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Editor
 ROBERT J. MARTIN

Business Manager
 WM F. HUDGINGS

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The Sons of Japheth *By O. L. Rosenkrans, Jr.*

WHEN Babylon, the mighty mother-city, was delivered over to the trousered, truth-telling archers of Kurush the Akhæmenian, king of Anshan and king of Persia, the ascendancy of the Japhetic stock was inaugurated on this planet. Henceforth the several futile experiments in civilization by the Semites and Hamites were to be relinquished in favor of the so-called Aryan race, which making, so to speak, a quarry out of the ancient systems, erected a more stupendous, ornate structure, utilizing much of the old material but changing the style of architecture. This structure has been repeatedly remodeled and reconstructed in part, and each time more elaborately and imposingly. The present edifice, satirically designated "Christendom," was condemned in 1914, and is already in process of being demolished by the wrecking crews.

We use the term Aryan with diffidence, since that scholarly myth has now generally been repudiated, the modern European being considered the descendant of indigenous ethnic stocks—Nordic, Alpine, and Mediterranean, which have been mingled in varying proportions to form the existing nations. Instead of westerly migrations out of Chinese Turkestan, all the prehistoric ones of Europe seem rather to have been southward or eastward. So the intrinsic primitive racial character was not moulded by desert or steppe conditions of life, but in the dismal forests, fens, and bleak moors of the semi-frigid north.

The primitive character was influenced profoundly, no doubt, by the long, dark winters and short, quick-growing summers. That the Europe of antiquity was colder than today is attested by numerous references in ancient literature. Snow was a usual feature of Italian winters, and Roman legions marched across the ice-locked Rhine and Danube. To the Africans and Asiatics, Europe seemed like a shivery Hyperborean region, inhabited by a species of fero-

cious and predatory Esquimaux—a race of pale-skinned, cold-hearted giants, whose sudden alarming forays might be likened to marrow-congealing north winds, heralds of biting frosts and blinding blizzards.

Such an inhospitable country, where the conditions of life could not be otherwise than rigorous, nourished the growth, nevertheless, of a hardy, vigorous race. The stern struggle for existence eliminated weaklings and perpetuated a spirit of ruthlessness among the survivors. The European character may have indeed been indelibly impressed in these primitive days with those salient features and proclivities which have distinguished it throughout the centuries.

Perhaps the interminable, dreary winters were a school of patience, inculcating fortitude and perseverance to contend with benumbing cold and snow-drifts, reflecting from the lowering skies a prevailing somberness of spirit, tempered by gusts of sardonic humor that stimulated the soul to face grim hardship and peril undismayed. Perhaps the swift surge of the growing season, tingling in Northern blood, was responsible for those traits of invincible enthusiasm, imperturbable self-confidence, and careless contempt for overwhelming odds so characteristic of the European—from Marathon to Omdurman.

It is not surprising that under the circumstances the northern nations were preëminently bellicose, especially since their habitat, cut up by impassible mountain ranges, intersecting rivers, and the deep indentations of a rugged coast line, peculiarly favored local autonomy and the constancy of boundaries. Clannishness would be topographically induced, and incessant feuds the normal state of affairs.

Food supplies were always precarious, depending as much on the chase as on the stunted herds and rudimentary agriculture; so frugality would be cultivated, and a slender subsistence seek to amplify itself at the expense of its

neighbors. The net result of these various contributing influences is a people notorious for insatiable rapacity, unswerving pertinacity in aggression, inflexible tenacity of purpose, unbounded covetousness, and an incorrigible propensity toward fratricide and family rows.

Yet, in spite of the intermittent discordancy of their inter-tribal relations, the Sons of Japheth were acutely aware of the mutual advantages accruing from combination for predatory aggression. Like wolves they sallied out in packs from their forests, and like wolves they were alert to turn on and devour one of their own crippled members. Whenever their numbers increased in excess of their country's alimentary resources, the tribe by common consent drew together from over a wide area and started on a desperate migration into the fertile, thickly settled lands outside of their boundaries, where their intrusion was naturally resented and resisted by force of arms.

Peculiar emphasis is laid on the quality of terror, amounting almost in some cases to paralysis, inspired by these unwelcome visitations. A panic seemed to seize their better equipped and disciplined opponents; and army after army would be brushed aside after only a faint-hearted attempt at resistance, until eventually, nerved by desperation, the invaded country would make a final effort and overcome them.

One of the first recorded of these irruptions was that of the "Sea Peoples," the Achæians and Phrygians, who, after subverting the now almost forgotten pre-Hellenic Ægean civilization, swept down on Egypt, taxing the whole military strength of the Ramesides to stem their on-rush. After their repulse, true to form they fell out among themselves in the celebrated Trojan War. Henceforth, at periodic intervals, the civilized countries were exposed to their devastating inroads.

That of the Cimmerians shattered the power of Assyria, stretching it supine before the advancing Mede. The Gallic tumult was well nigh fatal to the nascent Roman state. The Post-Alexandrian Hellenistic kingdoms were thrown into a ferment by the interloping Galatians, who introduced into international politics a new frightfulness, a disregard for civilized conventions. The Cimbri and Teutons, sliding down into the valleys on their shields, sent a quiver of apprehension throughout Italy; and it was the threat of a similar invasion by the Helvetians

that led to Julius Caesar's Trans-Alpine campaigns and the Latinizing of the north.

Whenever the Sons of Japheth moved down en masse to preempt the wheat fields, orchards, vineyards, and cities of their neighbors, their rear approaches required to be jealously guarded against cupiditous kindred tribes, who awaited only a propitious moment when exhaustion or civil dissensions seemingly invited them to swarm down through the passes to burn and to pillage. The external history of Rome is one long struggle to keep out the Germanic tribes; early mediæval annals are largely a record of Norse piratical descents. As late even as Georgian times in "Merrie England" the quiet countryside was startled by the precipitate intrusion of the plaided Highland clansmen.

We have made allusion to the spell of terror which the northern barbarians imposed on the victims of their raids. This was not exclusively a tribute to their valor, but amounted almost to abhorrence due to the barbarians' reputation for faithlessness, shocking violations of civilized customs, and contempt for the most sacred human rights; to their heedless ruination of precious monuments and works of art; and to their ravenous thirst for sheer blood-letting.

All Asia was dismayed by the Persian cruelties, which greatly exceeded even the Assyrian, and especially by the wholesale unsexing of boys. The Galatians horrified the Grecized Asiatics by rifling tombs, profaning sanctuaries, and leaving the dead unburied. The Goths heaped up the literary treasures at Athens, and would have burned them except for the timely intercession of one of their own chiefs.

Vandal is still a synonym for wanton destructiveness. The sanguinary Vikings looted the cathedrals, butchered monks in sport, and carved their prisoners into the "blood eagle." The cruelty of the dark races is by comparison like the petulant mischief of children; that of the white man was almost uniformly calculated or restrained by self-interest.

It was rare indeed when cities were sacked that the yellow-jerked *soldado* of Spain or the German *lanzknecht* let his homicidal impulses overbalance his judgment in the matter of loot. The Insular bowman could hardly be kept in their ranks until victory was assured, so keen were they to be the captors of rich *seigniors* and captains-at-arms from whom they might exact ransom.

Much of the dread and aversion inspired in his adversaries by the European is ascribed to his characteristically cold, harsh visage, registering mercilessness, intolerance and greed. It is not reassuring to our self-esteem as a race to be told that other peoples are daunted by our repellent physiognomies; nevertheless explorers and missionaries who have spent long years isolated from association with their kind, have testified to this, confessing on their own part to an involuntary repugnance—a shrinking of the spirit—on once more beholding, after their return home, the inordinately wicked countenances of their fellow countrymen.

That the Sons of Japheth have merited their ill repute the pages of history offer abundant witness. The transition was easy from marauders to enslavers, exploiters, and exterminators. Such they became in the Græco-Roman world, and such they continued when their field of expansion embraced the planet. Hellenic culture glows with almost undiminished luster after many centuries; so we are apt to be unmindful of the chattel slavery at its roots, which by emancipating the citizen from drudgery permitted the cultivation of mental brilliancy.

Roman slavery was probably the most heartless variety ever perpetrated; for the prosaic and practical Roman deemed it uneconomical to cherish his human cattle. It was cheaper to work them to death and purchase fresh supplies from the itinerant slave-dealers who followed the camps, buying up war prisoners. It was considered an unsafe policy to foster an hereditary servile class, bred in captivity, and poor business to raise slave children when they could be bought full-grown. Men, as of more robust physique than women, could stand the most punishment; so men always predominated among the slaves.

The Roman was an inimitable organizer, but he consolidated the world to facilitate its exploitation by himself. He reconciled the nations to his peace; but his system was so riddled with graft, vice, and special privilege that it became like an addled egg—a crawling mass of putrescence within, but with the shell intact and concealing the same. After the tax-exempt classes had obtained control of nearly all the wealth which had not drained away to India, and the per-capita tax on the *curiales* had increased to intolerable proportions, the unpaid frontier garrisons deserted their posts, the shell collapsed,

and the speciousness of Imperial integrity was exposed to an exulting ring of barbarism.

After the submergence of the decadent Empire by Germanic barbarism, European external expansion was suspended during many centuries, wherein the Sons of Japheth were preoccupied with defending their own strife-torn territories from the furious onslaughts of Hun and Magyar, Mongol and Turk, and in resisting the onward sweep of a senescent Semitism, which like a hot desert *simoom* blew up out of Arabia, proclaiming the Camel-driver-of-Medina's creed. The Crusades were an interlude of retaliation, somewhat analogous to sorties from a beleaguered fortress. European prestige suffered its darkest hour of eclipse when Solyman's horsetails waved under the walls of Vienna, and the galleys of Kheyyreddin and Barbarossa [Greek corsairs], rowed by Christian slaves, churned the Mediterranean waters, impudently flaunting the Osmanli crescent in the beard of "Cæsar" Charles of Hapsburg, the "Second Charlemagne."

Instead of the crisis demoralizing Europe, its effect was to stimulate its ingenuity to neutralize the danger. European resourcefulness most effectively demonstrates itself in surmounting grave crises and converting portending disaster into positive advantage. Asiatic encroachments, by severing pacific intercourse with the Far East, had interrupted that flow of luxuries which was the life-blood of commerce, threatening atrophy to the budding Renaissance, its protégé.

Arrested progress spelled stagnation and retrogression; but an undiscouraged Europe, barred out from the East, turned its eyes hopefully westward to hazard the mysterious perils of the "Ocean Sea." Columbus, Da Gama, and Magellan were pioneers in a super-expansion of the race whereby European aggression is revived and immeasurably extended, until its sphere of influence is planet-wide. The ocean no longer is regarded as an impassable barrier, but as a convenient highway. The "long sea-lanes" are dotted with the white sails of companies of dauntless adventurers who steer blithely out into the beckoning unknown.

This was the turning-point of Asiatic fortunes. The Islamite who had, as it were, crowded his enemy down to the beach and had thought to annihilate him, viewed with amazement and discomfiture the whilom vanquished foe reappear, as if out of hyperspace, in his rear. Orien-

tal confidence and vainglory are rudely shocked, especially after the signal failure of the Osmanli at Diu; and henceforth the disheartened Asiatic steadily gives ground before the European, who unremittingly pushes his advantage until he reigns as virtually unchallenged dominator of the planet.

Placed as if by Providence in the exalted position of arbiter of human destiny, the Sons of Japheth, had their hard disposition been as much ameliorated by the influence of Christianity as is often claimed, enjoyed almost unlimited opportunities for benefiting their heathen brothers. Instead of this, however, they abused their advantage to incalculably increase the latter's wretchedness.

Having with incredible ease reduced the colored races for the most part to abject submission, the European proceeded to shamelessly exploit them. The world had never previously witnessed such wholesale despoliation of the weak by the strong as supervened during the five centuries preceding the World War.

The dark races groaned under white rapacity: Spaniard, Portuguese, Frenchman, Hollander, and Briton emulated each other in appropriating to themselves the lands, goods, and even the persons of their victims. About the only check to their greed was that imposed by numerical inferiority.

Interposing themselves in handfuls among teeming crowds of natives, the white man, through the superiority of armament and his innate efficiency, cowed the natives' wills and made himself their master. The futility of resistance to his mandates became an ingrained conviction with them in many a stern punitive expedition, the harrowing details of which were usually censored. The cynical excuse for wasting high-priced explosives on palm-thatched huts was that it was "good practice for the gun-crews."

The cruelty of the Spaniard is proverbial; his callous obliteration of millions of human lives in the mines and *repartimientos* was a scandal even in that ruthless age. Archipelagoes were depopulated to minister to his gold lust, and thriving communities with remarkable indigenous social and industrial organizations sunk into the inertia of hopeless servitude. The harmless Arawaks were rudely roused out of their languorous, idyllic existence to find their Antillean paradises turned into infernos of Spanish

deviltry, and the strangers whom they had welcomed with awe and reverence, not gods, but incarnate fiends.

On the Andean plateaus, the ant-like population lost their absorbed interest in life and under Spanish bigotry and repression were reduced to the passive docility of cattle. The Spaniard was diligent to appropriate to his own uses the resources of the natives, totally indifferent to the degree of impoverishment, debility, and exhaustion resulting to them.

