GREATEST TRUTHS OF LIFE ARE NOT MYSTERIES, BUT MANIFEST

All Essentials of Existence May Be Known and Appreciated by Common People—Delving Into Depths Not Necessary to Obtain Best Out of Life, Dr. Joshua Stansfield Declares.

BY DR. JOSHUA STANSFIELD.
Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church.

I WANT us to think together this morning on "The Simplicity of the Truth," and especially the simplicity of the truth in religion.

The text you will find in the Book of Deuteronomy, chapter 29, verse 29, and in the Gospel by Matthew, chapter 11 and verses 25-26. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong to us and to our children, that we may do all the words of this law." And, "Jesus said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

The secret things belong to the Lord our God, those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever.

There are many persons who imagine that the great truths of life can be known only by persons of keen intellect, and special genius and ability for looking into things and understanding mysteries. This is a great mistake. The greatest truths and realities of life are not mysteries, they are indeed most manifest. All the essential truths of life are such that they may be known and appreciated by common people. Jesus went so far as to say by babes, and he said, "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and the prudent," the farseeing, the deep-seeing, the knowing ones, thou hast hidden from them, and hast revealed them unto babes."

I wonder why they were hidden from the deep and far-seeing ones. Was it because they saw too deeply and too far? Were these things known to babes and common people because they were on the surface and easy to be understood? Our text says, "The deep things, the mysterious things, the hidden things, belong unto the Lord our God, but the things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children." The things that are revealed are of such nature and character that ordinary folks can see them, even children may know them. There is not anybody but can see them, except they look beyond them, and get below them, and thus miss them while looking too far.

I read some years ago that in the early days of gold mining in California they did a good deal of what was called "deep level mining." They thought the best gold was to be found there, but it was not so; the best gold was nearer the surface, and they missed it in going too deep. When I read that fact and illustration, I said, that is the way it is in religion and philosophy, and the highest and finest and best things of life. There are so many persons who go down into the depths to find that which is much nearer the surface and may be easily understood. Jesus said, "I thank thee, O Father, that it is thus, that thou hast hidden these things from the deep seers, and hast revealed them unto babes, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

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Indeed it is just like God to make it thus. All the essential things of life in the physical world are near at hand. We live in them, and about them, and can scarcely get away from them. Light and air and water and bread and common food. Now it is possible for the epicure to go far into the food question and dig down and down to delicacies and luxuries, O, not near at hand, but from all parts of the earth. But the necessary and essential things of existence and life are near about us. We do not need go far to get them. Anything that is necessary and essential to life, is not hidden as deep.

This is true particularly in religion, and it is on this theme that we are to think for a few minutes this morning.

Why was it that the pharisees and the scribes and the rulers did not accept the truth of Jesus? Why? because the truth He gave was common to all and for all. They rejected it because they were the pharisees, the superiors, the uppers, the betters. They were the scribes, the superb scholars, and teachers, and understanders of deep things. They were the rulers, persons off and apart and different from the rest of folks. It is said that the common people heard Jesus gladly, these other folks did not want anything to do with him.

This spirit of phariseeism and the scribes and rulers may be in poor folks as well as rich folks. It is not a question of riches, or poverty, it is a matter of the spirit. The reason they did not accept the truth by Jesus was because it was plain and simple and common and everyone might get it. It was not deep enough for pharisees and rulers and scribes. Jesus never revealed truth in any terms that an ordinary person could not understand, he usually spoke in such words and terms that children could understand. Jesus Christ did not preach deep mysteries. He himself was not a mystery.

Theologians and others have made him such, but Jesus was not a mystery, he was a manifestation. He was a manifestation of life, human life, filled with the spirit of God; He so manifested himself in both word and deed that those who knew him best said "He is the only begotten of the Father, full of grace of truth." He so manifested himself that they recognized him as the divine one, and they began to proclaim him and to preach him through all the world.

"The Way, the Truth, the Life."

Jesus himself was not a mystery, he was a manifestation. Jesus Christ never dealt in mysteries in religion, and he never preached doctrine that is a mystery, not even the doctrine of the "new birth." He said the new birth is as clear and plain as the wind that blows, but if you would peer down into it to find how it is, and why it is, you can no more see it than you can see the wind. That is what Jesus said. If you make it a mystery you will never get it. If, however, you take it as a fact and reality that tells upon you, blows upon you, then you feel it and know it. "So is everyone who is born of the spirit."

