

The Golden Age

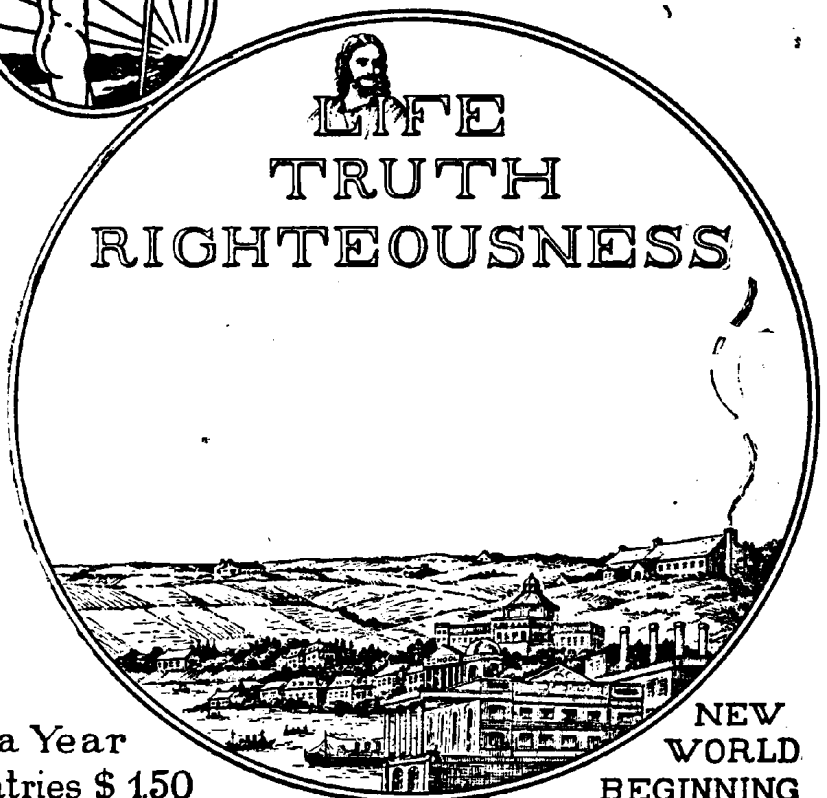
a Journal of fact
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January 30, 1924



INTERNATIONAL
ASPECTS OF
PROHIBITION
IS THE U. S. A.
A CHRISTIAN
NATION?
BEES AND
APICULTURE
SOCIAL LIFE OF
THE ZULUS

LIFE
TRUTH
RIGHTEOUSNESS



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NEW
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The Golden Age

Volume V

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Number 114

International Aspects of Prohibition

ONE who looks at the world situation can hardly fail to see that Britain needs friends. The strife in Europe has destroyed her markets or reduced them to such an extent that more than a million men are chronically out of work. She needs to get Europe quickly on her feet if she herself is to be able to endure the strain much longer. In that work she needs American coöperation and assistance. Lloyd George came over here pleading for that very thing; but while America listened, and applauded, and banqueted, the fact is that it has settled back into its normal life-long attitude of distrust of Britain, and as usual it is Britain's own fault.

Written large across the average American's opinion of Britain at this writing is the one word NASSAU. Every American knows what the word stands for. It is the center of Britain's liquor fleet, a fleet which has as its whole object the violation of American laws. Nassau, the capital of the Bahama Islands, lies just off the coast of Florida. From Nassau the fleet of liquor-laden schooners sets out that later lies constantly in Rum Row, up and down the coasts of New Jersey, twelve miles out at sea.

It is all very well for British newspaper writers to comfort themselves with the oft-repeated statements that these boats are violating no law; but they are doing something worse. Right at the time when peace and concord are most to be desired among nations, and especially between the British and American nations, they are serving to irritate Americans extremely.

Whether other peoples admire their course or not, the American people have adopted national prohibition. If Britain had adopted prohibition, do you suppose the British Government would stand for the infestation of its shores by liquor-laden boats sent there by any other nation? In no time there would be an "Order in Council" authorizing the seizure of every one of them. The "laws" for seizing them would be found

afterward, but they would be seized any way, law or no law.

In the year 1917, before prohibition was adopted in America, Nassau cleared 37,821 gallons of liquor, which represents its normal supply; but in the year 1922, owing to the activities of the Nassau rum fleet, the number of gallons had increased to 1,340,443; in other words, twenty-nine thirtieths of Nassau's rum was being reshipped to be sold to the bootleggers that sneak out from American shores to buy of the rum fleet at night.

Nassau the Shameless

NASSAU makes no pretense of hiding the fact that its one claim to notice is its fortunate geographical position for conniving to break American laws. A booklet issued by the Nassau Development Board says:

"Since 1919 the finances of the Government have, largely owing to the conditions supervening in the United States early in 1920, undergone a wonderful improvement, and a total revenue for the year 1918-19 of £81,000 (involving a deficit of £17,000) was converted for the year 1921-22 into a revenue of £450,000. The revenue for 1922-23 is estimated at £626,000, and the accumulated surplus funds of the colony on March 31, 1922, were £265,314. The public debt is trifling, and is all provided for. This happy state of affairs means that the Government has comparatively large funds at its disposal for public improvements, and money is being spent on these as rapidly as possible."

If the Nassau Development Board were men of honor, with any intent of doing by their neighbors as they would like to be done by, instead of referring to the above as "this happy state of affairs" they would have styled it "this shameless and inexcusable state of affairs"; for that is what it really amounts to. They know where the whisky went, and so do Americans.

A Britisher who visited Nassau explains how illegal double clearance papers for ships are secured. It is all a question of graft. A captain clears with a cargo of liquor from Nassau

ostensibly for the French island of St. Pierre Miquelon.

"The captain goes out, and loafs about for two or three days. He then goes back and explains that his previous cargo has been discharged. He now wants a clearance for an American port in ballast. 'Quick trip,' says the official with a wink, as he makes out the new documents. Equipped for emergencies, the skipper puts out. If he is suspected at sea he has perfectly straightforward papers. Having sold his liquor, the ship can impudently steer her way to an American port in ballast, with papers to support her statement that she had sailed without cargo."

It is the British flag that makes rum-running possible. No American boat can carry rum in any waters, and accordingly all the liquor boats out of Nassau go away with the Union Jack fluttering at the stern. That fine sense of honor among nations by which one nation is supposed to have respect for the flag of another is turned into a base plan for helping to break American laws. Every penny made in that way is a nail in Britain's coffin.

So great is the trade off the Jersey coast that it was reported in November, 1922, that at one time there were 100 liquor vessels lying in Rum Row and that 35,000 cases of liquor were landed in one night on the Jersey coast. One of the staple industries of Nassau is sewing the liquor flasks into cloth jackets, for greater convenience in handling over the ship's side in the open roadstead.

Big Boats Direct

BESIDES the liquor which is shipped into Rum Row from Nassau there are the big vessels which sail direct from Glasgow or London to Rum Row. They are under bond to deliver their cargoes elsewhere, but find it profitable to forfeit bonds and even to sink the ships after the cargoes are sold.

Acting as a booze merchant in Rum Row is a dangerous business on account of American hijackers. A hijacker is another name for a pirate. Armed to the teeth a squad of hijackers will board a rum vessel and take all its rum and all its money too, and if resisted will not hesitate to take life.

On one occasion a rum schooner came back to Nassau with every man on board wearing handcuffs. The schooner had fallen into the hands of hijackers who had taken everything they had and left them with handcuffed hands

to make their way painfully back as best they could. The way of the transgressor is hard.

It is not only from Nassau and from the transatlantic rum carriers that Britain is getting rum into the United States. The province of Quebec, Canada, imported during 1921 more whisky than had been imported in that province during the entire ten years preceding. It need hardly be added that most of this liquor finds its way into the United States. It is estimated that at least a thousand cases come across the line near Detroit every twenty-four hours.

United States government officials have estimated that international bootleggers, as they are called, smuggle into the United States nine million gallons of intoxicants each month. Britain may know or may not know that the very powerful interests in the United States that succeeded in having prohibition adopted are circulating literature urging nothing more nor less than war between the two countries as the only way of bringing Britain to her senses. But some in Britain are beginning to think seriously on the subject and the *London Daily News* says:

"We cannot think that many English men and women, whatever their views on the temperance question, can read without a certain shame the record of these remarkable transactions. We cannot at all wonder that the majority of Americans hear it with growing indignation. The merits or otherwise of Prohibition as a policy have very little to do with the question. Here is a law passed by the Legislature of the United States, with the undoubted assent and support of the majority of Americans; and a considerable number of British subjects devote their whole energies to defeating it by every artifice that craft can suggest and bold men be found to execute, sucking enormous profit out of the enterprise, and doing it all under cover of the British flag. Technically, whisky-running to America may be as lawful as it is undoubtedly profitable: we suppose, in fact, it is so far as this country is concerned. But it is not pleasant to think of the British flag being used as a mere cover for the drink smuggler, which, after all, legal or not, is what these people are."

War not Impossible

THE Anti-Saloon League, which was the direct agency that brought about prohibition in the United States, is out with a book from which we quote some belligerent passages:

"The international situation presented now as a result of the adoption of prohibition by the United States of America is far different from that presented more than

a hundred years ago in America's effort to prohibit the slave trade, since every great nation of the earth is now committed to the policy of protecting and promoting the interests of the liquor traffic, both national and international. It is self-evident, therefore, that the American foreign policy in dealing with the international smuggling of intoxicating liquors, must be a very much stronger policy than that which was required in the case of the African slave trade.

"The situation which presents itself today in small countries like Iceland, Norway, and Finland, is worthy of most careful consideration, especially in view of the fact that the international difficulties arising in those countries in connection with the handling of the liquor problem are directly due to the fact that those countries have followed the example of the states or the federal government of the United States of America and have adopted prohibition.

"American patriotism means that the American citizen who professes and practises that virtue must be willing to promote, to fight for, to live for, and if need be to die for, those things which are recognized as fundamental and essential in American civilization. Among those great fundamentals first and foremost is the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which means, the right of all men to be free and to enjoy the privileges of life and happiness whether they happen to be born in New York city, in Australia, or in India. Another one of the great fundamentals is that of popular government—government of the people, by the people and for the people, to which the signers of the Declaration of Independence pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. The very spirit of Americanism precludes the possibility of placing geographical limitations on such rights and privileges. The policy of the American Government for the last one hundred and thirty years in its foreign relations has been to insist upon the recognition of the fundamentals of the American Constitution when such fundamentals have been espoused by small nations.

"Spain, by the use of economic weapons, has compelled Iceland to suspend her prohibition of the liquor traffic, for one year. Spain's pressure upon Iceland in this connection was just as threatening as if she had surrounded Iceland with her warships. By this action, under threat of what practically meant starvation to the fish industry, which is the principal sustaining industry of Iceland, Spain has absolutely disregarded the right of self-determination of small nations and has compelled Iceland to accept Spanish wines against the protest of her people and the attitude of her own legislative body. There is no clearer case in modern history, of the coercion of a small nation by a larger and stronger nation.

"The same situation now threatens in the case of Norway, where national prohibition has been decreed by majority vote of the citizens of that country. France,

Spain and Portugal have abrogated their trade treaties with Norway and are demanding that the will of the Norwegian people be overridden and that the national Parliament of Norway refuse to obey the instructions of the people, under threat of national economic boycott, in the interest of French, Spanish and Portuguese wines. This action is in full harmony with the policy which has been pursued by France in other cases, one of the most outstanding of which was Finland, where prohibition, twice before adopted by the national legislative body, was defeated by French threats of economic boycott.

"If the United States Government was justified in the Monroe Doctrine to protect American governmental ideals in South and Central America in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, what about the case of Iceland, Norway and Finland in this the first quarter of the twentieth century, when these countries are struggling to uphold the ideals represented in that portion of our sacred charter known as the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution? If the Monroe Doctrine was justified in its day, and if the consistent foreign policy of the United States Government from the days of Washington down to the present time has been justified, then the hour has already struck for a new declaration and a new application of an old principle in American foreign relations, for the protection of the new ideals which the American people have incorporated into fundamental law."

The foregoing passages are nicely stated, but their meaning is not at all obscure. They mean to convey the idea that the United States should not hesitate to face a whisky world in arms in order to defend its prohibition policy, not only on its own shores but even in Iceland, Norway, or Finland. We may add that Poland is also mentioned in the book, it having recently adopted prohibition. Russia is not mentioned; but Russia has been dry as a bone for many years.

