CHRIST'S CALMNESS STANDS OUT LIKE A GREAT MOUNTAIN

Pastor Points Out That Savior Never Was Hysterical, Undecided or Disturbed in Purpose—Lad of 12 in Temple Converses With Most Scholarly Men of Day—All Other Men Shown to Have Failed in Excellency

"THE POISE OF CHRIST,"
BY DR. W. B. HINSON,
Pastor East Side Baptist Church.

"Jesus said, 'Whom seek ye?' They said, 'Jesus of Nazareth.' He said, 'I am he.' And they went backward and fell to the ground." (John, xviii:6.)

IT IS my purpose to take that text and show you how Jesus Christ never lost his poise. How He was never hysterical, undecided, unsure, or disturbed in purpose; but always calm with the strength of a mountain, and the aloofness of a star from all uncertainty and needless foolish distraction.

No one else known to me ever was as was Christ in this regard. All others I have ever heard of or known have seasons of strength followed by seasons of weakness. They are fitful, uncertain, admired in the morning, to be apologized for at night. "I find no fault in Him," said Pilate. Unprejudiced painstaking judgment has never said that of anybody else. You cannot say it of Adam, for he failed and dragged us all down with him. Nor of Noah who witnessed the flood, for he behaved like a fool. Nor of Moses, for he forgot himself. Certainly not of David whose harpstrings broke so often through the violence of his own evil nature. Nor of John the Baptist, for the eye of that eagle got filmed once when he was in jail. And certainly not of Peter who loudly swore and played the coward. Nor even of Paul, who made his mistake and acknowledged it. But the Son of Man stands there before us during the whole of his ministry, and we have to say with Pilate, "No discernible fault in Him."

Other Men Fail.

And you see all other men failed even in their excellency. I read of Moses that he was the meekest man in all the earth, and he failed along the line of his meekness. For one day he said, "Hear now, you rebels, must we bring forth water for you out of the rock?" And he lost his Canaan by the fact that in his excellency meekness, he came short. After all these millenniums they said up in Butte last week, "As patient as Job." For it was his characteristic, and in that he failed. For perhaps the most violent outburst of savage remonstrance is found in the book of Job when he protests against the evil of his fate.

And so I say when you take the eyes off Jesus, you gaze upon men and you have to be prepared for that which will provoke your eulogy or your contempt, and you have to speak apologetically even of your heroes. And after you have sounded their praises, you bring in the condemning "but," or the equally condemning word "if." And we cautiously admire, uncertain but our admiration like the sunlight will be dimmed by some cloud or dulled by the falling twilight. But there He stands in the midst of all that. And nobody ever apologized for Jesus. For nobody ever saw anything in Jesus to be apologized for. Nobody ever said, What a pity He said that! What a pity He did that! And stranger still—an explanation of the strangeness of this fact—He never Himself said, "I made a mistake there." But He dared say what would have crowded a million flashing lightnings in his heart if he had not been telling the truth. "I do always the things that please God." And when He said, "Which of you"—addressing all the men upon the earth, and if they saw fit to take it, all the angels in heaven, and all the demons of the pit—"Which of you convicteth me of sin?"

He said the sentence that was not daring because it was imbedded in a sure consciousness that in the sight of earth, or heaven, or hell, His life was as pure as the thought of God. And so when they came to arrest Him, those soldiers with the steady tramp of disciplined men, and the rabble of the populace eager to see anything serious running beside them, with torches and swords and staves, instead of them arresting the prisoner, Jesus arrested them and stopped them as by a barrage from heaven or hell as He said, "Whom seek ye?" And they said, "Jesus." He said, "I am He." And backward they went, and the only man standing in the garden was Jesus Christ, the unperturbed, the undisturbed, the one who never for one moment lost his poise.

And I want you to listen to some of His words and see how true is this statement I make regarding Him. When He was 12 years old He stood in the temple conversing with the most scholarly men of his day. Now that is a hazardous position for a lad of 12 years, because either he will be broken down and made to look foolish by those men of wisdom, or else if he is not broken down by them but rises up to their level, there will be a confidence and an unpleasant sureness savoring of conceit about him that will be equally prejudicial. But the story teller informs us all that he so talked, asking questions and answering questions, they were all amazed at Him. And then He breaks into the limelight again at His baptism, when John the lion of the Jordan remonstrates against the impossibility of a man baptizing the Carpenter from Nazareth. Now what will He say? John says, "I have need to be baptized of Thee." How will He meet that? Will He simper and say, "Well, sink all personal thoughts now and do as I tell you." No. With a massive and magnificent silence He accepts the eulogy of John as a statement of undiluted truth. And then He says, "Suffer it to be so now, for it is becoming that we fulfill all righteousness."

Only Christ Is Calm.

And from that height where the sun serenely shines, He is hurled to another height around which the thunders throb and the grim lightnings flash, and the devil tempts Him. And the kingdoms of the world tumultuously move before Christ and his tempter, and suggestions appealing to the highest and the lowest are made. And Satan swirls from one thing to another in nervous desperate haste, and only the Christ is calm. Until at last He speaks to the dog from hell and says, "Get behind me!"

