BOOKS

By Joseph Macqueen

Russia in the Shadows, by H. G. Wells. George H. Doran Co., New York City.

Distinguished previously from other English literary men by his books, showing brilliant imagination and social platitudes Mr. Wells suddenly blossoms out in a new direction.

In "Russia in the Shadows," Mr. Wells writes graphically as a descriptive reporter, and presents facts as to Russia under soviet rule, in wreck and disorder. He was in Russia only two weeks in September, 1920, and was therefore only practically in and around Petrograd, but he worked busily and took numerous notes.

Mr. Wells finds the soviet government of Russia childish and visionary, but often energetic and creative. But he is sure that this same soviet government is the only cohesive force capable of governing the broken Russia of today, in the absence of any other strong governing party or group of parties.

A "way out" for Russia is opened by Mr. Wells. He favors the opening of trade relations with soviet Russia, on a large scale, by the formation of a big national or international trust, representing one power or a group of powers. That plan, he believes, would open up Russia's vast stores of raw materials to the world and would help Russia industrially and prevent the nation lapsing into stagnation or Asiastic barbarism.

Lenine expressed wonder to our author that England had not tasted the so-called blessings of the social revolution called bolshevism, and added that he could not understand such people who could not see the light. Lenine was confident that soviet Russia would yet prosper, and begged for more time for the social miracle, adding a hint to come back in ten years and see the success worked out.

Mr. Wells throws strong light on the darker side of the Russian soviet picture, and thus he describes the present dying city of Petrograd:

There are perhaps half a dozen shops still open in Petersburg. There is a government crockery shop, where I bought a plate or so as a souvenir, for 700 or 800 rubles each, and there are a few flower shops. It is a wonderful fact, I think, that in this city, in which most of the shrinking population is already nearly starving and hardly anyone possesses a second suit of clothes or more than a single change of worn and patched linen, flowers can be and are still bought and sold. For 5000 rubles, which is about six shillings sterling at the current rate of exchange, one can get a very pleasing bunch of chrysanthemums.

I do not know if the words "all the shops have ceased" convey any picture to the western reader of what a street looks like in Russia. It is not like Bond street or Piccadilly on a Sunday, with the blinds nearly drawn down in a decorous sleep and ready to wake up and begin again on Monday. The shops have an utterly wretched and abandoned look; paint is peeling off, windows are cracked, some are broken and boarded up, some still display a few fly-blown relics of stock in the window; some have their windows covered with notices; the windows are growing dim, the fixtures have gathered two years' dust. They are dead shops. They will never open again.

The electric street cars are still running and busy until 6 o'clock. Everyone scrambles on the tramcar. If there is no room inside you cluster outside. In the busy hours festoons of people hang outside by any handhold; people are frequently pushed off and accidents are frequent. We saw a crowd collected round a child cut in half by a tramcar and two people in the little circle in which we moved in Petersburg had broken their legs in tramway accidents.

There is no established conclusion in Mr. Wells' book that the present soviet government of Russia soon will collapse.

H. G. Wells, author of "Russia in Shadows."

The Sand Doctor, by Arnold Mulder. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

A powerfully constructed, sane American novel, picturing people living on the ever-shifting sand dunes of the great lakes districts of the east.

The characters in the novel are finely drawn with the skill of an artist and reflect Dr. Brier Quentin, his far-flung medical practice, his young wife—and a strange lover. The latter occupies a principal position on the stage.

The ever-drifting sand as it creeps onward, engulfing not only trees, but horses and even villages, is visioned with admirable descriptive power.

The Bad Man, by Charles Hanson Towne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

Based on the play of that name by Porter Emerson Browne, this novel of wild days and wild men in Arizona, and with a live, picturesque hero named Gilbert Jones, ex-lieutenant in the American army in France, gets one's attention and holds it.

There is a ranch deal that has a possibility of oil being in the ground; the hero loves a married woman whose husband is wicked; and there are lots of complicated situations.

One commanding figure stands out from the recital—Pancho Lopez, Mexican bandit and professional badman. He is sketched with a power that astonishes and delights the reader.

Art and I, by C. Lavis Hind. John Lane Co., New York city.

A series of charming and always pleasant-to-read essays on art and art subjects.

The author writes that he was commissioned in 1917 to write on art by Frederick Dixon, editor of the Christian Science Monitor.

One poem by Amy Lowell is quoted p. 29:

The cat and I,
Together in the sultry night,
Waited.
He greatly desired a mouse,
I an idea.
Neither ambition was gratified.

