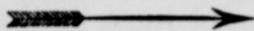
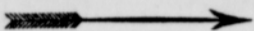




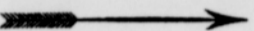
(FROM THE QUIVER OF EDWIN E. SLOSSON)



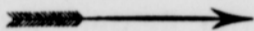
Man, the Arifex, will ultimately master Nature and reign supreme over his own creation until chaos shall come again.



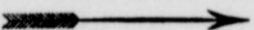
Man is the tool-making animal, and the machine, that is the power-driven tool, is his peculiar achievement. It is purely a creation of the human mind.



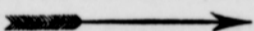
If man cannot improve upon nature he has no motive for making anything. Artificial products are therefore superior to natural products, otherwise they would have no reason for existence.



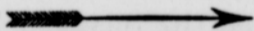
It is by overcoming nature that man can rise. The sole salvation of the human race lies in the removal of the primeval curse, the sentence of hard labor for life that was imposed on man as he left Paradise.



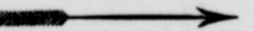
Science and Christianity are one in abhorring the natural man and calling upon the civilized man to fight and subdue him. The conquest of nature, not the imitation of nature, is the whole duty of man.



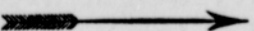
Within the last century it has been discovered that neither human nor animal servitude is necessary to give man leisure for the higher life, for by means of the machine he can do the work of giants without exhaustion.



Anarchy is the natural state of the human race. It prevailed exclusively all over the world up to some five thousand years ago, since which a few people have for a time succeeded in establishing a certain degree of peace and order.



Nature is our treacherous and unsleeping foe, ever to be feared and watched and circumvented, for at any moment and in spite of all our vigilance she may wipe out the human race by famine, pestilence or earthquake and within a few centuries obliterate every trace of its achievement.



Man can only convert three or four thousand calories of energy a day and he does that very inefficiently, but he can make an engine that will handle a hundred times that, twice as efficiently and three times as long. In this way only can he get rid of pain and toil, and gain the wealth he wants.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

One of our valued subscribers sent us the following article with the request that we give it publication, which we are pleased to do:

These beautiful ideals for children originated in Czechoslovakia. They have been taken up in other countries and are on the bulletin boards of countless schools.

1. Love your schoolmates; they will be your companions for life and work.
2. Love instruction, the food of the spirit. Be thankful to your teachers as to your own parents.
3. Consecrate every day by one good useful deed and kindness.
4. Honor all honest people; esteem men but humble yourself before no man.
5. Suppress all hatred and beware of insulting your neighbor; be not revengeful but protect your rights and those of others. Love justice and bear pain and misfortune courageously.
6. Observe carefully and reflect in order to get at the truth. Deceive not yourself or others and beware of lying, for lies destroy the heart, the soul, and the character. Suppress passions and radiate love and peace.
7. Consider that animals also have a right to your sympathy and do not harm or tease them.
8. Think that all good is the result of work; he who enjoys without working is stealing bread from the mouth of the worker.
9. Call no man a patriot who hates or has contempt for other nations, or who wishes and approves wars. War is the remains of barbarism.
10. Love your country and your nation but be co-workers in the high task that shall make all men to live together like brothers in peace and happiness.—The Journal of the National Education Association.

The Heart of Lo

IN the awe of Hope and Faith and Dread,
 On the prairies' open spaces,
 In the mountains' vast recesses,
 In the air, on earth, and in the water,
 Slowly dying is the heart of Lo.
 Suffering in pain and silence,
 Mind aflame with by-gone glory,
 Views the past and not the present,
 Sees no land but the hereafter;
 Beckons to the Spirit Fathers,
 To the land of unknown shadows,
 To the realm of peace forever,
 To the land of the Great Spirit.
 Goes he forth in dread and silence—
 Slowly dying is the heart of Lo.