Again, Jesus Christ never preached any mysterious doctrine of the atonement. He said, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." "God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

Was that all he said? Oh, no. "I am the good shepherd, the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." I am that and I do that. There is not anyone in heathen lands, or in civilized countries, except scholars and theologians, and extreme doctrinists, who have any difficulty from Jesus on the question of redemption and atonement, and salvation. It is the men who go deep below the surface and have sought to know the why and the how of redemption and the atonement, who mostly miss it. God loved the world and sent his son to suffer for it, but how did he send him, they ask? Christ was here as the Savior, but how did he get here? Was he born of a sinless woman? Was he of a human father? How did he come? Christ declared he came from heaven and he showed clearly heavenly character in all his life, but the deep diggers, the critics and the philosophers and theologians go deep down below the fact and seek to explain just how he got here, and which way he came. Jesus declared: "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man die for his friend."

Christ preached that he came to live and to die for human beings, and wherever that truth is seen and heard and felt, the love of God stirs the heart to a new affection, and a new fellowship, and a new following. "The love of Christ constraineth us." But the deep diggers, the critics, the scholars, the theologians go down and down, and say, "Well, yes, he died, he died for the world's salvation, but how could his dying save the world? And Jesus never tried to say how it could, never a word about that." But it does. Jesus declared the great truth of redemption, and salvation, and suffering, and death, and atonement, but he never tried to explain the how of it. Never.

And so it is in the whole realm of religion. Our troubles are from scholars, and some who are not scholars, trying to peer into the mysteries of religion and going beyond the things that are revealed. The book says: "The hidden things belong to the Lord, our God, but the things that are revealed belong to us, and to our children."

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I do not know how the death of Christ can make atonement for human sins, and there is not any other man who does, although some think they do and loudly say so. We know the fact, we believe the fact, that Jesus Christ died for our sins, and believing, we have life. And do you know, a person can believe that down in a rescue mission and get as much out of it as we do. A person can believe that over in the Philippines, who hasn't even been to public school, and yet get salvation out of it as we do. A person may believe that and be saved in the heart of Africa, and if he believes that fully he gets more out of it than some scholarly deep digger who mostly labors to find out how the atonement atones; how the redemption redeems; how the Savior saves.

May I suggest to you in passing that there has been little controversy in the church of Jesus Christ in the two thousand years of its history upon any really essential saving fact or truth. Oh, there have been many controversies as to how the world was made, and how long it took to do it, and controversy goes on yet, whether it was in six days or millions of years. They are still wrangling, but whichever way it was it will neither save nor damn anybody. It is not necessary to life. However, the world was made, and whenever the world was made, it was God who created it. All the wrangling has been as to how it was done, and how long it took.

And so with the Holy Book. O, what a book this is, the Book of Life; the Book of God, coming through human lips and hearts inspired by the divine one, and in it and through it there have come the most marvelous life-giving messages. Yes, they are and the deep digger, and the far-seer, and the scholar—maybe you call him a critic or "higher critic"—and let me say that the critics and the scholars have done the world and religion great service, very great service. But what I am now pointing out is, that they are so apt to miss the essential things and lose themselves in the depths and the dark, that is all. They came to the book, even the great book of Isaiah, and when they read the wonderful message, "Ho everyone that thirsteth come ye to the waters," and so forth, they said: "Yes, that is fine, but how did it come to be? Who wrote it?" And they first found one Isaiah and then a second—and then the fuss began, and they have been at it for forty years, as to whether there is one Isaiah or two, or more.

And may I say to you without irreverence, it does not matter the snap of one's fingers whether there are two Isaiahs or two and twenty, it does not matter where he lived, or just what color skin the man he was. This matters, that the truth of God, so plain and full, came through the lips and lives of somebody called Isaiah, but it is not Isaiah that is going to save you or help you, it is the truth of God that came through Isaiah. And so going over in the New Testament—as to how Jesus came into the world. If perfectly pure, as the Divine One, the deep thinker said, "Well, but how could he be perfectly pure if he came through an impure mother?"

Then to help out an intellectual difficulty there came the dogma of the "immaculate conception," whatever that may mean, and so the controversy has lived for 1500 years as to how Jesus could be pure and without sin. We know that he was the pure one, "in him was no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." So pure that even his enemies could not charge him with sin. We believe he was pure and good, and perfect, and divine. But the deep digger insisted that this was not possible, for how could God become man—and the divine live in human personality? How? How? How?

And so too with the doctrine of the atonement.