The Headland, by C. A. Dawson-Scott. Alfred A. Knopf, New York city.

Sand, rocks, heaving tide, a sweep of restless ocean and ever the smell of salt water—these elements and strong, clear word-pictures of people make up this story of these views of English life of our day.

The background is the leaden sky and the sea that beats on the narrow neck of land that joins the south of England and a headland. Strong realism is the central note. The peoples are English aristocrats and plebians. There is a powerful love story.

Social Evolution, by Benjamin Kidd. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

To thoughtful readers this new edition of an already famous book comes as a boon and a friend. It brilliantly discusses the conditions of human progress, the central feature of human history, and the function of religious belief in the evolution of society. It also examines modern socialism.

Swamp Breath, by Robert Simpson. The James A. McCann Co., New York city.

Weakness and strength, love, indifference and hate—these are sharply and powerfully contrasted in this readable novel of English aristocrats who are part of the governing class in a far-away African swamp country. Pages are 326.

Ellen Levis, by Elsie Singmaster. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

Subtle yet powerful in plot, this novel by Miss Lingmaster, with scenes laid principally in Pennsylvania, is a principal story of the season. It has a grasp on character work that is admirable.

The two chief persons in the book are Dr. Stephen Lanfair and Ellen Levis. The latter desired to become a physician.

Hilda Fell, a wealthy, imperious girl who owns a large estate along the river front in Harrisburg, Pa., strangely interests Lanfair. He is warned by medical friends that there is insanity in the girl's family, an insanity that might develop any time in her. As his love for Ellen Levis sleeps, Lanfair gets intimate with Hilda, and to his amazement—somehow—he finds himself marrying her. She asks him to give up his medical practice, and live on her money.

"We are husband and wife," young Mrs. Lanfair argues. She turns out to be a born scold. Their married life is one series of angry scenes and heartaches. In one last case of violent outbreak of temper, Hilda is found to be insane, and is placed under restraint.

Then Dr. Lanfair finds that he loves Ellen and that she loves him. The Lanfairs are church people and divorce is frowned upon.

The novelist makes one way out, and plays safe. She writes for serious people who are not radicals. The review must be stopped here.

Further, by E. K. Means. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

E. K. Means has been recognized by experts as a new novelist who writes new negro stories about as entertaining as any other person in America—and that embraces wide stretches of territory.

In these seven tales, we are treated to amazing, laughable and pathetic pictures of the Louisiana negroes, written by a kindly author who knows these colored citizens apparently as intimately as they know themselves. He is a clever master of negro dialect.

The Bride of Mission San Jose, by John Augustine Coil. The Abingdon Press, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A romantic, finely sentimental novel of old California days of 1842-46. A pleasant love story is revealed, together with graphic word pictures as to the strife over California of that period—strife between Great Britain and this country Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, Americans and Englishmen all are portrayed with fidelity.

The Girl in Fancy Dress, by J. E. Buckrose. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York city.

Clothes may not every time make or mar a woman, but in the case of Miss Cynthia Rayborn, the delightful, witty and otherwise charming heroine of this novel, clothes did form an important element in her social career. The novel is English, is decidedly entertaining, and has the added merits of originality and humor.

Mr. and Mrs. James Walgrove, in their country home not far from London, in which city Mr. Walgrove was engaged in business, were awaiting the arrival of Miss Nellie Walgrove, a country cousin; a girl with no money and in search of a position as governess or teacher. They also await the arrival of an unknown Miss Cynthia Rayburn, an independent heiress. The Walgroves plan to marry her to young Anthony Walgrove, who was "tallish, with a pale face, rather heavy-lidded eyes and black hair, and had a certain stiffness of gait left by rheumatism in the trenches."

Miss Nellie Walgrove was secretly engaged to marry Rev. John Henderson, a poor curate, who had just appealed to the Bishop of Mabingstoke for an appointment as rector in some church where there was a liveable stipend.

On her way to the Walgrove house Cynthia's conveyance became upset and her own clothing was so wet and soiled because of contact with a ditch,—that he was glad to borrow clothing from a villager. When she did reach the Walgrove home she was met by Miss Chloe Walgrove, talkative school girl and imp of mischief. Chloe mistakes Cynthia for Miss Nellie, and tells the supposedly absent Cynthia about the proposal to marry her and her money to needy Anthony, and adds that Cynthia is known in the family as "the goose with the golden eggs." That innocent revelation steels Cynthia in her determination to impersonate the absent and humble Nellie, just for fun.

