

C. W. BRADSHAW DISCUSSES PREPAREDNESS

To the Editor:

It seems to me that Rev. Loveland is on the wrong track in some of the remarks reputed to him in the Portland papers of December 20 and 21.

In the first place he assumes that the world should be divided up into artificial divisions, and that one division should prepare to defend itself against the encroachments of each of the others. I do not find in his printed remarks any quotation from the Bible, justifying such a position, and I do not remember seeing any such argument in the New Testament. Since he says that the church "ought to" endorse a "program of preparation for the defense of this nation" it is but fair to presume that he speaks from a religious standpoint.

Here are a few quotations from the New Testament that indicate to my mind that the above line of reasoning is incorrect. "Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Love your enemies." "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." From these and other teachings it seems to me that the field of the church is the whole world instead of any local division marked off by imaginary boundary lines. Humanity is world-wide, and practically the same in each and every nation, and Christianity should be the same. They should know no boundary lines, geographically. Neither Jesus nor any of the apostles showed any regard for artificial boundary lines, nor did any of them hint by word or action that temporal powers should by any means endeavor to defend themselves against other temporal powers. Further, it is well known that nearly all, if not all of them suffered martyrdom rather than submit to the decrees of temporal rulers. Armed defense was unknown to them. It is safe to presume that Jesus could have destroyed his enemies by super-natural means, but such was not done because it was outside the province of Christianity.

Perhaps the brother, like the writer, has had considerable difficulty, trying to reconcile Patriotism and Christianity. Patriotism as generally under-

stood, cannot be reconciled with Christianity. Patriotism is all right if properly interpreted, but when it is governed by artificial boundary lines it is morally wrong. To illustrate further take the actual incident on the Mexican border not long ago when a child was born to a Mexican woman on Mexican soil, and another a short time later on the American side of the line. Theoretically these two children are citizens of different countries, and to be patriotic they must each be loyal to the flag under which each was born, consequently, in case of international disputes, these two children must necessarily be enemies. This, and hundreds of similar instances, proves the futility of making patriotism based on artificial lines harmonize with Christianity. In case of war between the two countries, these two children, even the members of the same church, would be enemies. Of course this is ridiculous, but it shows the logical conclusion we must reach when we try to be patriotic. It is well to love our country, and do all we can for her as long as we do not violate the laws of our Creator, but when we get to the point where we cannot serve both we had better ponder the matter over very seriously.

If we could be assured of always having a peace-loving president in office it might not be so bad to have a slightly larger military force for police purposes, but who knows how soon we will commit our affairs to the hands of some hot-headed executive who will plunge us into war as has been done before? And even with a peaceful president, should he be weak-willed, mercenary interests could make us a great amount of trouble. Of course the financial side of preparing for war is an immense proposition, but that is insignificant when compared to the moral side.

If we will only reverse our machinery, spend less on army, navy, pensions, etc., and use this money on strategic railroads and public highways such as Germany has today we will have something that will be of permanent value to the country, and at the same time will be of more value for defense purposes than many times the same amount spent on warships, etc. Thanks

to Germany we have learned that one man with good roads is worth two or three without them. If we will only profit by this thing we will have gained more from the war than we will have lost.

In conclusion I must say emphatically that church people cannot afford to stand behind the government in the matter of preparing for war unless they value temporal things above spiritual things. We must not set an example to the world that will cause even our friendly neighbors north and south of us to suspect us, and the rest of the world to challenge us.

C. W. Bradshaw,
Dundee, Oregon, Dec. 25, '15.

Worried About the Veil.

A Highland lady chatting with a neighbor told that one of the village girls was just married, and opined that she had been "an auld maid owerlang" to take kindly to matrimony. "An auld maid," she added, "is like to be a wif ignorant where men folks are concerned." "She is that!" assented the neighbor. "De ye mind my husband's brither? He was a schulmaster—a weel-built, weel-faured man as ye may ken, we' braid shouders an' ge' tall. A' weel, Sandy McLean's mither had a gatheir' at her hoose one e'en, an' when they a' cam to gae their ways hame the men tuik the maids an' saw them to their biding places. My brither-in-law tuik an auld maid wha kept a wee shop in the toon. When they reached their journey't end, he aye bent to kiss her cheek, as was the custom in sein' ham. Noo Jeanot (the auld maid) was in a gre' fluster. "Oh! Mr. Cameron, says she—an' she was all in a tremble—'what am I to dae? Must I lift my veil?'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Room for Soap.

"I'm trying to get back to my poor old mother," whined the tramp. "She ain't even seen me face for ten long years."

