

Sacrificing Their Riches to Embrace Baháism

And the Very Unusual Explanation Offered by Recent Society Converts to the Cult Which Requires Them to Give Up All They Possess



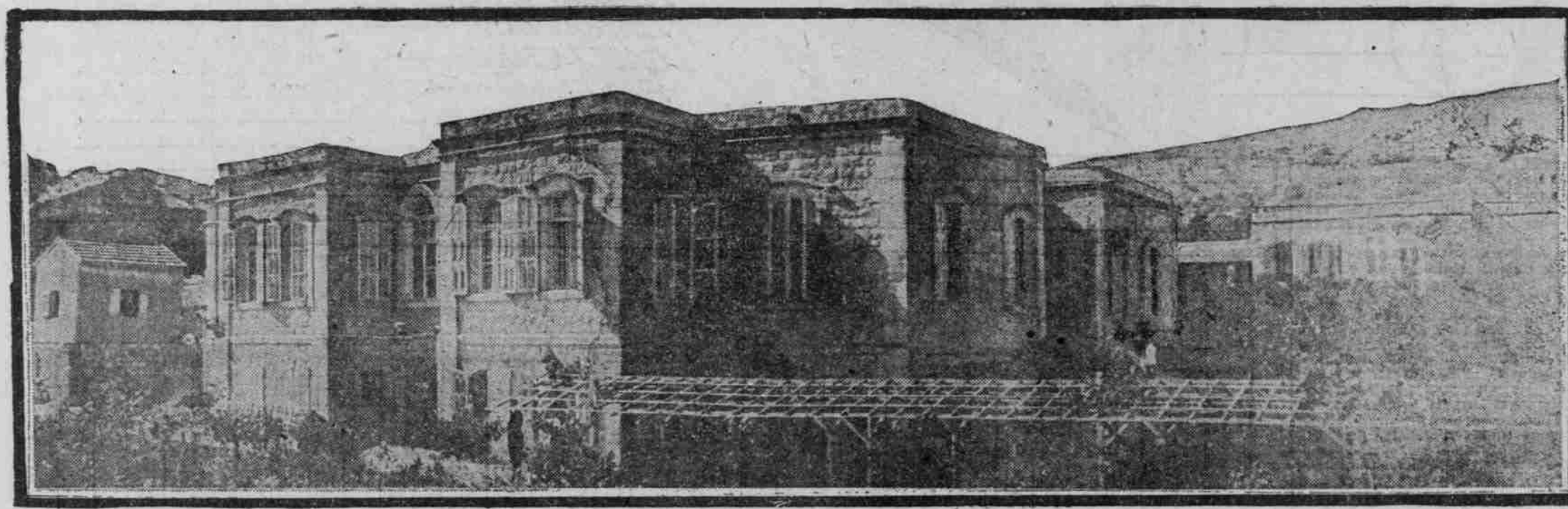
The Venerable Abdul Baha, Son of the Founder of Baháism and Now the Recognized Leader.



Dr. Florian Krug, Who Is Giving Up the Practice of Surgery in New York to Follow in the Footsteps of Abdul Baha.



"Hundreds of Rich People Are Giving Up Their Earthly Goods to Bind Up Their Lives With Abdul Baha."



Abdul Baha's Picturesque and Imposing "Retreat" at the Foot of Mt. Carmel Bequeathed to Him by an American Woman Who Had Become a Convert to the Cult of Baháism.

BY HELEN HOFFMAN.

WHEN Dr. Florian Krug, the eminent New York surgeon, announced recently his determination to sell his holdings in the metropolis of America and, with his wife, to go to the far east to pour his liquidated wealth into the lap of an oriental philosopher and head of a new creed, all eyes in the large circle of his professional and social acquaintances focussed for a time on Baháism, to ascertain just what stuff the new lodestone is made of. It was astonishing news. Neither the surgeon nor his wife was ever accused of gullibility. Not even a voice was ever heard imputing to man or wife the faintest intimation of fanaticism.