It is not the business of a preacher of the gospel to declare on the how and the mystery of the atonement, it is his work rather to proclaim Christ as the only Savior of man, and that God sent Christ as such, and that there is none other name by which they may be saved. That is the gospel he should preach, and not elaborate queries as to how Christ can do this, or how it can possibly be.

So with other controversial points, the great "symbols" of the Christian life, adopted or commanded maybe by Jesus Christ: the symbol of water or baptism "signifying that inward purity which disposeth us to follow the example of our savior Jesus Christ." And then the "deep diggers" came in, and some of them were scholars, and some were not, but they were all of like temperament, and they said, "Well, now, how can water do that? It is in the name of the trinity, then it ought to be water three times;" and others said, "Indeed if it is to be a perfect thing it ought to be water seven times, and if this symbol fully signifies how it is done, then the believer must be 'buried with Christ in baptism' and put under the water." Others contended that is not so; it is enough if the subjects of baptism are touched with water by holy hands.

So the controversy has waged for centuries and there are some persons even yet who actually wrangle about that thing, but in the light of the teachings of Jesus Christ, I assure you that it is not a matter of water at all, neither in the water, nor on the person, the person in the water, or the water on the person, it is rather a matter of having that new life of the spirit which baptism signifies. Oh, how these non-essentials have wasted the energies of good people, and weakened the church of Christ on the real essential Christian doctrines.

Now there are only, I think, perhaps three or four really essential doctrines in all the Christian teaching; there are dozens maybe that grow out from these inferences, deductions, speculations, but there are, say, three great essential Christian doctrines. One is, as taught by Jesus, that God is our Father, that we belong to God, and ought to live the kind of life that the children of God should. The second is that we are weakened, ruined, broken, lost by sin, and that Jesus Christ, the Divine One, God's Son, our Savior, came into the world to seek us, and save us, and make us what we ought to be. The great doctrine of God our Father, the great doctrine of Christ our Savior, and the great doctrine of Christian character, holiness and destiny—I say holiness and destiny because if a person is holy, I use that word in the New Testament sense, and not in the extreme sense in which it is sometimes used by doctrinaires.

If a person is holy and his character made good by the spirit of God, his destiny is fixed; for holiness belongs to God, and will be with God, either here or anywhere; so we put the two together. These, then, are the three great Christian doctrines. First the doctrine of God our father, we his children. Is there anyone here, not a Christian, who is living the life that is unworthy of God's child? My friend, think of it. You, a lost, fallen, unworthy, sinning, shameful child of God. If you could only come to yourself and know really who you are and what relation you sustain to God, I think you would not continue in some of the things you now do.

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It is the philosophy of the Christian gospel to have the world by bringing men to a consciousness of who and what they are. We call it the "witness of the spirit," the "spirit bearing witness with our spirit that we are the children of God"; a fine personal consciousness and realization of who we really are and of what we should rtuly be—the children of God.

You never can win the world by damning men. God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. Christ came to seek and to save the lost children of God. The second great doctrine of Christianity is the saviorhood of the divine Christ. The third great Christian doctrine is personal holiness of character, made possible and experienced by and through the Holy Ghost. The essential doctrines of Christianity all center in and spring from the personal nature and character of God as humanly experienced—God our father, God our saviour, God the indwelling spirit, the triune God, Father, Son, Holy Ghost.

Now just take the third doctrine. Do you know where all the trouble has been on the question of holiness—not on the fact, not-on-the-fact. There is not, that I know of, a communion of the church of God on earth, the Roman Catholic church and the Greek church included, that does not teach that through Jesus Christ we are called unto holiness. They all teach that, but some of them say we do not realize it in this life, but we will move on in that direction, and what we do not reach in this life the purgatory fires may make right later on, but we will have purity and holiness sooner or later. Purgatory is a provision made for completing the work of holiness that is not done here. There may be good logic in purgatory, but I do not think there is good teaching in it, and it has been the occasion of most shameful abuse; anyhow, either here or somewhere, we are to be holy.

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How, then, has the controversy arisen about holiness? Well, mostly among the "deep-diggers" and the far-seers, who have concluded and have explained from what they know of human nature and what they have thought as to the character and work of the holy spirit that there must be a "distinct blessing" or work of grace, and that they are to get this in the "second blessing," etc. Then the fuss began, and out of the extremist and most intensely pious of Christians in the Protestant churches we have had the fiercest fights on "holiness."