"I believe you are speaking the truth," muttered the old gentleman. "Why don't you wash it?"

Evangeline—How do you like my new hat? Caroline—I think it is charming. I had one just like it last year.

EVOLUTION OF A WORD.

"Hypocrite" Was Once the Title of a

Pantomime Actor. Do you know what a hypocrite is? Why, he is a person who uses the church as a cloak to cover graft and greed and all manner of evildoing. At least that is what he was in the days of our fathers. More recently he has taken on another color, a different kind of cloak. He need not be a dissembler merely in the matter of religion. Hypocrisy may be practiced in friendship, in culture, in philanthropy. It goes a degree further even than that, for the hypocrite may deceive himself as well as his fellow-man.

But how did the word, which is obviously a compound of "hypo," meaning "under," and the very familiar "critic" come to mean a person who deceives either himself or other people? This question suggests a second one: What is a critic?

The Greek verb from which the noun was derived meant originally to analyze, separate or judge. So the critic came to be one who had been set apart or judged worthy to plead a cause or present an argument. At one stage of his evolution the critic was a person who recited the works of the great dramatists. He was an actor—who did not act. The gestures were supplied by a man trained for that purpose, who went through a sort of pantomime, while the real interpreter of the part gave the melodiously intoned words. The pantomime artist was a "hypocrite" because he played an under part to the "critic." Later, when the speaking and acting were done by the same person, he was called the "hypocrite." Now any one who plays a part not his own is practicing hypocrisy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ANCIENT MEALTIMES.

When They Rose at 5, Dined at 9 and Supped at 5.

The change in mealtimes is evidenced by the old rhyme:

To rise at five and dine at nine,
To sup at five and bed at nine,
Will make a man live to ninety-nine.

But one suspected that the change is in the names of the meals rather than in the hours. Our ancestors would have termed our luncheon dinner and our dinner supper. It is a curious fact that in some of the Oxford colleges, where the founders made allowances for the meals of the students, a much larger sum is allotted for supper than for dinner, implying that the former was the more substantial meal. Taken at 5 or 6 o'clock, it was really "early dinner."

Some particulars of the mealtimes of our ancestors may be found in William Harrison's "Description of England," published in 1587:

"With us the nobility, gentry and students do ordinarily go to dinner at 11 before noon and to supper at 5 or between 5 and 6 at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before 12 at noon and 6 at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noon, as they call it, and sup at 7 or 8, but out of the term in our universities the scholars dine at 10. As for the poorest sort, they generally dine and sup when they may, so that to talk of their order of repeat it were but a needless matter."—London Chronicle.

Melbourne, a City That Planned.

There is and always has been a great amount of public spirit in Melbourne, due, in large part, to the Scotch element that has predominated from the beginning. "The first citizens, led by Scots, as a rule, set to work with magnificent faith in the future. A city was planned worthy of being the capital of 10,000,000 people, and the public buildings were designed on the same generous scale. The soil on the site was deep and rich. That suggested tree planting, and most of the streets are today relieved by handsome foliage, and the parks which ring the city round have trees worthy of the forests of Europe. The avenue of elms in Fitzroy gardens certainly represents that tree at its best."—Bishop E. E. Hogg in Dallas News.

The Blind Man's Lantern.

A blind man in Khoote (a Caucasian village) came back from the river one night bringing a pitcher of water and carrying in his hand a lighted lantern. Some one meeting him said: "You're blind. It's all the same to you whether it's day or night. Of what use to you is a lantern?" "I don't carry the lantern in order to see the road," replied the blind man, "but to keep some fool like you from running against me and breaking my pitcher."

Not a Gay One.

"Do you believe all men are gay deceivers?" asked Mrs. Twobble. "No, indeed," answered Mrs. Dubwaite. "There's Mr. Dubwaite, for instance." "Yes?" "In his efforts to deceive me he even goes so far as to shed tears."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Antagonists.

How many who have deemed themselves antagonists will smile hereafter when they look back upon the world's wide harvest field and perceive that in unconscious brotherhood they were helping to bind the selfsame sheaf!—Hawthorne.

No Escape.

Bella—I understand your sister married a struggling young man? Gus—Yes; he struggled hard, but he couldn't get away from her.

Man is an imitative creature, and whoever is foremost leads the herd.—Schiller.

GRIPPED BY A PYTHON.

A Hunter's Life and Death Struggle

With a Monster Constrictor. In the American Magazine is the following account of a combat between an enormous python and Jacob or Snaky Schmitt, a collector for the New York zoological gardens. Schmitt, who has collected reptiles all over the world, has always contended that the average man of average strength is a match for snakes that weigh up to 150 pounds. Over that weight, he says, the snake is likely to win.