MAN, generally, has been in the dark; he has been experimenting with imperfect tools and materials; his knowledge has been limited to his environment. But romance, curiosity and adventure have sent him over hills and mountains, through valleys and quicksands, across deserts and seas—combating wild beasts, wild men, disease and starvation. In the conquest he has erected a commercial and political structure which has become topheavy. He has not been staying "within the bounds of established facts." But a better day is coming. Experimentation gives place to reality. Christ's kingdom is the long-looked-for dominion in which the desire of all nations shall come.

Man, Wonderful Man! (A Satire) *By F. C. Benjamin*

MAN, Wonderful Man! Supreme ruler of the universe and vicegerent of the heavens (!), thy achievements are indeed wonderful (!). When one stops long enough in this day and age to look back to the beginning, as taught by many, and then follows the steps of man up through the ages to the present, we must admit that his achievements ~~are~~ wonderful. Then as one follows him on into the future that he has prepared for himself, it is certainly beyond comprehension to fully appreciate and understand his greatness, and one can but exclaim: Man, Wonderful Man! He not only makes the earth his footstool, but towers among the planets, and rests his palm on the moon.

Man has destined himself not only to build up, improve manage and control this universe, but to build up other vast universes for himself, far greater and more glorious than any work he has here achieved or attempted.

Consider the foundation and commencement of man, as he sometimes explains it; and follow his jumps from inorganic to organic substance, from jelly-fish, flying-fish, hop-toad, and on through the fishes and reptiles, changing himself from a cold-blooded reptile to a warm-blooded animal, doing such cunning little tricks as picking the eyes out of cocoanuts and drinking the fluid for life sustenance, suspending himself by his long flexible tail, and proving it all by the fact that some of him are doing it yet.

And then by a simple little twist of the wrist—no, of the hips—he again revised his bone construction, discarded his tail, stood and walked erect, lived in caves and cliffs instead of tree-tops, and later built mud-huts; and now he lives in mansions of stone, cement, brick and steel of his own construction.

Having acquired and developed speech, which he now flashes around the world in seconds, he rides under the depths and through the air at will. Yet man has left no trail that he can follow positively to the source of his commencement as taught by many of the intelligent (!), both in and out of his schools and colleges.

Taking all the numerous accomplishments that man has acquired into consideration, with such a beginning, is it vain to contemplate his aspirations and ultimate destination? He expects to make an angel of himself, to pass through space at the rate of a billion miles or more a second, to alight on the banks of silver-

lined clouds, to thrum golden harps, to discourse sweet music and to remodel himself (again), into such a glorious thing that everything else will hail him as the supreme thing that built himself from mud-puppy to the great conqueror and supreme product of all creation.

Vain and glorious, wonderful man! what an achievement! And well may all bow low to thee; for hast not thou done all this of thyself, as well as built a whole universe of hell-fire and brimstone, a place of eternal torment for thy fellow man who may not have believed thy bombast, or have paid tribute to thy lust, or been quite so fortunate in building himself to thy high estate?

Man, wonderful man! Look at the generosity, love, wisdom, and consideration that individual man has developed for the good of his fellow man! Collectively there are millions of him; and has he not selected his own kith, kin, and creed from this vast horde of beggars and sinners to enjoy the future glory and power he has provided and ordained for himself? Has he not also provided an everlasting warm place for his less fortunate (!) fellow man, that he also may have everlasting life (in torment) and "not surely die" like a yellow dog? Man, wonderful man! To have been so considerate for thy life-servant who has provided the wherewithal to supply thy wants but made such a blooming failure in endeavoring to lift himself out of the slime and mire that lust for temporal power here caused him to live in; such kindness, such love! Wonderful! (Better had the poor dubb remained a mud-puppy.)

Is there any place of honor, or power, or throne that man's ambition and selfishness will not attempt to usurp and occupy? Can there be anything that man will not achieve? Will not man's egotism always dominate? An inorganic substance that had no beginning but just lifted himself by his own efforts out of the slimy depths, that just naturally were, into the silver-lined clouds, that also just naturally are, surely can have no limits. Man, wonderful man! Where is thine equal!

Thou most vain, egotistical, ambitious, selfish, tyrannical, pompous, inglorious sinner of all creation, well it is that thou art instructed to remove the beam from thine own eye before attempting to remove the mote from thy brother's eye. Thou hast builded temples of glory

for thine own covering, and prison houses of torment for thy fellow man.

Thou hast harnessed the horse, the ox, the ass, the dog, the goat and the flivver to thy will. Thou hast built thyself a calf of gold, and enslaved and debased thy fellow man for thy worldly profit. Thou hast charged usury, and formed customs that are an abomination. All this hast thou done, and stood brazenly before thine own altar and demanded that thou be worshipped.

Man, wonderful man! Thine inconsistency is incomprehensible. Thou hast in thine imagination created affliction and distress and the whole universe of eternal damnation for all that will not pay tribute to thy selfish greed and grant thee powers that thou hast claimed and attempted to usurp.

Man, wonderful man! "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who

hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof? . . . Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place? . . . Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? . . . Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? or who hath given understanding to the heart? . . . Have the gates of death opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?"

Man, wonderful man The vanity of thy egotism is apparent; "for shall the work say of him that made it, He made me not? or shall the thing framed say of him that framed it, He had no understanding?"

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be WILLING AND OBEDIENT, ye shall eat the good of the land."

Smashing Blow to Hypocrisy

UNDER the above title the *Trenton Evening Times*, of last November 7th, goes after the preachers for meddling in politics in that community. There is getting to be more and more disrespect for the men of the cloth, and deservedly so. They have not enough of their own business to take care of, and so they must busybody. The Bible has become to them a dry, uninteresting book. They see nothing in it; so they must busy themselves with something else. The preachers wanted to close everything down tight on Sundays: Play houses, amusement parks, baseball, etc.—everything except bootlegging, as the prohibition issue did not enter into the election to any appreciable extent.

The Republicans have about 5,000 majority in the county normally. The preachers backed by the Trenton Council of Churches fixed the platform and helped to select candidates for the winning side. But this time the winning side lost in practically a clean sweep for the Democrats, as against the preacher ring. In the above mentioned article it says:

"Trenton is not to have the gloomy old-fashioned Puritanical Sunday, after all. By a two-to-one vote the sane people of this community have entered their

emphatic protest against the parading of Hypocrisy and Intolerance, disguised in the livery of God." "Of course there is not the slightest danger of Trenton having a Continental Sunday—that is, a wide-open European let-down. But the voters want decent relaxation for the poor as well as the rich. Clergymen who substitute politics for religion in their sermons might as well recognize the fact that they cannot force their peculiar kind of narrow morals on the people at large." "The *Trenton Times* frankly believes that every decent means should be taken to give the people at large a chance for a less stupid Sunday. And certainly there is no more harm in professional baseball than in golf or automobile racing or scandal-mongering, or the other active Sunday recreations of so many of the Pharisees." The *Times* says further: "If some statesman only had the courage to force the proper regulation of the use of alcohol, there might be a return to the sane reforms that were under way when the hired fanatics [preachers] put over the present crime-provoking scheme [prohibition]."

When people begin to think for themselves, it is a healthy sign. Too long the Cloth has done the thinking, the advising, the leading into darkness. A sorry day it will be for the preacher when his job is gone—when his stewardship is taken away; and he will say: "I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed."—Luke 16:3.

Peace Songs for Children *By Alice Park*

DISARMING the nursery of military toys which teach young children their first lessons in war, and which therefore make the deepest and most lasting impression upon their minds, has been widely recommended by international peace organizations and by teachers of young children, as well as by parents.

There are other nursery influences as dangerous as toy guns. It is high time to disarm the nursery and school of military songs. The influence of such songs is as deep and as lasting as that of military toys.

First impressions are hard to uproot. But the songs about army and navy forever, and bombs bursting in air, are so familiar to all that many people fail to recognize their true character as lessons in wholesale murder and delight in warfare.

The earliest song the writer remembers is the song the French girl Jeannette sings to her soldier lover Jeannot, as he leaves for the war. Its last lines are:

"Oh, if I were Queen of France,
Or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home!
All the world should be at peace;

Or if kings must show their might,
Then let those who make the quarrels
Be the only ones to fight;
Yes, let those who make the quarrels
Be the only ones to fight."

When anyone wishes to arrange a program for peace exercises for schools, it is extremely difficult to find appropriate songs in the ordinary books. The demand has been for war songs, and therefore the books fit the demand. A new demand for peace songs will result in their creation and eventually in familiarity with them.

As admiration for war and for those who fight has been deliberately and systematically cultivated, so now peace education may be intelligently and profitably cultivated.

Music has always been recognized as stimulating to the emotions and so to action. It has been used in all countries to allure and to stir soldiers, and even to prepare the future generation to be soldiers.

Songs can be used and should be used to teach all children a belief in peace, the benefits of peace, the human happiness of peace, as well as an enthusiasm for peace and individual pledges to live for peace.

Is the United States a Christian Nation? *By Chas. Henry East*

"Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is LIBERTY."—*St. Paul.*

WITH the introduction of 2 Corinthians 3:17 (as above) I would like to call attention to an incident which occurred during 1921. That prince of humorists—and at the same time logician—George Bernard Shaw, on being invited to the United States replied in this fashion:

"No! I know when I am safe; and that is out of America. You remember what I made the kaiser say in my war play: 'The statue of Liberty is in its proper place—on Liberty's tomb.' Was I wrong? What a country! Afraid of Debs and proud of Dempsey! It's too silly."

The English poet, William Watson, thinking along the same line, writes:

"Proud thing of fame,
How strange at last thy doom;
Liberty's image—
Left to adorn her tomb."

So Englishmen ridicule American liberty! I have before me as I write a thirty-two-page pamphlet, a page for a prisoner, which someone has sent me. The pamphlet is styled "Public Opinion" and contains over sixty editorials from the daily press, secular and religious magazines, advocating the release of the thirty-two political prisoners who until recently were held in Leavenworth penitentiary and who were sentenced under the infamous Espionage Act, long since suspended until the next war.

Knowing that THE GOLDEN AGE has been a consistent pleader for the release of politicals—though, of course, for broader humanitarian and Christian reasons—I decided that if you would permit me I would like to set down these facts, and also some figures that have come to my attention.

Interesting Figures on Mentality

THE figures that I have reference to are Army records which show the mental status of the men of the army at the time they were called into service. According to Dr. William J. Mayo's figures the result of the mental examination shows the following:

Class A men, mental age 18 or over,	4.1% or 150,000
Class B men, " " 16 to 18	8.0% or 300,000
Class C plus, " " 14 to 16	15.2% or 540,000
Class C, " " 13 to 14	25.0% or 750,000
Class C minus, " " 11 to 13	23.0% or 600,000
Class D, " " 9 to 11	17.0% or 450,000
Class D minus, " " 7 to 9	7.7% or 210,000
	100.0% 3,000,000

Mr. Edward A. Lincoln, himself an army examiner, writing in *The Nation* for November 7, commenting on the army reports, says:

"There is a chapter in this report which deals with military offenders, and in this chapter may be found the intelligence records made by the conscientious objectors who were confined in the army prison at Leavenworth. These records, shown in the accompanying table, indicate that the religious and political objectors stand out intelligently as a separate race. 'A' grades were three times as frequent among the religious objectors as the general run of the draft army, and among the political objectors the 'A' grades were ten times as frequent.

In 'B' grades also these groups show themselves far superior to their fellows in the army:

	Grade 'B'	Grade 'A'
White draft army	8.0%	4.1%
Religious objectors	15.1%	12.8%
Political objectors	13.2%	89.3%

"In their education there is also an indication of the superiority of the conscientious objectors as shown by the following:

	High School graduate	College graduate	College post-graduate
White draft army, native born	4.1%	1.1%	0.1%
Religious objectors	5.3%	1.5%	1.5%
Political objectors	9.2%	2.2%	2.2%

"Here was a group of men, small to be sure, but endowed with superior mental ability, and possessed of superior education. Their qualifications were such that we should have looked to them for guidance and leadership; yet their lot was persecution, imprisonment, torture, and even death."

In view of these facts and figures, why did this Government keep these men in prison over five years? Would a Christian nation hard-heartedly hold them in prison year after year, deaf to all appeals?

In answer I would repeat a Scripture text and add another: "Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is LIBERTY"; and "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

Bees and Apiculture By H. E. Coffey

HONEY-BEES are insects belonging to the order *Hymenoptera*. Their body is supported by an external skeleton of horny substance, called chitine, covered with hairs which serve as organs of touch. The body of the bee is divided into three sections: The head; the thorax, bearing the wings and legs; and the abdomen, containing the honey-sack, stomach, bowels, and main breathing organs.

The bee has five eyes. On each side of the head is a large composite eye made up of 6,300 six-sided facets. These two composite eyes enable the bee to see objects at a long distance and easily to find its way home. The three small *ocelli*, Maurice Girard of Paris claims, are for use inside the hive and to enable the bee to distinguish objects at short distances.