The Portuguese was an incorrigible picaroon, though when piracy became disreputable he turned to dealing in "black ivory" and supplying the Macao barracoons with coolies for the Peruvian guano workings. When the Jesuits had civilized the Guaranis of Paraguay the latter's religion was ineffectual to save them from wholesale plunder and dispossession by their Brazilian fellow-Catholics.

Portuguese advent in the Far East was immediately signalized by high-handed oppression of the natives, whom he irreconcilably antagonized by his arrogant and uncompromising attitude, everywhere incurring an unpopularity which mitigated against the permanence of the Portuguese Indies. In China he outraged the susceptibilities of an ancestor-worshipping people by profaning temples and desecrating tombs and ancestral-tablets. In Ceylon, an impolitic governor of Jaffnapatam incurred the universal execration of the Buddhist world by sacrilegiously destroying the renowned *Dalada*, or reputed tooth of the Buddh. Albuquerque systematically hunted down and sank the Arab *dhow*s, extinguishing their flourishing trade in the Indian Ocean.

Bands of Portuguese mercenaries, tempted by the prospect of rich booty, entered the service of Burmese and Siamese potentates, their compact, well-armed contingents proving the decisive factor in their battles. Their participation in the Indo-Chinese affairs was disastrous, however, to native tranquility; for they encouraged the ambitions of the native despots and introduced a spirit of unrestrained cruelty and rapine.

We note with astonishment the ease with which bands of Europeans, insignificant in point of numbers, secured footholds in alien soil, overawed multitudes of hostile natives, and rapidly extended their spheres of influence until their authority was acknowledged over vast areas—

not only where the natives were barbarous, but also in the thickly populated Orient with its completed age-old civilization. The martial inferiority of their own subjects aroused the apprehension of Far Eastern autocrats—the Moguls, Mings, and Jokugawas. The infiltration of Western ideas was deemed a pollution of the pure Celestial culture. The white man's undisguised contempt for Oriental institutions, and his presumption in aspiring to improve nations who regarded themselves as specially favored of heaven, was an unappeasable affront.

Sheer self-preservation dictated non-intercourse with these grotesque "outside barbarians"; so wherever practicable the Oriental governments formulated a "white exclusion policy," whereby Japan, Korea, Lin Chin, Thibet, Siam, etc., became "hermit nations" in imitation of the Ming policy in China. This was designed primarily as a paternalistic measure to protect their subjects from white contamination, as careful parents safeguard their children from bad associates. Subsequently, an imperial edict moved back the entire littoral population from the coast, leaving the latter deserted and transforming thousands of fishermen into farmers.

This self-segregation of the Far Eastern nations may have contributed to preserve them against Occidental aggression until they had learned to value the white mechanical equipment and adopt the same in their own defense. In the sequel, it proved ineffectual to prevent white intrusion; for on the flimsiest pretexts European cannon were ever ready to batter open the treaty-ports and compel the ingress of their unsought trade. In this way the brow-beaten Celestials were constrained to sanction the nefarious opium traffic and the intrusion of missionaries, whose unpopularity led to *fan-kwai* outrages, affording additional opportunities for intervention and the imposing of heavy indemnities.

The aversion in which the Portuguese were held enabled the Netherlanders, their adversaries, to acquire a monopoly of Far Eastern commerce. More astute and phlegmatic than his predecessors, the Hollander kept his eyes riveted on the "main chance," seldom allowing his white intolerance to interfere with his business and antagonize customers for his Schiedam gin. He practised a Uriah Heep humility, very comforting to vainglorious sultans and maharajahs, but not exactly conducive toward sustaining respect

for the white race. But even his conciliatory attitude did not exempt him from interminable Achien wars and reprisals against Hottentot cattle-thieves.

British self-esteem congratulates itself by complacent comparison of its own humanitarianism with the frank brutality of the Iberian nations; but history cannot exonerate the Englishman from gross injustice and cruelty in his dealings with the "sullen, silent people," though his misdeeds were more covert. The Castilian and Andalusian piously crossed himself, repeating Paters and Aves while preparing foot-baths of melted lead for treasure-hiding caciques. The English-speaking "Black-bridler" sang Methodist hymns while firing down the hatches into mobs of fear-frenzied Tonga Islanders, enticed aboard his craft to furnish labor for the Queensland sugar plantations.

The Spaniard openly bragged of his exploit; the other cannily deprecated mentioning such indecorous episodes among the quiet, good church people at home. Spanish atrocities were on a grander scale and achieved wider notoriety; deference to Insular "Mother Grundyism" tended to hush up the British, whose public affected a horror for licentiousness, since satiating itself in Restoration orgies. The Briton demanded a decorous observance of the proprieties, even blowing Sepoy mutineers from the mouths of cannon; and Bibles were offered as a premium to Samoan purchasers of British rum.

In general, the Sons of Japheth avowed only the loftiest motives in their dealings with the colored races. As professing Christians, they might plead their divine commission to proclaim the gospel, habitually interpreting this to mean either militant proselytizing or the conversion of the native to European standards of living.

The spiritual blindness of the native excited the white man's commiseration: their partiality for Adam's garb, his holy horror; he was resolute to save the heathen's souls even at the cost of their temporal happiness. Nay, it was urged by the friars as a "true mercy" to facilitate the passage of the convert's soul to purgatory before he had the opportunity to relapse into sin. So the Conquistadores baptized the aborigines and then put them to the sword.

The sullen obduracy of *Los Indios* in preferring their own idols to the tinsel-decked images of saints and Madonnas filled the Spaniard with disgust. Coërcive measures were essential; so

he set bloodhounds on them to tear out their bowels, or strung them up to trees where he tried out the sharpness of his Toledo blade on their naked bodies. By such "Christian" object lessons he made good Catholics of the residue, whom he confirmed in their faith by pious festivals and spectacles, such as bull fights, *flagellante* processions, and *autos-da-fé*.

In their participation in the re-allotment of the natives' heritage among themselves by the Sons of Japheth, the British member was handicapped by the initial performances of the Peninsulars, who had preëmpted most of the choice looting-grounds. There might be some consolation in a Drake or a Hawkins transferring a portion of the spoils of Tenochtitlan and Cuzco into his own strong-boxes, or in the ransacking of Cartagena and Panama by Morgan's buccaneers, but such occasional windfalls were a bagatelle compared to the stream of precious metals which poured into Philip's treasury, busying that clerical-minded monarch in devising heretic-extirpating projects for its expenditure.

For a steady income, the "tight little Islanders" were driven to resort to trade and to growing tobacco, though it is true that Clive and Warren Hastings uncovered some very remunerative and previously inaccessible workings in the treasure vaults of the Great Moguls. But, until the development of manufactures taught the English to wring profits out of their own pauper classes, the most promising field for the acquisition of wealth was in commerce and colonizing schemes.

As a colonist, John Bull distinguished himself by his beneficent activities. In the first place he benefited himself by annexing large areas of the earth's surface, whereto he transported his surplus population, who by natural increase crowded out the original owners and appropriated their holdings, to create greater Englands overseas. In the second place, he benefited posterity by weeding out inferior races through the agency of fire-water and other domestic products, thereby providing room for future generations of the prolific Anglo-Saxon breed.

In the third place, he set an example of sound business principles to the world by encouraging missionary activities which softened the intractability of savage tribes, rendering them amenable to peaceful penetration by the trader, and the introduction of such civilizing agencies as rum, opium, syphilis, and tuberculosis.

One benefaction he conferred on the black savages of Africa was to transport them out of their Guinea jungles to the plantations of Virginia and the Barbadoes, where they were brought under "Christian" influences: namely, the "cat," branding, chains, and bracelets. The wailing cargoes of "black ivory" packed in the noisome holds died off like flies, and were thrown to the sharks that followed in the wake. But a Nemesis hovered over the slave-ships to avenge in some measure the Negroes' wrongs by inoculating sub-tropical American soil with the hookworm.

Such, then, was the character of English philanthropy; for everywhere the prosperity of English-speaking colonists was established at the expense of the slower, weaker races. The Australians are no exception to this rule, though they claim to the contrary, likening their dispossession of the black fellows to the permissible eradication of vermin.

Almost invariably the aborigine's good-will was cultivated until the settlers got the stockades and block-houses built, after which they abused his hospitality to make trespasses, adopting a hectoring, arbitrary, uncompromising tone with him, provoking him to resentment, which they were prompt to take advantage of as an excuse for seizing his land and goods.

Where the aborigine was an asset, he was speedily put into harness, as in the Hudson Bay fur trade, and set to amassing fortunes for his masters, who taught him new wants which they alone were able to gratify, and so kept him toiling for a pittance to provide himself with shoddy superfluities and tawdry knickknacks. If the native was an incumbrance, he might be debauched with disease and vice, and the survivors herded into barren nooks and corners, where with a "dead line" drawn around them they could slowly starve without their degraded condition becoming offensive to their prosperous supplanters. There is a certain parallel between these reservations and the slums of the great cities, where the Sons of Japheth allow their own unfortunate members to sink into hopeless pauperism, subsisting on rubbish and alms.

Whatever expedient seemed most conducive to profits was resorted to with unctuous pretence of subserving the victim's own best interests. In India the native manufacturers were discriminated against to preclude competition with Leeds and Manchester, and in consequence

died out with a resultant involuntary "back to the soil" movement, a superabundance of *ryots* and perennial famine.

In America it was esteemed a perfectly honorable procedure to induce the simple and confident red man to cede a portion of his tribal hunting grounds in return for guaranteed possession of the rest in perpetuity. The "Great Fathers" of Washington and Montreal set their seals to solemn treaties whereby the red man was to retain unmolested possession of his lands forever, as long as "grass grew or water ran."

The Indians were even encouraged to build houses and farms, to plow, grow corn and potatoes, and to raise cattle and hogs. Then when they were tamed and docile, on some specious pretext—generally because some politician's constituents wanted their fertile acres—the treaties became "scraps of paper," the astounded Indians received peremptory orders to vacate, and soldiers were sent to escort them to some unproductive wilderness where they existed perforce as pauperized pensioners of the Government, robbed of two-thirds of their "issues" by dishonest Indian Agents.

Sometimes, as in the case of the Poncas, these deportations were of the most heart-breaking character, the despairing exiles being removed in the dead of winter to malarial districts in the far south to which they were not acclimated. Obligated to abandon their improvements together with most of their stock and farm equipment, they suffered a fearful mortality, both on the journey and after their arrival in their new homes.

Certain tribes of the Sioux, who were in the way of becoming prosperous farmers, were arbitrarily transported to arid reservations, where they died off rapidly from intestinal disorders to which their nauseating diet exposed them. This was a kind of soup made of the heads and entrails of cattle dumped into huge cotton-wood vats, into which raw flour and cold water were stirred, and which was dipped out in pails and served to the famished Indians. The Agents appropriated to themselves and sold the edible cuts of the beef-issues, leaving the Indians the remainder. The "Ogallala Cry" or starving song of the Sioux may possibly commemorate these sufferings.

There is no question that Indian uprisings were often provoked by white outrages. Philip of Pokanoket bore with repeated injuries and

indignities before he "dug up the hatchet" against the friends of Massasoit. One Indian outbreak was in retaliation for the murder of their squaws by libidinous cavalymen who, while the women were gathering berries to eke out their scanty stores of provisions, advanced upon them, money in one hand, cocked revolver in the other, and infuriated by their repulse, shot the squaws down. A frontier maxim was that the "only good Indians were dead Indians"; and not infrequently inoffensive red men were classed indiscriminately with catamounts and other "varmints" by the rough borderers, and killed at sight.

Yet, until the reports of their atrocities had become widespread among the aborigines, the first arrivals among the white men were almost uniformly received with hospitality; and the very cruelest of Indian customs—the tormenting of prisoners—is said to have been copied from the European judicial tortures. But apt learners though they were, the savages lacked both the ingenuity and the mechanical contrivances to successfully reproduce the deviltries incidental to white "justice" a century or so ago.

The white man aggravated the natural barbarity of the Indians and often exceeded it by his own. The Indian disclaimed to take the scalps of squaws and papooses, until colonial governments made it profitable by paying "scalp bounties," purely for purposes of intimidation, to awe the Indians by a display of unnatural ferocity. French fur-traders in Wisconsin burned Indian women at the stake. During their drunken frolics the lawless backwoodsmen were guilty of roasting pigs alive, and of skinning live wolves which they caught in traps.

In some instances, after being lured into false security and persuaded to surrender their arms, the Indians were set on and massacred. The Sand Creek massacre of Colorado is an example. Trusting to promises of Government protection, certain bands of Cheyennes went into winter camp and laid in supplies of game and fuel, hoisting U. S. flags to show their confidence.

Suddenly, without warning, a column of cavalry rode down on the unsuspecting encampment, firing right and left, overturning *teepees*, defiling provisions, and scattering the despairing survivors of their raid over the snow-clad mountains. Fiendish acts are recorded of these American troopers, who disemboweled pregnant

women with their sabers and sliced off the hands of fleeing children. Nevertheless, this "victory" was celebrated with pomp and rejoicing in Denver, where women's scalps were dangled in a theater before an applauding audience and the Major in command was tendered a vote of thanks. When tempted to felicitate ourselves on our spotless honor, it is well to remember our unjust war with Mexico, and how we insinuated ourselves into Hawaii and then overthrew the native government.