The Walgroves frigidly receive the supposed Nelly, and curiously enough Anthony truly falls in love with her and she with him, but no avowal is made. The Walgroves go to a dance, and Cynthia is taken along.

Suddenly Cynthia felt a little spurt of anger on behalf of the real Cousin Nellie. Anthony had no business to flirt like this with a poor little country girl who had never been anywhere, and whose head might be so easily turned. It seemed difficult to understand how he could, being the man she thought him.

"What's a man's cousin to him?" she retorted. "I know. Something a little spicier than a sister and a little safer than a friend."

Anthony's face remained grave, but his eyes had a gleam of amusement in them under those heavy lids, and he regarded her with a secret feeling of not being able to make her out, though she seemed so simple. How came she to say things like that? You'd think the life of a nursery-governess would not have provided exercise enough for such verbal quips. How did she really know about life?

"A little safer than a friend! That applies to both sexes," he replied. "I'm glad you feel that." He saw the childish round of her cheek as she turned and his voice changed. "It's true, though. You can trust me, Nellie."

The "Nellie" disturbed her again. Where were they drifting? What was he, really, at the bottom? She gave a probing prick to his vanity.

"Let us stop, please," she said abruptly. "Sorry!" he said. "I know I'm not much of a dancer now."

As she remembered how he had gained his stiffness and the red deepened in her cheeks, he could feel the slim fingers tighten on his sleeve. "Oh, I didn't mean that. I want to sit down," she said hastily.

"You seem to manage all right. No fear of my trying any of these new dances," he responded. But involuntarily his tone implied that he had been hurt and was now appeased.

At that her face cleared and the spirit of happy mischief awoke again in her. "Oh! we do dance in our village sometimes in our own prehistoric style," she said.

Several ludicrous social mixups follow when the real Nellie does appear, and the two girls' identities float about like clouds in a spring sky, until calm is established.

Prairie Flowers, by James B. Hendryx. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

Tex Benton, cowboy, dead shot and lover, is the stalwart hero of this novel of Montana. After a year of hard work and drought, he invades Timber City to get "lickered up," but instead collides with his fate. He meets Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Adams Endicott, old friends, whom he had met in the west just one year previously. Tex had loved Mrs. Endicott before her marriage.

Instead of breaking his heart Tex gets sober and another girl wins his attention.

Cattle and sheep feuds stir up action and cowboy life is stirringly portrayed. The cowboys use strong language and it appears plentifully in this story.

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY ETHEL R. SAWYER,
Director Training Class Library Association of Portland.

ONE of the most helpful after-war signs is the way in which leaders in the religious world are carrying the contest against narrow partisanship and blind allegiance into the field of church matters. It may be that the church failed us during the great strain of the war, but she is making heroic efforts in many quarters at least to prepare to lead us into a greater peace. Bishop Inge's volume entitled "Outspoken essays" came like a clarion call to many readers a few years ago. (I suppose it was mistaken for the crack of doom by some startled souls.) Now comes a volume from the recently elected bishop of the diocese of New York, William T. Manning. "The Call to Unity" sounds like real Christianity, it speaks right out to the holier-than-thous in words like these: "Each Christian community is called upon to acknowledge its share in the sin of making schism or of helping to perpetuate it. There is no church on earth, Catholic or Protestant, which is not a sharer in this sin. There is not a church which has done all that it should have done to prevent it or to bring it to an end." And later, "We need to recognize more clearly that it is not so much agreement which produces unity as it is unity and fellowship which produces agreement."

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With such books as these, interesting not merely to churchmen, but of moment to every citizen who is looking for constructive lines of future activity, there is peculiar interest in the book week for the advertisement of religious literature. Perhaps it would be a good thing for all of us, whatever our personal churchly or anti-churchly sympathies, to look into these modern utterances of great churchmen and sort over and perhaps revise some of our mental stock in trade along the religious line. Remember the date, March 13-20.

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"Kenelm Digby" says sometimes it looks to him as though the next great war was going to be fought over the question as to whether New York or Chicago is the literary capital of the United States. "And then the decision will probably be awarded to Indianapolis."

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More diaries are being kept in Germany at present, it is said, than at any other time in the history of that country. The assigned reason is that people of today wish their grandchildren to know the conditions under which life went on in the days following war. Alfred Field, editor of Friedenswarte, has just published his war diary, in four sizable volumes. At that rate we shall have another paper famine when the publication fever gets in full swing. Undoubtedly, however, most valuable material for future historians is being prepared.