I am not speaking carelessly when I say that some of you have met cases in your life where persons were so holy that the rest of the church could not get along with them. I personally have known some who were so "holy" that their own family could not get along with them. I know two such cases now.

Now, where is the trouble? Holiness, which is human character carried to its best by the grace and spirit of God—that is what it is. "Holiness" is that to which we are called, and there is not a man or woman in this house can get up an argument on the Christian doctrine of Godliness and holiness, except the deep-diggers and mystery-makers.

O brethren, I have said enough. "The secret things belong to the Lord our God," but the things that are revealed—the fatherhood of God, the saviorhood of Jesus, the reality of the holy spirit, the experience of redemption and salvation, and the life of holiness—the things that are revealed are for us and for our children. I beg of you not to lose your mind in the mysteries of the deep things of religion. Rather take the things that are revealed.

Fascinating as it may be, do not spend your time and waste your thought and strength in thinking about the glories and beauties of a world to come, and what it shall be like. Do not waste your strength in imagining and wondering what the great white throne will be like, and how it will appear when the Christ comes in judgment before all the world. O brethren, these things are not revealed. This is revealed—Jesus brought it, and it is good enough and plain enough for anybody. Jesus said that heaven—the place that he went to—heaven is the "father's house," the "father's house," and in it there are many rooms, prepared for the father's children. There is not anyone who cannot understand that; a child can understand that, common folk can understand that. But who may understand the wonderful, fanciful, grotesque pictures of the future life, the future judgment and the future destiny as they are often portrayed by persons of lurid imagination and apocolyptic mysteries?

Do not waste your time and strength in things that are not revealed. The things that are revealed are moral and vital and belong to us and to our children; and why? "That we may follow the law of our God."

The end of all true and essential Bible doctrine is life. The knowledge of, salvation by and life with God.

BOOKS

By Joseph Macqueen.

High Benton, by William Heyliger. Illustrated. D. Appleton Co., New York City.

The reading world for boys has long been waiting for a strong, sensible, red-blooded, manly story for boys—one that boys will like instinctively, without being pestered to death nearly to read it. Here it is—"High Benton."

Steve Benton is the boy hero's name, and he was called "high" because he aimed that way. Steve had a dog that was a strange, correct reader of human character. The dog never made a mistake in that direction. Steve was at high school, and wanted much to leave school before he had graduated—just to earn money—that he was tempted to quit.

Steve wants to be an actor in the moving picture business, but gives up that ambition. He works on a farm. He enters a machine shop in vacation time and works hard, but quits when the boss uses foul language to him. Steve's pet ambition was to be some day a salesman in the agricultural implement business of the Tarkan-Boylert company, and he wants to learn Spanish so that he could work in the South American trade.

There are various difficulties in the way. Whether or not Steve overcomes them makes up this delightful, natural American story of American boyhood.

A "Y" Girl Overseas, by Ada Alice Tuttle.

Miss Ada Alice Tuttle is a well-known Portland pianist, and lecturer on kindred musical subjects. She went to France in the fall of 1918, just in time to see Paris celebrate the signing of the armistice. She became an esteemed and faithful Y. W. C. A. worker, and worked most assiduously with willing spirit, and often when she must have been weary, entertaining and otherwise socially caring for the mental enjoyment of soldiers whom she met in Y. W. C. A. hostess houses and elsewhere.

Letters were written from Europe to Miss Tuttle's parents in this city, and from them extracts have been made which now appear in this little book of 120 pages.

It is a pleasure to meet with these letters in book form. They are written with spirit, kindness, bright intelligence and deserve the large audience which they will now meet.

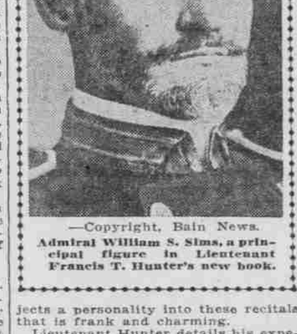
Beatty, Jellicoe, Sims and Rodman, by Lieutenant Francis T. Hunter, United States navy. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

It is significant of the friendship felt by an American naval officer for his recent British comrades in North sea battle patrol, to read the subtitle of this book of the sea: "Yankee Gobs and British Tars, as Seen by an Anglomaniac."

