

quite true that that power did arise after Nero's time, but I doubt the Christians of that day being much of an improvement over the Augustians. The fight between the Augustians and Christians was a fight between two religious factions; but the Christians, a few years later waged war, not against another superstition but against Truth and Science. When the Christians gained power they wiped out the opposition by being greater persecutors. The only thing that has saved Christianity is the fact that the scientists who have gained power over superstition do not persecute. The work has been constructive and Christianity has changed so that its own founders would not recognize it. Evolution and not revolution has been the power.

At the first appearance of rationalism, Christianity forced all discoveries of Science to conform with the Bible, but now it is refreshing to see Science as the standard and the "higher critics" endeavoring to stretch the Bible to harmonize with it. Christianity certainly won a victory and came into power in Rome, but it was only a step in the world's progress and Nero was scarcely more cruel than Constantine. There is certainly food for thought in the play "Quo Vadis." Nero is controlled by Pretonius and provokes a great deal of laughter. Both of these characters are well played. Vinicius is so dead in love with Lygia that he turns Christian even in the face of death, while Lygia clings to Christianity with the frenzy of a fanatic. Of course these two are heroes of the play, and after getting converted "live together happy ever afterward."

After having successfully painted the District of Columbia and the surrounding country of Maryland and Virginia in the brightest hues of red, Minnie McClaine, of Silverton, expressed a desire to have me accompany her on a tour through the Bowery and Coney Island. I felt pretty safe in acting as a guide, for I had been swindled on a hat in the Bowery and my cousin, Frank Bowers, had piloted me through Coney last year. So we set out. The Bowery is a wide street on the east side, and is lined on either side with small stores, junk-shops, saloons, "museums," street "gamins" and other things. We feasted on soft-shelled crabs before entering the street, then tackled it with satisfied appetites but dissatisfied curiosity. We walked the full length of the street, took in the sights, purchased some souvenirs and shot the kodak at some "Katzenjammer kids."

Then we thought we could stand gay Coney Island, so we journeyed thither, crossing East River on the ferry near the great Brooklyn Bridge, then proceeded by elevated and trolley cars. There was not a

large crowd on the street as the season is not far advanced. We shot the chutes, visited the vaudeville, drank lemonade, ate clam chowder and visited the beach. Minnie was disappointed with the beach, and I caught the expression of her face with a camera. She expected to see breakers like the Pacific Ocean displays, but found them to be as tame as Yaquina Bay.

A fire visited Coney after I had visited it last year, and I could see the effects of it; but it had not done away with the photograph galleries. Every few steps some man would stop us and want me to "have my wife's picture taken." That is a standing joke there. Men go to Coney with other men's wives, and very rarely take their own. Young ladies go there on Sunday, after working in stores and factories through the week, and they take delight in "catching on to a man" they have never seen before and will never see again. So Coney Island is not a highly refined place, and I doubt if there is another place like it in the world. One of the kind is enough. Many people visit it through curiosity, as we did, to see what it is like. We did not have long enough to stay to investigate everything there, but I think we were both well satisfied. The only thing that went wrong was Minnie forgetting to scream while going down the chute. But I yelled loud enough to make a colored girl on the front seat turn pale. I think my sight seeing is over for this trip, and the rest will be strictly business.

Washington, Lincoln, Grant.

The claim is often made that Washington and Lincoln were Christians—Christians of the traditional or sectarian school. In response to an enquiry concerning the religious opinions of Abraham Lincoln, Prof. J. E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kas., the scholarly writer, lecturer and author of a book dealing with Mr. Lincoln's religion, wrote as follows:

"If Washington, Lincoln and Grant acknowledged the divinity of Christ it ought to be an easy matter to prove it. As an incentive I make the following offer: 1. I will give \$100 for a sentence in Washington's writings or speeches acknowledging the divinity of Christ. 2. I will give \$100 for a sentence in Lincoln's writings or speeches acknowledging the divinity of Christ. 3. I will give \$100 for a sentence in Grant's writings acknowledging the divinity of Christ. My book, 'Abraham Lincoln—Was he Right?' contains everything that could be obtained both pro and con on the question. It gives the testimony of 100 witnesses.—J. E. REMSBURG."— [Ex.

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