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Fremont Older, now editor of the San Francisco Call—ever see him? They say he looks just like what he apparently is—a veteran, graft-fighting newspaper man. He has the record of having put more of San Francisco's "best citizens" in jail than anybody else in town.

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The Boston Transcript reminds us infant-wonder worshipers that Lord Macaulay at the age of seven wrote a history of the world from the creation to his own times. I wonder whether Mr. Wells knows about that?

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The latest thing in California propaganda is reported by Robert C. Holliday in his book, "Men and Books and Cities." It seems that the barbers on the trains attempt to convert men to the California religion en route. When Mr. Holliday got into the chair his particular missionary took up the tale to this effect: "And so I was 'from New York?' Well, he knew a man who had six children—five of them born in California, 'without any trouble.' The sixth was born in New York; and the birth of this child nearly cost the life of the gentleman's wife. Indeed, he only 'saved her by the skin of his teeth.' Shows the effect of climate," comments R. C. H.

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It appears that the original of Jack London's "Sea Wolf" was a well-known figure around San Francisco until a few years ago. He is described thus: "Looked like anything but a sea-farer. Conveyed the idea of a 'Salvation Army Man.' Prince Albert coat; broad-brimmed, black felt hat; long, flowing, dark mustaches. Professional smuggler. Revenue officers after him for years; they knew perfectly well what he was doing; he knew that they knew it; never able to 'connect him up' with anything. Dare-devil of the deep—strangely ironic end. Met his death in a few inches of water, by a pier; got drunk, asleep, rolled off a small boat." And so we lost his vote for the 18th amendment.

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R. C. Holliday says he considers Hilaire Belloc's "The Path to Rome" "the jolliest travel book in all the world" and has written his own "Men and Books and Cities" in imitation of it.

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Literary criticism—a la "Murray Hill."

Young person (anent some unfavorable criticism in his article "The Amazing Failure of O. Henry"): "But there is a great merit in his brevity. Don't you think brevity a great merit?"

Murray Hill: "I do—in O. Henry."

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Aline Kilmer, widow of Joyce Kilmer, and poet also in her own right, has been giving lectures on poetry and poets which for such a "home body" of a woman seemed a remarkable thing for her to attempt. One auditor describes her thus:

"She stood, very erect, chin slightly tilted, looking far away straight before her, one arm lightly resting across the top of a little reading stand. Girlhood, she looked, newly come to perfect bloom. She began in a little voice that soared out over that space like a bird high in the sky. It rang clear and sweet like the sound of a silver bell. Dew was on the breath of it and all manner of fragrant things. Elves were in it, too, innocent mischievous spirits." Sounds as though she might be good to hear. Couldn't some society invite her out—and get the auditorium?

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Hendrick Willem van Loon, lecturer on history at various universities and author of several historical works dealing with Holland, pays his tribute of appreciation to Wells' "Outline of History" in a very interesting short article in the February Dial. He says Mr. Wells has given us all a new home to replace the historical wreckage left behind by the scientific historican in his myth-exploding research. "Some of the tenants will object to the architecture of the rook and others will dislike the arrangements of the cellar. The windows of several rooms let in a draught of doubt. The pictures upon the walls are not of equal value. But the building stands, firm and sound, and the master can be proud of his handiwork."

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Then again here's another attitude toward the famous "Outlines." Quoting from the history itself:

"If the prominent men of this or that British or Gallic city lacked any profound Greek culture themselves, they could always turn to some slave or other whose learning had been guaranteed of the highest quality by the slave dealer to supply the deficiency." To which Keith Preston, of the Chicago Daily News, comments: "Who guaranteed Mr. Wells' experts? No doubt when the guaranteed slaves ventured to correct their masters, the British or Gallic parvenus, they were clapped into fetters, just as Mr. Wells has clapped his experts into footnotes. There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the footnotes of 'The Outline of History.'" All of which racket doesn't prevent the booksellers doing a big business in Wells, however.

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"I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us. Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, these lead to great civilization. I have supposed that the novel, exposing and illustrating the natural history of man, may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Anatole France Entertains Rich and Poor Alike.

Aged French Author and Critic Keeps Open House Sundays.

TOURS, France, Feb. 5.—Anatole France, the aged French author and critic, who has announced his adherence to the communist party of France, lives in a large villa, about 25 minutes' walk from the nearest tramway terminus running out of town, and is known to the peasants for miles around for his democratic manner and his weekly Sunday receptions to which everyone, rich or poor, bourgeois or worker, peasant or city dweller, is received on the same footing.