So, when the tenets of the Baháí faith were scrutinized, no surprise was occasioned by the discovery that they seemed to combine the broadest in Christianity with the sanest of the beliefs of that class of hard-headed thinkers of the human race of whom Lord Parnham said: "There lives more faith in honest doubt, Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Moreover, the spontaneous answer to the appeal of the persuasive "prospects" of the new religion smacked strongly of that command given 5000 years ago to sell one's worldly goods to take up the life spiritual. For that is exactly what the surgeon and his wife and 30,000 others in various parts of the world have done, believing that in Baháism they can perceive the long-looked-for answer to the eternal question of a religion practical, pure and sincere.

Where the wooded slopes of the Nazareth hills reach down to the Mediterranean sea lies the little town of Haifa in Palestine. Situated just outside the town and in full view of both the Bay of Acre and Mount Carmel is the home of Abdul Baha, the venerable teacher of the new sect.

Why It Appeals to the Rich.

Always the philosopher and the spiritual leader, Abdul Baha, as head of the Bahá movement, is said to represent today the highest hope of those who long for the real brotherhood of man and the day of universal peace. In pursuit of this ideal hundreds of rich people are giving up their comforts and luxuries and are journeying to Haifa to bind up their lives and their efforts with Abdul, called "the Venerable."

The appeal of the Bahá movement to its votaries, particularly to the

richer men who are now joining, is that it represents a high spiritual aspiration against a background of a practical political programme. Since he reached the thinking age Abdul Baha, according to Mrs. Florian Krug, has felt that all of the world's ruffity and barbarity could be attributed to race prejudice and that this in turn could be charged to the fact that the various peoples of the earth do not know each other.

The analogy between the life of Abdul Baha and that of Jesus Christ is striking in several particulars. Abdul Baha was an astonishing child both in his ambitions and in the things he knew and could do. The directness and simplicity of his beliefs as a young man were in strange and striking contrast with the involved dogmas of the Mussulmans who surrounded him.

It was inevitable that he should gain the reputation as an agitator when he began to work for universal peace, for the abandonment of every dogma that would prevent the gathering together of the nations of the earth under one banner and for equality between men and women.

The excitement and inquiry that he raised in the minds of men who heard him directed the suspicions of Turkish authorities toward him. His father, Baha'ollah, avator of the movement, had been arrested and remained in Turkish prisons for 40 years. He died after he was finally released and his son took up his work anew. The 13 basic principles of Baha'ollah, the father, as revealed by him were as follows:

The oneness of the world of humanity. Independent investigation of truth. The foundation of all religions in one. Religion must be the cause of all unity. Equality between men and women. Prejudice of all kinds must be forgotten. Universal peace. Solution of the economic problem. A universal language. An international tribunal. From the headquarters at Haifa the Abdul and his followers are sending out their message to all the world, and while the Bahá movement is essentially religious and ethical, frankly has its political and economic implications.

Baháism at the Peace Conference.

A delegation representing the Bahá movement appeared at Versailles and petitioned the peace conference for the establishment of a world tribunal. Similar representations with the idea of binding up the nations into closer economic and political relationships will be made to the league of nations from time to time.

Every tendency that conforms to

the Bahá idea wherever it appears will have the support of Bahá propaganda. The efforts now being made in the United States with the idea of bringing about universal disarmament will have the active support of Bahá agents.

Many nationalities are represented in the colony at Haifa which the Krugs will join. The immediate staff of the Abdul lives together with the leader in one of the more modern structures in the ancient land which the Abdul has chosen as the seat of his endeavors. It was built by a wealthy American widow, Mrs. Jackson, some years ago. At her death

she bequeathed it with its beautiful gardens to the head of the Bahá movement. In this beautiful spot the Abdul found a condition of peace most propitious to the continuance of his work.

In becoming a member of the interesting colony at Haifa, Mrs. Krug declares that she is realizing what amounts to a life dream. At least, she says, interest in the Abdul's teachings have influenced her for a great part of her life.

"I became interested in the Bahá movement nearly 20 years ago," she said. "The more I studied its tenets, the more convinced I became of the importance of its demands for a universal peace. Had I needed further proof of the necessity for such new power in the troubled world today, I could easily have found it in the world war."

"While I needed no proof of the necessity and the potential power of this great movement, nevertheless the world war has everywhere emphasized the great, urgent need of co-operation along every line, such as the Bahá movement insists upon, for the successful bringing about of a universal peace."