The lungs of the bee consist of aerial tubes,

mostly in the abdomen. By means of valvular muscles the amount of air which these tubes contain can be regulated and thus the insect can control its specific gravity. Before flying the bee takes in a certain amount of air.

The blind naturalist, Francois Huber, of Geneva, discovered that bees feel, smell and hear through their antennae. For a more complete description of the organs of the bee the reader is referred to any of the many works on the anatomy of the honey-bee.

Three Kinds of Bees in a Colony

BEES do not live alone but in colonies or hives. During the Summer season there will be found three kinds of bees in the normal colony: The drone or male bee; the queen or

female bee; and the worker bee or sterile female.

The drones are larger than the worker bees, and when in the air make a loud and distinct noise. They do not sting. It takes only 2,000 of them to make a pound, while it takes, according to L'Abbe Collin, 5,100 worker bees to make a pound. A good colony may contain 50,000 bees.

The drones are very hearty eaters and usually void their dejections in the hive. The worker bees retain theirs until on the wing. Before the coming of Winter the worker bees drive all the drones from the hive; and since they are not allowed to reënter, they soon die of starvation. This sounds not unlike the driving of Adam from the garden of Eden.

The queen is long and slender, and is easily recognized since she is so different from any other bees in the colony. Except in rare instances only one queen will be found in a hive. During the breeding season a good queen will lay and deposit eggs to the number of 3,500 per day.

Mr. Dadant of Illinois observed a queen lay six eggs in a minute. If a hen could be made to do this it would take a ravenous eater to keep up with her. It takes twenty-one days for the bees' eggs to hatch and develop into full-grown bees. Therefore a strong colony will, in a good season, have 73,500 cells occupied with brood. It takes 90,000 queen eggs to occupy a cubic inch; and these weigh 270 grains.

Thus a good queen deposits every day between six and nine grains of rich tissue-forming matter. Assuming that she lays only six grains of eggs per day, this would mean that she lays twice her own weight each day, or more accurately four times, since half her weight was eggs to begin with. Proof of the above was made by Cheshire years ago.

Whenever our poultry experts succeed in perfecting a hen that can equal the queen bee, then there will never be any more danger of a food shortage. This may be accomplished in earth's new day, the Golden age.

The queen lays two kinds of eggs, fertilized and unfertilized. The former egg produces the worker or queen, while the latter produces the male bee only. Proof of this has been determined by microscopic examination. None of our scientific men have been able to explain how

this can be done; hence I will leave this puzzle for the ancient worthies to unravel in the near future, when they are resurrected.

The queen may live and do good work for four years, which is a long span compared with the average life of the worker, which lives only three weeks during the honey flow. In poetic language Romaine Van de Poele has described the toilsome lot of the queen, which takes away some of its legendary charm:

"Workers, O sisters, striving near,
Envy not me whom ye serve here,
Queen but in name. A slave, I fill
The endless cradles of your will.
Proudly I soared up to the sun,
And with my lover bold was one.
But for that rapturous moment I
Burdens must bear, and prisoner die.
You may fare forth to nectar sip
On many a soft and bloomy lip;
May rest on many a golden heart,
Causing its flow'ry dreams to start.
Workers, O sisters, striving near,
Envy not me whom ye serve here.
Queen am I none; I strive to fill
The endless cradles of your will,
No more the blue, where you take flight,
Only my dreams and endless night."

Every worker could have developed into a queen had it been given the privilege. After the worker larvæ are three days old, the nurse bees begin feeding them a coarser food than that given the queen larva. This delays their growth five days.

The worker bee does all the work to be done in a beehive. She gathers the honey, builds comb as needed, carries the water, nurses the young, attacks and drives away enemies, and in warm weather keeps a steady current of air flowing both in and out of the hive to keep down the temperature; and in winter, also, she must keep the temperature normal. Thus in the beehive the "women" (workers) do all the work, while the "men" (drones) do nothing but loaf around and eat.

The worker bee is very self-sacrificing. She will starve to death herself before she will let the queen starve. In a number of instances where hives have become short on stores in the Spring the queen alone has been found alive. In proof of this I quote from the *London Quarterly Review*:

"A hive having early exhausted its stores was found . . . one morning. . . . The comb was empty, and the only symptom of life was the poor queen herself, 'unfriendly, melancholy, slow,' crawling over the honeyless cells, a sad spectacle of the fall of bee-greatness. Marius among the ruins of Carthage—Napoleon at Fontainebleau—was nothing to this."

Races of Bees

THOMAS JEFFERSON in his "Notes on Virginia" claims that the honey-bee is not a native of America. Tradition holds that it was brought from Europe; but when and by whom is not known. When John Eliot translated the Bible into the language of the aborigines of North America he could find no words to express the terms honey and wax.

Bees were imported into Florida previous to 1763, and appeared in Kentucky in 1780, and in New York in 1793. These bees are the same as the common bee of Europe and come under the scientific term, *Apis Mellifica*. They are black or grayish in color. They are found in Central Europe and throughout America. However, these bees are being fast supplanted by the Italian bee—*Apis Ligustica*.

Italian bees were first imported to another country by Captain Baldestein of Switzerland. These bees were first imported into America in 1859 by Mr. Wagner and Mr. Richard Colvin, of Baltimore, who secured them from Dzizeron's apiary in Austria. The Italian bee is much more industrious and easier handled than the black bee.

The Carnolian bee was introduced into this country in 1884. It has not become very widely distributed, although it is said to possess many good traits. A stingless bee is said to exist in Mexico and South America. Mr. Benton once tried to import from India some giant bees which he claims build their comb five to six feet in length and from three to four feet wide. Other races of bees are the Caucasians, Banats, Tunisians, Egyptians, Cyprians, and Syrians.

Bees Will Sting

THE bee might easily take first place as the universal favorite among insects if it could be rid of one bad habit, that of stinging. The gentle race of Italian bees rarely sting if properly approached and handled. The experienced bee-man may go through a whole season without being stung.

However, there are times when bees sting worse than at other times: During a dearth of nectar, when robbing gets started in the apiary, when it is damp and cloudy, and early in the Spring. Bees seem to sting some people more than others. Those who are afraid of bees and who stand at a good distance from the hive are more liable to be stung than is the one who is opening the hive. The old English writer, Butler, gives some good advice to those who handle bees. He says, quoting from "Columella":

"If thou wilt have the favor of thy bees, that they sting thee not, thou must avoid such things as offend them: thou must not be unchaste or uncleanly; for impurity and sluttiness (themselves being most chaste and neat) they utterly abhor; thou must not come among them smelling of sweat (this is important), or having a stinking breath. . . . Thou must not come puffing or blowing among them, neither hastily stir among them, nor resolutely defend thyself when they seem to threaten thee; but softly move thy hand before thy face, gently put them by."

The same writer says further:

"If you want to catch any of the bees, make a bold sweep at them with your hand; and if you catch them without pressing them, they will not sting. I have so caught three or four at a time. If you want to do anything to a single bee, catch him 'as if you loved him,' between your finger and thumb, where the tail joins to the body, and he cannot hurt you."

This writer neglected to mention that the bee cannot sting so long as the breath is held; for this closes the pores of the skin. If there is a "doubting Thomas" among my readers let him try it.

A horse when assailed by bees is often killed. Mr. Chas. Dadant says that "instead of running away, like other animals, it will plunge and kick until it falls overpowered." "We know," he says further, "of a horse, which happened to be loose in a bee-yard, that was attacked by a few bees. In trying to defend himself against them by kicking and rolling he upset one hive and then another, till tens of thousands of bees assailed him; and the poor animal was stung to death before his owner could come to the rescue." The horse might have lived if proper treatment had been administered.

Mr. Chalon Fowls, of Ohio, had a horse stationed among the hives. He began to plunge and kick; and before Mr. Fowls could get to him the horse was literally covered with stings. He unhitched and led the animal away, and

called for a boiler of hot water. Cloths wrung from this hot water were applied to the trembling horse; and Mr. Fowls says that in a few moments his agony was relieved. Soon the horse was as well as ever.

To show the value of bees in defensive warfare Della Rocca tells of how a small corsair equipped with only forty or fifty men was pursued and overtaken by a Turkish galley. As the Turks boarded her the sailors threw some beehives from the masts down into the galley. The Turks were defenseless against the bees, while the men of the corsair were equipped with masks and gloves and easily took possession of the galley.

It is said that once when Amurat, emperor of Turkey, was besieging Alba, he ordered the Janissaries, his bravest troops, to clear a breach, which had been made in the wall, of some beehives. The troops refused.

The queen bee rarely if ever stings. However, there are exceptions to almost all rules, as the following quotation from Mr. W. A. H. Gilstrap of California proves:

"Once a very young virgin queen that stung me was well developed and later proved to be a good queen for business. The other virgin, also very young, that stung me was from a good-looking cell."

In the dawning New Era we may expect the bee to lose the desire to sting; and then the saying will be: "O Bee, where is thy sting?"

Modern Apiary Equipment

THE modern bellows bee smoker, invented by Quinby, has aided wonderfully in the development of modern apiculture. With it the most irritable colony of bees can be frightened into submission. The smoke causes them to gorge with honey, and a full bee like a full man is not inclined to fight. Bees can also be frightened by a carbolized sheet placed over the hive.

The modern beehive was the invention of L. L. Langstroth, a Congregationalist minister. He was granted a patent to his invention; but subsequent infringements and lawsuits deprived him of all the profits from the invention. Mr. Langstroth's constructive work in bee culture, I am sure, overbalances all the negative results of his preaching. (Some of the intelligent ministers, as he, would no doubt make good bee-keepers; but many of the more stupid type who cannot yet distinguish between the Father,

the Son and the holy spirit would doubtless accomplish more as agrarian swains.)

The modern beehive is so constructed that each comb can be removed without disturbing any of the other combs of the hive. The lower compartment of the hive is called the brood chamber. The surplus honey which the colony produces is stored in the upper story above the brood nest. All the bees may be removed from this super by means of a bee escape being placed between it and the brood nest in the evening and left there until morning.

Comb foundation, which was invented by Johannes Mehring, of Germany, enables the apiarist to force the bees to build straight combs in the frame hive. Recently aluminum honeycomb has been placed on the market to take the place of foundation. It possesses many advantages over wax honeycomb in that it will not melt down in warm weather; it cannot be destroyed by web-works; it saves the bees much labor, as it takes about ten pounds of honey to make a pound of wax; it prevents the rearing of drones, etc.

In 1865 Major de Husckka of Dolo, Italy, invented "*Il Smelatore*," the honey-extractor. This is a machine which separates the honey from the comb by centrifugal force after the cappings have been removed by a knife. After passing through the machine the combs may be returned to the bees to be refilled. This saves them an immense amount of labor, and enables them to produce much more honey than where they are compelled to build a new set of combs each time the honey is taken from them.

Since the advent of the honey-extractor beekeepers are enabled to produce honey by the ton and to sell it at only a few cents a pound.

Many less essential inventions than the foregoing have been placed on the market. Some of them are: The wax press, the capping melter, the electric wire imbedder, the steam and electric uncapping knife, the solar wax extractor, the bee veil, and the swarm catcher.

Honey Production

WITH the modern inventions of our day bee-keeping has become a profitable commercial pursuit. Our census reports and the other statistics which we have at hand are not reliable in giving us an accurate idea of the extent of bee-keeping over the world. It is

known, however, that there are over 4,000,000 colonies of bees in the United States, worth something over \$10,000,000. Interest in this pursuit is steadily increasing everywhere.

Texas leads as a honey-producing state; but since Mr. J. S. Harbison introduced bees into California in 1857, the industry has made immense strides there. At that time he took 116 colonies from Pennsylvania by way of the Panama railroad to Sacramento. He lost six colonies, but was able to find a ready sale at \$100 per colony for those which he did not wish to keep.

The late Mr. E. W. Alexander, of Delanson, N. Y., kept 700 colonies in one apiary. This is the largest apiary in the world; and in a good season Mr. Alexander has harvested 70,000 pounds of honey from it. Mr. Kirkpatrick harvested 1,320 pounds of honey from eleven colonies, all of which they stored in eleven days. Last year in South Dakota Mr. Morgan made an average of 616 sections (one pound each) from his apiary, Spring count.

We can appreciate better the immense amount of work these figures represent when we learn that one bee must make 55,000 round trips to bring one pound of honey to the hive, and that this pound of sweet represents the collected nectar from more than 600,000 separate blossoms.

How Increase is Made

IN YEARS past the bee-keeper made increase by allowing his bees to swarm. Hiving these swarms was often difficult. Once a Mr. Foolkes, of Louisiana, had a swarm settle on a high limb of a tree. He placed a hive under the limb and used his shotgun to dislodge them. Accidentally a shot hit the queen's wing, clipping it; and she fell to the ground with the swarm, and was hived.