Sunday is the day of rest for the peasants and time hangs heavily on the hands of the hardy tillers of the soil. The father often proposes the moving-picture house, but the hard-working, centime-saving mother balks at spending 10 to 12 francs for tickets to the cinema and tries to compromise by suggesting the zoological gardens.

The urchins, however, with visions of fruit cakes and candies and chocolates dispensed at the France villa, often settle the argument. "Let's go to Anatole's," they beg, and to Anatole they go.

The master, sitting in the large reception room, greets them all with cordiality, and the children make themselves at home.

The servants and the gardener generally spent the whole day Monday in repairing the damage and clearing the wreckage left behind by Anatole France's Sunday visitors.

Anatole France has long been a leading critic, is author of the opera "Thais" and of numerous works of fancy, fiction and satire. He is 76 years old, a member of the French academy and his real name is Jacques Thibault.

He served in the world war as a private, having prevailed upon the premier to permit him to enlist. In October last he married Mlle. Emma La Prevotte.

For many years he has been a member of the French socialist party. He announced his adherence to the French communists after the French socialists in their convention at Tours, in January, voted to join the third internationale.

RICH JEWS ARE KIDNAPED

Mysterious Disappearances Indicate Murder and Police Puzzled.

BUDAPEST.—Mysterious kidnaping of rich Jews continues here and the police seem unable to end it or to detect the criminals.

Recently three wine merchants who had gone to the country disappeared. The police followed their tracks to the lake Balaton, where the water washed ashore a boat, in which the hats of the merchants were found. All further trace was lost and their fate still is unknown, although there is every indication of murder.

The case of Jacob Reissman, a rich piano manufacturer, belongs to the same category. Reissman was carried away from his home in Budapest by three men, who pretended to be detectives of the military police. Reissman vanished and with him the contents of his safe. It is considered certain that the unfortunate manufacturer was robbed and killed, although neither the perpetrators nor the body of the victim were found.

DRY MOVEMENT REVIVED

New Women of Japan Again Agitating for Temperance.

TOKIO. — (Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The new women's temperance movement will be revived, says the Tokio Asahi, and some 3000 educationalists, including a number of prominent men and women, will support it.

It is also reported that, in the current session of the diet, a temperance bill proposing to restrict the hours for the sale of wine and the quantity of wine to be sold to individuals at a time, will again be introduced by Mr. Hoshijima, one of the warmest supporters of the movement.

PASTOR WARNS THAT THERE IS DAY WHEN ALL FACE RECORD AT HEAVENLY THRONE

What Are You Saying to Your God Now? Asks Rev. C. H. Huett of Rose City Park Methodist-Episcopal Church; What Will You Say to Him Then?

BY REV. C. W. HUETT.
Rose City Park M. E. Church.

Conscription.

Matthew xxvii:32. "And as they came out they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear his cross."

SIMON, the man mentioned in the text, we knew little about. He was a native of Cyrene, a city of North Africa, in the part called Libya, now a part of Egypt, and was the father of Alexander and Rufus, well-known characters to St. Mark's readers. After the trial of Jesus, contrary to every form of Roman and Jewish jurisprudence and custom, and the condemnation, a travesty on justice, Jesus was taken into the "common hall," mocked and insulted by the soldiers, struck and spit upon, and after the rude Roman soldiery had vented their cruel buffonery upon him until satisfied they leave the hall for Calvary. The lowly Jesus has been tasked beyond his physical strength and was unable to carry his cross to the place of execution, and, laying hands upon Simon, apparently a passerby or spectator, they compel him either to carry or aid the savior in carrying his cross to the appointed place.

We want to use this occurrence as the theme for a common experience until very recently immensely disliked in the three largest countries on earth, viz. China, Great Britain and the United States. Conscription is common to most modern countries, but not until the exigencies of the world war arose, imperatively demanding drastic measures, did Great Britain and the United States consent to employ it, and hence in these countries at least it is or was a very unpopular theme.

Conscript Taken Away.