Wherever the scattering advance guard of traders, trappers, whalers, and missionaries—who were the pioneers of white civilization—wandered, the natives were debauched, cheated, and abused. The white man's behavior toward them may be likened to that of a wily and unscrupulous adult toward weak-minded children. The natives were regarded as either dupes or nuisances—in either case the white man's lawful prey, to be imposed on without restraint, or eradicated without remorse; in fact, systematically exterminated where practicable, as President Rosa killed off the Pampas Indians.

The orgies of unbridled licentiousness indulged in by outlaws and unprincipled adventurers in the remote places of the earth at the expense of helpless, unsophisticated savages are too sickening to describe in detail. American "dough boys" in the Philippines committed assaults against Tagalan women, which the Cossacks in East Prussia only reproduced on a larger scale. The traffic of Arctic whalers in "winter wives" was a factor in corrupting the "frozen north." African explorers complained that many who joined their expeditions were attracted by the prospect of unbridled illicit intercourse with the native women.

Contributing to the extinction of Tasmanian aborigines was the spread of venereal diseases among them by dissolute convicts and miners. The excesses of whalers, copra traders, and "beach-combers" in the South Seas are a standing reproach to white self-respect. A splendid human type, albeit cannibal, was perverted and ruined by the acquisitiveness, lust, and brutality of the scum of our race in the Marquesas. The vitality of a sturdy, childlike race was undermined with rum, opium, syphilis, and tuberculosis; a pall of apathy, sadness, and despair settles down over the Pacific paradises, once vibrant with the joy of living. The rubber, so indispensable to modern convenience, is obtained

at the cost of enormous suffering on the part of Congo and Amazonian peons, exploited by Belgian and Brazilian capitalists.

The mere contact of the white and colored races often seem to devitalize the latter, as if the white breath were pestilential and the white skin exuded subtle poison. Mongolian people aver that we emit a repulsive odor, such as we ascribe to Negroes; and Papuan anthropophagi decline to eat white flesh, alleging that it has a disgusting, medicinal flavor. Who knows?

We may be unconscious "Typhoid Marys," sowing contagion where we preach white standards of health. Our bodies may be saturated with foul virus, inherited from countless generations of dwellers in the filthy, undrained alleys and fever-haunted dens of mediæval Europe; steeped with toxic antidotes until our mere proximity may be as nauseating to an uncontaminated people as an habitual inebriate's company is offensive to a total abstainer.

At any rate, the white man has been a notorious germ-carrier, transmitting epidemics to every quarter of the globe. The Dutch ships took smallpox to the Cape and depopulated the Hottentot *kraals*, and to Ceylon and China, where an emperor became a victim. Certain childhood complaints with us, such as scarlet fever, measles, and whooping cough, proved virulent plagues when introduced among savages, rapidly thinning out the tribes whose cleaner blood had not developed antitoxins to combat them.

Occasionally, the white man deliberately inoculated the savages with disease, as in the case of certain hide-hunters who, coveting buffalo robes, first made an ostensibly friendly visit to an Indian village, where they furtively distributed cholera scales, returning later on to gather up the booty from the defunct hosts. Even its very pests and parasites were made to minister to white expansion!

Doubtless, the rapid deterioration of the aborigines after contact with the whites was partly due to their inability to accommodate their wild habits to the more artificial conditions of civilization. They could not readjust themselves. The white man's theory of life was formulated to suit European requirements and was essentially unsuitable for a people living close to nature; but with uncompromising dogmatism, the white man insisted on all nations accepting his standards and conforming to his predilections.

The unbathed Basuto exposed his nakedness to the disinfecting sunshine and oxygen and kept robust; clothed by missionary prudery in microbe-infested rags, he succumbed to disease. The Mandan ate with relish and impunity the "stinking meat" of bison carcasses which floated down the Missouri. When the Umatilla was ailing from a surfeit of tainted salmon, he cured himself with a steam bath; but the traders' tin-poisoned corn and patent medicines played havoc with him.

In some sections storekeepers kept one class of canned goods for white consumption and an inferior quality which was sold only to Indians. Even avarice dared not transcend local prejudices! When his surroundings, through the accumulation of offal and multiplication of vermin dictated house-cleaning, the Indian moved his *teepee* to an uninfected spot; anchored in permanent dwellings with only rudimentary notions of hygiene, he took the consequences. The superficial aspects of civilization impressed the savage—the basic principles eluded him; the Maori chief appreciated the gold-braided hat and scarlet coat, but dispensed with the trousers.

The subconscious ambition of the white man was to Europeanize the world. Wherever he wandered, nostalgia smote him; and he sought to reproduce the home atmosphere, transforming as far as possible the very landscape into one reminiscent of Spain, Holland, or England. So the colonists transplanted European trees, cereals, roots, flowers, and grasses, which like his domestic cattle and fowls crowded out the indigenous fauna and flora. Unintentionally, he aided even the migration of European weeds and vermin and parasites, which flourished amazingly as exotics in the new soil.

Unfortunately his contempt for indigenous life extended even to the native trees and game, which he improvidently wasted before learning to appreciate their value. The Australian squatter girdled park-like forests of eucalyptus trees, to enlarge his grazing area, thereby augmenting the intermittent drought until it became chronic, and thereby losing the pasturage altogether. The American recklessly logged off or burned off timber which should have sufficed to supply unborn generations, and was punished for his heedlessness with floods and soil-erosion. The vanishing of the countless herds of bison, elk, and of flocks of pigeons, ducks, and turkeys is not the least astonishing aspect of the white

man's spread over America, and is paralleled by his decimation of game in Africa and the Antipodes.

It is not to be supposed that the ubiquitous white domination was accepted with equanimity by resigned subject races, content to remain in tutelage until they had slowly risen to his standard of civilization. On the contrary, under an obsequious exterior smouldered burning resentment of the longing for redress in the breasts of every people where inherent instincts toward self-expression had been smothered under white aggrandizement. But as long as Occidental prestige continued unimpaired, the mutterings of malcontent were ignored and discounted; Kaiser Wilhelm's "yellow peril" bogey was dismissed with a jest; and the rueful, deprecatory grins of kicked *punkahwallah* or cheated rickshaw-boys served to confirm white conviction of the ingrained servility of the Oriental.

But throughout the East a subtle change was transpiring, with which Occidental egotism and self-confidence obtusely declined to reckon. The white man failed to observe that the Orient was waking up out of the torpor of ages, and that its diverse elements were amalgamating; that those national religions and social antipathies which had retarded the growth of any real public or national spirit, thus facilitating the perpetuation of white supremacy, were in process of being reconciled; that the age-old passive obedience of the masses was giving place to an unassuageable bitterness, owing to the introduction of modern mechanical progress in the Orient which had disorganized its whole economic life, intensifying the already severe struggle to provide sustenance, and aggravating the distress of poverty beyond human endurance.

The abrupt transition to factory industrialism was disintegrating village life, in Egypt, India, and Japan—as in Europe—accentuating the drift to the cities, producing urban-congestion and fostering the growth of frightful slums—those of Cairo, Bombay, Lucknow, Calcutta, Tokio, Nagasaki, etc., exceeding in squalor the worst in Europe.

The evil aspects of present-day industrialism are more glaring in the Orient: for there human life is cheap and there is almost no check on the harsh exploitation of the despised women and girl children. A fear has been expressed lest the entire Orient, incompetent to cope with

Western efficiency, become one vast festering ulum, powerless to solve its own problems of nourishment and sanitation, a breeding-place for contagion that might depopulate the globe.

The huddled denizens of these sinkholes of misery, taught new wants by civilization and perpetually tantalized by their inability to gratify the same, contrasting their own indigence with the comfort of European quarters and cantonments, grew year by year more morose and disaffected.

One factor in the undermining of European prestige was the renaissance of Islam. The Moslem world in past times had been Christendom's most dangerous enemy, but had subsided into centuries of obscurantism and torpor until recent Pan-Islamic and Senussi propaganda rekindled a renewed enthusiasm.

The consistently unifying influence of the Haj, or pilgrimage, was appreciated by the Senussi in advancing their program of effecting the spiritual regeneration of the Moslem world and the revival of the Imamatus. But realizing the impotence of the wildest outbursts of fanaticism before the mechanical might of Europe, the Senussi Order, which counted its adherents from Tangier to Zanzibar, and which was tacitly recognized as an occult government within their own by the colonial authorities, refrained from coöperation with the Khalifa, with the Tripolitans against Italy, or even from compliance when the Sultan-Caliph issued his formal summons to a Holy War whose palpable "Made in Germany" stamp discredited its sacred character.

The Senussi program was to abstain from premature outbreaks, exhaustive to Moslem strength, while meantime fostering the adoption of Western mechanical equipment. Today, the Prophet's tomb at Medina is lighted by electricity; picture postcards are sold outside the Kaaba at Mecca; and an active Mohammedan press disseminates propagandist journals, newspapers, books, and leaflets from Tunis to Talifu.

Another potent influence in consolidating Mohammedanism was Pan-Islamism under the patronage of Abdul Hamid, whose indefatigable secret propaganda was so successful in teaching the remotest corners of Islam to revere the monarch of Stamboul as the champion of their faith, that a howl of protest arose at the Allied dismemberment of Turkey, and the British government was seriously embarrassed by the remon-

strances of their Indian subjects, who concerted against all precedents an alliance with Hindu nationalists.

Islam indeed was reversing its attitude of preference for the "Peoples of the Book" and abhorrence for the Idolators, making amicable overtures to the heathen and urging them to combine with themselves for the expulsion of the Christians. The success of Moslem proselytizing in the "Dark Continent," whereby Islam had been extended almost to Cape Colony, aroused confident expectation that the whole non-Christian world would embrace the creed of the Prophet. After the defeat of Russia, Abdul Hamid sent a Turkish warship with a mission to the Mikado which, although received only with enigmatical professions of good will by the Nipponese, excited strong hopes in the Mohammedan world, where the proposed conversion of Japan was widely discussed.

Japan's unlooked-for victory over one of the foremost European powers, though the effects were not immediately apparent, reacted to the prodigious detriment of white prestige in the Orient. The fiction of white invulnerability had been exploded: a white nation had been excelled by a colored people in manipulating that very mechanical equipment on which white supremacy was founded. A new precedent was established; and the exploited, darker races might lift up their heads, hailing as their champion and emancipator the Son of Amaterasu, whose slogan of "Asia for the Asiatics" thrilled with the promise of a new day even jabbering Hindu villagers, squatting about their fires of cowdung.

The overweening egotism and fatuousness of the white man is well exemplified in the sympathy evinced by a large section of his public with the "Sunrise Land" against the "Bear," as well as their unconscious subserviency to their own financial autocrats. Certain financial interests demanded the humiliation of the Czar, so a kept press dictated the popular sympathies—the public remaining blithely obtuse to the fact that Russia's defeat paved the way for the downfall of Occidental supremacy.

Japan used its victory primarily to extend its sphere of influence in China; but national distrust of its ambitious neighbor mitigated against its popularity there, and its progress was slow, though it succeeded in getting a virtual stranglehold on Chinese finances and industry. The se-

cret, underlying purpose of Japan, it has been suspected, is the re-organizing of China under Japanese auspices with an ultimate aim of expulsion of the European from Asia.

In spite of the rekindling of national hopes in the Orient after the Nipponese triumph, the stability of white prestige remained, externally at least, unshaken until the convulsion of the World War. To the colored peoples the war was an object lesson of white folly. The same fratricidal instincts innate in the race which had found vent in the Peloponnesian War, the Wars of the Roses, and our own Civil War, now reached their crowning manifestation in a suicidal struggle whereat the dark races gasped and wondered. The ruinous after-effects to Europe evoked fierce exultation, being looked upon as a just retribution for its centuries of unbridled rapacity.

The incensed adversaries were obtuse to the unwisdom of admitting Sikhs, Goorkhas, and Senegalese into the inner sanctuaries of the Sons of Japheth to murder, rape, and rob; but the effect was to dissipate the almost superstitious awe of white superiority. The Berber, rejoining his brethren, sneered at the blind infatuation of the Kafir, predicting his early overthrow by True Believers.

Discharged Chinese non-combatant battalions, and other thousands of Chinese employed as soldiers, torturers, and executioners during the "Red Terror" in Russia, carried home impressions of the white man's country as a delectable looting ground. More than anything, the scorn and indignation of the Orientals was incurred by the duplicity of the Allies at Versailles, where, repudiating their solemn war-time promises of a new era of self-determination for small nations, they betrayed their unequivocal purpose of enlarging their dominions at the small nations' expense.

Even during the war, an explosion in Mohammedan countries was only narrowly averted, which was admitted officially by the British, who stated that a cataclysmic insurrection nearly involved the Allied Asiatic and African possessions. This was prevented by the Nationalist leaders who, relying on the promised self-determination for their countries to follow after peace, exerted their influence to restrain the malcontents.

When the Versailles Conference brought disillusionment, the disgusted Nationalists staged

rebellions with the coöperation of the disgruntled populace. In Egypt the *fellaheen*, from passive dislike of the foreigners, had been converted by conscription of their labor and requisitions of provisions and fodder, into active antagonism; and a dangerous rebellion broke out, during which railroad tracks were torn up, trains stalled and looted, and telegraph lines cut. The wild Bedouin took advantage of civil commotions to swarm in for plunder, and one tourist party beleaguered on an oasis was rescued by aeroplanes.