There is a superstition that the beating of tin-pans will make a swarm settle. However, this is like many other false suppositions and deserves with the hellfire and other such superstitions to be dropped from the memory of man.

The bee-keeper now prevents his bees from swarming by giving them sufficient room and ventilation. The combs are also examined for queen cells in the Spring, and these are pinched off. Where the apiarist wishes to increase the number of his colonies he may divide them by the Pellett method, the Alexander method, the

shake-swarming method, or by some other modern way.

Queen-Rearing a Separate Pursuit

ALONG with the increase in honey production has come an increase in queen-rearing. The honey producer, as a rule, is too busy to rear his own queens, and hence purchases them from a large breeder at one dollar each, in most cases. Every other year he re-queens his colonies so as to insure that each colony has a strong and vigorous queen.

Last year the Stover Apiaries, of Mississippi, reared 17,000 queens; and there are other breeders throughout the United States who produce like numbers. These queens are reared in small nuclei hives about one-third as large as the standard hive. After they have mated in these hives and have begun laying, they are ready to ship.

For shipment the queens, with about twelve worker bees, are placed in a small mailing cage which contains queen-cage candy, made from honey and sugar. If the worker bees were not placed with the queen, she would die in a few hours. Queens have been sent in mailing cages from Boston to China, and from Italy to Hamilton, Illinois, and other places.

Honey producers in the North often want bees as well as queens, and the nuclei and pound package business has developed along with the queen business. Mr. Ault, of Texas, ships thousands of pounds of bees each year to his customers in the North and in Canada; and many other Southern breeders are finding this business profitable. Bees usually sell for three dollars per pound.

Diseases and Other Enemies of Bees

THE bee in some localities has never been affected by disease, but in many localities foul brood has wrought havoc to the industry and practically destroyed many large apiaries. Dr. White, of Washington, discovered that there are two kinds of foul brood—American and European. American is the more difficult to cure; and in order to rid an apiary of it, all the brood of the colony in which it exists must be destroyed. European foul brood may be cured by removing the queen from the colony until time has been given to clean the combs of all dead larva.

In the warm region of Italy lice are found on bees. In New Zealand and other parts of the world bees have been attacked by a paralysis often called the Isle of Wight disease. Where colonies are weak they may succumb to the attacks of the bee-moth, which burrows into their combs and destroys them.

Where the entrance to the hive is too large, mice sometimes enter and do much damage. Very few birds are fond of bees; but the king-bird is said to devour them by the scores. The garden toad has often been observed eating bees. Bears are fond of honey, and often destroy beehives to obtain their favorite sweet. A Muscovite ambassador to Rome relates the following amusing incident:

"A neighbor of mine in searching in the woods for honey, slipped down into a great hollow tree, and there sank into a lake of honey up to the breast.

"After he had been there two days a bear came to the rescue. To get the honey the bear lowered himself into the tree. The man grabbed the bear, and frightened the animal.

"The man held on; and the bear pulled, until with main force he had drawn the man out of the mire; and then being let go, away he trotted, more afraid than hurt, leaving the smeared swain in a joyful fear."

Ants often frequent around beehives, but except in tropical countries they rarely do any damage.

Honey (the Original Sweet) Its Food Value

CENTURIES before the first sugar refinery was built, Jacob sent to his unrecognized son, the chief ruler of Egypt, some honey together with some other items. (Genesis 43:11) The phrase, "a land flowing with milk and honey," is frequently used in the old Testament.

(Exodus 3:8, 17; 13:5; Deuteronomy 6:3; 11:9; 27:3; Joshua 5:6, etc.) John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus, lived on locusts and wild honey.—Matthew 3:4.

Many of the Egyptian tombs have been found to contain honey. In the British Museum on the sarcophagus containing the mummified remains of King Mycerinus will be found a hieroglyphic bee. The ancient Greeks were fond of honey.

Today honey is coming to be recognized as a valuable sweet. It contains vitamine B, which is claimed to be a sure protection against anemia and beri-beri.

When Augustus Cæsar dined with Pollio Rumilius on his hundredth birthday the Emperor inquired how he preserved his vigor of mind and body. Pollio replied: "*Interius melle, exterius oleo*"—Internally by honey, externally by oil.

Cakes made with honey will not become hard with age; for honey absorbs moisture from the air. Honey vinegar is superior to all other kinds of vinegar, including wine vinegar. In Denmark and Hanover girls having chlorosis are sent to the country to take exercise and eat honey.

This would doubtless also be a sure cure for the gout, to which many "Doctors of Divinity" are subjected. According to Mr. Woiblet washing the hands with honey-sweetened water will kill warts. The writer believes that this gentleman may be as infallible as the Pope.

Honey will no doubt be one of the perfect foods of the Golden age. When made from perfect flowers by perfect bees it will surely be the sweet of sweets.

Answers from the Street

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York paper went forth with his camera not long ago, and as he approached people he propounded this question: "Does the fear of eternal punishment deter us from wrongdoing more than man-made laws?" Those answering would then pose for the picture. The answers were about evenly divided between "yes" and "no."

But their reasons show the great necessity for a knowledge of the truth of the Bible—not one of them setting forth the truth on the subject. Perhaps, if any did approximate the truth

his picture was not taken and his answer was passed by. Should we not be taught right principles so that rightdoing would be a matter of choice irrespective of any present or future reward?

Teaching the desirability of righteousness shall be the great work of the Millennium; and by its close no one will refrain from wrongdoing for fear of any punishment, but he will do right, do justly, love his neighbor as himself, for the love of it, for the real pleasure he can get out of it for himself.

Harnessed Air *By W. K. Jackson*

ANYONE at all interested in modern developments realizes the giant strides made during the past fifty years in invention. The wireless, telephone, sewing machines, locomotives, aeroplanes, and other various inventions have been perfected to the degree that they are considered indispensable.

As inventions are continually being brought into operation, we look for a time when the race will be independent. Some have suggested that when the Golden age opens up, they would not be surprised if man would have to work only four hours per day to accomplish his daily routine work.

We would say that four hours would be too many hours to spend in manual labor, if efforts continue to be made to lessen the amount of manual labor. An eight-hour day fifty years ago was unheard of. In fact, such a suggestion to an employer was almost an invitation for a time-check.

Foremost in the developments made during the past epoch of invention, is the wonderful uses to which the air is put. We all know what miracles "harnessed electricity" has done; but we have not given much thought to air, perhaps because it has not been called to our attention so forcibly as has electricity, which has its use in our homes to such a large extent.

Those who seldom have an opportunity to see "harnessed air" in operation would perhaps enjoy knowing what wonderful things air can accomplish when put to the test. An illustration with which we are all familiar would give a good introduction to this interesting subject.

Pneumatic tubes are in use in nearly every department store and in many of the smaller and exclusive stores as well, for making change, where the cashier is on the first floor and you are making a purchase on the top one.

But perhaps the tubes are better made use of in general offices and in telegraph offices. Where an office building is fourteen or fifteen stories high, the tubes are almost a necessity.

If an office located on the second story wishes to send a message to the top floor, the telephone could be used, it is true; but there would be the time consumed in getting connections, and then perhaps the message would be so long that it would take a great deal of time to give it over the phone. So what would be more convenient

than to slip the message into the tube, and your party would be reading it a few seconds later?

Compressed Air Has Many Uses

THERE are many places where air is used very extensively; one of these places is at a railroad shop. Not that air is used alone, but it is used along with the many other conveniences to "carry on."

If a person should go to a railroad shop on a visit, he would be surprised to see a "dead" locomotive put into motion by air being put into it. But this is done very often, especially when an engine has been standing outside the roundhouse for a considerable length of time, and must necessarily be brought in for repairs, or fired up to make inspection so that it can be placed in service.

Another engine can place the engine on the turntable; but after it is once on the table, and the table is set so that the engine can be placed in the roundhouse, about the only way an engine could be put into the house would be by "pinching it in" with bars, or as is usually done, by connecting an air hose to the engine, fill it with air, and then when the hose is disconnected, run the engine into the house on its own power, just as if it had steam pressure in the boiler.

If you should go into the roundhouse, you would see welders cutting through a thickness of steel by means of a good chisel inserted into an air-driven motor. Passing on a little further, you will see a boilermaker riveting some bolts on the outside of an engine with an air hammer. Previous to this he probably had cut out the old bolts by the same means, using a chisel. You might also see a machinist drilling a hole into the tank of an engine, preparatory to inserting some bolts.

Further down at the other end of the roundhouse, you might come across a crowd of men gathered around a flat car that has been brought into the house and is standing on one of the tracks, loaded with engine and tank wheels. You hear the sound of escaping steam, or what sounds as such to you; but really it is air escaping when the wheels being lifted from the car, by means of an overhead air-driven hoist, are lowered to the floor. You must keep at a safe distance from the work; for when in a railroad shop, "Safety First" is practised by all.

Leaving the roundhouse, and going to the repair track, where freight and passenger cars are given repairs, you notice an air crane loading and unloading car wheels to and from flat cars. After the wheels have been unloaded, a couple of men take a pair of them and push them down to a crossover track and stop, one of the men going over to a post, opening an air valve. The wheels being immediately over an air jack, it raises and lifts them from the ground, so that the other man can turn them and "line" them up with the crossover track he intends to use, after which the air is released and the wheels come down on the track and can be rolled to the end of the track.

Going down the track further, you see some men working on a coach. The coach has been placed directly over a pit which houses an immense air jack, used to lower wheels removed from coaches, without making it necessary to jack up the car. The old ones then can be repaired and replaced, or new ones applied.

A little further on a man is boring a hole through a plank of wood two inches thick. In less than half a minute, the hole is through, and he is starting another. This is made possible by the use of an air motor in which the motor bit is inserted.

Cleaning Cars with Sand

ON THE further side of the repair track, there appears to be a sand storm in progress, and you have the sensation of being on a desert. Sand is falling all around you, and you instinctively place your hands before your eyes to protect them. But an obliging guide hands you a pair of plain glass goggles, and you go on in safety as far as your eyes are concerned, but a good stiff brush will be necessary after you leave.

When you reach the track from whence all the sand is coming, you find a Negro with a long spout in his hand. A steady stream of sand is pouring out of the spout, and is concentrated on the metal frame of a ballast car used for loading sulphur. The man is gradually wearing away the rust that has accumulated; and when he has finished the car, the metal shines as if it had been polished.

Now, on the car he has just finished, another Negro is spraying the frame just made clean by the use of air-driven sand, or what is com-

monly called sandblast, with a fine coating of what is termed "cement," but which is really a paint that preserves the car for several years. Air is also used to drive this paint against the metal, and there is no spot that the paint does not touch.

Now leaving the repair track, and going over to the coach track where all passenger cars are cleaned and supplied before being placed in outgoing trains, you see men using air as a vacuum cleaner to clean out the coaches. Of course, this is a common use; but it is mentioned merely to let you see in how many different ways air is used at one place.

We are all familiar with the use to which air is put in connection with stopping trains in emergency. The air-braked trains have prevented many accidents that otherwise would have proved fatal.

Whitewashing by Means of Air

EVERYTHING mentioned heretofore happened in one day; in fact, it all happens nearly every day in every railroad shop. In the larger shops, this would not be a good description; for it would not cover half the uses to which air is put.

There are many other ways that air can be used, such as whitewashing the walls and roof of the roundhouse, which is done each year. One pipe serves as a container of the whitewash mixture, and another furnishes the air to spray the mixture. If the men desire to throw the spray a little further, all that is necessary is to turn on a little more air. Air is also used by the men in the machine shop each evening before quitting work, to blow off the machines, leaving them clean for the next day's work.

You might be inquisitive and wish to learn where all this air comes from. Surely you would expect to find a high-powered motor, perhaps an electric one, running continually to accomplish all this; but nothing so great as that is needed.

There are several large boilers in the boiler room, one of which is always fired up, of course at a minimum power at night on account of the decreased demand for its use. This boiler furnishes power to operate an air-compressor, which supplies the air used in the various parts of the shops.

A reservoir tank is placed immediately outside of the building, which is usually full of air; and even if the air-compressor had to be shut down for repairs, a sufficient amount of air is kept in this tank to last quite a while.

At about five o'clock the air-compressor automatically slows up, because the men discontinue to use the air, except for testing the air-lines on passenger trains. When an amount of air

has been used out of the reservoir, the compressor again starts operating until it refills the tank to capacity.

There are various other things which could be mentioned that would show us what "harnessed air" can accomplish; but what has been written will give a very good idea. We wonder if the "miracles" mentioned should not make us rejoice in the results obtained.