It was in a Colombian jungle that Snaky came to conclusions with a boa weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. Schmitt had captured the boa in a box trap and had gone out alone from his camp with a gunny sack to fetch in his prize. Seizing the snake by the tail, he began to drag it out, foot after foot of wriggling, resisting muscle.

Right here it might be explained that snakes of the constricting type are well nigh harmless unless they can grip some stationary object with their tails. They must have a fulcrum. So Snaky dragged out the boa, foot after foot. And, unbeknown to the collector, the snake gripped a small tree with its tail. Suddenly the snake asserted itself, and the nerveless Schmitt found himself embraced. Three great muscular coils held him in a vise. His legs were pressed together and his left arm pinned against his body.

Snaky made use of his only free member, his right hand, and with this he seized the boa about the neck. Then he began a struggle that but few, if any, human beings had ever before experienced. The angry boa struck time and again at the collector's face, but he desperately gripped the reptile by the throat. The great coils tightened and tightened, and Schmitt felt the breath of life being squeezed out of him, but his tried courage never forsook him.

It was an unequal struggle, but Snaky Schmitt had been in many tight corners before, and he had never acknowledged defeat. So for two hours the boa tried to squeeze the life out of Schmitt, but Schmitt

fought back, and at last he began to win. He felt the coils beginning to relax, and his iron fingers grew more taut about the boa's throat. Then the coils became loose enough for Snaky, with a superhuman effort, to free himself. A sudden kick at the snake's tail ended the battle. The great reptile relaxed, and before Snaky fell to the ground from exhaustion he had put the squirming length of the huge constrictor into the sack.

Hunter and Hunted.

A nearsighted sportsman strolled into a little hotel on the shores of Loch Carron and complainingly said, "Just seen a seal, shot at it three times and missed it each time."

At dinner an hour later he sat next to a tourist who had a bandage round his head.

"Had an accident?" asked the sportsman.

"Accident!" growled the other. "Attempted murder, you mean. I was having a bath about an hour ago when some lunatic with a gun fired at me three times from the shore and shot part of my ear off. I don't know why such animals are allowed out without a license."

Then silence reigned supreme.—London Telegraph.

The Reason.

"The first year of married life is always the most troublesome. After a couple passes that safely the great danger of separation is over."

"Why do you say that?"

"It usually takes a man a year to learn the futility of arguing with his wife."—Detroit Free Press.

Tearing Sounds.

The ear can be trained to accustom itself to the sound of the tearing of various materials. The noise accompanying the tearing of cotton is unlike that of linen. The warp has its voice and the filling quite another, the former being shrill, while the latter is apt to be dull.

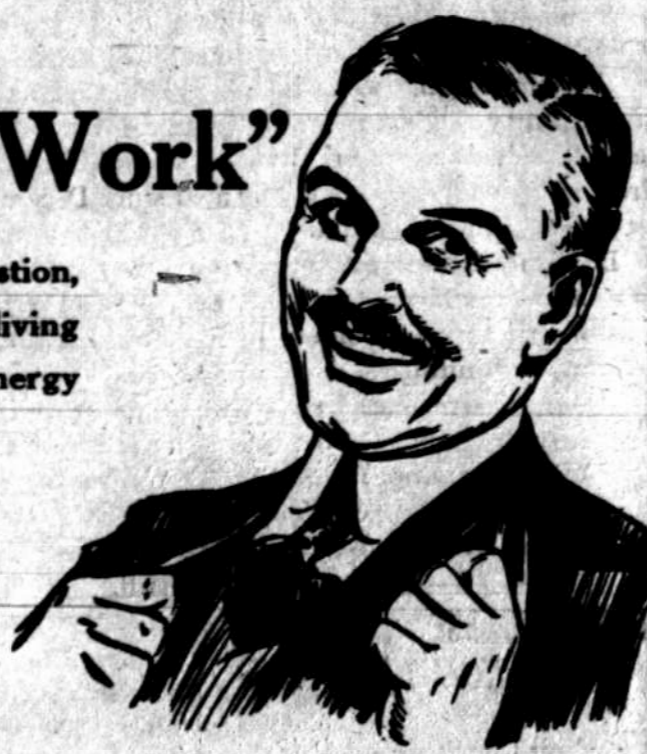
Those Dear Girls.

Alice (just engaged)—What do you think Jack said to me last night? That if he had to choose either me or \$10,000 he wouldn't look at the money. Marie—Dear, loyal fellow! Wouldn't like to risk the temptation, I suppose.

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