Our author was sworn into the United States naval reserve force as an ensign, March 13, 1917, and assigned to duty as assistant in establishing a base for submarine chasers and for training men, in New York harbor. This was nearly a month before President Wilson was empowered to declare a state of war. About the month of June the same year our author was sent to the first reserve, officers' training class, at Annapolis naval training center, for intensive training. September 15 Lieutenant Hunter was fortunate enough to be ordered for duty on board the warship New York, afterward the flagship of Rear-Admiral Rodman, in command of the ninth division of the Atlantic fleet.

The ninth division of this fleet was about 100 miles off the grand banks of Newfoundland when it ran into a severe storm and hurricane. Captain Hughes had been at sea for 30 years and he said that on two occasions only had he seen the equal of the storm—both being typhoons in the China sea. In his description of this storm and the scenes of damage it caused on board the New York, our author reaches his most dramatic and thrilling interval.

What follows in this well-written yet modest volume of 204 pages is a familiar recital to us who have read recent naval history of the late war, at least familiar so far as scenes and great historical figures are concerned. But Lieutenant Hunter writes of these events with intimate touch, and injects a personality into these recitals that is frank and charming.



—Copyright, Bain News.
Admiral William S. Sims, a principal figure in Lieutenant Francis T. Hunter's new book.

Lieutenant Munter details his experiences in North sea patrol duty, waiting vainly for the German fleet to come out and fight, and apparently no one was more sorry than he that this did not happen. Our author had several opportunities and took them to meet and talk to two British and two American sea-dogs—Admirals Beatty, Jellicoe, Sims and Rodman, but it is noticed that much of his recital concerns itself with the sayings and doing of the American admiral, William S. Sims.

On page 54 we read: "Admiral Sims was dispatched at once to organize, advise and command the naval forces of the United States which would actively engage in the world war. What he asked for was given him; what he advised was executed; what he commanded, succeeded. One year after Admiral Sims had reached England with his embryonic unit of destroyers and patrols, thousands of weather-beaten jackies on short leave, while scores of sea-scarred vessels took on new life in fuel and stores—could be heard through the seaport towns, whistling, singing or playing the tune of which they were so proud, 'Admiral Sims' Flotilla Is the Terror of the Sea.'"

Lieutenant Hunter brings down his recital of the world naval war to the surrender and afterwards sinking of the German fleet. It is interesting to read on page 177 that when the German fleet passed May island, on its way to the Firth-of-Forth to surrender, Admiral Beatty signalled one of the German squadrons to put on 17 knots and close up in formation. The reply came to him: "We cannot do better than 12 knots. Lack lubricating oil." What chance then of a modern engagement where a speed of at least 18 knots is sustained? Apparently they were no better off for food. Hardly had they anchored when the crew turned to with hook and line to catch what they might for dinner."

What Wilson Did at Paris, by Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Information that is graphic, revealing and always interesting—giving Mr. Baker's impressions of what President Wilson did at Paris in the recent peace conference activities.

It is shown how President Wilson lived and worked during these trying weeks, with President Wilson as the chief heroic figure of the entire recital. Mr. Baker shows that the president at first surprised and scared away many French people, when he first unfolded proposals affecting the much-talked-of league of nations, and accordingly was often misunderstood.

Mr. Baker's view of the president is always favorable and appreciative. The president is shown to have been in Paris, in that anxious time, a human machine for work. It's a wonder his health stood the test so well.

The Health of the Teacher, by Dr. William Estabrook Chancellor. Forbes & Co., Chicago.

Dr. Chancellor is well known for his sensible, conservative and illuminating books on schools, hygiene and kindred subjects. Educated in medicine, and always a student of health conditions, he has had favorable opportunity as superintendent of schools in Washington D. C., and other eastern cities, to study the special health needs of teachers. In this book he presents the thoughtful observations of a long life of professional experience in such matters.

The chief purpose of the book is to get teachers to take care of their own health on the ground that the occupation of school teaching has high rates both of death and disease. The aims of the personal hygiene now taught are these:

1. To increase strength, health and efficiency for daily work.
2. To thwart and, if possible, overcome tendencies in diseases, both self-originated and infectious.
3. To quicken and develop joy in being alive.
4. To postpone death.

The Country Life Press, Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Quite an original, charmingly presented message, describing the erection and the growth of the printing plant of the well-known firm of publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co. and located in Long Island, N. Y., the corner stone having been laid by the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, in July, 1910.

From the beautiful pictures shown and the appearance of the book, the publishing plant described must be and no doubt is on a more ornate, artistic basis than such plants usually are, and is a wonderful, pretty-to-look-at home.