To another height he is taken, on Transfiguration mountain. And the glory shines and poor Peter gets intoxicated with the vision and the splendor and says, "Lord, we will build three tabernacles here and stay, for this is a good place." Peter's little teacup of a nature runs over with the exhilaration of the occasion. Not so with the exhilaration of the occasion. Not so with Jesus. He says, "This is not our place. We do not tabernacle here. You watch a few minutes and see why we leave this." And down there is a surging, clamoring crowd, for a man has brought his boy to have the devils cast out and the disciples have tried and failed. And there is nothing but criticism and reproach and scorn. And the calm Jesus says, "You bring the boy to me." You know the sequel. The devil left.

And on the last Tuesday ere we killed him—ah, that Tuesday was his day of contradictions, when he lived in the midst of a cloud of poisonous flies which stung him. For first came the priests and said, "By what authority do you do this?" And he said, "The baptism of John, was it of God or of man?" Now they knew if they said "of man" the people would have a controversy with them, for the people loved John. And they knew if they said "of God" he would say "Why were you not baptized then?" So they said, "We cannot tell." And he took their "cannot" and pulled a little bit of camouflage off it and there it stood, "We will not." And he said, "Neither do I tell you by what authority I do these things. I could—as could you, answer the question, but I do not see fit to do it, as you do not see fit to speak concerning John's baptism." And then they scattered like chaff. But he stood as the block of granite stands.

Pharisees Are Answered.

And then came the Pharisees and said, "Master, we have formed a good opinion of you, and we know you are an ardent Jew as we are. Is it right to pay taxes to a foreign power, such as Rome?" And Jesus said, "Show me a penny." He had not one of his own! And he said, "Whose image is on that coin?" And they said "Caesar's." "Well, wherever you see God's image, give that to God." And they remembered an engagement and left in a hurry.

But the Sadducees rallied to the attack and they came with their little conundrum that always makes me smile. They said, "Master, there was a woman and she was married seven times. And you know we have been wondering about the next world"—the liars, they did not believe there was one, for the Sadducees believed in neither resurrection nor spirit—but they said, "In the next world we wonder whose wife that woman will be, of those seven men." And he said, "You have erred and the reason you have erred is this. You pride yourselves on knowing the Scriptures and you know nothing about it, for if you did you would know earthly ties made at the tribunal of man do not hold in heaven." And they went out.

And a lawyer said, "Master, which is the greatest commandment?" Now that was very thin ice to skate over, to pick and choose between the commandments of God. But Jesus said, "This is the great commandment, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind." And here is the one that should accompany it—"love thy neighbor as thyself." And before ever he could repress his admiration he said, "My, but you have answered well."

Deeds Evidence Calmness.

And he went on to his death, and from the cross he spoke as placidly as from the mountain upon which he had delivered his great sermon—except once. And that to me is so interesting I hardly like to hear myself talking about it. He got once into a horror of great darkness when he bore your sin and my sin and the sin of the whole world, and he cried out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But even then he lost not this wonderful poise that had characterized him all his life, for he never gave up his life until he could look at the mission he came to perform, and then he died, not as I shall die, having my life pulled away from me, but he gave up his spirit into the hands of his father.

Now his deeds evidence his calmness just as do his words. And you know if you were always calm in thought and in feeling, in brain and in heart, you would always be calm in your fingers and your feet. It is only the fussiness of the head that manifests itself in the functioning of the fingers. It is only the fussiness of the heart that disturbs the outward act. Now we have said he was always full of poise in thought and feeling. Then, of course, he will always be full of poise in action, as indeed he was. He was never surprised at anything he did. Jesus was never surprised! In wild hurry they said, "Master, wake up, we are drowning!" And the calm Christ said, "Why are you so faithless? There is nothing will hurt you. Wind, be quiet! Wave, lie down!" And there was a great calm. Yes, but the great calm was in Christ before ever it was on the lake. Peter rushed up to Jesus and said, "Master, the fig tree you cursed yesterday, look, it is withered!" Jesus was unsurprised that the tree was withered. He knew when he said it should wither that the tree was dead.

Do you remember the prophet when he raised a dead child? Do you ever read that story with your eyes open? To his servant he said, "Take my walking stick and put on the body." And the servant did, and came back and said it was no good. "Well, go and do your best." "I have done it, and it was unavailing." Then the prophet went, and he stretched himself out on the body, and then he got up and paced the floor, the Bible says, looking at that corpse that remained a corpse; and stretched himself out on it again, until at last the spirit came back. But Jesus only said, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" And he that was dead began to sit up and speak! What a contrast!

Contrast Is Drawn.

And when he went down to Bethany, you remember how perturbed and fussy Martha was? She said, "Lord"—and however repulsive it may sound, the Greek compels me to say it—"Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he has been dead four days." She alluded to what we, today, think an indelicate way of referring to the decomposition that had set in on the body of her brother. And he said, "Lazarus, come forth!" And the man appeared with all the drapery of death about him. And He said, "Loose him and let him go."