For a time it looked as if British sovereignty was tottering; the government rushed up Sudanese levies and massed British regiments to overawe the rebels; and the gravest fears were entertained. The movement, however, collapsed when deserted by the Nationalist leaders who, detecting sinister indications of Bolshevik activities, decided that their own safety was best guaranteed by British rule.

In India, likewise, the integrity of Imperial dominion was imperilled by Nationalist intrigues and the disaffection of the masses. The aftermath of the war represented one of the darkest periods in the country's history, recording some of the worst droughts, crop failures, epidemics, and famines in its annals. Add to this the fall of the rupee and the impending financial panic and a wave of unrest that swept through India, culminating in riots, terrorism, the wholesale destruction of property, and the murder of officials and white civilians.

Sedition was rife; and when riotous mobs were mowed down by machine-gun fire, the revolutionary elements, driven underground, became more uncompromising than before, crystallizing at length in the non-coöperative movement, sponsored by Gandhi, which declared a boycott on all things British, putting the latter into the "untouchable" class. For the moment the authorities seem to have the situation in hand; but Indian Moslems are infuriated by the humiliation of the Sultan-Caliph, and any radical attempt of the Allies on Constantinople might be the signal for a Holy War which might involve India.

East Africa also has not been free from serious disturbances, during which native mutineers clashed with Sikh police and white residents. In South Africa, an undercurrent of discontent exists among the natives which reached an acute stage during the recent labor disturb-

ances on the Rand, when white striking miners shot black strike-breakers. So great was the apprehension of a general black uprising that the Union government used the most stringent measures in stamping out the rebellion.

Perhaps the gravest menace to white domination is the ubiquitous Bolshevik propaganda which has permeated all the East, announcing the emancipation of the downtrodden masses from their immemorial servitude, and the seizure of power by the workers. The doctrine of the supremacy of the proletariat means little as yet to the Oriental masses, though tons of Bolshevik literature have been translated into Asiatic tongues and scattered broadcast throughout the continent. But the wily Bolsheviks have adapted their program in Eastern lands to appeal to native prejudices, trusting gradually to educate the masses into soviet principles. There are many indications that the heaven is working, notably in Japan, where a proletarian movement antagonistic to the ruling caste is under way, gaining strength from the growing discontent due to the steadily increasing cost of living. There have been rice-riots and anti-militarist and suffrage demonstrations. Indeed, throughout the East, nuclei for the formation of soviets exist in the large industrial centers, where factory populations are concentrated.

Still, on the surface, white domination remains intact and its lines of intercommunication are yet unbroken; but underneath, the elements

for its subversion are daily gathering force. China is a huge reservoir of potential energy; and the Chinese, schooled in civil wars, seem to be developing martial ardor and are training themselves to handle Western military equipment. China has now the largest number of men under arms in the world, and it is not improbable that a great military dictator may reunite the contending factions and in alliance with Japan inaugurate a new era in the Far East.

In Europe the situation is fulminant with the gravest possibilities: Germany's financial collapse is imminent, and can hardly avoid involving all Europe in economic chaos, with a repercussion across the Atlantic. Meantime the Red armies are massing to overrun Roumania and Poland. It is not beyond the range of possibilities that Allied aggressions in Turkey may precipitate a Holy War, with Islam leagued with Russia, China, and Japan. What might happen to shattered and disorganized Europe, under a combined onslaught of the Bolsheviks, Asiatics, and Africans, is too terrible to contemplate.

The Holy Scriptures seem to intimate that the fall of "Christendom"—the family of capitalistic governments which masquerades under this name—will be a prelude to the overrunning of its territories by the heathen hosts. (See Ezekiel 5:14, 17-7:21-26) Certainly the Sons of Japheth, by their quite unexampled career of rapacity, greed, cruelty, and hypocrisy, have incurred such a justly merited recompense. It would be poetic justice.

The Standard of Value *By T. D. Jones*

MESSRS. H. E. Branch, A. H. Kent, and J. H. Morrison seem to have become tangled up about the true unit or standard of value. This discord and confusion result from a misunderstanding of the true function of money. Money is not primarily a measure of value. Its first and most important office is to effect an exchange of values. To illustrate: I could not conveniently exchange a bale of cotton for its equivalent in clothing, groceries, drugs, plow tools etc. It would be inconvenient to give so many pounds of cotton for a pair of shoes, a hat or a wagon. So we have money, for which I sell my cotton, and which is conveniently divided into dollars so that I can exchange portions of the value of my cotton for hats, groceries, etc.

The true standard of value is the relative

supply and demand. Money is subject also to this law of supply and demand, and fluctuates in value, like other articles or products. Therefore if we make money a standard of value it is like taking an India rubber tape with which to measure. Thus we have a variable and uncertain market. But if the supply of money were kept always in the same ratio to the demands of business, then we could make it a true and constant standard of value.

If, furthermore, an accurate census of the amount of business transacted were taken at convenient seasons, and a supply of paper legal tender money were issued and kept in the same proportion or ratio to the amount of business transacted, we would have an ideal medium of exchange and measure of value.

Fourteenth Esperanto Convention *By Kaarlo Harteva (Finland)*

I HAVE been reading with much pleasure your excellent magazine since it began to appear, and I have had the blessed opportunity to be editor of the Finnish edition, which has contained many of the most interesting articles from your magazine; and the Finnish people have accepted them with great joy. The appetite of the people has grown to hear more and more of the blessed Golden Age. We have had no opportunity to show our gratitude to you by contributing, but now I thought that it possibly would interest you to hear something about

Esperanto

IN OUR city, Helsinki, the capital of Finland (Suomi, the name of our country in our native tongue) has been held the Fourteenth Esperanto Congress. Thirty-four countries have been represented. Also such far countries as U. S. A., China, Japan, Algeria, Australia, Argentina, Brazil, etc., have had their representatives at this Congress. The Jews, too, have had their representatives; and during the Congress they have held in their synagogue two services in Esperanto. All our leading and most prominent papers have had long articles daily about Esperanto and the Congress, and they have recommended the new world-language in the most ample words. The Congress has been a great success for the movement.

What is Esperanto? It is a new language invented since our Lord's second advent by a Jewish doctor, L. L. Zamenhof. It is certainly the easiest language in the world. The grammar is simplicity itself. The main points are as follows:

Substantives end in *o*, adjectives in *a*, adverbs in *e*. To form the plural *j* is added, and *n* for accusative.

Verbs end in time present with *-as*, past *-is*, future *-os*, conditional *-us*, imperative *-u*, infinitive *-i*, participles active present *-ant*, past *-int*, future *-ont*, passive present *-at*, past *-it*, future *-ot*.

There is only one definite article—*la*.

Every word is pronounced as it is spelled.

There exist no irregularities.

The words are formed from the best known international words.

The aim of the Esperanto movement is not to destroy the native languages in the various countries. It is intended only to help the people in their contact with foreigners. The need of an

international language has not been felt so much until now, when the nations are coming into the most lively contact one with another. As soon as this international language is used in all international relations it will be a great relief to all humanity. It will spare for better purposes unmeasured quantities of time and money which formerly have been used in the learning of other languages, all of which have been very difficult. The small nations especially will be lifted up to the level of the greater ones. It has been impossible to translate all the important books into all the languages of the small nations; but if the books are translated into Esperanto, it is easy for any one to learn this simple language, and to get the knowledge contained in these books.

Already a remarkable translation work is completed. Some of the leading books of the world are translated into Esperanto. Many years ago the New Testament appeared in Esperanto, as well as prominent parts of the Old Testament; and it is expected that the whole Bible will soon be ready. To the Esperanto Congress in Helsinki the important book, "Millions Now Living Will Never Die," appeared in Esperanto, and many Esperantists have accepted it with great joy.

Certainly Esperanto is one of the most important inventions in the world, and the time possibly is very near when it will be used in all international relations. Many offices, congresses, manufactories, etc., have used it for years with great success. Many schools are already teaching it among other subjects, and it seems that it cannot be many years before all schools will do the same.

The Esperanto movement has had, like all new movements, many difficulties to struggle against, among which have been other similar languages. But it has stood the test well, and those who have offered almost their lives for its success now see how their dreams are fulfilling. It is no wonder if they in their great joy think a little too much of it. A very remarkable feature amongst the Esperanto people is their longing for restitution. They see the horrors of the world and they like to live in happiness; and in their great longing they turn their eyes to Esperanto, and think that it will bring to humanity the long desired "Golden Age."

I can easily understand it; for I had the

opportunity to be in that movement before I came into present truth. In 1908 I visited the Fourth Esperanto Congress in Dresden. I was just at that time very earnestly longing for restitution. The Congress made a deep impression upon me, and I thought that it was one of the best helps in the world in my struggle for human perfection. But there was something which was of much greater value, although I did not then know it; and it was the blessed present truth. When I got it one and one-half years later I left everything, and since that time I have with great thankfulness followed my dear Lord and Redeemer; and I am fully convinced that only His blessed reign will fulfill the desire of all nations; and that Esperanto as well as all other modern inventions will receive their proper value by the incoming of His glorious kingdom.

Certainly we are very near the kingdom in which Jesus will reign, and which will bring the long-promised and long-desired blessings to humanity. A language which all can understand will surely be one of the much-appreciated blessings. Misunderstandings have been a terrible foe to humanity and have brought much sorrow to the people. All the misunderstandings will be removed, and all will understand and

love one another. One of Babylon's prolific curses has been the language-mixture; but very soon we shall see the fulfillment of the beautiful prophecy: "Then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent."—Zephaniah 3:9.

During the Esperanto Congress I had an opportunity to lecture on the famous topic, "Millions Now Living Will Never Die," in Esperanto to the many nations gathered in Helsinki, and all could understand the one and same language. It was a wonderful occasion. We see how the prophecies in the Bible are in fulfillment before our eyes. We are certainly convinced that "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations" (Matthew 24:14) as we see how the gospel is now presented in many and various ways all over the world. We had our little share in this great witness work. Nations came with modern vehicles to this far-away country in one of the corners of the world, and here they heard the message of the kingdom in a language which all could understand. We rejoice and lift up our heads, because our great redemption is at hand.—Luke 21:28.

Truth Better Than Socialism *By F. H. Guichard*

IT IS with great pleasure I read THE GOLDEN AGE and I am glad for the tidings it is bringing to the people, the good news of Christ's kingdom, that millions now living will never die.

I was formerly a Socialist; organized new branches, worked for it night and day, and spent some money for the cause. My father took part in the Paris Commune of 1870; and I still have a part of one of the flags used during the struggle. I used to curse all the preachers and churches because they would not try to enlighten the people as to Socialism. I often told them that if the heaven they were preaching was no better than the civilization they were practising, I did not wish to be with them after death; that whether it were heaven or hell, I had seen and heard enough of them here. So I lived, up to about eight years ago.

But somehow, my father obtained possession of Volumes 1 and 2 of "Studies in the Scriptures" in the French language, and had his eyes opened. I became interested in what he found

in the two volumes, so I secured Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 in English. When I had read Volume 4, showing the class struggle so plainly, I told my family that these people had the right stuff for the people to study, and that I only wished that they would have a church or hold some meetings where I could be right with them.

My wife was surprised at me, and thought that I had gone crazy to talk so; for I had been so down on all churches, preachers, and priests. But I told her to read the fourth volume and see for herself. So I went on till about one year ago. Then, one day God guided to my place a lady who was canvassing for the book, "Millions Now Living Will Never Die." I met her with a warm heart. She told me that meetings were held in this city. So I attended them and bought Volume 7, "The Harp of God," and other reading matter.

Some time later I had a talk with Brother Rice on governmental matters, particularly in regard to Socialism; and he convinced me that

It would be a failure. He stated that the Socialists meant well, but that they could not be elected, nor take their seats, nor do anything without the consent of the rich; that the money power would rule if they had to do it by military force; that the Millennial Day is here, and that by 1925 the class struggle will be at an end. So I am now waiting for the kingdom to be established on earth, the kingdom for which God's people have so long prayed.

Now when I talk to some people about God's great plan, they do not believe it; even some so-called good Christians doubt it. Others say that they do not wish to be alive when He comes; still others say that no one knows when He will come, etc., etc. So I ask them to study just six chapters in the Bible: the first three and the last three; and that if they do so and understand and live aright, they will be part of the millions now living that will never die.

Poor "Mother Armenia" *By Haig M. Mardirossian*

BIBLICALLY it was the land of Armenia from which the race of mankind spread. Mount Ararat, upon which the ark of father Noah rested, is still a witness, with its white, snowy peak 7,000 feet above the sea. There the great Jehovah made His covenant of which the rainbow was a token, signifying that the promises of God are sure and that there should never more be a flood to destroy the earth. The snow remains on the peak of Mount Ararat year in and year out, waiting, as it were, for the final establishment of the kingdom of promise, when all things will be changed and when men and climate will be brought into an Edenic condition.

But why call Armenia "poor mother Armenia?" Because she is poor as a land? Nay, verily! For soil, water, and climate make everything beautiful and fruitful, more so now than ever; the soil has once more been fertilized by the blood of Armenian men, women, and children. One thing is wrong with her: Her children built, and Turks are dwelling in her houses; her children planted, and the Turks are enjoying the fruit thereof.