Congratulations to this honored firm of publishers on the prosperity they have so deservedly earned. May their ways continue to be in the sunshine path.

The Little Lead Soldier, by Anna Franchi; illustrated. The Penn Publishing company, Philadelphia.

Anna Franchi was born in Leghorn, Italy, in 1867, has written several well-known and liked books, and at present resides in Milan. In this story of 186 pages she relates the curious experiences of a toy that talked, a little lead soldier dressed in the old uniform of the French army, and named Tamburino. The latter suddenly breaks into speech and tells his story to his new owners, two children, Nino and Lena, who live in Florence.

The author possesses a brilliant imagination, almost equal to that possessed by the late Robert Louis Stevenson.

Just the pleasant gift book to give to some lucky child.

Dave Darrin's South American Cruise and Dave Darrin on the Asiatic Station, by H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

These two admirable, manly stories of the sea reflect the adventures of the young naval officer whose name appears in the titles of the two books.

The latter describes wholly different scenes and incidents in Ensign Darrin's naval life. The books are just the proper mediums to interest youths and young men who like to read about the heroic deeds of the American navy.

The Supreme Adventure, by Sarah Lowe Twiggs. The Academy Book Room, Bryn Athyn, Pa.

As may be surmised, the phrase "The Supreme Adventure" means the state of passing to another world; in being dead. This great adventure is visioned by our author in poetry that will live in remembrance for its fine, spiritual quality, its leap into the world beyond, will live long after the typed message is read, through its medium of printer's ink.

The poet describes the passing of a soul into the unknown, his shrinking at finding himself in an unknown state, and his great joy when he experiences the knowledge that he has entered into new, unspeakable happiness.

The relator in verse tells how he, a cripple on earth, meets in the new life of the spirit, with Gamaliel and Azarael and other exalted ones. He finds out also that there is no—well—hades.

These are rosy views to take about our future, and the reader hopes sincerely that the poet is correct in his predictions.

But suppose our poet has guessed incorrectly? That is where the trouble lies.

This is a good world and we are in it, anyhow. We have courage.

Piggie, by Eleanor Gates. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

Who says that little pigs can't be pets, and can't show affection for each other, and for human-kind they know?

Here is a charming, amusing story which tells a wonderful tale that one little pig at least was a pet and did talk language—at least pig talk language, principally to his mother.

The story can be commended for its fresh, spontaneous originality.

So far as this book is concerned it is a novelty in book-making, for the message was written on a typewriter, the typewritten pages photographed and the book printed from the photographic plates. This innovation was made necessary, it is explained, by the recent strike in the printing trades in New York, which prevented the publication of books in the usual manner. The type is easy to read and has a surprisingly clear appearance, although the right hand margins of the pages are not filled out evenly to the end of the lines.

Conservative Democracy, by Paul Kester. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

Mr. Kester, in clearly expressed, vigorous English, contrasts democracy and socialism, and shows how the former has the advantage in contrast and should be preferred.

We are told that for the sake of the common weal and for the hope of the world, we must put aside the blandishments of imperialism and autocracy, and all the plausible sophistries of socialism and cleave unswervingly to true, temperate and simple democracy.

In other words, we Americans have tried and live under democracy and find it safe and preferable to any opposing new fangled theories that are untried.

Just the safe book for these troubled times of unrest.

Girls' Book of the Red Cross, by Mary Kendall Hyde. Illustrated. Thomas Crowell Co., New York city.

From the time that the Red Cross was officially established in August, 1864—largely through the labors of Jean Henri Durant—down to recent war activities in France, makes up the subject of this informing book.

A great white light of information is shed on all Red Cross activities, in mothering armies of men. A wonderful, moving record.

The Test of Scarlet, by Coningsby Dawson. John Lane Co., New York city.

Mr. Dawson's stories of the big war in France, a conflict in which he was a brave soldier and was wounded, have achieved deserved popularity. Here is another of these Dawson war books, with each chapter like a cameo—true war pictures, dramatic, pulsing, full of fire and with mingled laughter and tears.

Red Ben, the Fox of Oak Ridge, by Joseph Lippincott. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

With illustrations by the author, this pathetic and almost-human story of a fox named Red Ben, living on the lands of Ben Slown, a farmer in New Jersey, is just the animal story treat to entertain children. It's a gem story of its kind.

Celebrated Spies and Famous Mysteries of the Great War. By George Barton. Illustrated. The Page Co., Boston.