When she talks of her plans Mrs.

ago forgotten the temporary inconvenience caused them by an ten-minute breakdown of the electric lighting dynamo at the critical moment.

A few hours later the ship's doctor wrote out, for the behoof of two exasperated detectives, a technically exact certificate of the death of Jake Bravinsky from natural causes. "Bursts blood vessel," he interpreted ironically, as they scratched their heads over his text book diagnosis.

About the same time the American manager of the shipping company was dictating a letter to the harbor authorities wherein he expressed himself as highly dissatisfied with their attitude in regard to freight car No. 34518, laden with bunker coal for the S. S. Gargantuan and buried into the dock by a mob of infuriated strikers the night before the ship sailed.

If the spirits of the departed can revisit this earthly sphere it is pleasant to think that possibly around the irate manager hovered the equally irate but impotent shade of Jake Bravinsky, frightened out of existence under false pretenses.

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Lots of Wet in New England.

Boston Transcript.

All weather, in this phenomenal season, runs to excess of heat and dryness observed, an excess of heat and dryness in June. In July, thus far, we have an excess of heat and moisture. The heaviest rainfall ever recorded has visited this section. Cloudburst seemed to follow cloudburst, and though the earth had grown so thirsty with drought that at first the rain was absorbed as in a sponge, such a condition of watery surplus quickly resulted that the

blackness, and sank down again, gasping.

Then, in that pitch blackness, the ship gave a heavy lurch, lifted once more as with difficulty, subside in a long roll that threw him against the wall. The floor seemed to sink endlessly beneath him. He clawed himself partially upright and shrieked, with his last breath, curses—curses—upon Rosa Bauermann, upon the "comrades," upon that diabolical little German-Jew. Yes, she was going now—going finally.

He shrieked once more in that awful, oppressive blackness, shrieked, his ears ringing, that infernal machine in his head—behind the eyes that could not see—whirling madly to a climax, shrieked with his heart seeming to burst his breast, shrieked—there was a mighty crash somewhere. The last bulkhead! He essayed one more shriek that was soundless, would not come beyond a gurgle, put his hands blindly to his face, felt them, with a feeble wonderment, wet with a warm fluid from his mouth, reeled dizzily upon that sloping floor. Ah! at last, thank God! there were lights, lights!—flashes and stars of dancing light! He pitched headforemost into a gulf of blackness.

As dawn broke the S. S. Gargantuan, crippled by a couple of smashed propeller shafts and afflicted with a heavy list to port that caused her captain to analyze expensively the attitude of an amateur stevedore gang at stowing cargo, was picked up by a freighter with a nose for salvage. Her passengers, who had whiled away the anxious hours by singing hymns or playing poker, according to their various tastes, had all of them long

ago forgotten the temporary inconvenience caused them by an ten-minute breakdown of the electric lighting dynamo at the critical moment.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE—BY F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

(Continued From Page 5.)

and seemed to choke him as he gasped in his terror—that darkness would never be lifted again!

It was black, stifling darkness for him for all that was left of his life—darkness, complete, unbreakable, inexorable, until—until—death—death in that blackness! He shrieked again and again, purposely, for he knew there was no hope of rescue, shrieked stridently in a mere blind escape of energy from overcharged nerves.

For an indefinite period of time, hideously prolonged, he sat huddled and gasping, crouching against that wet wall of his lightless cell. How long was it since it had happened, since the engines had fallen silent, since their relapse into darkness? It seemed an eternity, was certainly many, many hours. Long, long ago they must have disappeared below the surface of the sea. He imagined bulkhead after bulkhead bursting under a torrent of unilluminated water as they sank deeper and yet deeper, narrowing and ever narrowing the margin of his life. Presently the last bulkhead would burst, and then—Or perhaps it would not burst. Perhaps it would hold, and then, in a few days, as he used up the limited supply of air, he would suffocate. In a few days! He had been here, in this darkness, days already—days and days!

Yes, days and days he had been here and he was suffocating—he was suffocating now! He felt his heart, big and thumping heavily, in his breast, swelling as though it would choke him. He tried to rise to his feet upon that unstable sloping floor, reached for an unfound support in

Mrs. Florian Krug, whose belief in Baháism entails an enormous sacrifice. Krug's large, dark eyes take on the fire of enthusiasm.