Her children are divided into parties and are spread out all over the world. She has been deceived by selfish men, including her clergy. She was deceived a half dozen times or more by the false promises of other so-called "Christian nations," until she found that these nations are all for business, and are more interested in becoming the owners of land and property bought by Armenia's own blood than in finding some way to deliver them from the hands of the Turks, that anti-Christian and barbarous people. Is it not a shame? False and only nominal Christianity has become the stumbling block to her children. Alas! you will not find many Armenians today who are willing to die for the cause of Christianity as they faithfully did in

the past seven years of misery. Infidelity is increasing among them every day under the extreme oppression of the Turks.

An Armenian in Turkey today is of as much consequence as a fly, liable to be killed for pleasure at any time. An Armenian in Turkey today is not permitted to read an Armenian letter sent from America, or to send a letter to America unless it is written and signed in the Turkish language. Are the children of "our mother Armenia" the refuse of the world?

If the so-called "Christian nations" nearby had any Christ in them, I am sure they would have had a heart of flesh, and not of flint, to help their "mother Armenia" and her despondent children; not for Christ's sake (for He does not need anybody's help—He does everything in His own due time), but for humanity's sake! "First be a man before you can be a Christian," says common sense.

Can anyone who has a human heart remain unconcerned after hearing of the following acts committed by the Turks? During the World War and on, 1,500,000 Armenians have been killed by demobilized Turkish troops. First of all they collected all the ammunition that the Armenians had; then they imprisoned the males; and later by twenties and fifties they sent them away to a dale or a mountain and cut them into pieces. Then they collected their females, young girls from ten years of age and up and took into their harems as many as they wanted of the beautiful women; but those that were homely, they sent away to the wilderness, after putting them up at auction, and selling some of them for ten to twenty-five cents apiece.

I read in a paper this week that "Turks took Greek villages, and bought and sold their maidens for fifty cents apiece." So you see with

every other thing, life has also gone up 100 per cent in Turkey. They have successfully done away with the Armenians, and now the Greeks are next in turn. Let me mention about a dozen things that Turks did to "our poor mother Armenia's" children:

They beheaded thousands of Armenians because they did not denounce their own faith and accept Mohammedanism. These martyrs preferred to give up their heads, rather than Christ, whom they worshiped according to the light they had. They were faithful unto death. The Turks cut off the ears, noses, tongues, one arm or one leg or fingers of many men; they cut the breasts from off women and private members from off men; they opened the bowels of women with child, and stuck the babes upon their spears.

On one occasion they bound the parents of a child to a tree, put their child before their eyes into a boiling pot, and compelled the parents to eat the flesh of their beloved. Many were bound to trees and their eyes were plucked out, and their finger-nails were torn off by pincers. In some instances the Turks skinned the people as they do cattle. On one occasion they tried their swords upon the heads of seven children in a line, to see whether they could cut off the seven heads in one stroke.

Hundreds of people were burned at the stake; water and food that had to be used by the Armenian refugees were poisoned, so that they had to practise cannibalism after they could find no more herbs or roots of grass in the wilderness.

Some of these men and women had to walk a four-months journey altogether naked. Out of 1,000 souls hardly 100 were left; for they could

not stand continuous walking without food or water. Many were shot to death by gendarmes (who were riding on horses) because they could not walk fast enough.

The heat of the summer and the cold of the winter have dried the bones of "poor mother Armenia's" children. Many infants were left by the way, the parents being unable to carry them; many were given away to anybody who would take them. (Could you sleep even one night if you had lost your only child and did not know of its whereabouts?)

I have read and heard of a hundred and one shameful acts that the wicked Turks committed on the sons and daughters of our "poor mother Armenia," which cannot be described by pen. Armenia lost all she had in the name of Christianity; to the best of her ability she followed the little light she had, and now she is at the point of losing her faith!

Poor mother Armenia, weep not! "Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again [will be resurrected] from the land of the enemy [Death—1 Corinthians 15:26]. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border [Armenia]." (Jeremiah 31:15-17) When they come back this time, they will not plant trees and build houses for the Turks, but will long enjoy the works of their own hands; they shall not labor in vain nor bring forth for trouble; the wolf [Turks] and the lamb [Armenians] shall feed together—they shall not injure one another any more in Christ's kingdom, in that blessed Golden Age.—Isaiah 65:17-25.

Lying Headings By J. A. Bohner

NOTE the dishonest, fraudulent, utterly unsuitable heading of the following article, designed to prejudice the public against the workers. The editorial practices along his line are scandalous. The corrupt press aims to *make* news instead of *reporting* it, and ever to the injury of the workers. No wonder the Lord is now about to call a halt!

SITUATION SERIOUS

Strikers Compel Big Steel Mills to Shut Up Shop

Youngstown, O., July 17.—Gradual closedown of the score of steel mills in the Mahoning-Shenango valley

—the second largest steel manufacturing district in the United States—because of a shortage of coal resulting from the railroad and miners' strikes, is imminent.

The Republic Iron and Steel company laid off twelve hundred of the 5,000 men employed in the local plant, and closed down two of its three blast furnaces and the Bessemer department.

The workers were told that their services "probably would not be required for some time."

The Trumbull-Cliffs Furnace Company at Warren, Ohio, announced that operation of a six-hundred-ton blast furnace could not be continued. Four hundred men of the five hundred men employed there were affected.—Nebraska City Daily News, July 17, 1922.

The Diarbekir Massacre

ONE of our Armenian subscribers has sent to us a seventy-five-page manuscript by Thomas K. Mugerditchian, formerly British Proconsul at Diarbekir, Armenia, showing the systematic methods by which the Turkish government, while under that of the Kaiser, during the fateful years of 1914-1918 inclusive, undertook to destroy the Armenian people from the earth.

The manuscript was written at Cairo, Egypt, in May, 1919, and has only now come into our hands. We do not feel like publishing it in full at this late date, but even now as historical matter, there are several pages which are well worthy of reproduction.

The first step was taken on Monday, August 3, 1914, with the mobilization of the Turkish army and the organization in Diarbekir of a so-called Union and Progress Committee. We quote from Mr. Mugerditchian's manuscript:

"The purpose of this Committee was to confiscate in the name of 'Military Necessities,' all the property without exception, whether large or small, of all the merchants and shopkeepers. They thus confiscated all the then available raw and wrought cotton and wool; all the raw iron and copper as well as tools, dishes, and plates made of them; all sugar, tea, coffee, watches, timber, all kinds of fats, oils, petroleum, wheat, barley, millet, rice, cotton, horses, camels, mares, mules, donkeys, cows, buffaloes, goats, oxen, sheep, carpets, rugs, blankets, etc., etc., etc. All this wholesale requisitioning was carried out, as mentioned above, under the name of 'Military Necessities.' Briefly, within a few months time, all the Armenian stores, depots and shops were robbed of their contents; the large supplies of wheat and barley which were kept in every house and well — for wells are widely used as storing places — were taken away; the stables were left without any cattle whatever; and all these were taken and stored away in the Government and Union and Progress Committee's Stores in the various centres of the vilayet. The officials entrusted with the supervision of this work were selected by the Committee of Union and Progress. In return for all this confiscated property, a piece of paper was given, bearing the signature of some unknown or insignificant clerk of the Committee of Union and Progress and promising payment at the end of the war.

"In the meantime, all the Armenian artisans were employed without any payment in military and civilian establishments and factories for the production and preparation of such things as the local Government required."

The next step was the organization by this same committee of a corporation styled the

Renaissance Company, the purpose of which was to seize permanently all of the business of the Armenians, and this meant all the business of the city. On this point Mr. Mugerditchian says:

"In order to inflict a death blow on the Armenian commercial prosperity, in order to exterminate the Armenian commercial establishments at once, in order to dry up all resources for any future progress of the Armenians, the Director of the Renaissance Company, Deputy Pirinchi Zade Feizi Bey, acting on instructions from the Committee of Union and Progress, worked out an elaborate plan for the burning of the market. This plan was put into execution on the night of the 19th, August, 1914, under the direction and with the personal aid and assistance of the Police Commissary Guevranli Zade Memdounh Bey. Within five hours, 1,080 shops, 13 bakeries, 3 inns, 14 lumber depots, etc., were reduced to ashes."

The next step was to take away all arms from the Armenians and to send the potential soldiers of the country far away to work upon Turkish fortifications.

"At the end of 1914, orders were sent from the Ministry of War to take away all arms from the Armenians and transfer them into Amelay Tabourlari (Labor Battalions). They then woke up from their dream, and realized the falsity of the situation. They were taken into distant and mountainous regions to break stones and to construct roads and fortifications like criminals condemned to hard labor; away from all Armenians and civilization and under the command of most tyrannical officers.

"Thus very soon Diarbekir, like all other towns with a majority of Armenian population, saw her sons go away — in most cases never to come back again — and lost all possible communication and relation with them. One could then see at home only boys below seventeen and old men above fifty."

By the following spring the Turks were ready to dispose of all the Armenian men in the city, and a systematic campaign was inaugurated for placing them all under arrest.

"The arrest of the Armenians in the city of Diarbekir was started on Friday the 16th, April, 1915. During the night all the Armenian quarters were surrounded by the Moslems, while the streets of the quarters, the roofs, the doors, and all openings of the houses were guarded by soldiers, gendarmes, civil and military police, Circassian irregulars, and military men. A thorough search followed in every house under the pretext of looking for deserters. In reality, all sorts of arms, including sporting rifles and ordinary knives were seized, and more than 300 young men were put under arrest. Instead of taking them to the recruiting officer, as one would naturally expect, they cast them into the

regular Turkish prisons, as malefactors, as criminals.

"On Monday, April 19, 1919, the authorities arrested all the members of the different local Armenian philanthropic committees and associations, such as the Committee of the Notables, the Religious, Educational, Financial and Benevolent, and other such establishments for the administration of the local affairs of the Armenian community. After a typical and meaningless interrogation, all of them were imprisoned.

"The turn of the most influential and important members of the Armenian community came on May 1, when without any distinction, Government employées, lawyers, men of intellect and education, merchants, bankers, landowners, manufacturers, engineers, and a great part of the well-to-do artisans were put into prison. A room with seating capacity for fifty men was crowded with from 300 to 350 men. These men, taken away suddenly from their families and home comforts, and at the same time deprived of all possible means of communication with the outside world, were in a most miserable condition within the walls of those modern 'Black holes.' It is beyond human power of descriptive imagination to represent the filth, the awful smell, the stinking air, the suffocating atmosphere of those wretched dungeons, where those poor, innocent Armenians, who but a few moments ago were the leaders of their community, were so cruelly thrown."

The way that Turkish jailors are accustomed to treat their prisoners has been notorious in all ages; and Mr. Mugerditchian gives us some of the details:

"Hagop Bozo and some of his associates were shod and compelled to run like horses. They drove red-hot horse-shoes into the breasts of Mihran Bastadjian and his associates. They forced some others to put their heads under big presses; and then by turning the handles, they crushed the heads to pieces. . . . Others they mutilated or pulled their nails out with pincers. In other slow cases they first pulled out the nails with pincers, then crushed the fingers under a heavy press, after which they cut off the fingers one by one. . . . Darakji Hagop was operated upon on his private parts. . . . Others were flayed alive. . . . Some were taken to the slaughter-house, killed, and their flesh distributed, as if for sale, to the butchers!! Police Ohan and his friends were crucified and had long nails driven through their hands and feet. . . . Such were the tortures and the excruciating pains and the agony of the victims that the survivors offered all that they had left them; they begged and implored their tormentors not for their lives, but for rifle shots that would put a quick end to their earthly existence. But their requests were met with scorn, and were boastfully rejected. While the hopeless sighs and the loudest cries of the tyrannized victims were rending the skies, the ferocious and heartless Turks and Kurds, unmoved by the scene of suffering around them, seemed thoroughly

to enjoy the situation and to rejoice in their accomplishments.

"The sufferings, the pains, the tortures of the Armenian Bishop Mugerditch Chilgadian constitute a crowning feature of Turkish brutality and monstrosity. This martyr bishop was first subjected to the most outrageous insults, and was dragged through the city streets for a public show, while the sheikhs, the dervishes, etc., with musical instruments, headed the disreputable procession. He was then led to the Mosque of the Governorate and there, in the presence of the civil and military authorities and a large crowd of Moslem fanatics, they poured petroleum over his clothes and set fire to them. When he had reached the point of expiration, they put out the flames and threw him into the stables of the Hospital of the Municipality, there to die."

An American physician found this man writhing in agony, with a dirty, black rag thrown over him; and when he attempted to be of some assistance, he was warned on pain of death to leave the premises.

How the last of the men of Diarbekir were subsequently disposed of is narrated as follows:

"On Sunday, the 30th of May, 635 men, who constituted the élite of the city and the vilayet of Diarbekir, were put on twenty-three rafts; and under strong escorts made up of militia men and Circassians, whose leader was Major Shakir Bey, they started for their fatal trip to Monsul. On Wednesday, the 9th of June, they arrived at Shkefta.