In an equally calm manner when the little maid had been brought back he said, "Stop the wailing and the commiseration and the fuss and give the child something to eat." Why, it becomes almost smile-exciting; this calm, quiet, poiseful Christ him. And when the great eddies working miracles that might astound heaven, but never astounded swirl at their fiercest about him, he simply says, "This is nothing; this is why I came into the world. This is what was ordered before ever I poised the sky, put in the stars, settled the mountains and made the seas."

Now, to close, I have asked you to look at this poiseful Jesus for a personal reason. I want you to ask, Who is he that is never disturbed, is always undisturbed no matter what happens? Who is he? Nobody else is like him. Noah gets drunk, Moses gets mad, David gets bloody fingered and Peter messes himself up in oaths and lies, and they all fail, including me; and more astounding, including you. They all failed somewhere; but here is one who fails nowhere. Now who is he? I would like Unitarianism to say a few words in answer to that question. Who is he? How is it that he alone stands out there faultless and perfect? I would like Eddyism that blasphemously says "He was a way-shower" when he himself of himself declared, "I am the way." I would like it to answer. Who is he?

Calmness Always Shown.

Certainly the answer that he was a petty little cheat who hid in the grave three days and told his disciples he only pretended to die, does not answer my question. Who is he that walks the sea, hushes the wind, is the master of disease and the conqueror of death? Who is he? Who is he who stands unperturbed when all hell rose up and assailed him? Who is he? I know who he is, but Unitarianism does not and Eddyism does not. How did he do it? Well, of course, he occupied a height we do not. He said, "I and my Father are one," and yet he himself gives us a little clew. For he says, "Let not your heart be fussed up. Let not your heart be troubled. Let not your heart be disquieted. You believe in God."

There is a little clew. He believed in God. He saw a sparrow lying there dead and he connected the dead sparrow with God as he said, "Your Father knew when that sparrow died." He picked up a lily and inhaled its fragrance, and said God painted the lily. He connected it with God. And I admit as he moved about he lived in the conscious purpose of a personal God.

"Ye believe in God. Keep your heart untroubled." And then he added, "Believe also in me." That is where we stop. Would you have the poise Mount Hood never had, and the pole star never had, believe in Jesus Christ. Oh, but how can that belief in Jesus Christ make me, a poor, fussy, timid, changeable, fickle, foolish character, strong and stable? How can he do it? How can belief in Jesus do it, did you say? Why, man, if you believe in Jesus Christ, you will believe God knows every hair in your head, and when the last one fell, and where the last one dropped out. You know I could not make out for long years why the Lord ever put a sentence like that in the Bible, "The hairs of your head are numbered." It looked to me to be so silly. I swung over to the critics who remarked, "Why, that ought not to have been mentioned in the Bible."

And then I thought, but what is so unnoticed as the falling of a hair! There is no noise, no movement of the air when the hair drops. Nobody says, Say, you have lost a hair! And number them—did it ever occur to me to number a half dozen of them? Why never in my life! And so he took the most improbable, unlikely and, from the viewpoint of rationalism, imbecile way of telling us. You can believe in me, and through me believe in a God who knows how many thousand hairs were in your head when you started life, where each one fell, where each one is. And so from what the critics of the truth say is an absurdity, you come up to the sure anchorage and the sure foundation of a faith that keeps the heart in times of trouble as Jesus Christ said it would.

Now then, look at the unperturbed Jesus when earth and hell combined to destroy his serenity and learn he is more than man. And then I listen to him as he says, Trouble is around you but do not let it get into your heart, and keep it out of your heart by keeping me in your heart. "Believe also in me." Out of work, are you? Well, thank God you have not lost Christ, else the thing would be serious indeed. Health failing, is it? Well, that is a temporary thing, because you see you will be well forever when you get to heaven. So you need not worry unduly about these few passing days. Charles Wesley said:

"Thou, oh, Christ, are all I want.
More than all in thee I find."

"Believe in me," Christ said, and he knew when he said it that if I believe in him I too shall be able to say,

"More than all in thee I find."

BOOKS

At the Earth's Core, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The stupendous imagination of Edgar Rice Burroughs has once again been at work, but this time it has transcended even the scant reality with which "Tarzan of the Apes" and other similar stories from the same pen were blessed, and the result is a story so strangely fantastic and unreal, and yet at the same time linked with the dark ages and based on their fragmentary history, that it grips the readers imagination until he can not release the book until the end is reached.

Burroughs' imagination cannot but be marveled at. He has a knack of inventing one hair-raising situation so acute that the reader doubts if characters will survive to play out the rest of the story, but somehow he always pulls them out and before the breath is restored they are into another and even worse mess.

Two men descend to an imaginary world in the middle of the earth by boring through 500 miles of earth crust, and the story tells of their uncanny adventures in this new world, which, while peopled with races similar to our prehistoric men, is governed by, instead of men, reptiles who treat humans as inferior animals, fatten them like cattle for eating purposes or use them for beasts of burden.