Some years ago it was my privilege to spend a week in Palestine, and while there a trip was made to the Dead sea, Jericho and the Jordan river. While waiting in the Jericho hotel room for the heat to abate so that the trip to the Jordan river and Dead sea could be made, as the thermometer stood at 114 in the shade, a tremendous commotion was heard outside with a lot of wailing and weeping and we were drawn to the window almost against our will to see what was going on. We saw a young man with a couple of soldiers, one on either side, walking along the street surrounded by quite a large company of men, women and children shrieking, weeping and tearing their hair and rending their garments as though some terrible calamity had happened or was about to happen. We hurriedly hunted up our interpreter and wanted to know what was the matter and if the young man was being led away to death. The interpreter told us he was just a conscript being taken away for military service. We had just come from Japan, then engaged in her life and death struggle with the great Russian bear, and had seen literally tens of thousands of Japanese soldiers speeded on their way by streaming banners and cheering crowds of compatriots, and the sight at Jericho was ludricous in the extreme. Only a conscript!

The idea behind conscription, however, is a very common one, and no civilized country is free from it in some form. Aside from our recent experience during the great war, when all, irrespective of race, color, wealth or political influence, were compelled to render service and in defiance of which Grover Cleveland Bergdoll is now an exile (?) in Germany, we meet this fact every day of our lives. Nobody is asked whether he will pay taxes or not; he is simply told what he is to pay and he pays it or wishes he had. We are not asked to volunteer for jury duty; we are drawn and a refusal to answer the summons will bring a court official with a warrant in short order. We do not ask parents whether they want to send their children to school or not, nor do we gain the consent of the children before they go. They are told to go and a failure to do so brings the truant officer in record time.

Majority Are Forced.

The ideal that we hold up and the principle we try to inculcate is that every citizen should gladly volunteer to do the things necessary to an orderly and civilized life; the facts are that the great majority have to be conscripted. No intelligent man of today, despite the very evident fact of our great and substantial progress, could be made to believe that sufficient revenue could be raised by voluntary gifts to maintain the state, or that a sufficiently large number of men could be obtained by this method of voluntary service to man juries, or that parents and children together would give careful attention enough to daily school attendance to keep ignorance from being a menace to our life and institutions without conscription. Such is life as we know it.

Not only is this idea common in the life of everyday affairs, but also it is very familiar in religion. When God in past ages could find no people of sufficiently trustworthy character to make the religious teachers of men, he laid hold upon a man of Mesopotamia, by name Abram, took him away from the life and people he knew and started him out to found a new nation, fitted to be for that time the religious teachers of the world. Abram becomes Abraham, the father of the faithful, and the founder of the great Hebrew people and a notable conscript in the kingdom of God. Three generations later Joseph, the beloved son of Jacob and Rachel, becomes, through many vicissitudes and a long painful experience, the savior of his people. He did not volunteer, but was conscripted, and only after years of bitter experience could he recognize the hand of God in providential leadings. Long afterward Moses is born, beautiful in form and feature, and his mother braves the wrath of the mighty Pharaoh to save his life. Providentially educated and trained in the palace of the king his impetuous temper causes him to commit murder and he flees for his life and spends a long time in Midian, where he learns patience and trust in God. Then he sees the "burning bush that is not consumed," fit symbol of Judaism today, hears God's call and eventually becomes the great emancipator and lawgiver of his people. Another magnificent example of conscription. Elisha is plowing in the field. Elijah, passing by, throws his garment upon him and from henceforth he becomes the great prophet and leader of his people. The Old Testament is full of this idea from beginning to end.

Idea Seen Everywhere.

In the New Testament the idea is everywhere. Joseph is betrothed to a beautiful young woman when grave complications arise and he is "minded to put her away privately," but God appears to him in a dream, clears away his doubts and makes him the humble but hasty messenger and agent under God to save the life of the infant Jesus from the wrath of Herod the king. A case pure and simple of conscription. Jesus, having come to years and begun his ministry, sees Matthew, the publican, sitting at the receipt of custom, calls him "Follow me" and Matthew follows him. He sees Andrew and Peter with their father mending nets and calls, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men," and they follow him. James and John are called in the same way, as we learn from Matt. iv:21, every one a case of conscription.

Years later Peter, while at Joppa, goes upon the housetop to rest while a meal is being prepared and there falls into a trance and sees the great sheet full of all manner of unlawful things to eat let down from heaven and hears the command, "Rise, Peter, slay and eat." He has to see it thrice and hear the command again and again before he can, with his narrow Jewish prejudice and bigoted view, get the idea it comes from God, and then the messengers from Cornelius are at the door and he is ready to go; another conscript for the sake of the kingdom. Saul, that Hebrew of the Hebrews, of the tribe of Benjamin, circumcized the eighth day, brought up at the feet of Gameliel, one of the really great Jewish teachers of the law, a Pharisee devout, earnest, intense and mightily in earnest, is on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus to arrest any that are "followers of the way" and bring them bound to Jerusalem for trial, is stricken to the earth, hears the query, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" and becomes the eloquent Paul, the greatest conscript, in all probability, Christianity ever had, and a mighty advocate and defender of the faith. Even Jesus, we learn from Romans xv:3, "pleased not himself." The Holy Scriptures, both the Old and New Testament and all Christian experience is full of the idea. Turn where you will, go where you may, it is found everywhere.