Much of what readers could not understand as to big personalities in the late war is explained in these dramatic and often exciting recitals. With rare skill and searching literary qualities, Mr. Barton gives us a portrait gallery of famous figures of the war, such as: The queer disappearance of Lord Kitchener, Miss Edith Cavell, the fate of Nicholas II, the murder of Captain Charles A. Fryatt, "The Mad Adventure" of Sir Roger Casement, the artless German who dynamited the Vanceborro bridge, Maine, the mystery surrounding the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand, and others.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Baudelaire: His Prose and Poetry, edited by T. R. Smith, poems and prose—essays, many of them daring in thought and treatment—Baudelaire was born in Paris, France, in 1821, and died there in 1867; and The Cobbler in Willow Street, and other poems, by George O'Neil, 86 poems, many of them of fine quality, and all of them thoughtful and profitable to read (Boni & Liveright, N. Y.)

John Adney, Ambulance Driver, by Dillon Wallace, the human-interest story of a Duluth, Minn., youth who is an ambulance driver in the big war in France, and makes good (McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Stuff O' Dreams and other war plays, by Rex Hunter—four plays entitled "The Wild Goose," "Stuff O' Dreams," "Hands and the Man," and "The Romany Road"—plays that are skilfully constructed, but with morbid endings (T. S. Denison & Co., Chicago.)

The Golden West Boys, "Injun" and "Whitey," by William S. Hart, exciting and well-told stories of adventure and out-of-doors in the west, stories written by the celebrated movie picture star known as "Bill" Hart; and The Man That Never Grew Up, by Mabel C. and William A. Lathrop, a refreshing, healthy, American story, picturing character work in a small town—a whimsical story of the good old David Harum type (Britton Pub. Co., New York.)

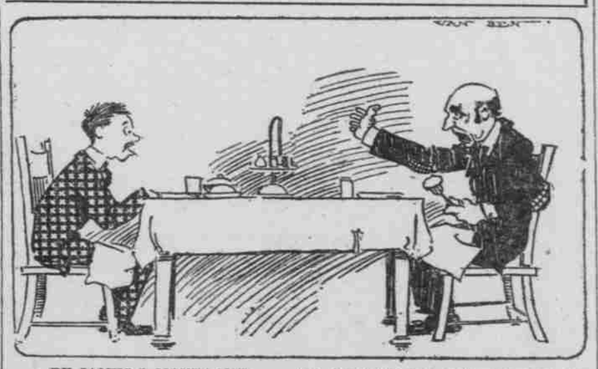
Kent of Malvern, by T. Truxtun Hare, a genial, sensible and lively story of a boy's school depicting lots of out-door games—a story of boys from 12 to 16 years old; and Don Hale With the Flying Squadron, by W. Crispin Sheppard, the lively story of a young American who became an aviator in the big war in France—a story for boys from 10 to 15 years old (The Penn Pub. Co., Phila.)

Have You a Strong Will? by Charles Godfrey Leland, with introduction by John Herman Randall, a reprint of a valuable and thoughtful book, written by a gifted American author who died several years ago in Italy—a book showing how to develop and strengthen will power, memory or any other faculty or attribute of the mind, by the easy process of auto-suggestion, 125 pages (Brentano's, N. Y.)

Bob Thorpe, Sky Fighter—a rousing, exciting book of adventure for boys, showing how two American young men who were aviators in France, did good work in crushing the Hun (Harcourt, Brace & Howe, N. Y.)

BANK CASHIER THINKS READY CASH IS DRAWBACK

James J. Montague Relates Comment Attendant Upon Many Unusual Expenditures by Official Connected With Institution.



BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

THE cashier of the local bank came gloomily into the restaurant and took the chair opposite me. He picked up the bill of fare, glanced down the price column, and ordered the cheapest lunch he could find. He was obviously low.

"What's the matter?" I inquired. "Christmas shopping got on your nerves, or did the Thanksgiving turkey last too long?"

"Don't talk to me about Christmas or Thanksgiving," he said. "They're nothing in my life."

"Anybody sick at home?"

"Nope!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"Oh, the usual thing. My kid girl wore a new dress to a party last night and this morning six women came in to withdraw their accounts."

"You don't mean ——"

"Yes, that's just what I do mean. These six women heard about the new dress from their kids, and figured their money wasn't safe in the hands of such a reckless spender. It always happens."

"Pretty tough," I said by way of consolation.