In this inner world there is a solitary sun suspended in the middle of space; there are no nights or time, as we understand time. The dominant race of Pellucidar, which is the name of the inner world, is of the Mahars, strange reptiles with wings, who communicate with each other through a sixth sense projected into the fourth dimension, and who are highly intelligent and learned. They have even learned how to reproduce themselves without males and the race consists entirely of females.

Burroughs has taken most of his strange animals from pre-historic remains, altered them slightly to serve his needs by adding wings or cutting off tails or putting claws where hoofs belong. His people are cave men, subjected by the Mahars. The two men from this world, and Dian, a very wonderful cave woman, seem to be the only intelligent humans in the book, and their adventures are breath-taking.

There is considerable humor written into the story, especially having to do with the woman. She is so very human that she might as well be walking along Broadway, and her actions in predicaments which entangle the characters are highly amusing. And the love-story part of the adventure is so realistic that it seems apart from this strange inner world and placed on our own.

Burroughs is a genius in a class by himself. The peculiar twist of his strong imagination, diverted as it is to the primitive, and the unnatural, makes his stories seem almost genuine, and yet this last one is so unreal that it is read just to see to what heights the man is capable of soaring.

The Leading of a Minister, by Amelia Fargo Staley. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

According to the author's statement as long ago as 1888, she and her husband, the Reverend John Jacob Staley, began to receive spiritual messages, and have been receiving them ever since from a long list of close friends and celebrities. Mark Twain, Paul the Apostle, and Luke are some of the persons who have advised them and communicated with them. The book gives, with explanatory matter, the complete history of their messages and also the messages in full.

How Life Came Upon the Earth, by T. S. Givan. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

Books such as this frequently find the light of day, somehow; probably on account of the immense amount of study they evidence and the profundity of subject. The author alleges that it contains complete proof of how life came and where it goes. The work is argumentative and is based upon what a searching mind has found in study of the Bible, documents of the pre-Christian era and also on some modern thought.

Italy During the World War, by Salvatore A. Cotillo. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

Senator Salvatore A. Cotillo of New York has added to his reputation of versatility by writing his account of what he saw and learned while in Italy during the war serving the United States as a propagandist. By considering that Mr Cotillo is not a writer so much as a politician and public official, it can be remarked that his book is very good and adequate for its subject.

Because of its remoteness, and because the armies were not on the western front, the center of most attention, comparatively little is known of Italy's struggle, comparatively with what is known in this country of England, France and other allies. The author discusses his reasons and his mission in Italy and then draws a good summary of the work done in that country by the American Red Cross before he launches into his dissertation on Italy's part in the war.

He sketches the Italian army and navy, the work of the Italian women, industrial development, and then becomes rather historical in writing about battles. Later on he becomes statistical in arriving at certain conclusions concerning Italy's rights to her claims. While the book could be a much heavier volume and go into more detail, it provides a comprehensive, compact conception of the part Italy played during the war.

Further Adventures of Lad, by Albert Payson Terhune. The George H. Doran company, New York city.

The many readers who delighted in the tales of "Lad: A Dog" will welcome with joy this new volume of short stories, relating "Further Adventures of Lad." Beginning with the hour when the beautiful collie was first brought, when he was a snuggling little puppy, fluffy-coated and soft-eyed, to "The Place" where he was to pass the remainder of his life of 16 happy years, the book gives episodes of his often heroic career, ending with the day he died, still "The Guard" in spite of old age and failing strength, in gallant de-

Lad, Albert Payson Terhune's inspiration for his well-liked Scotch collie stories.

fense of the child he loved and rescued.

Before the last sad moment, however, there were many joyous ones, for Fate was Lad's unswerving partisan, favoring him almost as much as did the two adored humans he knew as the master and the mistress. When the foolish, ignorant constable would have taken his life, it was Lad's fortune to turn the tables in the most complete and effective manner, saving the man who would have killed him. When one of those who had disregarded the sign "No Trespassing," tried to take a mean revenge for his well-deserved discomfiture, the only result he obtained was to get for Lad the prize he otherwise might have lost. The child who had abused him he saved, for it was not only in te single episode of "Lady and the Fire" which imperiled her that Lad proved himself made of hero stuff.

There are 11 tales in the volume through which readers can renew their acquaintance with the beloved hero called Sunnybank Lad.

J. Poindexter, Colored, by Irving S. Cobb. The George H. Doran company, New York city.

Although by no means representative of Irving Cobb's best work, and falling a long way short of such stories as are to be found in his volume entitled "The Escape of Mr. Trimm," and among the tales of Judge Priest, this new volume is very interesting in spots and will, no doubt, be warmly welcomed by its author's many admirers.

The story concerns Jeff Poindexter, the negro servant of Judge Priest of Paducah, Ky. The judge has resented prohibition and pulled stakes for Bermuda, which Jeff says is a place "where you can still keep on having a toddy when you feels like it without breaking the law." Unfortunately the judge can not take with him Jeff, his trusted body servant for the last 16 years, and Jeff is turned over to young Mr. Dallas Pulliam, also of Kentucky.

His new master takes him to New York, and it is Jeff's experiences in that city, his comments on these, on New York in general and certain of its inhabitants in particular, which makes up the volume.