"Before reaching that place, however, Major Shakir Bey had a secret meeting with Amero, in which all the final details of the massacre were settled. While the raft was sailing down the Tigris, quite a large party of brigands (presumably) ordered them to stop. Immediately Shakir Bey landed a force to chase them away. This force soon returned and reported that three of the brigands had been killed, while the rest fled to the mountains. In reality no one had been killed; this was merely a part of the tragedy that was to follow. This little incident was brought in to make the Armenians trust their hangmen.

"After this incident Shakir Bey, who was on the same raft with the rich Armenians Emich, Jirjis and Diran Kazazian, Hachadour Digranian, and a dozen or so of other rich Armenians, called them together and pointed out that since the part of the country that they were then passing through was full of Kurdish brigands, and consequently very dangerous, it would be wiser and safer if all the exiles who happened to be in possession of any gold would hand it to him, so that in case of any emergency he might be able, thanks to the stronger force on his raft, to defend it better than any one else. They believed his argument; and in the course of a few minutes, the sum of more than 6,000 pounds

in gold was placed for safety in Major Shakir's bag!

"On arrival at Shkefta, the 635 exiles were landed for a twenty-four hours' rest. Amero at once called on Major Shakir Bey, bringing with him some provisions, part of which he also gave to some of the Armenians who in time past had been good to him. In their hearing he said to the Major that he had heard that both banks of the Tigris were occupied by Kurdish brigands, whose plan was to attack the rafts, kill the exiles, and rob them of all their belongings. It would therefore be advisable, since the Major and the Armenians were his friends, to stay in his village, where they could be safe from all danger, and wait further instructions from Diarbekir.

"After a short discussion it was decided to accept his offer; and so beginning with the passengers of the Major's raft, they were led out in groups of six, to be divided comfortably among the native families under Amero's personal supervision. As soon as the first group of six reached the village, they were seized upon by Amero's men, stripped of their clothes, firmly bound with ropes and carried to the Valley of Berwan. In this manner the whole party of 635 were in groups of six led out, robbed, bound with ropes, and carried to this valley.

"The slopes and heights of the mountains on both sides of the valley were occupied by Amero's men. When everything was ready, Shakir Bey arrived, accompanied by his militia, and his Circassian brigands. He gave the signal formerly agreed upon, and the most dreadful cold-blooded, furious massacre started. The firing of the rifles, the buzzing of the shots, the cutting noise of the sword, the clanking of arms in general, the hopeless victims' cries of despair filled the air: Some of the victims prayed; others begged for mercy, but all in vain."

Practically all of the men having been disposed of, the next step was to deport all the inhabitants. Mr. Mugerditchian proceeds to tell how this disposition was accomplished: First there was a general registration and census such as only German thoroughness could have arranged; from the time when the census was taken, each house was guarded with a sentry and no one allowed to enter or to leave.

"The authorities in every village of the other provinces of the vilayet of Diarbekir had received by this time instructions and unlimited authority to cooperate with the militia and the Kurdish population in everything connected with the Armenian deportations. To state it more briefly, they were told to act just as they pleased. First of all the male population were separated and sent to join the Labor Corps. On the way they were robbed of everything they possessed and afterwards killed in the most brutal manner. Then the defenseless and helpless women and children were forcibly dragged out of their homes, and under the cudgel of the oppressors formed into parties and driven

to Ras-El-Ain and Der-El-Zor, without having been allowed to take with them anything for the trip except what these 'children of sorrow' could carry in their small bundles. O God! Who can tell the weeping and crying, the pain and agony, the horror and affliction of those poor, helpless, comfortless 'children of sorrow'; of these unprotected, husbandless women, fatherless children, desolate human beings, who but a few hours ago had been forced to abandon the comforts of their homes, who had lost all they held dear in this world, and who were now marched between two lines of fire and sword, between two lines of Godless, inhuman, heartless beasts, toward famine, poverty, pain, dishonor, death! . . . They were marched to unknown destinations, to scorching deserts, to a far distant Golgotha, through a way of indescribable and unsupportable sufferings, to meet at last the most horrible crucifixion.

"The bloodthirsty Kurds and the militia men drove those innocent, helpless creatures who in the twinkling of an eye had been expelled from their cozy nests in the most merciless and ruthless manner, as if they were herds of cattle. Hungry, thirsty, exhausted, feeding on grass, still they were driven on and on. The tormentors took away from them all their possessions, their clothing, their very skin, their honor. They left them absolutely nothing. During that frightful journey, the most beautiful women and girls were selected and forced to go back to a living death, in the Moslem harems.

"As soon as the general registration was complete, the deportations began. Every evening after sunset, approximately one hundred houses were emptied and their inhabitants set on the track of exile and death. One day a party would be started on the road to Mardin, and the following day another party started on the road to Esra Baghtche. One party was sent to the South, and the other to the West, so as never to meet again. These parties were put in charge of merciless, Godless and bloodthirsty Circassians and members of the militia; and they were supposed to reach Mardin, Darn, Waweyle, Ras-El-Ain and Der-El-Zor. It is utterly impossible to describe the heartrending scenes that took place while this drama was being enacted. Words fail me to tell of how the wild beasts would rush into the houses, and in the midst of tears, weeping, groanings, sighs, shrill shrieks, and cries of agony and despair, seize the women and girls by their hair and pull them out upon the dark and gloomy road of exile.

"The Armenian Catholic Archbishop, Andreas Ghelebian, the family of Emsih Sabagh, and a number of other rich Armenian Catholic families were led to the Mardin road; but before reaching their destination, all of them joined the army of the new Armenian martyrs. The Protestant Rev. Hagop Andonian, with his family, the son-in-law Bedros Mavlian, and many other Armenian Protestant families were led to the Kara Baghche road, on which they bravely met their death.

The wife of Deputy Sepaa Chirachian and several other ladies belonging to this party were flayed alive.

"A very large number of Armenian exiles having been killed in the usual brutal manner by the militia and the Kurds at Kozan Der, a place on the Mardin road five miles from Diarbekir, the Committee of Union and Progress had the effrontery to gather all the corpses, dress those of men in Hojah's uniforms with turbans on their heads, and those of women with Moslem women's clothing, veils, etc., and take several photographs, thousands of copies of which were distributed and sent all over Turkey and Germany, to prove most shamefully that Armenians were to blame for all that had taken place—that Armenian revolutionists and brigands had organized and carried out terrible massacres against the Moslem population, and that as a result of their conduct, the Turkish authorities could hardly control the Kurdish population or assume any responsibility for any possible outrages committed against the Armenians. While these photographs were being distributed to the Kurds, Arabs, and other Moslem races, the most slanderous reports were also put into circulation to excite and provoke all the anger and hatred of those fanatical races against the poor Armenians who still happened to survive.

"The Circassians of Ras-El-Ain had the unique idea to cut off the hair of the women and girls whom they had killed and knit it into a 25-meters long rope three inches in diameter, which they presented to their worthy Apollyon, Feizi Bey. This ghastly reminder of the atrocities committed against the Armenian constitutes one of the ornaments of this modern Nero's house, and speaks for the part which he played in this drama!"

The last step in the destruction of the 150,000 Armenian citizens of the prosperous city of Diarbekir was the putting to death of the babies. This is narrated also by Mr. Muger-ditchian, completing one of the most horrible stories of cruelty and suffering that we have ever heard:

"Four hundred orphans from one to two years old were deemed worthy in the sight of the executioners to be spared; and so they were gathered and transferred to the Protestant School of Diarbekir, where they were pretty decently looked after for a few months. But suddenly, on a certain morning, 200 of them were taken to a bridge on the Tigris, built by the Saracens, a little to the south of Diarbekir; and there one by one they were seized by the head or arm or leg and hurled into the fast flowing waters of the Tigris. The remaining 200 were taken a few days later to the village of Karabash, at a distance of five miles from Diarbekir; and there another most hideous crime was committed. Some of the babies were seized by their legs and pulled in opposite directions so forcibly that they were torn in two. On others the sharpness of the swords or bayonets of the butchers was tried; and real competitions were started as to who could cut off at one stroke an arm or a leg or a head, or a baby's body. Others were thrown in the air and caught on lances, while others were thrown to some exceptionally wild shepherd dogs to be torn to pieces. The official representative of the Turkish Government who assisted at this heinous scene was delighted and followed the whole procedure with apparently perfect satisfaction."

Savagery In High Places

THE United States Government is not presided over by Turks—not exactly; but its record in the matter of political prisoners would shame any Turk. Europe long ago freed all of its political prisoners. In fact, this was done immediately after the war; and the war itself was finished four years ago. In darkest America political prisoners are still in limbo.

The United States still has in its prisons seventy-five Espionage Law prisoners, whose aggregate sentences amount even now to 800 years. All but five of these men were members of labor organizations; and that is the real reason why they are still in prison, and the real reason why they were put there in the first place. They are hated by big business; and the Espionage Law, infamous, unconstitutional, and repudiated since early in 1921, was only an instrument of big business and was never

designed to protect America. It was designed to accomplish that which it accomplished, to suppress free speech, and to make labor men fear the wrath of the powers that be.

On July 19th it was announced at the White House that the Attorney General had been ordered to "hasten" the reconsideration of all these cases. One cannot help but wonder if this reconsideration would not be more effectively "hastened" if these prisoners were a bunch of scalawag "bankers." But most of that class of scalawags manage to keep out of jail. If anybody must go there they generally saddle the blame upon some poor tool of a bank clerk who merely did as he was told. He goes to prison with the assurance that when he comes out he will be taken care of. When he comes out, he is reminded that he was a big fool to disobey the law and is told to "beat it."

Impressions of Britain (Part II)

THE largest boats upon the Atlantic Ocean are not the safest, and the swiftest boats are not the steadiest. Experience has shown that the largest boats are not altogether practical. They are topheavy, having too great a superstructure; and in a storm their habit of plowing through the great head seas instead of riding over them makes them less steady than the 20,000-ton liners of six-hundred-odd feet in length. The boats of smaller size lack some of the features—such as ball rooms, swimming tanks, suites de luxe, etc.—that appeal to those who have unlimited means; but if you have neither the purse nor the inclination to seek luxuries you will find more real comfort on a 20,000-ton boat than on a 50,000-ton one.

The staterooms are small; but they are large enough, and are well ventilated. Some have outside light, and some depend wholly on electric illumination. If you are willing to take an inside room, fitted with but two berths, and designed for but two persons, there are good prospects, on one of these smaller boats, of having a stateroom to yourself for the whole trip.

The furniture of the second cabin staterooms is limited to the necessities—two comfortable berths, the one above the other; a small fixed seat; a larger wall seat, which can be let down into position only when the door is shut; and a combination wash-stand, mirror, and tray-holder. This latter device is compact and satisfactory. The loosening of one catch causes a wash-basin to drop down into position for use; while the loosening of another brings into position a little rimmed writing table, or tray-holder. There is a water-tank above the basin, and a drain-tank below.

The Menu

MEALS (included in cost of passage) are all that could be desired. The following is a sample of the second cabin breakfast, copied from one of the menus: oranges, compote of apricots, rolled oats, Pettijohn's, shredded wheat, force, fried fresh herrings, finnan haddie in cream, calf's liver eschalot, broiled country sausages, grilled York ham, eggs fried, poached or turned, omelettes plain and au lard, French and graham rolls, tea cakes, Indian griddle cakes with maple syrup, cold boiled ham, radishes, preserves, marmalade, coffee, tea, and cocoa.

If you travel first-class instead of second cabin, your berth will have a metal rail around it instead of a wooden one; you will have a small clothes-closet, a bureau and, if you wish to pay for it, a private bath. Instead of a port-hole window you will have an ordinary window with plain and colored glass, fitted with shutters and transoms. At the table you will have delicacies and luxuries, such as hothouse grapes; and you will have the companionship of the professional gamblers that make a living traveling to and fro between England and America looking for Americans who have more dollars than sense.

The lounging rooms for the first-class passengers are larger than for the second cabin; the dining room tables are for smaller groups than in the second cabin dining-room; and the best part of all the decks is reserved for the first-class passengers. But the second cabin passengers have the better time. When one travels first-class, the trip is nearly finished before the passengers are on speaking terms with one another. Everybody is so anxious to appear to be somebody that he repulses every advance of those not equally "stuck up." By and by the people that were stuck up for four or five days become unstuck, as it were; and conversation is possible.

Mischievous Blundering

CIRCUMSTANCES permitted the writer to go over by first-class and to return by second cabin. Whether you travel first-class or second cabin, there is placed at your seat at the noon meal a copy of the day's *Ocean Times*, containing six pages of miscellaneous literary matter carried from port in electroplate form and two inside pages of daily news received by the ship's wireless.

The material for the *Ocean Times* is compiled by one of those individuals, all too common in both England and America, who think it clever to insinuate that all the people of every other land than that of which he happens to be a citizen are away below his own high standard. And he thereby shows that his own standard is far lower than those he seeks to ridicule.

This paper being printed on a British boat, which is engaged largely in the carrying of American passengers, one would suppose that the publishers of the *Ocean Times* would have

better sense than to publish the following tales and expect to retain the good will of such Americans as are aboard:

That the Senate of the State of Georgia has before it for consideration a bill providing not less than five years nor more than twenty years of imprisonment at hard labor for any man who goes fishing without the consent of his wife. A supposedly clever sneer at American legislators, and a lie.