"'Tough'! Say, 'tough' is putting it mild. If you knew more about it you couldn't keep your language inside the law. I get a pretty good salary—not much, but enough to live on comfortably, and what does it get me? What does it get me, I ask you?"

This being plainly an oratorical question I inquired politely what it did get him.

Pastor Adds Word of Advice.

"Nothing! Nothing whatever! Two years ago an aunt of mine died and left me $6000. The wife and the kids wanted a car. I knew if I got a big car it would stop the bank, so I just got a flivver, and a second-hand one at that."

"The minister of the church we go to came into my office the next day. 'I see you have a car,' he said.

"'Yes,' I told him. 'A second-hand one.'

"'In your position,' he warned me, 'a man should be absolutely aloof from all temptations to spend money.'

"'Well, I can't spend a h— I mean a great deal on a second-hand flivver.'

"'No, but it will lead to a desire for a larger car. And then—well, you know there have been bank cashiers who'—he coughed.

"Of course I refused to sell the car. So he took out the church's deposit and his personal deposit. Eight or ten of his parishioners came in the following morning and hurried their funds to a place of safety. I sold the car.

"Once my wife and I were invited to a dinner at a big restaurant where they had cocktails and wine and the rest of it. Some rubberneck spotted us there and got busy around town in the morning. That cost the bank about twelve good accounts.

"'It's wine now; it soon will be women and song,' I heard one old goat say as he went out of the bank tucking his money into his trousers pocket.

"Why, I can't buy the kids new shoes without its getting around and starting half a panic. I've been saving for 20 years to get enough money to build a new house. Do I build it? I do not. If I was so much as seen talking to an architect there'd be a line in front of the paying teller's window as soon as the place opened for business.

Ready Money No Advantage.

"I like to pay my bills promptly, but I have to let them drag along from month to month for fear somebody will suspect I have too much ready money. I got in a terrible jam in war time. They came after me for liberty bonds, of course, but as soon as I subscribed for $1000 worth the members of the loan committee looked at me cross-eyed, and another bank was selected to handle the funds.

"My wife has been wearing the same clothes for two years. If she got a new outfit it would probably wreck the bank. When I send the kids to college I'll have to give out that a tight-wad uncle of mine who wouldn't give a cent to his dying mother is paying all the expenses.

"When my landlord raised the rent on me last month I had to move to a cheaper house. I liked the place and could have stood the rent, but I know what would have happened if I had paid it. I can't even order more than a ton of coal at a time and will probably freeze to death when the famine shows up because I won't have any in the cellar.

"And that isn't the worst of it. The other day I heard a couple of depositors talking on the other side of the glass partition. One of them was saying:

"'I'm going to go some place else. I'm sure this guy hasn't got a raise, and he just couldn't keep up his family at these prices on his salary. No sir. The only way he can do it is to dip into the vault and help himself to your money and mine. We've got to protect ourselves, that's all.' And they did."

He finished his lunch and rose.

"You left your check," I said.

"You'll have to pay it," he replied. "You're one of our depositors, and if I settle it you'd think I was using your money."

And he went out.

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PATIENTS TO GET CHEER

Red Cross and Olympic Club Will Visit Letterman Hospital.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—In every ward at the Letterman general hospital here, where sick and wounded soldiers are being cared for, there will be a big, brilliant Christmas tree at Christmas time. At every bedside the Red Cross will have candy, cake and tobacco.

Entertainers from the Olympic club of San Francisco will visit each section of the big hospital, singing and playing music selected by the men.

At the hostess house a programme of music and vaudeville specialties will be presented.

It is expected several thousand soldiers will be entertained in private homes during the holiday.

OREGON HENS SET RECORD

Agricultural College Fowl Beat World in Egg Production.

CORVALLIS, Or., Dec. 20.—A dozen hens at the Oregon Agricultural college's farm at Salem, Or., have set a new world record for egg production, James S. Dryden, professor at the college, has announced.

Each of these hens in one year laid more than 300 eggs, the best producing 330 and two others 323.

All these hens, according to Professor Dryden, are of the strain that several years ago developed Lady McDuff, the first hen to have laid more than 300 eggs a year in a trap nest. Her record was 303.

Fair Girl Knows Best.

"Yes, grandma," said the fair young thing, "I am to be married during the month of January." "But, my dear," said the old lady, earnestly, "you are very young. Do you feel that you are fitted for married life?" "I am fitted now, grandma," explained the prospective bride, sweetly. "Seven teen gowns and three costumes."

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