Canned Whole Wheat *By May Darrow*

AS WHEAT is robbed of much of its nutritious value in bread making, and as wheat in itself contains most of the elements of which our bodies are composed, we have sought a method by which all of the wheat value is retained in our food. We recommend the following:

All that is needed for canning whole wheat is a supply of good air-tight glass jars, a wash-boiler (with wooden rack for bottom of boiler to place jars upon), and the wheat itself.

If one uses quart jars a common-sized boiler will hold from twelve to fourteen jars. If pint jars are used, it will hold from sixteen to eighteen. A pint will serve six people.

In wheat there is more or less chaff and foreign seeds. Remove the seeds before wheat is dampened. We take two or three quarts of wheat at a time and wash it. Use a dish large enough so that there will be two or three inches of water above the wheat. The chaff will come to the top on stirring, then the water can be poured off. Do this at least twice and you will find the wheat very clean.

Now fill your jars good half-full of the washed wheat. To each quart jar add one teaspoonful of salt and fill with cold water.

Place the cover on the jar the same as for any cold-packed fruit. Place jars in the boiler on the rack. Cover jars with cold water. After it begins to boil cook for six hours. When you take them from the boiler be sure that the jars are sealed air-tight. Place them in a cool place for future use.

With good whole milk this canned wheat is delicious; and with toast and coffee it makes a good breakfast. This process is very much better than the old way of cooking it in a kettle.

"Peace, Be Still!" *By Irene Armstrong*

I stand beside fair Galilee.
A sudden tempest sweeps the sea.
I see a vessel's straitened sail;
I see a crew, whose efforts fail
To bring her safely thro' the gale.
And One I see who seems to sleep,
Unconscious of the rolling deep.
Oh! can it be Thou hast forgot,
And for Thy loved ones carest not?
"Master," I hear the anguished cry,
"Unless Thou savest we must die."
And then I see Him as he stands,
His loving face, His outspread hands.
I hear His whispered "Peace, be still,"
And waiting with my heart athrill
See wind and waves obey His will.

* * * * *

The centuries have rolled away;
I stand beside the sea today.
The winds of strife blow wild and strong,
While waves of trouble roll along.
And thro' the blackness of the night
The storm increases in its might.
Our wisest men in vain have tried
To stem the rising of this tide.
But One I see who seems to sleep,
Unconscious of the raging deep.
Oh! can it be Thou hast forgot,
And for Thy children carest not?
Ah, no! He waits to hear the cry,
"Unless Thou savest we must die."
Then He who heeds the sparrow's fall
Will answer when His children call.
Through faith again I see Him stand;
I listen to His blest command.
Enraptured now, I know the thrill;
For lo! I hear His "Peace, be still."
Through faith I see a newborn world,
I see His flag of peace unfurled
And men in homage own His way,
Whom stormy winds and waves obey.

Social Life of the Zulus

[**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following are extracts from a lecture on the "Social Life of the Zulus," delivered by Mr. O. Samuelson, Under Secretary for Native Affairs, Natal, South Africa, and published in the *Natal Advertiser*.]

Ownership of Land

THERE was no individual ownership of land under the native modes of government. The land was understood to belong to the whole community, and no one had a right to dispose of the soil from which the inhabitants derived their support. The paramount chief had the nominal control and distribution of the land; but he had no power to alienate it from the community, for which he practically administered it as a trustee.

Each tribe had its recognized area, controlled and managed by the chief through his subordinate officials and kraal heads; but the paramount chief, as head of the nation and trustee for the people, was regarded as the owner of the land and was so styled. Each chief of a tribe or head of a district held his recognized area as from the paramount chief, and he allotted to every father of a family (kraal head) a portion of arable land proportionate to his wants.

The land thus allotted was ensured to the cultivator as long as he did not change his locality or lose right to the use of the land by confiscation or by misconduct. If he left to settle elsewhere, he had to restore the fields to the chief under whom he had held them, in order that the latter might dispose of them to some other person.

The bounds of each field were marked with precision. The use of the pasture lands was also subject to rules, and there were commercial and personal pasture lands. Cases of dispute were in the first instance submitted to the arbitration of the neighbors. The last resort was the paramount chief. The sale or transfer of land was unknown among the natives.

Notwithstanding that there were rules and usages which protected the inhabitants, there was a rooted sense of insecurity which, however inconvenient and disturbing to the individual, was in the hands of the rulers of tribes a power which they were not slow in making use of in maintaining obedience and order. The land was occupied by a number of little states to which the name of tribes was more applicable.

Marriage Customs

THE native polygamist is the husband of several wives, whose status and position towards each other are independent and separate, but who are united in the husband, who has entire control and power over all of them. For the formation of each family a marriage in accordance with local custom is indispensable.

The Native Hut

THE construction of the native hut is symbolic. The definition of a thimble may to a certain degree be applied to the hut: A diminutive truncated cone, convex at the summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations. The hut is symbolical of the system which commences with the family.

The center-post is the chief; the companion upright posts represent the chief's councilors and advisers; the horizontal beams which rest on the uprights are the auxiliaries of the chief, his councilors and advisers in bearing up the tribal structure; the frame work and the outside cover thereof, with their details knitted and joined, together represent the balance of the population.

As the "insika," or main upright, with its auxiliaries, supports the hut, so the chief, with his councilors and advisers, bears up the tribe and gives stability to it. As the hut covers and enshrouds the "insika" and its auxiliary uprights, so the tribe surrounds, protects and gives security to the chief, his councilors and advisers.

Each part of the hut depends on and derives its strength from the other. As the hut would not stand without its supporting pillars, so the tribe could not be maintained without its governing machinery. As the main upright, "insika," and its auxiliary uprights would soon fall into decay and perish from exposure to rain and heat, so the chief and his councilors would come to naught and perish if they had not the protection and support of the tribe.

Native Ideas of God

HAVE the natives any idea of a God? Does any thought of Him occupy their minds or come into their lives? The following few re-

marks will answer these questions. God is a supreme and Almighty Being, known more by name than recognized as a reality.

He is spoken of as "Nkulunkulu," the great-great One—a term also used for an ancestor and for any person or creature possessed of any peculiar power or skill. He is also referred to as "Um Velinggani," the One who appeared in the beginning; "Somandhla," the Father of power; "Um Dali," the Creator; and as "U Gugabadele, nabi linomcwazi pezulu," expressive of His might and glory.

He is not known as we know Him, as a God of love, directly interested in our welfare, from whom comes happiness in this life, and by whom is hope for the life hereafter. That "His heart is touched with all our joys and feels for all our griefs," is a character natives do not associate with God.

He is recognized in a certain measure as a regarnder of good deeds, and as One who visits with punishment the evil-doer; but natives aspire not for His approval, nor do they fear His wrath. Although He is admitted to be the maintainer and sustainer of all things He is, nevertheless, regarded as a God afar off, and not near at hand. Natives admit that there must consequently be a designer.

Their arguments are akin to those of the great philosopher Cicero in his book, "De Natura Deorum": "If this beautiful world, with all its rich variety of form, originated in an accidental combination of bodies, without any divine intelligence, why should not an accidental mixture of the letters of the alphabet produce verse, or artistic buildings arise by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms?"

The following questions, which have been asked by the natives, will exemplify their thoughts in this regard. The waters are never weary; they know no other law than to flow, without ceasing, from morning till night, and from night till morning. But where do they stop, and who makes them flow thus? The clouds also come and go, and give rain to the earth. Whence come they? Who sends them?

The rain doctors do not give us rain; for how could they do it? Why do not people see them when they go up to heaven to fetch it? The wind cannot be seen, but what is it? Who brings and makes it blow? Do we know how corn

sprouts? One day there is not a blade in the field; go the following day to the field and you will find some. Who has given the earth the wisdom and the power to produce it?

The language and the sentiments of prayers used by the natives are very touching and impressive; but it is to the spirits or manes of their ancestors that their prayers are addressed. The prophet Isaiah has well described this form of belief: "They go to the dead for the living."—Isaiah 8:19.

Natives believe that their ancestors visit them in the form of serpents, and by appearing to them in dreams. When a snake of the species venerated as a spirit appears in a kraal, it is saluted by the name of "father." Bowls of milk are presented to it, and an animal is slaughtered for it in many cases. If the snake has entered a hut, some meat is placed in the hut for it.

Amongst the natives, as with other races, spirits are more the objects of fear than of love. When sacrifice is made to them it is usually with a view of appeasing them. Although the natives by sacrifices seek to gain favors from the spirits, yet their principal object is to avert chastisement.

When sacrifices are made they are efficacious through the shedding of blood, and are of a propitiatory nature. They are usually offered by a priest, except in cases of family sacrifices which may be performed by the head of the kraal. . . . The blood must not be spilled; it must be received into a vessel kept for the purpose. The bones of the animal must be destroyed by fire after the flesh has been consumed.

Natives and the Celestial Concave

NATIVES have very little knowledge of the starry firmament. They believe that the heavenly bodies have some influence in human affairs. With regard to the sun, it is said that there is a large luminous body in the east, from which a spark scintillates every morning to develop into the glorious eye of day, and to be devoured in the evening in the west by a race of pigmies called the "Isicwe."

The moon and its phases enter very much into the everyday life of the natives. They observe as a day of abstinence the day after the last phase of the moon. They refrain from important undertakings until the new moon.

They compute their time by the phases of the moon, and divide their year into thirteen months, for which they have appropriate names, each descriptive of some natural feature prevailing at the time.

The year commences with the Spring, the first month being "Uncwaba," beginning with the new moon, in July. "Uncwaba" conveys the idea of adornment, trees and fields then breaking out into green. This is "umfumu," which means the blossoming of trees and the appearance of flowers amongst the green leaves and grass. When gray hairs appear in our heads we are said to have reached the stage of the flower in our lives. March is called "Umbasa," the time when fires are made, winter then commencing to be felt [being south of the Equator].

Natives have names for the seasons, cardinal points, and for some planets and constellations. The morning star is called the "ikwezi," a name derived from the word "kweza," to raise, lift up. It is so called because it raises the curtain of night from creation and lets in the light of day. The horizon is known as "the place where my vision, which carries me as a mother carries her child, will carry me no further."

The rainbow is called the arc of the queen, and is looked upon as a beautiful emanation of her glory. There is a belief that an animal whose colors answer those of the rainbow is to be found reclining at the place where the rainbow appears to come into contact with the earth. The animal is known as the "Umu-yama." Ordinary beings may not look without extreme risk to themselves. Doctors may do so under the protection of their charms. Sacrifices are sometimes offered to this animal as a water spirit.

A being known as "Nomkubulwana" is venerated as the princess of heaven. She is described as robed with light for a garment, and as having come down from heaven to teach people to make beer, to plant, to reap, and to help themselves generally. We read about a somewhat similar character in mythology named Prometheus. She visits the earth in the Spring of the year.

She is also described as presenting the appearance of a beautiful landscape with large forests on some parts of her body, grass-covered hills and slopes on others, and cultivated fields on others. She is the giver of rain. She is really nature deified.

The Native and His Poetic Sense

MUCH may be said of intellectual productions, enigmas, nursery tales, and so on. The natives are poets unknown to themselves, in both their actions and their language; but as they can neither read nor write it is difficult to produce much of their poetry. They can recite with very dramatic gestures, certain pieces which can be distinguished from the ordinary discourse, by the elevation of the sentiment, powerful ellipses, daring metaphors and very accentuated rhythm. Here is an example:

"King, thy praises are like the thick haze which precedes the rain!

Thy songs of triumph are heard in the mountains,
they go down the valleys,
Where the enemy knelt before thee.

The cowardly warriors! They pray!
They beg that food may be given them—they will
see who will give them any!
We give to our allies, to those whom we never see
come to attack us."

I will give you a few proverbs:

"Cunning devours its master." Literally,
"Medicine root is devouring its owner."

"The bowls always smell of the sour milk."
We say: "What is bred in the bone will ever
come out in the flesh."

"Death knows not even a king." "The flying
splinter or chip of wood devoured the elephant,"
or "A small matter kindles a large fire."

Now for a riddle or two:

"There is a thing which has neither legs nor
wings, and which nevertheless travels very fast,
and its progress is not stopped by precipices,
rivers or walls." Answer: The voice.

"Do you know a thing which neither walks on
the ground, flies in the air, nor swims in the
water, which nevertheless walks, ascends and
descends?" Answer: The spider in its web.

Here is a lesson on the force of example:

"Said the old crab to the young crab, 'Why,
my child, do you walk into your home sideways?
Walk straight.' Said the young crab, 'Dear
mother, when you walk straight, I will do like-
wise.'"

ERRATA

THE poem entitled "Christmas Bells," published in GOLDEN AGE Number 111, accredited to another author, should properly have been credited to the author, Rebecca Fair Doney.