That a wealthy resident of a \$75,000 mansion in New Jersey, who rides about his suburban home in a Rolls-Royce car, is traced to New York, where it is found that he disguises himself and plies his trade as a beggar and seller of pencils on Fifth Avenue. A supposedly clever sneer at American business men, and a lie.

That two prominent citizens of Chicago, one by the name of Kigas and one by the name of Zuzevich, engage in an altercation because Mr. Kigas carries away Mr. Zuzevich's wife; and that when Mr. Zuzevich comes to expostulate, he is thrown out of a second story window. A sneer at American society, and very unfair.

That two American women, names distinctly Italian, engage in a duel at Newark, N. J., much as if such incidents were of common occurrence in everyday American life. And then there is a sneering story, thinly veiled by alleging that it came from an American, as to how woman suffrage was granted in the United States. It was "when it was suggested that these fierce bel-dames wanted the right to be steamboat captains, Congress gave one loud guffaw of ribald masculine laughter and passed the bill." A lie.

There is a type of Briton to whom such silly fables of American life are acceptable as high grade humor, but that affords no excuse for the bad judgment of the publishers in laying such nonsense before the passengers. The impression they create upon an American is one of complete contempt. The *Ocean Times* has had an opportunity to make him feel that he will be a welcome guest; but it has made him feel that he will be viewed with a contempt which, in this instance, he absolutely knows is the fault of the other man.

John Bull at His Worst

ON THE boat there is one Briton who takes the *Ocean Times* seriously. He becomes greatly excited at the discovery that Britain has begun to pay interest on the billions which were

borrowed from America and raised from loans which were not exactly forced upon the American people—not exactly, though many Americans who contributed to these loans apparently did so at the point of the gun or with ropes around their necks. For details see *GOLDEN AGE* Number 27.

This Briton, who is a native of Edinburgh, denounced the weakness which would pay America a single penny "after protecting her all these years." The American laughs. He thinks of the 42,000,000 people protecting the 110,000,000, and remembers the colossal iron works that made in almost unlimited quantities the munitions of war from 1914 onwards; and he knows where those munitions went.

He thinks of the ships that by the hundreds were poured out into the ocean in 1918 almost as if by magic. He thinks of the endless grain fields, Europe's store in every time of need. He thinks of the recent trip of a half-dozen small airplanes which left New York for Nome, Alaska, and made the distance, 4,500 miles, in fifty-five hours. He thinks of the new device by which airplanes can now be sent up without an operator or a pilot, and directed hither and thither by wireless, the latest American invention.

He thinks of the horrid new gases, another American discovery, so horrible that a small quantity, released from an airplane, will obliterate every form of life below for miles around. And he thinks it a great calamity to mankind when this great peace-loving American nation was rudely aroused to the call to arms. It may indeed have been protected from the insane militarists at one time, but who will protect the world itself with Uncle Sam himself gone insane? The answer is written large in prophecy: "Except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved."

There is nothing to be gained by one country boasting of its greatness in any respect over any other country. Britons and Americans should get acquainted with each other and stop boasting. There are myriads of Americans who honestly believe that Britain is swelled to the bursting point with a pride for which there is little foundation. There are myriads of Britons who know nothing whatever of the fabulous achievements and even more fabulous possibilities of America and in their minds seemingly place the country about on a par with Jamaica or Switzerland and its inhabitants on a par with

the Basutos or the Tanganyikas, all unconscious of the fact that upon these shores there is an engine of construction and of destruction (if its energies are turned in that direction) the like of which has never existed, and does not now exist elsewhere on earth.

Tea, Tea and More Tea

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON once made the statement that "a sailor's life is a dog's life. It has all the disadvantages of life in a prison, with the additional disadvantage of being drowned." The doctor did not go far astray. There is no great excitement on board an ocean liner. The principal diversions are reading and pacing the deck. The vibrations and the rocking of the boat are not conducive to much writing.

In the morning, at 7:30, the bedroom steward brings to your stateroom a tray containing toast and tea. Theoretically, this is to give you strength to get out of bed. One thinks of the millions of warm-hearted, horny-handed American farmers who get out of bed at four o'clock every day in the summer and five o'clock every day in the winter, and wonders what they would think of it. Breakfast is from 8:00 to 10:00, and of course there is "breakfast tea" for breakfast. Beef tea is served at 11:00 o'clock. Luncheon is at 1:00 o'clock p. m., and there is always tea at luncheon. Then, of course, there is tea for Tea, which is served at 4:30. Dinner comes at 7:00; and no Englishman would expect to drink less than one cup of tea with his dinner, and he would probably drink several cups. The last food served during the day is a light luncheon at 10:30, and the writer is not sure whether tea is served with it or not. Seven meals in a day!

The British people do not eat more during the twenty-four hours than do the Americans; but it does seem to an American that they never permit their digestive organs or their women-folk to have a rest. In America there are three meals—breakfast, usually at 7:00, dinner at 12:00, supper at 6:00; and most people do all their eating for the day at those times. In the British Isles they seem to have the uniform custom of four meals per day. The first three meals are at approximately the same times as in America, and there is another, the heaviest meal of the day, at 10:00 p. m.

Tea is the universal beverage, so universal that an American who tried faithfully to keep

the pace gave up the battle after two weeks, finding that his nerves were unable to withstand the strain. Another American in Britain, facing this deluge of tea, is alleged to have made the remark that a certain well-known text of Scripture, if applied to the British Isles, ought to read that they "being overflowed with tea, perished."

When there is a storm, and the ship seems to be standing first on one end and then on the other, the tables are provided with racks about three inches high designed to prevent the plates from slipping off. At such times the portions of soup served are small, so that in the tipping of the vessel the soup will not be spilled about the table.

The Gulf Stream is a real stream, a warm river in mid-ocean, a thousand miles or so in width and carrying seaweed from the southern seas in its embrace. In the latter part of November, while we were crossing the Stream, it was entirely comfortable on deck with no wraps of any kind, and this at a point seven hundred miles due north of New York city, in the same latitude as the bleak coasts of Labrador. It is the Gulf Stream which makes the British Isles the vernal paradise that charms every visitor. But more respecting the climate at another time.

The Ocean Timepiece

ONCE a day, at noon, a blast is blown on the ship's great whistle to enable passengers to determine the time of day; for on account of the ship's movement with or opposite to the path of the sun there is a different standard of time every day. On a 20,000-ton boat, averaging seventeen knots an hour, this makes it necessary to set one's watch ahead about forty minutes each day on the eastbound trip and to set it back forty minutes each day on the westbound trip.

Once a day, at noon also, the log is made up, and the results are posted in some conspicuous place where all the passengers can see it. As a part of the log record there is a map of the North Atlantic, with the countries bordering upon it; and the ship's course is traced upon the map so that the passengers can see where they are and can note their progress. Meantime, the professional gamblers and others are betting upon the mileage for the next day.

One of the first-class passengers enroute to Britain is a loud-mouthed, sharp-featured American, who during the first few days is very

thick with the gamblers; but along toward the last he loses a bet of \$20 and refuses to pay. There are loud voices and an angry scene; the gamblers count upon their lean pickings eastward-bound in the fall because there are few going abroad at that time of the year, only seventeen in the first class, all told. The fellow-American understands why Americans are hated and despised abroad if the people abroad have formed their opinions from such samples as this; but what can one do to help it? There are Americans and Americans, as there are Britons and Britons; and it is folly to put them all in one category.

On the eastward trip of eight days and eight hours from New York to Liverpool, after the pilot has climbed down his rope ladder and has been rowed away to the pilot-boat, the only signs of life except on board the ship are the gulls, which follow the boat for three days from the American shore and meet the boat three days from the Irish shore. There is only one day in mid-ocean when no gulls are seen.

On the second day of the eastward voyage a full rigged sailboat is overtaken and passed, presenting a beautiful sight as it rides gracefully upon the ocean's heaving bosom. There is no flying of flags or greetings with the whistle or otherwise. The ships pass each other in silence. On the third day a westbound passenger steamer is seen. On the fourth day another westbound passenger is seen. On the fifth day not a vessel is in sight anywhere. On the sixth day three freight vessels are passed, one westbound and two eastbound; the wind is blowing seventy miles an hour, and the sailors admit that there is a rough sea. But, to rest the reader's mind, the American is not seasick; not on your life! If you would keep well on sea or land avoid the use of white bread, eat plenty of all the fruits and fibrous foods that are available, eat the meats of six Brazil-nuts daily, and take sufficient exercise. That is the American's recipe for himself; possibly it might be good for others.

A Storm at Sea

IT IS a thrilling experience for a landsman to be on a vessel in a storm at sea, especially if the storm comes at night. The great ship, an eighth of a mile long or more, goes crashing into a wave sufficiently high to raise the prow of the vessel fifty feet higher than the stern. The wave is broken, and some of it sweeps the for-

ward parts of the vessel. The impact makes it seem as if the ship had run into a great building and the building had fallen over on it. The vessel trembles and shudders as though in its death agonies. The timbers which make up the partitions creak and groan as if they were about to split into pieces. Then there is a lull; and to the timid passenger, awakened in the dead of night by the terrific impact of the great wave, there comes the sweet music of the throbbing engines, and he knows that the man on the bridge is on the job and that everything is all right. There are times when the storms are so severe that the vessel must lie for some hours without attempting to go on, but this was not the case in the trip which we describe. Nevertheless one of the ships sighted on that day had its bridge blown off in that same gale; so it was some gale.

During the seventh night the wind subsides, the rough area of the sea is passed, and on the next morning the ocean is like a mill-pond. Early in the morning a passenger steamer is seen ahead, traveling about a half a knot an hour slower than your own boat. It remains within a few miles distance throughout the day, and is in sight when the sun goes below the western horizon.

Joy as Erin Appears

BY NINE o'clock that night, far in the distance, there are gleams of light from the lighthouses on the southwest coast of Ireland, a happy sight in the darkness. At three-twenty in the morning the ship stops at Cobh, the new name which the Irish people have given to the city which was once called Queenstown; and the American arises and goes on deck partly to see if there really is such a thing in this world as dry land, and partly to see the interesting transfer of passengers, mail, and baggage to and from the lighter which comes alongside.

Two or three enterprising newsboys come on board and scour the vessel looking for trade. One of these boys sells the American a London paper which is just one week old that morning. At first it seems like a shabby trick; but some inquiry reveals the fact that the extreme south of Ireland has been cut off for months from the surrounding provinces and that there have been times when no papers at all could be obtained. Even as it is now, there is no way of getting from Dublin to Cork or Cobh except by a steam-

er service which has been organized to take the place of the broken land transportation.

The ride up St. George's Channel and through the Irish Sea that day is a ride ever to be remembered. The sea was stirred by but the smallest ripples, the sun was shining, the air was sweet, the coast of Ireland was visible on the one side and that of Wales on the other. By eight o'clock in the evening the vessel was at the Liverpool Landing Stage, and the eastbound ocean trip was a thing of the past. But the throbbing of the engines and the swaying of the boat are distinctly discernible in your frame for the ensuing sixteen or eighteen hours.

Everybody on the boat has been very kind, very courteous. The orchestra is excellent, and has played two hours each day for both the first-class and the second cabin passengers. The

second cabin concerts are from 10 to 11 in the morning and 8 to 9 in the evening. In the first class the hours are different, to suit the orchestra. In the second cabin there is a Victrola concert from 9 to 10 every evening. The library is open all day, and there are smoking rooms for those who smoke or drink or gamble. On the decks there are quoits, tennis, shuffleboard, and a few other games. But you are glad to get ashore; and after the usual ten-shilling tips to bedroom steward and table steward, and suitable contributions for musicians, "boots," and librarian, you pass down the gang plank and find your baggage, grouped under the initial of your surname. The customs inspector merely asks: "Have you any firearms or tobacco?" The answer is "No"; and in a minute you are in a cab and on the streets of Liverpool.

Who Will Lead Us? *By Elias K. Johnson*

THE world is looking for a great leader to-day, one who can show the way to peace, to normalcy and happiness. The wise men are racking their wise brains and consulting together, and scheming together; but it all comes to naught. The statesmen of the world are more puzzled than ever, and all agree that a great leader who could tell them what to do and how to accomplish it would be the most welcome man at this time. A leader who could smooth all their problems out and satisfy everybody—ah, what a leader that would be! Surely he would be hailed with delight; for all things are snarled and twisted, and no one understands the problem sufficiently to satisfy all. They recognize their helplessness, and are hoping for some one, some great genius, to arise and free us from all worry and perplexity and to bring peace and happiness to all factions out of the mess of chaos into which we have gotten ourselves.

It seems as if some mighty one, unseen and unnoticed, had laid a snare, as one does for an animal, and that we blindly entered that snare and got ourselves all tangled up somehow. And now we are trying, also like an animal, to extricate ourselves; and the more we try to escape, the more enmeshed we become with the cords that surround us; until at last, in our efforts to escape, we turn upon each other with gnashing teeth and bared fangs, seeking to de-

stroy each other, well knowing in our sane moments that we are all interdependent and must stand or fall together.

Where is the leader to show us the way out of this entangling net of troubles? Where is the great one who will stand up and say: "Follow me, and I will lead you on to victory, to peace and happiness"? Where?

We look back upon history, and nowhere do we find a parallel to the cataclysm of disaster upon us at the present time; for it is world-wide, and that has never been before. Nor do we find a leader among men anywhere living today, who is able to cope with the world-wide perplexity upon us.