"There is much unhappiness in the world, today," she continued, musingly, "much unhappiness—much misery. Humanity is suffering on such a colossal scale that one cannot visualize the whole tragic picture."

"The beautiful peace and harmony of life that casts almost divine spell over Haifa is something one may never forget. It was our visit last year to the Abdul Baha that finally determined Dr. Krug and myself to take this step we are taking—to devote our lives to this work."

"On every hand one hears discussion of some phase of the world's trouble—wars and rumors of wars, family disaster and economic problems to be solved. There is that heavenly spot of Haifa overlooking the broad blue of the Mediterranean, one feels that one has reached an entirely new world. I am happy to know that there is at least one spot on this vast earth where peace reigns supreme in the heart."

"Most of the people representing 20 different nationalities who surround the Abdul are acting as secretaries to him. There is no servant problem.

They serve his holiness in an attitude of radiant joy.

"In his travels through Europe and this country just prior to the world war Abdul Baha, referring to the older Baha's 40 years' imprisonment, often astonished his audiences by saying: 'There is no prison save the prison of self.'"

"Today the number who follow the Bahá teachings because they are convinced of the practicality of the programme that all races and creeds should unite in a movement for world peace is estimated at 50,000, and the movement is growing rapidly in every country on earth."

"One of the cardinal points in the teachings of Baha'ollah demands the abandonment of prejudice—religious, patriotic and racial—as the influence most destructive of human society."

"White doves and gray doves associate with each other in perfect friendship. Man draws imaginary lines on the planet and says: 'This is a Frenchman, a Mussulman, an Italian.' Upon these differences wars are waged. Men are fighting for the possession of the earth. They fight for that which becomes their graves, their cemeteries, their tombs."

driver of a motor truck in Somerville who was accustomed to drive over a certain way every day, and who counted on the ability of his machine to pass through a little spatter, found himself in 12 feet of water, and was with difficulty rescued from drowning. The moisture long since permeated the houses, and the people live in a perpetual saturation; nothing dries, and people, in the midst of an indoor temperature of between 70 and 80 degrees, have in some instances lighted their furnace fires to dry out the house. The public water supply, strangely enough, instead of tasting of the clouds, gives out the ancient "cucumber taste" which in the good old days pervaded the Comchute supply. Rheumatism is rampant, and aches and pains that were regarded as happily obsolete are distressingly revived. New England now takes the place of Scotland as the authentic "auid reekie."

She Had No Heart.

London Echo.

"Have you no heart?" he asked. The woman's eyes dimmed as if tears were on the horizon of her hope. She had paled perceptibly and the man read the message in her liquid orbs.

"Have you no heart?"

The appeal left him cold, and the man shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. With a grim look he shook his head slightly.

At the negative movement the woman's eyes flared hopelessly into space, and something akin to a sigh escaped her dainty lips.

No heart! And she had foolishly believed that he possessed one. She felt crushed.

With a despairing gesture she watched the others take the trick. What is an absorbing game.

100 Valuable Gold Coins Mysteriously Stolen.

Authorities of Lisbon Library Find Collection Short.

LISBON, Aug. 6.—Authorities of the National library have been mystified by the theft of more than 100 gold coins of inestimable value from the famous numismatic collection at that institution. The fact that the keys of five doors were used and replaced and that all the most valuable coins were stolen, leads to the belief that the theft was committed by a member of the library staff.

This Fish Has Electric Skin.

London Tit-Bits.

Thousands of years ago the Egyptians made pictures of the electric fish of the Nile, which still inhabit those waters and which is provided with an electrical organ that incloses the whole body. This is situated in the skin and when viewed with a microscope is seen to be composed of about 2,000,000 beautifully formed little disks, superposed upon connected rows of minute compartments in which are the terminals of nerves. The shock is produced by an intense current which traverses the entire organ from the head to the tail of the fish, returning through the surrounding water. It stuns small fish in the neighborhood. Scientists have likened its action to that of a self-loading, self-discharging gun. The electromotive force of the organ in a fish only eight inches long can, it is asserted, attain the surprising maximum of 200 volts. A single giant nerve cell at the head of the spinal column is the source of the impulses which discharge the organ.