A Note to Mr. Brisbane

MR. BRISBANE, we are great admirers of your editorials. We diverge from you on Evolution; for we stand squarely by the Bible account of man's creation, fall, and redemption; but in most things you please us well. You have been publishing some interesting editorials regarding the world's great men. Bear with us while we tell you of our opinion of some of the great men of the Lord's church.

By the latter expression we mean the Lord's true saints, those trusting for salvation in the merit of Christ's redemptive work on their behalf, those who are living with but one motive; namely, to serve the Lord.

We invite your attention to seven men who have arisen in the Christian church. We recognize these seven men as having filled the offices of the seven angels or seven messengers of Revelation, chapters 1 to 3 inclusive. Like yourself, the seven men were all writers. They represented the most important racial, language and political groups of the human family.

St. Paul, St. John, Arius, Waldo

THE first was a Roman, St. Paul, the messenger to the Ephesus epoch of the church, which ended with the depopulation of Judea in A. D. 73. St. Paul wrote more of the New Testament than did any other writer. His writings are masterpieces of logic.

The second was a Hebrew, St. John, the messenger to the Smyrna epoch of the church, the era of Pagan persecutions, which ended with the so-called conversion of Constantine, in A. D. 325. St. John wrote more of the New Testament than did any other except St. Paul.

The third was a Græco-Egyptian, Arius, the messenger to the Pergamos epoch of the church, the era of the rise of the Papacy, which ended with the dawn of the Reformation, A. D. 1160. Arius' writings were destroyed by Constantine, inventor of the doctrine of the trinity, in the same year in which that unbaptized heathen emperor murdered his own son. But to this day there are thousands who are glad to say that they are Arians; for Arius, unlike the clergy of his own day or of our day, believed the Bible to be the Word of God and hence believed that the Son of God was totally and essentially distinct from the Father; that He was the first and noblest of those beings whom

God had created, the instrument by whose subordinate operation God formed the universe.

The fourth was a Frenchman, Peter Waldo, the messenger to the Thyatiran epoch of the church, which ended with the beginning of the Wycliffian era, in A. D. 1378. Waldo was the first to translate the Bible into a modern tongue.

Wycliffe, Luther, and Russell

THE fifth was an Englishman, John Wycliffe, the messenger to the Sardian epoch of the church, which ended with the Lutheran era, in A. D. 1520. Wycliffe did for the English people what Waldo did for the French. He gave the Bible to the Lollards, in English.

The sixth was a German, Martin Luther, the messenger to the Philadelphian epoch of the church, which ended with the Millennial Dawn in A. D. 1874. Luther did for the German people what Waldo did for the French and what Wycliffe did for the English: He gave the Bible to the Germans in their native tongue.

The seventh and last messenger to the church was a Scotch-Irish American, Charles T. Russell, the messenger to the Laodicean epoch of the church, which ended in A. D. 1918. It is generally admitted that in that year the nominal church lost all its spirituality and all its influence by the open stand which it took for war and against the teachings of Christ. Pastor Russell died in the fall of 1916, but not before he had put the symbolical language of the Bible into language that everybody can understand.

The Bible is the most important book in the world. It alone reveals God's plan, and God's plan is going to go through exactly as originally laid out, in spite of the politicians, the press, the profiteers, and the preachers. The men that have helped most to make God's Word clear to the people are the greatest men of the age.

For these reasons we put up St. Paul the Roman, St. John the Hebrew, Arius the Græco-Egyptian, Waldo the Frenchman, Wycliffe the Englishman, Luther the German, and Charles T. Russell the Scotch-Irish American, as the greatest men since the time of Christ.

The names of the human butchers that have chiefly filled the pages of history hitherto will fade shortly, and civilization will be revealed in its true perspective. Which is the greater, a great murderer or a great teacher of love?

Getting Back to Baal Worship

THE nominal church may be likened to a man, hoary with age, feeble, full of disease, dotting in childhood pranks, giddy. "There is no fool like an old fool." The nominal church had its beginning in the days of Nimrod and Semiramis, and reached its ancient glory in Babylon.

In the days of Constantine he paganized Christianity and drove Arius to exile; and the modern Babylon began its remarkable growth. Gradually but rapidly all the ancient forms and ceremonies have been counterfeited and embodied into what now passes for Christianity.

And now, the licentious, ludicrous and loathsome forms of Baal worship are being openly practised in the heart of our cities in the majesty of Satanic pride and vainglory without a qualm. "Society" has fallen for the crass ceremonies, and the spineless newspapers bow to the whims of a silly folk and render great service to the innovation by first-page publicity.

November 15th, the New York *Sun* gave us the following in headlines and large type:

"To Teach Religion in Dances"; "Five Hellenic Maidens Will Exemplify It Sunday in Dr. Guthrie's Church"; "Five Hellenic maidens, schooled in the ideals of true pagan beauty, will assemble rhythmically the patterns of Greek friezes and dance the story of 'The Birth and Progress of the Human Soul' before the chancel of St. Mark's-in-the-Bowwerie on Sunday afternoon as part of a 'sculptural oratorio' conceived by the rector, William Norman Guthrie, D. D."

A few choice sentences from the write-up follow:

"We're not pagans, but we are undogmatic. . . . The word pagan might convey to a few the beauty we are trying to bring to man to help him realize faith. . . . The five girls, attired in costumes of the old Greeks, will dance to interpret three movements, which will express (1) the individual, or Hellenic beauty; (2) the group, or the complete spiritual assimilation of sex; (3) and the mass, or the smile of God. . . . On Sunday the dances will show the problems of evil; they will interpret the myths of Job, of Adam and Eve. . . . There is a struggling sexual obsession attached to the dance of today. Psycho-analysis is called a sewer by some; but if it carries off the filth and dirt, it may help us to get over the dance obsession. In our dances Sunday we are going back to the Greeks, when dancing was innocence. The human body will express spirit and mood more potently in rhythmic dance than can music, sculpture, poetry or paintings. . . . Phidias's 'Zeus' for 'the Man-God.' . . . The dance concerns 'the Motive of the Woman-God.' . . . The five Hellenic dancers will symbolize 'Turning from the material to the cele-

tial.' . . . Sunday's dances will help many to rid themselves of intellectual fetters. . . . Those of us who are willing to be religious leaders tolerate each other, but believe each other to be damn fools."

What was the result of the above publicity?

"Women Faint in Jam at Mystic Service"; "Borne from St. Mark's as Girls Dance and Art Flashes on Screen Amid Tinted Lights"; "To show Soul's Progress Harp, Trombone and Piano Played While Rector Declaimed in Blank Verse." "Crowds of women, unable to enter, surged and beat at the doors of St. Mark's yesterday afternoon, while inside the building, which was pervaded with the odors of incense and at times in complete darkness or half-illuminated with colored lights, was rendered the rhythmic sculptural oratorio upon the theme of the birth and progress of the human soul."

"I might prefer to have a non-biblical vehicle," said Dr. Guthrie, "and escape the boomerangs of the Fundamentalists in ambush. But from the fact that our American common property that may be safely taken for granted in an audience is limited to Mother Goose and fairy tales of a similar nature, what objection can there be to a free, imaginative use of such biblical material, already so often handled in our literature?"

The "show" closed with the words:

"And God, the Lord, shall laugh with a new delight,
When we shall come to Him, and frolic before Him;
The Cherub of the Flaming Sword, and Satan,
Eve, Adam in a ring-around-a-rosy,
And all the Heavens cry: 'Allelujah, Amen!'"

Because women are mentioned, let us not get the thought that the men were excluded. Women merely predominated. Dr. Guthrie is after the crowds and a fat collection basket; and he has hit the trail of the winner. His next Sunday performance was devoted to "the aboriginal rites of the American Indian." No portion of any Christian ritual was used except the Doxology. His morning sermon was on "The Necessity for Paganism," and the afternoon service was a sequel.

Miss Edith Dabb, secretary of the Committee on Indian Affairs of the Y. W. C. A., had made a statement to the effect that Indian dances were degrading. And, according to Dr. Guthrie, his Indian service was in part a protest against such nonsensical stuff.

But there were chants to "Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that move in the heavens," and of the "Blue Corn Dance." During the service Dr. Guthrie asked for long silences, in which the congregation might let the mystic beauty of the ceremonies sink in and cause prayerful meditation!

The following Sunday, Dr. Guthrie of the Episcopal St. Mark's had to defend his pagan worship; for preachers of other denominations were taking him to task. Unabashed he sallied forth, in the presence of a large crowd on Sunday and a big write-up on Monday.

He said: "Religion today is a sickly affair fenced in with doctrines." He cited the Greeks and Romans of the old days before the Christian era, and drew on law, sports, finance, sex, and property to support his digression from the strait-laced dogmas of the Fundamentalists.

One point Dr. Guthrie made worthy of note is that Christianity is tinctured with paganism. He thinks, no doubt, that paganism belongs to Christian doctrine, not knowing that the church systems long ago became Babylon; that they began departing from the faith in their incipency; or rather, that Babylon is the outgrowth of a "falling away" which began in the apostles' day. In defending paganism, as he now teaches it, he used the Chinese ritual and readings from Confucius.

The Cook or The Book—Which?

WE HAVE read somewhere an article on "The Cook or the Book—Which?" With the fragments at our disposal we take pleasure in reproducing for the benefit of suffering humanity, that the nominal church systems might see themselves as others see them—in all their glory and folderol.

The "cook" referred to is that body of individuals who introduce frolicking innovations into the church to attract the shekels. The shekels are what makes the critter move. Mortgages are paid off, parsons are supplied with the necessities of life, parsonages are papered, and new organs are installed, with shekels. Shekels roll in to the tune of jazz music at festivals, oyster suppers, grab-bag socials, pink teas, trilby shows, butterfly dances, etc. The "cook" is usually composed of the gossiping end of the institution, old at the business, adept at making a first-class, full-measured bowl of oyster soup with one oyster.

The "book" referred to is the Bible, that volume where the minister does not get his sermons; that book which contains the law and order of the new creation—of which they know so little; that book which contains the doctrines and precepts of God's appointed mouthpieces—which long since have been tabooed; that book which contains the instruction for Christian deportment—which the preachers have repudiated long ago; that book which now is declared to be filled with myths, impossibilities, and the hobgoblins of the disordered brains of dreamy mystics—if we are to judge by the writings of many of the pulpitears.

What the early church did, and what the nominal churches of today do, are two entirely different things. The early church prayed in the upper room; but the twentieth-century church cooks in the supper room, and the young men and the young women coo in the spoon room.

The "Exchange" says:

"The early Christians were not cooking in the supper room the day the holy spirit came; they were praying in the upper room. They were not waiting on tables; they were waiting on God. They were not waiting on the fire from the stove, but for the fire from above. They were detained by the command of the Lord, and not entertained by the cunning of men. They were filled with the power from on high, not stuffed with stew or roast."

The upper room of prayer is antiquated; for so long their prayers have not been answered that now the very existence of God is doubted. During the World War many said: "If there is a God, why does He not stop this awful carnage?" How could He stop it when one bunch of "Christians" prayed for the success of one set of arms, and another bunch prayed for another set, each side praying that their enemies should be wiped off the map?

Verily, play has taken the place of prayer, and feasting the place of fasting. Candid and sober heartfelt thanks to God are rarely heard, but the voice of mirth fills the air. Rejoicing in the chance of the bye and bye has given place to the dance of the now and now. The preacher's canned sermons (which should have been canned long ago) are so stale and dry that art shows and dramatic stunts are more and more relied upon to keep up the interest, and moving picture reels take the place of preacher spiels.

The trousers of the men in the amen corner used to bag at the knees, in the good old days when they were wont to pray on bended knee; but now the trousers bag in the waistband. If there are any broken hearts in the churches, they may stay broken; for the balm of Gilead has been bartered away. If there are any tears, they must continue to flow; for Mary's alabaster box was emptied nineteen hundred years ago, and we have not heard of many since. Mother told us that grandma said that there were alabaster boxes in her day; but, today, alas! the fragrance we find not.

We have heard of the fire in the preaching of the days of the circuit-riding evangelist, that red-hot, peppery kind from which the blue blazes of brimstone arose, curling the hair of the younger generation, and which made the old folks come across with the "long green"; also, of that variety of fervent zeal which made the rafters and shingles rattle with emotion as the dear, good man expounded and expatiated over the exact philosophy of the "trinity" and the "immortality of the soul," of which he knew nothing. No wonder that the fires of old have consumed the combustibles and gone out, and are now replaced with the fire in the range of

the soup room. As ice-cream chills the fervor of spiritual life, putting the giggle into the girls, the bubble into the boys, and filling the preacher with puns; so we should not expect the fire in the pulpit to be reëkindled.