Jeff very quickly decided after reaching Gotham that the little set of people Mr. Pulliam was going with "Ain't the genuine real quality; that they is just a slicked-up, highly polished imitation of the real quality; that they ain't doin' things so much as they is overdoin' them." But being one of those exceptionally wise persons who know how and when to hold their tongues, he kept his opinions to himself and attended strictly and successfully to his own business until he was invited to concern himself with that of Mr. Dallas Pulliam. Whereupon he proved a most efficient partisan, a fluent and ingenius liar, and a past master of psychology—the psychology of the predatory male and no less predatory female, saving his young master from a little of both. Before this most desirable consummation is reached, however, Jeff has entered the society of Harlem's black belt, also the motion picture business, making a most successful debut, and done a number of other things in a manner both shrewd and amusing.

Tell England, by Ernest Raymond. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

From the time they met when they first became playmates, when they were 6 and 8 years old, until they fell, one by one, at Gallipoli, the lives of three gay, fine English boys are told in this story with its cryptic title, "Tell England." Ernest Raymond has found one of the best methods thus far used in impressing the rest of us of the cost of the war in human timber, but he has also done a great deal more.

He starts with clever character descriptions of the three boys which show the effects of environment, personal contact and breeding. His description of the various kinds of English school life and their effects on pupils in character development is one of the most adequate written in recent years. A reader is bound to feel extremely friendly toward these splendid youths even before they are out of preparatory school, and as they approach maturity and death this feeling of friendship gives way to a warmer feeling.

Then they are off together for Gallipoli, telling each other their impressions and expectations of what is in store for them. This is the thought of England's young manhood. Through the days of waiting and of suspense the readers follow them until finally come the orders to go forward, and then, one by one, they fall. It is much like losing three close friends.

In all parts of the book Ernest Raymond has been successful in interpreting and writing into his story the spirit of youth as it should be at that particular stage. He has written with a fine sympathy and understanding an amazing story of how boys grow up into manhood.

Experimental Psychology, by Almo De Monco, M. D. The J. F. Rowny Press, Los Angeles, Cal.

This book is a brief work on such ideas as duality of mind, psycho-analytic control of thoughts and concentration, telepathy, vibration and other advanced phenomena, which the author seeks to explain. It is not extremely convincing, even on close study, and there are better and clearer treatises on the same subject.

Twin Souls, by Jeannie Blackburn Moran. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

Almost every reader has read allegorical stories modernized on the sins of the fathers. Some fairly good ones have been written, but this is not one of them; it is merely a repetition of warnings given every child before it reaches the age of 20 years. It advances nothing new and is not any too well written.

Rhesa, by Walter Bliss Newgeon. The Raymond Publishing Company, New Haven, Conn.

This story is a sugar-coated pill through the taking of which the reader is bound to imbibe a good bit of ancient history. It is a novel of adventure, intrigue and love timed about 500 years before the coming of Christ, and the principal character, Rhesa Zerubbabel, is an ancestor of Jesus.

Walter Bliss Newgeon has done a tremendous pile of digging for his material. The story is laid around Babylon, and in it are portrayed many Old Testament characters. The romance concerns the setting free of the Jews and the re-establishment of the direct line of David. While it is extremely lengthy and at times tedious, there is a wealth of information to be had for the reading, and the historical data is undoubtedly authentic. The descriptive passages have been built up after considerable research.

Abbe Pierre, by Jay William Hudson. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

He who has had that good fortune to walk the roads or roam the fields of Gascony and has viewed leisurely the villages on the tops of the rolling hills, their once red roofs now turning green with age, and the white walls turning gray; has viewed these villages from the outside and then watched the quiet flow of life within them; if he has noted all these things, he knows that particular charm which fastens itself to Gascony in southern France.

There is a goldenness about life there that somehow reminds the traveler of the taste of a russet apple found in an abandoned orchard, and there is the same taste in Jay William Hudson's first novel. It should be read in an abandoned apple orchard, when the mind is quiet enough to be meditative but a bit too lazy to meditate of its own accord.

Jay William Hudson is probably not an old man, but he writes with the same magic insight that Anatole France attained when he wrote "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," and his Abbe Pierre says to himself at the outset, "Sometimes, it is true, I become so interested in the thoughts that come to me that I forget to put them down; and, helas, they are the best thoughts of all—the thoughts we have when we fall into long reveries on as ummer's afternoon, and then awake with a start, somehow feeling that we have been near infinite things. But one cannot put such thoughts on paper. No, the words will not come soon enough, and, before we know it, the mood has passed."

Hudson has caught the charm of Gascony and set it down on paper as it really impresses itself on the traveler's mind. That is no small achievement. His characters are Gascons; some of them of the famous D'Artagnan stamp, and quite a few as profound and gentle in thought as is Abbe Pierre himself.

Abbe Pierre is an old man who has come back to his native village to spend the rest of his days in happy comprehension of the beauty of the life around him, and as his days flow softly by he observes in variety of mood the budding love opening between enchanting Germaine Sance, the flower of Aignan, and the young American, David Ware. This love story is a small and yet a large part of the book, a story of rich happiness of young love striving through crowding difficulties to the fullest measure of attainment.