The Methodist discipline has this in her general rules: "It is expected of all who continue in these societies that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation. By doing good, by being in every kind merciful, after their power, as they have opportunity, doing good of every possible sort, and, so far as possible, to all men: To their bodies, of the ability which God giveth, by giving food to the hungry, by clothing the naked, by visiting or helping them that are sick or in prison; to their souls, by instructing, reproving, or exhorting all we have any intercourse with," trampling under feet that enthusiastic doctrine, that we are not to do good unless our hearts are free to it. Why will men twist the plain meaning of Christ to mean the thing he did not mean? They read, "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery in his heart" and instead of taking these words in their plain and obvious intent and meaning they immediately say, "Christianity teaches that it is as bad to think a thing as to do it" instead of taking what Jesus actually means, viz. That he who thinks adultery is a potential adulterer, he that thinks theft is a potential thief. Just use ordinary common sense and we will not go far astray. Let some enthusiast try paying taxes just as he feels like it, try going into the army or not just as he pleases, and see what happens. Quite a bunch of folk tried the latter down in Arkansas and a lot of them are still in the federal penitentiaries as a result.

Law Practically Universal.

The law of conscription is practically a universal law. We were not consulted about coming into this world, nor the conditions under which we should come, nor the circumstances to surround us after we safely arrived. Had I been consulted, without question I would have chosen to come as Mr. Rockefeller's little boy. We do a host of things we do not choose to do, like getting up in the morning, going to work, attending school and a multitude of irksome tasks we would rather not perform. Did we but use the same common sense in religious matters that we are compelled to use in everyday life we will have very little if any difficulty in making a magnificent success of the religious life.

The New Testament tells us that we are co-workers with God, that is, partners with him, in saving the old world from ruin, misery and eternal woe. There is an old legend which tells us that when Jesus went back to the glory world the angels who "desire to look into man's estate," that is, have his opportunities and privileges, were talking with the master about his life in the world and the arrangements he had made for carrying on the task of evangelization after his ascension, and Jesus told them that Peter, James, John and the others were to tell others, and they in turn to tell others, and they others until all should have heard and had a chance to accept the gospel. One of the angels is supposed to have said to him, "But, Master, if some of these pepole should fail to tell the others, what other provision is there for them to hear?" and Jesus is supposed to have said, "There is no other provision. If my followers fail all will fail." This is just a legend, but it is nevertheless a great truth. If Christians fail to do the allotted tasks Christianity will fail and the world will be lost. Let us ask ourselves

What kind of a church
Would my church be
If every member
Were just like me?

Record to Be Faced.

If all were as faithful as some in their gifts for the kingdom the cause would never lack money for actual needs, the treasurer would have ample funds to meet all needs and a great reproach would be taken away. If all were as willing to serve as some are, the Sunday school would never lack teachers, the sick and the shut-ins would be visited, cheered and comforted and a tie stronger than custom, civilization, patriotism or blood would be forged to bind us together and we could sing that beautiful gospel hymn of C. H. Gabriel with full hearts:

A band of faithful reapers we,
Who gather for eternity
The golden sheaves of ripened grain
From every valley, hill and plain:
Our song is one the reapers sing
In honor of the Lord and king,
The master of the harvest wide,
Who for a world of sinners died.

And oh, how we could sing that chorus, and would sing it:

To the harvest field away
For the master calleth:
There is work for all today,
Ere the darkness falleth.
Swiftly do the moments fly,
Harvest days are going by,
Going, going, going, going by.

How about it, friends? Has God called you, and have you, unlike Paul of old, been "disobedient unto the heavenly vision?" Have you said "no" to God? Remember! O, remember! Some day we will face our record, we will meet the master face to face, he who bore the bitter cross for our sakes and brought us back to purity and to God with his own blood. What are we saying to him now? What will we say to him then?

Tarnish on Steel Knives Easily Prevented.

Chemical Action of Acids Stopped by Immediate Cleaning.