Our "Exchange" friend continues:

"Oh, I would like the cooking squad to put on less gravy, but more grace; less soup and more salvation; less ham and sham, and more heaven; less pie and more piety; to have less use for the cook and more use for the Old Book; to put out the fire in the kitchen, and build it on the altar; more love and more life; get fewer dinners and get more after sinners."

But the wail falls on deaf ears; for the ears are stuffed with jazz and oyster stuffing; the eyes are blind with conceit and green with envy; and there is neither eye-salve nor spiritual ointment for the health and hope and comfort of a deceived and vainglorious people, who are contented and satisfied to remain in an institution which the Lord long ago labeled "Babylon," and which within the last few years has been shown up in all her vileness. Babylon is described in the Book that they have rejected thus: "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."—Revelation 18:2.

Rome Hungry for Money

PERHAPS we never mentioned in these columns that the Roman Catholic Church is hungry for money; or then again perhaps we did. But it is true, anyway. It is not the graces of the holy spirit they are after, not on your life! They want the cash, and they want it here and now. Listen to these plaintive extracts from a mimeographed circular letter dated December 2nd, 1923, put out by the Sacred Heart Church, 5964 Center Avenue, Pittsburgh:

"Let every one give at least a dollar a Sunday."

"We have nearly 2,200 persons on our mailing list of weekly contributors, but there have never yet been more than 1,600 envelopes in the collections. Where, oh where, are the more than 600 slackers every Sunday? Be as regular with your envelope as with your Sunday breakfast."

We pause for breath. Sixteen hundred envelopes at a dollar apiece is pretty good pay for a priest who does not do a solitary thing to earn it. That is \$83,200 per year. What does he want

it for? Not for taxes. Pennsylvania does not tax this particular form of graft. And not for thanksgiving dinners for the aged poor; for the same circular contains this interesting paragraph to show how the old folks got their dinner and what that dinner was:

"The Little Sisters of the Poor wish to thank the children for the one hundred dozen of fresh eggs which they generously donated to the 250 old folks in their Home for their Thanksgiving dinner. After all, an egg-nog is not a bad substitute for turkey."

But proceeding with this good old game of sticking up the people in the name of religion and making them shell out every sou that can be had, on any pretext:

"Our Own Drama Club and Orchestra, all our own young people, will give three one-act plays during the week December 10th to 15th, every evening at 8:15. We don't need to go to Jewish controlled theatres, with salacious programs for our entertainment. Tickets are only fifty cents."

"A dollar a Sunday should be the minimum."

"Lost!!! Self-respect by the 274 extravagantly dressed wage earners, who were discovered by the ushers last Sunday putting a ten-cent piece into a blank envelope, instead of contributing three percent of their income."

We pause for breath once more. What is wanted is three percent of the income of twenty-two hundred persons. In other words, the price that this saint of the Most High wants for his services is just the wages of sixty-six ordinary persons. And for what? Oh, he gets that for teaching faithfully the gospel according to St. Peter! And what was it that St. Peter taught? Oh, yes! St. Peter taught as follows:

"Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind."—1 Peter 5: 2.

You see, this was the way of it. Peter believed this for himself and practised it himself; but when it came to his popes and cardinals and archbishops and bishops and priests and other useless and unnecessary furniture around the place, then he was for their going after the "long green" and getting all they could while the getting was good. But we proceed:

"Collection at all the masses today is for the Catholic

University, Washington, and you are urged to be as generous as your resources permit."

"Be sure to give a dollar a Sunday."

"Error in collection list: Nell Gallagher, 304 Stratford Ave., should be \$27.50. Mrs. Frank Doty, 6346 Penn Ave., should be \$7.00."

Poor Nell and Mrs. Frank. We know of just this once when they were stung for \$34.50, but it cannot be helped; not now. Poor things! they will know better sometime. We have digressed, but we will go back to the job and finish it:

"Your neighbor gives a dollar a Sunday."

"Seventy-six (76) persons in this parish died this year without leaving a single penny toward the erection of our new church. When making your will, besides providing for masses for your soul, be sure to leave a substantial sum to the Sacred Heart Church, as a memorial, instead of leaving all your money to ungrateful children who may never say a prayer for your soul."

Thinking the matter over, some of our readers may be able to recall where St. Peter and others of the apostles urged the brethren similarly to dig up every week three percent of their incomes and to leave a good chunk for Peter and the rest of the crowd when they died; but we seem just to have forgotten the place.

"What fools these mortals be."

An Experience with a Catholic Infant Home *By Elizabeth Price*

ONE cold, raw, bitter afternoon in March, a mother carrying her three-months-old baby entered a charitable institution, and asked the attendant if she could interview the Superintendent. The attendant after making inquiries informed her that the Superintendent was having afternoon tea, but that she would be free to talk to her in fifteen minutes.

After quite a lapse of time the Superintendent appeared, and asked: "What is your business?" The young mother replied that owing to ill health her physician had ordered her to put her baby into a foster home for six months, so that she might get a chance to regain her strength and also to regain control of her nerves, which had completely gone to pieces through the strain of bringing a small family into the world, and caring and planning for them during the past trying years, when the cost of living had been at its highest peak; and that having noticed their appeals to the public, also their account of the many mothers who had been aided out of

their difficult circumstances through the help of the institution, she thought her baby would be properly cared for, if they would take it in.

After a little meditation the Superintendent asked the young mother why she had neglected herself and permitted herself to get run down to such a state as to be unable to care for her child. Why had she not cut down half her household duties? Or why had she not taken some widow into her home, and given her a room free in exchange for services rendered?

In vain did the young mother try to explain the cares, the trials, and the worries that had gradually brought her health down to such a low ebb, difficulties over which she had absolutely no control.

After a complete investigation into the past life of the father and the mother, their religion, financial standing, etc., etc., the young mother was informed that the institution would care for her baby at a charge of six dollars a week. With a heavy heart and alight misgiving she

handed her precious babe over to one of the nurses. Then she wended her way home, meditating the while at the cold, unsympathetic manner and lack of understanding shown by one occupying such a position.

Not many weeks passed before a complete change seemed to come over the baby. The once happy, contented child, who at birth was proclaimed by a reliable physician to be an exceptionally robust, healthy babe, gradually took on that drawn, haggard, old-mannish look so familiar on the faces of many babies who are reared in infants' homes and institutions.

When the time arrived for the babe to be brought home the mother was informed by the Superintendent that her child from birth was marasmic, full of rickets and eczema; and that nothing could be done for it.

The mother, not willing to accept this statement as truth, immediately on arriving home called in her own physician, who stated that the wretched condition of the child was due entirely

to lack of care, improper feeding, and lack of soap and water; but he felt confident that with proper care, correct diet, some soap and water for its skin, also a little love included, the child would thrive.

With a grim determination the mother set out to restore her child to health.

After many weeks of patient, constant care the withered skin began to freshen, the little hollow cheeks gradually filled out, the limbs that had hung limp and lifeless began to strengthen. Steadily the child gained in weight.

At the end of nine months the physician was called in again. He marveled at the physique of the child and the chubby, dimpled, contented face that had a few months back looked so drawn and haggard. The mother was asked if she would contribute a picture of the child to the City Public Health book to show what proper care and feeding could accomplish.

This was the experience of a Protestant mother with a widely advertised Roman Catholic Infants' Home.

Tolstoy's Worldly Wisdom

THE Russian philosopher, Leo Tolstoy, had a big heart, was exceedingly sympathetic; and he recognized that the poor groaning creation was sadly in need of something. He pondered long and hard on conditions as he saw them. He prayed and philosophized and advised. But like those of other good men of renown, his solutions and remedies would not take effect. Would it be truthful to say that he was conceited in thinking that he had the power to bring about universal goodwill and prosperity were his deductions acted upon? He said some very good things. We quote:

"I know three activities, in which I continually exercise myself, which one cannot exercise too much, and which at the present moment are especially necessary to you:

"First, in order to be capable of loving men and being loved by them, one should accustom one's self to demand of them as little as possible; because, if I expect much, I shall experience many privations and shall tend not towards loving, but towards rebuking them. In this respect there is much to be done.

"Second, in order to love men, not in word, but in deed, one must teach one's self to do to them what is useful. Here there is yet more work.

"Third, to enable one to love men and be loved, one

must learn meekness, humility and the art of enduring unpleasant people and things—the art of always so behaving towards them as to pain no one; and if this is impossible, not to insult anyone—to know how to choose the infliction of the lesser pain."

If he had buttressed each of these three propositions with Bible texts, showing where his thoughts came from, it would most assuredly have shown meekness and humility; he would also have endured unpleasantness in permitting others to see his weakness. Those who will not honor Him God will not honor. There are many such. The Golden Rule covers all three propositions.

In order to be capable of loving men one must recognize his own unworthiness and that he has been redeemed by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, also by humbly submitting himself in consecration and imbibing the spirit of Christ. When one follows Christ he will become filled with the love of Christ. Thus doing he will become lovable; and he will be loved by those who love truth and righteousness, and hated by those who have their evil deeds shown up by contrast.

The selfishness in seeking the plaudits and

homage of fellow creatures is a subtle thing. "The heart is desperately wicked; who can know it?" Who can fathom its trickery unless he is guided by the Word of the living God? "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing

even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Hebrews 4:12) Those who have not felt the power of God thus are not yet acquainted with themselves—nor with God.

The World War Aftermath

FROM all indications Europe is collapsing not only financially but morally. With the slump in profitable business enterprises, the depreciating of the currency, the insecurity of investments, and the consequent let-up in commercial activity comes more or less listlessness. Discouragement and hopelessness are rapidly increasing; and with the increase comes a letting down of the bars in morality and religion. Many returning from Europe, and especially from Germany, report that they are shocked at the immorality with which people seem to be crazed. Dr. Frederick H. Knobel of New York, head of the United Lutheran Church in America, has said:

"As regards both men and women there is a definite lapse in European morals as a whole and they are more lax than in the United States. I saw evidences of it both in Germany and France, and I talked with influential people in both countries. They unhesitatingly declared that, since the war, there has been a decay of morals, and they attributed it to the reaction from war-time conditions."

It is all right to charge this delinquency to the war, but what caused the war? Most assuredly the innate selfishness and pride fostered

by the race, together with its ignorance of the principles of right and wrong, contributed much toward the World War. False doctrines of the divine right of kings and clergy, and accepting the doctrines of Satan instead of the doctrines of Christ made the war possible.

It seems as though the present world distress of the peoples of earth is a just retribution for the gullibility of the masses in not studying and gathering in a little knowledge on their own account. Too long we have been taking the other fellow's say-so. It has come time for personal investigation of the problems of life, for looking into the Word of the living God, for turning whole-heartedly to our Creator and worshipping Him in fulness of heart and purpose.

Would that men could see the Golden Rule in the light of the Scriptures and square and plumb their lives thereto; and let justice be tempered with mercy! How rejoiced we are to have the knowledge that the Millennial reign of Jesus Christ with righteousness and truth is so near at hand, and how happy the people will be when they come to see and understand the beneficent designs of an all-wise, all-loving God!

Mr. Edison's Quaint Humor

IT IS not often that a man will joke and tell a truth at the same time. Thomas A. Edison recognizes himself as being far ahead of his fellowmen. He said: "It takes ten years to convert the public to a self-evident proposition, and sometimes more than forty years to interest them in an obviously good idea."

We readily concur with the above statement, looking at it from the religious point of view. Bible Students may take encouragement from this, realizing that theirs is not the only difficult task. But possibly the "ecclesiastical mind" is the most obtuse of any. As the kingdom of the

great adversary goes down, the fog of the dark ages goes up. So there is hope. For over forty years the late Pastor Russell gave the trumpet sound: "The Lord is present!" Gradually but surely all shall know; and in the Lord's due time the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together.

And then Mr. Edison will see that the "self-evident propositions" and the "obviously good ideas" which he has been laboring to get to the people have been the direct result of the presence of the Lord, and that his mind was only fecundated as the Lord saw fit. Then he will glorify the Lord and praise His name, too.

In the Years that are Gone

PIONEERING will some day be a thing of the past. So far as the United States is concerned, blazing the trails into virgin territories is even now gone forever. Going back no further than thirty years ago, there were many places which boasted the environments of "first settlers."

Many of our books contain vivid stories of how the country was opened up in earlier days; how the white man came and dispossessed his red brother, by warring, treaties, intrigues, and duplicity; and how revenge was sought not only by the red man but sometimes by the white.

The hardships of the pioneers stretch over three hundred years; and it is really marvelous to contemplate the horrors attendant on the reclaiming of new territory, the rearing of families while surrounded by hostile peoples, the clearing of forests, the destroying of wild beasts and reptiles, all for the sake of having a home where quietness, peace, and love should brighten the lives and hopes of those who cherish family ties, and desire to worship God untrammelled by priestcraft and bigotry.