The Shadow of the East, by E. M. Hull. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

Whether or not the devotees of "The Sheik" will remain devoted to the author in this, his next effort, is doubtful. Even if it should be backed up by a screen version, which would also seem doubtful, it is not likely that "The Shadow of the East" will ever attain the popularity of "The Sheik." The thrills aren't there. This is an attempt at the meditative with something of the introspection of the characters found in English novels of the better sort. It is neither a successful attempt or a failure. If the book is read the way it was written, without too much or too accurate thought, it will be enjoyed.

It is Kiplingesque in plot but not in style at the start. In fact the start is very similar to "Without Benefit of Clergy," and the theory of "The Phantom Rickshaw," with more or less directness is found in the rest of the book.

Barry Craven loves a Japanese girl and discovers, too late, that she is the daughter of his own father. What he does causes the girl to take her life and he considers himself her murderer. An old friend simultaneously wills him a penniless daughter. All this happens in the space of 50 pages, and 300 more are consumed in bringing Craven and the girl close enough together to love. That in itself is not a bad plot, and if there is not too much thinking done along with the reading, it is not a bad story, but Mr. Hull has worked in an amazing maze of superfluous detail, and subjects his characters to a prodigious amount of tedious thinking that is governed by a logic none too fine. Also there are several spans in the story that do not need to be there. Better it would have been to have confined himself to working out the love story on its own merits.

But it is, in a way, unfair to subject the book to a literary criticism. It is not intended as literature, but as entertainment and, if the reader has plenty of time without too fine discrimination, "The Shadow of the East" could be said to be entertaining.

G. H. Putnam Scores Censorship.

On the same day that press dispatches were published in The Oregonian concerning the proposal to inaugurate a system of book censorship by boards or juries Major George Haven Putnam, head of the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, arrived in Portland. Although he was bent on an errand entirely apart from the world of books, he paused long enough to vent his opinion of censorship.

"I believe in keeping within the limit of censorship rules," he declared, "but I have no faith in the merits, the judgment or the reliability of any board. The publisher ought to know what and what not to publish, ought to be able to discriminate between the fit and the unfit. The biggest evil in censorship is that it calls attention to books and invites perusal. That was proved in the case of some of Rabelais' works, which were pronounced too bold for girls of tender years to read. The pronouncement started discussion and the discussion created an unprecedented demand for the books in question. And so it has been with almost every book that is criticized for overboldness.

"The best way to keep such books for qualified readers is to say nothing about them that will excite curiosity, and then their circulation will be more nearly limited to a proportion with their literary merits."

Major Putnam is undoubtedly right in his opinion on curiosity and its effects on circulation, and probably right in his opinion concerning the ability of juries. If the juries to decide on books were made up of rational-minded persons of sufficient literary turn they would be qualified, but the experience of most censor boards has been slightly toward fanaticism. Censors are generally picked for their zeal and their rigorous scissors.

In such case the restrictions would work to the detriment of literary production. All literature, including fiction and poetry, contains sugar-coated pills and especially the present-day types of novel. To fulfill their purpose there must be a certain amount of frank discussion, and if restrictions were placed on authors and publishers it might be that many stories would fall short of their purpose.

Hot Weather Imaginings.

I feigned a fountain, mossy-lipped,
Beneath the forest trees;
I thought of pools wherein I'd dipped,
My noodle and my knees—
But still with briny sweat I dripped,
And prayed to feel a breeze.

I dreamed about a marble crypt;
Of icebergs in the seas
Where whalers to the Arctic shipped,
Find floes that grind and squeeze;
I thought of steppes, all tempest-whipped,
Of blasts that make you sneeze;
Of mainsails by the northers ripped,
Of frozen toes and noses nipped;
Of collies, for the summer clipped;
Of slaves who'll fan you if they're tipped,
Of old-time barrooms, all equipped,
With ice for beverages, chipped—
Of rickeys that of old I've sipped!—
Of sherry-flips that I have flipped!
(And yet there came no breeze.)

At last, you get me, I was hipped—
I thought of skeletons all stripped
To icy blasts that fairly zipped
And made their marrows freeze!
I thought about the chill that gripped
My vitals, when my manuscript
Was turned down, and my hopes were gypped!
(And if, besides all these
There are some cold ones I have skipped,
Think of them, if you please.
I thought of them; my meter tripped
To cooling melodies—
But still I dripped and dripped and dripped—
There never came a breeze!)

—T. R. in Life.

Mark Hard to Beat.

Wall Street Journal.

Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel, plays a first-class game of golf. Between him and his "big chief," Charles M. Schwab, exists a keen and friendly rivalry, the two playing regularly together.

In the steel trade, they tell the story of a match once played between the two. On the first hole, the story goes, Schwab, who was keeping score, asked Grace how many shots he had taken, and was told five. "I took a 4," said Schwab. At the next hole, Grace had a 4 and Schwab claimed a 3. As he holed out at the third, Schwab asked: "Gene, how many did you have?"

"One," replied Grace. "Now, beat that if you can!"

