

# Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes  
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."—BYRON.

## Renewing Bryan's Battle

Pledging itself to "wipe modernism from the face of the earth" the Baptist Bible Union of North America in session at Chicago has taken up the torch of fundamentalism where William Jennings Bryan dropped it when he died and signed a declaration of war on the teaching of evolution or any other theory that detracts from a literal belief in the Bible.

Thus we have an organized propaganda to keep alive the medieval effort to bar the teachings of science in the public schools to perpetuate the infallibility of the record of creation set forth in Genesis, in the belief that only thereby can the true faith be preserved. The narrative therein set forth must be held inspired of God and therefore absolutely true and historically trustworthy.

Presumably the fundamentalists refer to the translation of the bible given in the King James version, which differs in many respects from others and later translations as well as from the old text. As Dr. Charles Prosper Fagnani of the Union Theological Seminary who has recently compiled a new translation of the first eleven chapters of the Bible, entitled "The Beginning of History, According to the Jews," says:

The English version of Genesis is not the Bible; it is only a translation of the Bible, more or less imperfect and incorrect. Any serious conclusion as to the meaning, nature and value of the Old Testament must be based, therefore, not on an ancient translation, but a new translation such as is sorely needed.

The Old Testament is in Hebrew and the King James version, issued in 1611, but a revision of previous English bibles. But little was then known of Hebrew and the scientific study of the Hebrew text did not begin until 1753, so that any serious conclusion of the meaning of Genesis must be based, not on an ancient translation, or a revised version of an ancient translation, but on the study of the Hebrew original.

Dr. Fagnani is recognized as the foremost authority on Hebrew literature and language. He finds so many differences between the English bible and the Hebrew original, as to render absurd the claims of fundamentalists. Among other things he finds that the first, second and third chapters of Genesis are totally distinct stories, dating from widely different times: that the word Adam is not a proper name but used everywhere as "the man"; that the serpent was not Satan, the devil not appearing in Hebrew thought until after the exile in 586 B. C., but merely a fabulous talking animal like Balaam's ass; that there is no such word as Jehovah, which originated as the result of a misunderstanding among medieval Latin monks.

Dr. Fagnani sums up his conclusions as follows:

The work of the church in bringing Christ to men is enormously handicapped by associating with it the imposed belief in the veracity and historicity of what are patently early myths and naive, childish, primitive folklore. It is of supreme importance to remember that a proper understanding of these Jewish stories . . . in no wise affects in the slightest manner the Christianity of Christ the religion of Jesus, the eternal principles by which He lived and died.

George Bernard Shaw says fundamentalism is infantilism because an irrational surrender of intelligence to the blight of theological dogma. The measure of success achieved by the fundamentalists in their forthcoming campaign will really measure the intelligence of the people.

## Skids Under Parents

A Conference on Modern Parenthood was held at New York last week, attended by 2000 parents and professional child welfare workers and instructors, which after three days criticism of parents and teachers by a varied array of authorities, justified modern youth, with its follies, foibles and pert new found wisdom as an improvement upon the past.

The sentiment of the conference was summarized by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, author of best selling novels, who described herself as the "lone mother" among the group of authorities on children, as follows:

"Parents have had their own way too long in this business of rearing children. But they are getting their now. The skids are under them. Personally I rejoice to see experts of all kinds, who have had all kinds of experience with all kinds of children outside of homes, poking their noses into what has always been considered none of their business—none of anybody's business—the relation between parents and children."

Modern parents seem to be perfectly willing to place the skids under themselves, evade their parental responsibilities and put the burden upon others. So if the welfare workers have their way, we may yet live to see the children made the wards of the state, as in Soviet Russia, and the parents left free for the pursuit of pleasure. Perhaps after all, it is the logical outcome of present social tendencies.

## SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

### WHEN LOVE IS BITTERSWEET

It was a shock to Marie when she looked up and saw Bob Randall standing beside her, a shock that turned her cold for an instant. Her heart began to thump wildly; suddenly all the blood in her body seemed to rush to her temples. The room whirled about her.

She realized that he was looking into her eyes, more, into her very heart. She wanted to look away, but could not. That long look lasted only a moment, yet it seemed a lifetime to her.

At once he went about the errand that had brought him; it was plain that his thoughts were all for the frail child that lay there on the bed, clinging pitifully to Marie's hand.

"She won't let Miss Lane go," Lindsay explained, "She'd rather have her here than anyone else."

Bob glanced sharply at Marie then, his keen eyes noting her palor. He asked how long Marie had been sitting there, and raised his eyebrows in disapproval when he was told.

"The child will go to sleep now very shortly," he said, "then you must get some rest."

He turned to Madeline again then, but Marie's heart was sighing. Even that impersonal remark had thrilled her. It was so wonderful to have someone giving a thought to her welfare, considering her as a person, not just as somebody to take care of somebody else!