THE so-called tarnishing of steel knives is the result as much of the wrong method of cleaning as it is of a chemical decomposition of the surface of the blade, according to official advice from the American Cutlery bureau of information. A badly polished steel knife will show more easily the effect of tarnishing than will one that has been well cleaned and polished before use. Experience in fact has proven that the best polished American steel knives, made of high-class steel, are less inclined to tarnish than those of inferior quality.

All tarnishing of steel knives can be avoided if the knives are cleaned immediately after use. The chemical action of the acids which causes tarnishing requires a certain time to accomplish its purpose and the quicker it is interrupted the better it is for the future use of the knife. Do not leave steel knives lying uncleaned overnight. Rinse the blade carefully in hot water after use and wipe it dry with a clean cloth. This will destroy the acids. If there is time polish the blade with a fine powder polish. The polish upon the blade of a good steel knife is produced by very rapid friction which makes the surface of the blade absolutely smooth until it shines as does the polish on high-class furniture or glass.

Acids destroy the smoothness of the surface and eat not only into the polish but create small indentures in which food will decompose and help to make the tarnishing of the blade permanent. Many machines and appliances for polishing knives are sold. The best to use, however, is an ordinary bottle cork and some fine polishing powder. No appliance can replace the sensitiveness of the hand and a few rubbings with the cork will not only remove all the uncleanliness from the blade but also renew the polish which is its natural protector.

Before polishing rinse the blade thoroughly with warm water and dry it. After polishing a renewed rinsing and careful drying will remove the remains of the polishing powder. The essential purpose of a knife is to cut. Buying cheap cutlery is false economy. Ask your dealer for the best table cutlery, which is made in America.

MEXICAN TIMBER BOUGHT

Mahogany to Be Exploited in This Country by Local Firm.

MONTEREY, Mex.—Exploitation of the mahogany and other timber of Mexico by large American financial interests will be started soon. One of the largest of these projects, which has for its purpose the cutting and shipping to the United States of mahogany logs, is that of the Chiapas Timber and Chicle Co., of Philadelphia, Pa. It is a holding company for the properties of the Tropical Trading Co. and the Compania Exploradora del Sureste, both of which have been chartered under Mexican laws.

Juan O. Ramos of Philadelphia, owner of large tracts of mahogany and other timber lands in Mexico, accompanied by Lawrence V. Sharples, son of P. M. Sharples, banker and business man of West Chester, Pa., and Charles J. Kammer, member of the firm of Lewis Thompson Co., of Philadelphia, lumber manufacturers and dealers in mahogany, are now in Mexico to complete details for the project.

THERE are fashions in books which come and go, but a really good book is good always. Oxford books are of the latter kind.

A selection of those recently issued.

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A pre-war study of Siberian life.

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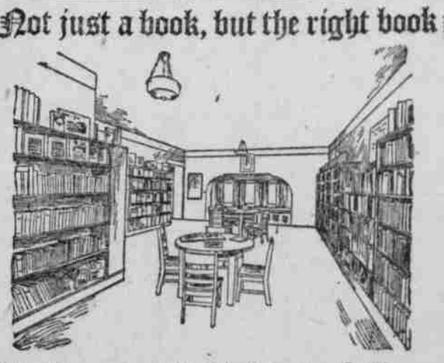

The Boys' and Girls' Own Book Shop

Balcony Floor.

THE book contest for children now being conducted is creating a great deal of genuine interest. On February 28, the contest comes to a close, and as soon after that date as the judges are able to complete the task of selecting the prize-winning essays on the Boys' and Girls' Own Bookshop and the special kind of service it renders, the winners will be announced. As has been previously stated, there will be two sets of prizes offered. The first set, consisting of three prizes, will be offered for the best three essays written by children under 10 years of age, and the second set, also consisting of three prizes, will be offered for the best three essays written by children over 10. The two sets of prizes are the same for each group. The two first prizes are certificates for $7.50 each for books from the shelves of the Boys' and Girls' Own Bookshop; the second and third are $5.00 and $2.50 each in certificates for the same purpose.

Almost any time of day after school hours, little folks may be seen browsing about this busy room getting thoughts for their compositions and writing them upon the little tables so admirably fitted for the purpose.

If your children have not already entered this most instructive and entertaining contest, let them do so immediately.

The judges, as previously announced, will be:
Miss Jessie Hodge Millard, Children's Supervisor, Portland Public Library.
Mrs. J. F. Hill, President Portland Parent-Teacher Council.
Mr. James E. Brockway, Scout Executive.

Remember, the contest closes February 28!

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