If we comb the whole earth looking for some one who could lead us on, some one who could inspire confidence, someone great enough to think that it might be possible for him to be our leader and show us the way out, we find none. No one anywhere is able to tackle all the problems facing us and solve them for us—no one! All prospective leaders look smaller and smaller as you consider them, one by one; they all fall far short; and the more we consider the magnitude of the job to be done, the smaller and punier do they become as we size them up. Fear has taken hold of them all, as they consider the greatness of the proposition; and all point fingers at those who presumed to tackle the problem and who have failed miserably.

Look at them — those three poor mortals who presumed to divide the world among themselves, those three of the world's so-called great men who sat around a table in France a few years ago, and partitioned and gave and took as it pleased them. What has become of them? Well might the rest be full of fear, and tremble.

The one, a cunning Frenchman, played a shrewd game for what it was worth; and then he was smart enough to withdraw and vanish out of sight, to go into obscurity and nonentity. The other, a poor, vain egotist, bordering on imbecility, imagining himself to be a savior and a god, full of pride and self-conceit. Look at him; see how he has fallen, unable to help himself even in the smallest way. He who would save the world has become helpless in every sense of the word.

The third, a person made by circumstances, is unable to cope with the problems placed before him; and with fear and trembling he is waiting from day to day for the final tumbling of all things; and if he dared speak or publish his inmost thoughts and convictions, he could a tale unfold which would make the hair upon your head stand on end like the quills of a porcupine with the narrating of it. Surely Hamlet's story would fade into insignificance beside it.

Then we see him with a precious group of so-called great ones, like a troupe of players, wandering around the world from Paris to Washington, then to Genoa, and from there to the Hague, playing their doleful piece at each place with a little variation, and the audience is losing patience and is calling it a farce. But truly it is tragedy and a dismal failure.

Poor leaders three! Their example is enough to drive fear into the rest of those who would presume to lead, and none dare stand forth.

But are there no other great ones who could lead us on? For instance Harding? No, no! you might as well say Rockefeller.

But what about that little stoop-shouldered, bewhiskered, worried-looking gentleman whom they call George of England. Can he not lead us out of our troubles? No, no! he cannot help himself, let alone others; leave it to George to go way back and sit down.

Ah, but there is the Pope; surely he is the one who can do something!

Why, Friend, don't you know what happened to him? No! Well, you are behind the times.

Let me tell you; listen; way back in the year 1517 one of his own household, a little priest, named Martin Luther, gave him a solar-plexus blow or some such knock from which he never recovered; it put him on a bed of pain permanently, and the door of recovery was shut for him. He has brought forth nothing worth while since; and while he was in that condition, Napoleon came along in 1799 and gave him a bad wound on the head, which put him into a state of coma, while Nap took all he had away from him. Since that time he has tried to speak several times; but every time he opens his mouth somebody stops him for fear the effort might prove fatal. No, he is only waiting for his final exit.

Papa mortuus est.

But what about William Hohenzollern?

Oh, don't! He is in the same condition as the Pope. They are both prisoners in their own house, marooned as it were, surrounded by friends who are ready to perform the final ceremonies.

Then who shall lead? Where is the victor that shall overcome all our plagues and troubles and bring peace out of chaos and disorder?

Ah yes, where is he? We all wait for him.

We search for him, we wait for him, where is he? Who is he?

Come, Friend, let me show you who He is; let us look for Him together.

First, take your forgotten Bible out of its ancient hiding-place. Then dust it off nicely and follow me; and see for yourself who the great Leader is, the Victor who shall lead all mankind to peace, happiness and contentment.

Turn first to the book of the great prophet Isaiah. By the way, have you ever read studiously what that prophet of the Lord wrote way back there some 3,000 years ago? If not, then you have missed the best of all; for the great writing of Isaiah is incomparable with any other writing before or since. The language is sublime both in flights of oratory and composition; and his theme! Ah, Friend; no one ever wrote upon any sweeter theme than he, that wondrous story which he tells from beginning to end; and the sublime music which he produces is so wonderful and grand that only those whose ears are attuned to his instrument can fully appreciate it. If you have not yet heard the story, then hasten to make it your own, and the sooner the better; for the one who un-

derstands all that Isaiah wrote, understands all there is to be known. If perchance you are able to read it in the original Hebrew, you will surely be able to feast with the great; for those who know tell us that although Isaiah is wonderful in the English, yet in the Hebrew he is unsurpassed for the grandeur and loftiness displayed upon so great a theme.

"But," you say, "who was Isaiah? Just a mortal, a man who lived centuries ago. What can he tell us of the leader whom we need to-day?"

True, we reply; just a mortal whom men tore asunder because what he told them was too great for their understanding. But read the sixth chapter of his prophecy, and see what happened to him when the Lord of hosts appeared in all His glory before him. Isaiah said: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Then read further how he was purged from his sins and sent to tell the people the Lord's message.

Then you may ask: "Who is the Lord of hosts?"

Turn to Isaiah 42:8 and read: "I am Jehovah: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images." Again we read: "I am Jehovah, thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior; . . . I am he: before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me. I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no savior. . . . Yea, before the day was I am he: and there is none that can deliver out of my hand." (Isaiah 43:3, 10, 11, 13) "Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens, and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein: . . . There is no God else beside me; just God and a Savior; there is none beside me. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else. I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue swear." (Isaiah 42:5; 45:21-23) Read also Isaiah 40:10-31; and then know that it is this same Lord of hosts who uses the prophet Isaiah as His mouthpiece.

Now let us turn to Isaiah 9:6 and read: "For

unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be on his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this."

There is the wonderful truth in two small verses. A child is born unto us, a Son of the Highest is given, surely. Read Matthew 1:18-25 and Luke 2:1-20; and learn the wonderful story of the human birth of the Son of the Highest; and hear the anthem which the whole heavenly host sang on that momentous occasion: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." The child that was born in that night was the wonderful Prince of Peace, who shall govern; and then there shall be peace without end, even for ever.

"Ah," you say, "but He died. They crucified Him, and He is dead."

No, friend; He was dead, absolutely dead, for three days; and then He arose from the tomb and is alive for evermore. (Revelation 1:16) He was put to death in the flesh, but rose a spirit Being. (1 Peter 3:18) The God of our Lord Jesus Christ "raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." (Ephesians 1:20, 21) Before He went to the heavenly places, however, He said: "I will come again." Seven times we are told that His coming would be as a thief, stealthy, unknown to the world; and that that day would come upon them as a snare, and that they shall not escape. Even so it is today.

"He must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." (1 Corinthians 15:25, 26) For death and hell shall be destroyed and cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, and be consumed.—Revelation 20:14.

This is the Leader, our own sweet Lord Jesus, who will satisfy all parties, who will smooth out all their difficulties and bring order out of this chaos, this barbaric, murderous civilization which Satan has put upon mankind,

with the aid of his agents; and which shall be utterly destroyed. For Jesus said: "Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." (Matthew 15:13) Then shall come peace and happiness; and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." (Revelation 21:4) He will make all things new. Instead of envy, hatred, malice, and murder men shall learn to love each other out of a true heart and with a pure conscience.

This is our Leader, for whom we are all wait-

ing; and lo! He is present, unseen by the world, and is setting things in order, cleaning house first; putting His enemies under His feet; consuming them with His presence, and taking unto Himself His purchased possession. His enemies shall make war with the Lamb, but He shall overcome them; for He is King of kings and Lord of lords, and they that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful. And they shall reign with Him a thousand years upon the earth; and of that government and of peace there shall be no end; for the zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform all this.—2 Thessalonians 2:8; Revelation 17:14; 20:6; 5:10.

Earth's Only Remedy *By D. C. Thomas*

A PEARLY paragraph I found in a secular newspaper editorial columns—the San Francisco Chronicle:

"The world will be amazed to find that the solution of the world's problems is found in the writings of four simple men—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

Brainy men are ransacking their brains for a solution; and yet nearly everybody has it in the house. Those writings tell it, and tell "things yet to come." It surprised me to find this in such a paper, and among much trash.

Anticipating a Labor Government *By L. G. Manchester*

I AM writing you a conversation I had with an experienced railroad agent yesterday. It may or may not interest you; but it so reminded me of Jehu that I had to tell you of it. In talking about the strike situation and the coming labor party, this man said that the labor organizations had a man selected for president in the

coming elections; and that this man had been known to them for a year; but that this had been kept secret, and would be until the proper time. The man selected was one who would get every labor vote and many others. The labor party were sure of his election. He was independent of any political party as now existing.

THE WISH FOR TODAY *By J. G. Whittier*

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

A rose-cloud dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away;
O sweet, fond dream of human Love!
For thee I may not pray.

But bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to Thine own!

Today, beneath Thy chastening eye
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in Thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan,
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit longs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend Thy helping hand
Unto my prayer today.

STUDIES IN THE "HARP OF GOD" (JUDGE RUTHERFORD'S LATEST BOOK)



With Issue Number 60 we began running Judge Rutherford's new book, "The Harp of God", with accompanying questions, taking the place of both Advanced and Juvenile Bible Studies which have been hitherto published.



¹⁴⁸Jehovah has given to Satan four separate and distinct names, all of which have a deep significance. Besides the name *Satan* he is designated as the *dragon*, that old *serpent* and the *devil*. Dragon means devourer or destroyer; and Satan has at all times been seeking to destroy or devour Jesus and His true followers, who constitute the seed of promise. His name Satan indicates adversary; and he has opposed in every way the development of the new creation, consisting of Jesus and His bride. His name serpent means deceiver; and he has applied all of his wily methods to deceive, and as Jesus has declared, he would deceive, if possible, the very elect, but God will not permit him thus to do. His title devil means slanderer; and he has constantly carried on a campaign of slanderous propaganda against the people of God even unto this day, and has never lost an opportunity to try in his various ways to destroy them.

¹⁴⁹When it was announced to Mary by the angel that she should bring forth a child whose name should be called Jesus and that He would be the Savior of His people, Satan recognized this promised and unborn babe as the one who would ultimately bruise his head. The apostle Paul plainly states to us that God sent Jesus into the world, one of His missions being ultimately to destroy the devil. (Hebrews 2:14) The enmity of Satan toward the seed of promise has never abated. Learning of the promised birth of the child, Satan at once began to lay his plans for its destruction. He attempted to induce Mary's espoused husband Joseph to put her away and cause her to be put to death under the terms of the Mosaic law; but God prevented this by advising Joseph through His messenger in a dream to fear not, but to take Mary for his wife.—Matthew 1:18-24.

¹⁵⁰Stars do not move above the canopy of heaven in such a manner as to lead men. It seems unreasonable that Jehovah would have

a star move from the East and stand over Bethlehem. Satan and his emissaries, the demons associated with him, have power to produce lights; and many instances are cited in history of these lights appearing near the earth. The "star" or light that guided the wise men was without doubt such a light and not a star moved by the power of Jehovah.

¹⁵¹The wise men residing in the East were sorcerers and magicians. They were stargazers. They were followers of the false religion. They sacrificed to and worshiped the devil. (1 Corinthians 10:20) Pharaoh the king of Egypt was a type of Satan the devil; and Pharaoh used wise men like unto these sorcerers and magicians to oppose the Lord and his messengers in the day that they were in Egyptian bondage. (Exodus 7:11) These were devotees of astrology and demon worship. Doubtless many of them were sincere, but they were the dupes of a false religion inaugurated by Satan. The Biblical record definitely fixes the fact that Herod, then ruler in Jerusalem, was a wicked man, under the influence of Satan.

QUESTIONS ON "THE HARP OF GOD"

Explain the significance of the names given Satan; and how do these apply to his operations against Jesus and His followers? ¶ 148.

When the promise was made to Mary that she should be the mother of Jesus, how did Satan regard this promise? ¶ 149.

What was one of the purposes of Jesus' coming to earth relative to Satan? ¶ 149.

What attempt did Satan make to destroy Mary and her babe before the birth of Jesus? ¶ 149.

What was the "star" or light that guided the "wise men" to Bethlehem? ¶ 150.

Who were these "wise men" and whom did they worship? ¶ 151.

Had Pharaoh the king of Egypt employed similar men? and for what purpose? ¶ 151.

What kind of man was Herod? and under whose influence was he? ¶ 151.

"To Him, from wanderings long and wild,
I come an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade His peace to find,

Like dew-fall settling on my mind.
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest."

In 1886 Pastor Russell Wrote:

"Close your eyes for a moment to the scenes of misery and woe, degradation and sorrow that yet prevail on account of sin, and picture before your mental vision the glory of the perfect earth. Not a stain of sin mars the harmony and peace of a perfect society; not a bitter thought, not an unkind look or word; love, welling up from every heart, meets a kindred response in every other heart, and benevolence marks every act. There sickness shall be no more; not an ache nor a pain, nor any evidence of decay—not even the fear of such things. Think of all the pictures of comparative health and beauty of human form and feature that you have ever seen, and know that perfect humanity will be of still surpassing loveliness. The inward purity and mental and moral perfection will stamp and glorify every radiant countenance. Such will earth's society be; and weeping and bereaved ones will have their tears all wiped away, when thus they realize the resurrection work complete."

Not a description of heaven, but of earth.

Was it prophetic vision, inspiration, or what?

Neither.

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