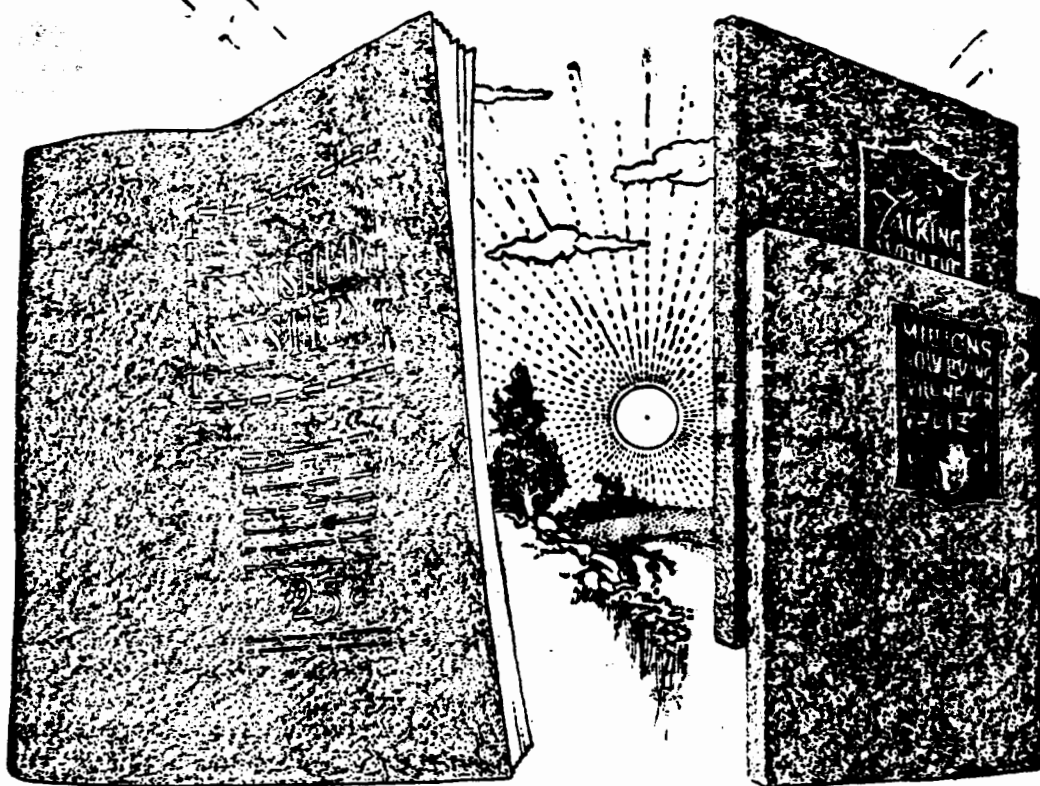
SESAME

Lilies may bloom and roses fill the air
With fragrance sweet, and limpid waters flow
Kissed by the sunbeams of a land so fair
That song-birds catch from heaven a joyous glow.
But there is something very dear and fair,
That sweeter, deeper fragrance yields to me;
Something that fills my soul with music rare—
A little twig from far Gethsemane.

Oh do my thoughts, when evening shadows fall,
Wander to that lone spot where Jesus stood
On that dark night, forsaken by them all,
Where in His grief He shed great drops of blood.
Then to my heart an added strength is given,
Because I know he suffered thus for me.
Oh, if I may but win His love—and heaven—
I'll follow Him through dark Gethsemane!

Dear little gem that brings me thoughts of heaven,
Nor sweetest flower could to thee fragrance loan;
No music half so sweet, for thou hast given
To me a soft, sweet measure all thine own!
It points me to the star-lit heavens above,
And to the shores of deep, blue Galilee;
It tells me of my Savior's dying love,
And His last night in lone Gethsemane.

—Georgia Miller



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