She had not realized how lonely she had been during the short time since she had forsaken her old, gay world and taken to the new one of the homeless and friendless wage earner. Suddenly relief swept over her; the feeling of weariness and responsibility for her own life that had held her for days left her. She settled down in the low arm chair, hearing only the murmur of Bob Randall's voice as he spoke with the nurse. Herbert Lindsay spoke to her twice before she roused herself enough to reply.

"Don't you want to eat something before you go home?" he was asking. "Dr. Randall says that it will be quite all right for you to go, that Madeline will sleep, that she's not in any danger. And we could send for you if she awoke and wanted you."

"Oh, no; I—I want to go home," Marie replied. Bob Randall who was drawing on his gloves, turned to her.

"I'll take Miss Lane home," he said, and added, by the way of explanation, "we're old friends."

Herbert Lindsay had returned to the bedside of his child, and was listening to what was said. Marie rose and went for her wraps; she was so tired that it was an effort to move, and she seemed to be in a dream. She put on her hat and coat, and turned toward the door, just as Mrs. Lindsay came hurrying into the room.

"Oh, Dr. Randall," she cried, "I'm so glad you're here! You don't remember me do you? I met

you at a tea one afternoon at Caroline Phillips' house. And you promised to come to see me, and you never have till now; naughty man! Do tell me, is our dear little girl better now?"

"The child is not seriously ill; she'll be quite all right soon," he replied, moving over to Marie's side. "I'll come in in the morning early, and see—"

"But you're not rushing away now; I just won't have that!" she exclaimed. "I've ordered supper, and you and Mr. Lindsay and I will all sit down together, an get acquainted while we eat."

"I'm very sorry not to accept of your invitation, but I have an important engagement," he replied, at most curtly. Marie realized that he loathed women of Mrs. Lindsay's type. He turned courteously to Marie. "Are you ready?" he asked, and the change in his tone was marked.

"Yes," she replied, and went out into the corridor.

"Oh, but—I wanted to speak to Miss Lane," Mrs. Lindsay cut in, following Randall into the hall. "Just a moment, Miss Lane; I think if you'll stay here tonight, in case Madeline should wake and want you—"

"Miss Lane is going home; she's exhausted from sitting for so long by the little girl's bed," Bob Randall told her.

"You'll have to let her take a day off, if you want her to go on as your little girl's governess," Marie, dazed though she was by lack of sleep, wondered how he had learned what her position was in the Lindsay home. She went downstairs, and out to the street.

## LINER UP ENDED BY GIANT WAVE; SCORE INJURED

Cherbourg, France, Nov. 4.—(A. P.)—Thrown to the deck by the plunge of the steamer Berengaria into a gigantic wave Saturday, a large number of passengers and members of the crew of the liner were injured.

The Berengaria, which left New York October 28 for Cherbourg and Southampton, met with a succession of storms throughout the voyage, culminating in a tempest which the commander declared was the worst he ever had encountered during his years of seafaring.

When the Berengaria came into port last night to discharge her

## Soft Corns

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### SEARCH FOR MISSING BOAT

Southport, N. C., Nov. 4.—(A. P.)—Efforts of all coast guard vessels off the Carolina coast were directed today to the search for some trace of the missing yacht.

### Friends Say She Is Picture Of Health

"I cannot give Tanlac too many thanks, for it brought back my health and strength after everything else failed, and nearly all hope of getting well had left me," is the grateful statement of Mrs. Sarah Duckett.

Stomach trouble and rheumatism had been gradually weakening me down for 20 years. At times I ached all over, could not walk without limping, and felt too weak to get out of my chair. Sleep was almost out of the question and I was nervous, discouraged and dependent.

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Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation, made and recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

### TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

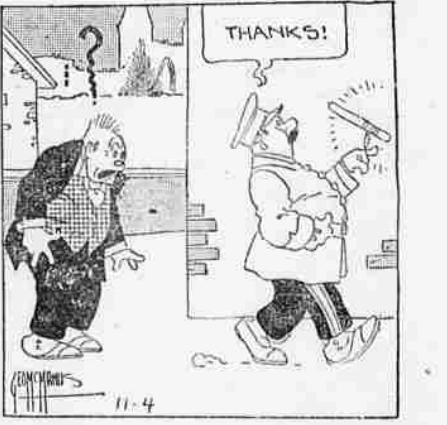
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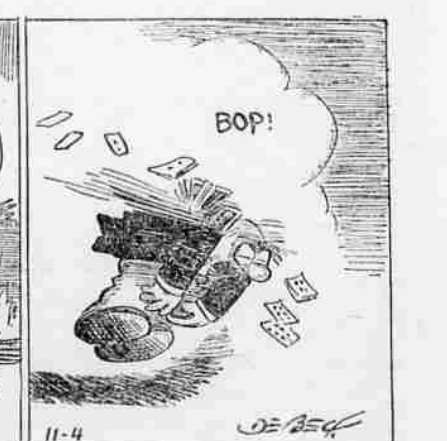
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