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY JENNETTE KENNEDY,
Assistant in the Circulation Department, Public Library.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING is of no use, but it is an accomplishment which elevates the spirit, for "as soon as we have stood on their summit we feel that we dominate them," says Sir Francis Younghusband in his recent book, "The Heart of Nature."

* * *

"The Hands of Nara," the novel by Richard Washburn Child, now our Ambassador to Italy, has been dramatized for screen production. The leading role, that of a Russian girl in whose hands lies some gift of healing, is to be played by Clara Kimball Young. The setting of the action is in New York city.

* * *

Lord Ridell, who as head of the news service for two continents, both at the peace conference and at the disarmament conference, has truly been concerned with momentous affairs and world problems, has written from his experience "Some Things That Matter," a book on the science of thinking and living.

* * *

Stephen McKenna, who is probably best liked for "Sonia," although he has accomplished several other novels and an autobiography, now is producing a new satirical novel, "The Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman."

* * *

A story accredited to Sir Henry Lucy's invention is told on the Duke of Devonshire, when as Lord Hartington he was making a speech in parliament as leader of the opposition and in the midst of it "interrupted himself by a prodigious yawn." When a lady later took him to task for it, his explanation was naive enough, for he exclaimed: "You don't know how dull it was!"

* * *

That popular writer of detective stories, Carolyn Wells, has a grievance, says the Bookman, and it is due to the prevalent custom of having detective fiction reviewed by critics utterly indifferent to the technique of mystery development and completely unaware of the lure of "pursuing the villain." She says, feelingly, "These reviewers walk right into the temple of deduction with their shoes on, and crash around quite horrid. They're bored because they know they'll find out on the last page who stabbed the man in the sealed room with his library paper knife."

That her stories sell in spite of the clumsy reviewers, and that her plea is in the interest of fair play is Carolyn Wells' contention.

* * *

French Quebec again is the scene of a coming novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. It is announced as a very dramatic story with such elements as the "swirling river," "fighting, heroic lumbermen" and "vivid humanity."

* * *

The story of Daniel Boone is to have a new telling and by a man who knows and loves the great out-of-doors as the old frontiersman did in his day—Stewart Edward White. "Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout," is the title, and the publication will be in October.

* * *

H. G. Wells has committed himself to an opinion of whom he considers the six greatest men in history. They are: Jesus, Budda, Aristotle, Asoka, Roger Bacon and Abraham Lincoln.

Their chief claim to greatness in each case is that every one of these men brought a universal message and rose above selfishness.

* * *

Book-shop advertising of "The Cowboy," a recent book by Philip Ashton Rollins, has provided "window shoppers" in Boston and Chicago with nearly as many thrills as a "Bill" Hart movie. Cowboy and Indian relics "with a past" have been collected for display and some of the incidents recorded in connection with the cowboy impedimenta are: A pair of "chaps" worn by a horse thief who was "shot out of them," a skull-cracker used by a Sioux Indian in the battle of Wounded Knee, a Navajo blanket worn by Sitting Bull in the same battle, a pair of spurs taken from a captured desperado, Chief Washakie's "chaps," a spade bit taken from "Opium Bob," a loaded quirt, Kit Carson's lariat and the blanket of Geronimo. The collection of Mr. Rollins is considered one of the most interesting in the country in its relics of the plains.

In this connection it is interesting to note for comparative reasons that the followers of Gandhi in India have had a poster made entitled "The Seven Great Men of the World," with a portrait of Gandhi in the center, then "Lord Krishna," "Lord Buddha," "Mr. M. Lenin," "Lord Christ," "M. Tolstoy," "Professor McSweenie"!

* * *

Sinclair Lewis undoubtedly created a best-seller in "Main Street" (which is sometimes gropingly called First Street or Front Street), but his exhibition of temper over not being very cordially received on English soil would suggest a lack of humor hardly in keeping with the role of a satirist—in fact, has he not shown "Main Street" manners?

* * *

A California doctor resents the inferences drawn by Theodore Dreiser in his articles "Out of My Newspaper Days," where he touches medical experiences such as a great hospital like Bellevue would furnish. Dr. Boehme says Mr. Dreiser "paints pictures entirely out of perspective," that he lacks a sense of humor—a quality which "above all things a newspaper man should have."

"To see in the events and incidents that he has portrayed only the horror of the situation proves that he is totally at sea when dealing with the humorous and oftentimes the practical sides of his problems," says Dr. Boehme.

Mr. Dreiser is horrified at seeing young internes gamble over the question of life and death, but the doctor's side throws quite a different light on the matter. He says: "I can remember in my own 'cub' days betting as to a diagnosis, helping create a pot to be paid to the man who had the least number of deaths in his ward each month, and being forced to pay for a 'dead one' in my ambulance when I arrived at the hospital. But it wasn't done for the sake of gambling or any obnoxious reason; it was just a method that had developed among us internes to keep us 'on our toes'."

Dr. Boehme's indictment of Mr. Dreiser's account of his newspaper days is: "He wasn't seeing the world, but he was seeing Theodore Dreiser's seeing the world."