When once the enemies were pacified, with what tranquil consanguinity the inhabitants were privileged to settle down in coöperative tolerance and goodwill, radiating sunshine and happiness for the benefit and uplift of the entire community! What a contrast to this peaceful scene is the selfishness running rampant in our day!

And in these bygone days there was many a romance—pure, sweet, hallowed. And sometimes—sometimes—these were marred by hot, impatient words which brought anguish and despair in their wake. How foolish to utter them in the first place, and how inexcusable when once

they are said, not to fall prostrate at the feet of the victim begging his or her forgiveness on the spot and making amends!

Where love dwells within the humble home, how pathetic the scene when the parting is without the usual goodbye kiss! What a tragedy to the repentant one who returns with bated breath to find the object of his love, on duty bent, overtaken by the merciless storm; and what remorse and heartache is the fate of one on finding his beloved companion dead from exposure to the raging storm because of her fidelity to the one who had pierced her heart with bitter words!

How often such tragedies have been wrought we know not; perhaps more often than we would think. How often we would be only too glad to recall the deed, the word, the thought. One of the great sins of humanity is unkindness.

How happy we should be in the thought that God has arranged a plan for the resurrection of the dead—a bringing back of the dead to this mundane sphere, to human conditions. How blessed the assurance that then we shall know each other as we have been known—and better; for then for a thousand years the race will be returning to all that was lost in Adam, to mental, moral, and physical perfection. During the process of restoration the wonderful privilege of munificent restitution will be granted, so that all hatreds, jealousies, misunderstandings shall melt into unimpeachable understandings, fervent friendships, and pledges of loyalty and love, which are the heritage of man. And then so to abide forever!

Below we print a very touching poem illustrating the life and hardship and broken hearts that sometimes—oftentimes—fall to the lot of Adam's crushed and broken children:

The First Settler's Story

From *Farm Festivals*, by Will Carleton
(Printed by permission of Harper & Brothers. See copyrights at end.)

Well, when I first infested this retreat,
Things to my view look'd frightful incomplete;
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
And brought my wife and plunder right along.
I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,
And if I had there was no railroad track;
And drivin' East was what I couldn't endure:
I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,
And helped me every blessed way she could;
She seem'd to take to every rough old tree,
As sing'lar as when first she took to me.
She kep' our little log house neat as wax,
And once I caught her fooling with my ax.
She hadn't the muscle (though she *had* the heart)
In outdoor work to take an active part;

She was delicious, both to hear and see—
That pretty girl-wife that kep' house for me.

Well, neighborhoods meant counties in those days;
The roads didn't have accommodating ways;
And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see—
And much less talk with—anyone but me.
The Indians sometimes showed their sun-baked faces,
But they didn't teem with conversational graces.
Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole,
But 'twasn't like talking with a human soul;
And finally I thought that I could trace
A half heart-hunger peering from her face.

One night, when I came home unusual late,
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate,
Her supper struck me wrong (though I'll allow
She hadn't much to strike with anyhow);
And, when I went to milk the cows, and found
They'd wandered from their usual feeding-ground,
And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,
Which I must copy if I meant to find 'em,
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:
"You ought to've kept the animals in view,
And drove them in; you'd nothing else to do;
The heft of all our life on me must fall;
You just lie round, and let me do it all."

That speech—it hadn't been gone a half a minute
Before I saw the cold black poison in it;
And I'd have given all I had, and more,
To've only safely got it back indoor.
I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call:
I feel today as if I'd give it all,
Provided I through fifty years might reach
And kill and bury that half-minute speech.

She handed back no words, as I could hear;
She didn't frown; she didn't shed a tear;
Half proud, half crush'd, she stood and look'd me o'er,
Like some one she had never seen before!
But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise
I never view'd before in human eyes.
(I've seen it oft enough since in a dream;
It sometimes wakes me like a midnight scream.)

Next morning, when, stone-faced but heavy-hearted,
With dinner pail and sharpen'd ax I started
Away for my day's work, she watch'd the door,
And follow'd me half-way to it or more;
And I was just a-turning round at this,
And asking for my usual good-by kiss;
But on her lip I saw a proudish curve,
And in her eye a shadow of reserve;
And she had shown—perhaps half unawares—

Some little independent breakfast airs;
And so the usual parting didn't occur,
Although her eyes invited me to her;
Or rather half invited me, for she
Didn't advertise to furnish kisses free:

You always had—that is, I had—to pay
Full market-price, and go more'n half the way;
So, with a short "Good-by" I shut the door,
And left her as I never had before.
But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
Put up by her so delicately neat—
Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been,
And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in—
"Tender and pleasant thoughts," I knew they meant—
It seem'd as if with me her kiss she'd sent;
Then I became once more her humble lover,
And said, "Tonight I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over-early on that eve,
Having contrived to make myself believe
By various signs I kind o' knew and guessed,
A thunderstorm was coming from the west.
('Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,
How many honest ones will take its part;
A dozen first-class reasons said 'twas right
That I should strike home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue;
But all within look'd desolate and bare:
My house had lost its soul: she was not there!
A pencil'd note was on the table spread,
And these are something like the words it said:
"The cows have stray'd away again, I fear;
I watch'd them pretty close; don't scold me, dear.
And where they are I think I nearly know;
I heard the bell not very long ago.
I've hunted for them all the afternoon;
I'll try once more—I think I'll find them soon.
Dear, if a burden I have been to you,
And haven't helped you as I ought to do,
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead;
I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed.
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,
And have kind words for me—when I get back."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue—
Some swift-blown rain-drops to the window clung,
And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded;
My thunderstorm had come, now 'twasn't needed.
I rush'd outdoor. The air was stained with black;
Night had come early, on the storm-cloud's back,
And everything kept dimming to the sight,
Save when the clouds threw their electric light;
When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view,

I'd think I saw her—knowing 'twas not true.
Through my small clearing dash'd wide sheets of spray,
As if the ocean waves had lost their way;
Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made,
In the bold clamor of its cannonade.
And she, while I was shelter'd, dry, and warm,
Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm!
She who, when storm-frights found her at her best,
Had always hid her white face on my breast!

My dog, who'd skirmish'd round me all the day,
Now crouch'd and whimpering, in a corner lay.
I dragged him by the collar to the wall,
I press'd his quivering muzzle to a shawl—
"Track her, old boy!" I shouted; and he whined,
Match'd eyes with me, as if to read my mind,
Then with a yell went tearing through the wood.
I follow'd him, as faithful as I could.
No pleasure-trip was that, through flood and flame
We raced with death; we hunted noble game.
All night we dragg'd the woods without avail;
The ground got drench'd—we could not keep the trail.
Three times my cabin home I found,
Half hoping she might be there, safe and sound;
But each time 'twas an unavailing care:
My house had lost its soul: she was not there!

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning sun
Laugh'd at the ruin that the night had done,
Bleeding and drench'd by toil, and sorrow bent,
Back to what used to be my home I went.
But, as I near'd our little clearing-ground—
Listen!—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound.
The cabin door was just a bit ajar;
It gleam'd upon my glad eyes like a star.

"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form!
She made them guide her homeward through the
storm!"
Such pangs of joy I never felt before.
"You've come!" I shouted, and rush'd through the door.

Yes, she had come—and gone again! She lay
With all her young life wrenched away—
Lay, the heart-ruins of our home among,
Not far from where I kill'd her with my tongue.
The rain-drops glitter'd 'mid her hair's long strands,
The forest thorns had torn her feet and hands.
And 'midst the tears—brave tears—that one could
trace
Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,
I once again the mournful words could read,
"I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed."

And now I'm mostly done; my story's o'er;
Part of it never breathed the air before.
'Tisn't over-usual, it must be allow'd,
To volunteer heart-story to a crowd,
And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears,
But you'll protect an old man with his years;
And whereso'er this story's voice can reach,
This is the sermon I would have it preach:

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds:
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
'Careful with fire,' is good advice we know;
'Careful with words,' is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpress'd may sometimes fall back dead;
But God Himself can't kill them once they're said!"

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Eye Accidents in New York City

THE National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness is circulating valuable information on how to save one's eyes. One of its astonishing discoveries is that five women injured their eyes in a single month by accidentally striking the eye with a hot curling iron. Presumably these accidents all occurred in New York city.

In the same month 105 eyes were injured in industrial accidents, 41 in automobile accidents, 24 in gun explosions, and several each by means of air rifles, bursting tires, wood alcohol, sling-shots, etc. Some of the singular eye accidents were caused by the explosion of a cheese, the

spattering of some hot marshmallow, and the kick of a grasshopper.

A Belated Ladybug Item

A FRIEND writes: "The ladybug simply cannot, or will not, endure music. We used to find amusement in finding these bugs perched upon a plant, and in humming to them to see them fly away. In part the song went something like this: 'Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home; your house is afire, and the children are crying.' In our childishness we thought that Mrs. Ladybug was really going home to see if we were telling her the truth; and we imagined that we were playing a great joke on her."

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.



³⁰⁰It will profit us here to consider the Scriptural testimony given by the Evangelist in proof that Jesus did arise from the dead three days after His crucifixion. There have always been some that denied the resurrection and hence it is always well to fortify ourselves against such denial, as well as to strengthen our own faith. It must be remembered that the writers of these gospels were not learned men; they were not such men as would arrange a fraudulent scheme to deceive anybody. There would be no occasion for them to do this. The fact that they did not expect a resurrection and gave evidence of that by their conduct and their speech at and just after the Lord's death is strong circumstantial evidence that their testimony subsequently given is true. Besides this, the testimony itself bears all the earmarks of truth.

³⁰¹At the time Jesus died there was an earthquake. The Roman centurion who stood by exclaimed, "Truly this was the son of God!" "When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathæa, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple: he went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed. And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre."—Matthew 27:57-61.

³⁰²The Pharisees believed in the resurrection of the dead, basing their conclusion upon the words of the prophets. They feared that Jesus might arise from the dead. They knew they were guilty of having Him put to death, and they hoped that would be the end of Him. "Now the next day, that followed the day of the preparation, the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, 'After three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night,

and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead: so the last error shall be worse than the first." (Matthew 27:62-64) When the Roman governor heard their request he granted them a Roman guard, saying to them: "Ye have a watch: go your way, make it as sure as ye can. So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."—Matthew 27:65, 66.

³⁰³The Lord Jehovah must have held these Pharisees in derision, who presumed by having the stone sealed and a Roman guard placed at the entrance that they could prevent His bringing Jesus out of the tomb. God could have easily resurrected the Lord without removing the stone. He chose, however, to do the latter. And in addition to raising up Jesus as a divine being, He also removed the body in His own good way and to His own good place, that it might not see corruption, even as He had promised.—Psalm 16:10.

QUESTIONS ON "THE HARP OF GOD"

Why should we have Scriptural proof of the resurrection of Christ Jesus? ¶ 260.

Is it reasonable to suppose that Jesus' disciples would concoct a scheme indicating His resurrection, contrary to the facts? ¶ 260.

What convulsion of nature occurred at the time of Jesus' death? ¶ 261.

Give the Scriptural proof of the burial of Jesus' body. ¶ 261.

Why did the Pharisees believe in the resurrection of the dead? ¶ 262.

Did the Pharisees specially request of Pilate a special guard to be placed over the tomb of Jesus? and if so, why? Give the Scriptural proof. ¶ 262.

What did Pilate reply to them? ¶ 262.

Could God have resurrected Jesus Christ without removing the stone? ¶ 263.

How would this indicate the derision in which God held the Pharisees? ¶ 263.

He is a Christian once a week,
An upright pillar Sunday.
But watch him skin his fellow men,
Beginning early Monday.

—Kansas City Star.

Is the Division Fatal?

Every house divided against itself cannot stand

See Jesus' words, Matthew 12:25.

Will this maxim be fulfilled in Christendom?

Internal factions tear and rend organized denominationalism.

The division does not have the marks of a new reformation; its forward steps are not so certain.

The Modernists and the Fundamentalists clash, with no intimation of separation. Rather, each side holds itself justified in its position; and despite adherence to the same camp the breach is widening.

Such a division will be watched with interest because it is a "house divided against itself."

What influence will this ecclesiastical rift wield on a future already threatening because of world-wide discontent?

The inquiry that the HARP BIBLE STUDY Course pursues bears on what the Bible actually teaches rather than an attempt to establish harmony in creedal teachings.

The HARP BIBLE STUDY Course agrees with neither the view of the Fundamentalists nor that of the Modernists. Its self-quiz cards suggest questions that enable you to analyze the Bible presentation.

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