Real Love Stories

IT is rather a one-sided affair, this puppy love story of mine, but perhaps good Doris Blake will not consign it to the waste basket on that account. That would be almost as tragic as the first love affair of my life.

I lived in a small town about 25 miles from St. Louis, where I sometimes went shopping with my mother. The first time I ever went alone, when I was about 15, I wore a beautiful new hat. In those days we didn't use hat pins and when I poked my head out of a window just after the train started the hat fell off. Quick as lightning I jumped for the bell rope and gave it a vigorous pull, but I was not quicker than the handsome boy across the aisle, for before the irate conductor could get through the train to find out who had stopped it the boy was handing me my precious hat. Then and there I received the lecture of my life, but all chagrin and remorse were lost in the ecstasy of love and delight for what I was pleased to look upon as the grandest act of a real hero. The boy, for he was but a few years older than myself, lived but a few blocks from me on the same street and I had always been much interested in him. From this day I was madly in love with him and never lost an opportunity to watch him as he daily passed the house and I never failed to see him. I was happiest when building air castles for him and me. Had I been a 1922 girl I surely would not have kept this to myself, but would have flattered and coaxed him to respond in some way. For nearly three years I was miserably in love with him, but my most comforting thought now is that he never knew it.

J. C.

TRIBUTE TO CHAPLAINS

Massachusetts Builds Memorial to Fighting Parsons.

Boston Transcript.

The first memorial that will be formally erected in the Massachusetts hall of fame was designed and executed by a Russian girl. It is in memory of the chaplains resident of Massachusetts who lost their life in military or naval service in the world war. Miss Bashka Paeff, the young sculptor, has conceived and executed a tablet of appealing beauty that was unveiled in the new hall of fame at the capitol July 18, the date on which the Yankee division made its most telling drive in the world war.

"Where shells burst and men fell, broken and bleeding, they calmly ministered, heroic witnesses to the power of the faith they preached." Thus the sculptor glorifies the four chaplains to whose memory the commonwealth has erected this tablet: The Rev. Captain Walton S. Danker, chaplain 104th United States infantry; Lieutenant Father William F. Davitt, chaplain 125th United States infantry; Lieutenant Father John B. DeValles, chaplain 104th United States infantry; and Lieutenant Father Simon O'Rourke, chaplain United States navy.

"Inspired by one aim, following one noble ideal, our chaplains went among their men as comrades with one another and with every soldier—Hebrew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant—united in working side by side to minister to their men and to take to the aid of our nation in arms the strength and fervor of religious faith," says the special commission that was appointed by the commonwealth to provide for a suitable memorial in the state house. "The soldier's face," continues the report of this commission in accepting Miss Paeff's design, "is the artist's conception of the representative type of the Massachusetts service man."

Early in the war Bashka Paeff immortalized the service man for all time in her "Spirit of Young America," for which Nat Haffer, known as "the naval drummer boy," was model. This is only one of the many exquisite pieces of work that have brought fame to the young sculptor in her attic studio on the edge of Beacon hill.

Miss Paeff is one of a large family who came to America many years ago from Russia. Miss Paeff went to the public school and then through the Normal Art school and the school of the Boston museum of fine arts, reaping honors as she went. All of Boston's art world knows the story of how, through the years that she studied at the museum, Bashka Paeff was a ticket taker at the Park-street subway. She laughs gaily as she tells how she managed to work the gate with her foot, to push change out quickly with one hand while in the other she held to the bit of clay which she modeled in every spare moment.

Miss Paeff's sister, Sonia, now Mrs. Louis L. Silverman of Dartmouth, graduate of the conservatory of music, is a distinguished pianist. A younger sister, Anna, has just graduated from the conservatory, and a sister, Reba, also a pianist, has produced some notable compositions.

Bashka Paeff had intended, after she won the first prize at the museum of fine arts some years ago, to go to Paris and study under Rodin. The war interrupted this plan. Miss Paeff, however, will sail for France on July 29 to study in Paris and Italy. She will be accompanied by her sister, Anna, who will also study abroad. They will return in November, when Miss Paeff, at her studio over a carpenter shop on River street, will go on with her work.

The Little Folk.

Sometimes when I woo sleep in vain,
And resting cannot rest,
While troubling thoughts perplex my brain
And care sits on my breast,
From many a glade of giant oak,
Far in the forest gloom,
The little folk, the fairy folk,
Come to my shadowy room.

They ride upon a golden car
Shaped like a baby moon,
Whose headlight is a wandering star
Fallen through night's dim noon;
And there, upon the chairs and shelves—
A peeping, peering throng—
They perch, the tiny fays and elves,
And croon a fairy song.

It is a little sleepy tune,
With strange, slow, drowsy words,
Sweeter than any sung in June
By summer's happy birds;
And as I listen thoughts arise
Of old still forests deep
In fairyland, and on my eyes
Falls the soft veil of sleep.

—Punch, London.

Noise Frequently Wins.

Jud Tunkins says the man who talks loudest so frequently gets the best of an argument he's going to buy himself an amplifier.

Books reviewed on this page may be procured at GILL'S Third & Alder Sts.