

PASTOR FURNISHES 10 RULES TO MAKE MARRIAGES HAPPY

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., (AP)—The most common cause of marriage failure is an institution that is too inflexible to work out a feasible plan for marital success and adjustment.

This is the opinion of Dr. J. E. Dillard, Baptist pastor and well-known writer-lecturer.

"By their own actions critics undermine the foundations of happy married life, and when they become some turning down their heads," Dr. Dillard says. "The number of divorces in proportion to marriages would be materially lowered if the woman would put as much time into house-making and effort to make her husband happy as she does in trying to find reasons for divorce."

Dr. Dillard listed 10 commandments for happiness, which he said would make marriage successful, if observed. They are:

"Thou shalt remember thy marriage vows, and act as thou thinkst other married women ought to act."

"Thou shalt determine to make thy marriage a success and be willing to pay the price thereof. Study, plan, work, pray, give and sacrifice if thou wouldst make success of thy marriage."

"Thou shalt learn to work in 'double harness.' Study thy husband, his likes and dislikes, stress his duties rather than thy rights."

"Thou shalt keep thyself actively in person and manner. Look thy best, thy sweetest, smiling, plan, work, pray, give and sacrifice if thou wouldst make success of thy marriage."

"Thou shalt watch the little things. Keep the house clean, cook his favorite dishes, see that buttons are sewed on and the mending done."

"Thou shalt sympathize with the husband in his trials and help him in his business. Put thyself in his place, don't expect luxury and comfort, and cannot afford. Be economical but not stingy."

"Thou shalt make thy home so attractive that thy husband will not want to go to his club or the hotel for a little peace and comfort."

"Thou shalt never compromise thy convictions of right and duty, but be careful not to mistake thy selfishness and stubbornness for conviction."

"Thou shalt not pity thyself nor talk of thy ailments unless necessary to others persuade you that you are having a hard time. Your success will be worth all it costs and more."

"Thou shalt be a Christian every day at home as well as at church and in society, and when thou hast made a mistake, back up and try it again."

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The Jungle Shrine of India

Far away in the south country of Ceylon, where railway trains do not and even "road and travelers" are a rare sight, lies Trincomalee, a quiet village nestled among green hills, but once a busy city, the capital of Lanka's island. Today only a few great banyans tell the story of former grandeur, and their shade is the only shelter from the sun for those who pass by.

But it is the ruins of the ancient city of Trincomalee that attract the eye of the modern traveler. H. G. De Witt writes in Asia, reviewer of the book "The Jungle Shrine of India" by John Philip Sousa.

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Not only the shrines but the ceremonies at Trincomalee are based upon the legend of Subrahmanya. Each night his sacred weapons are taken in a procession around the village, a ritual to the temple of the Vedic goddess, and the procession starts from the Mahadeva Dwar, every last day is held on and every pilgrim must see the shrine in order to draw the prophecies of Deyavamsi-Alma. On the last night the whole multitude adjourns to a pool and after the ceremony of "cutting the water" by means of drawing a magic circle from within which water is taken to the temple, the pilgrims reach down the river bed to the temple of the Vedic goddess. The pool is in memory of the occasion when Subrahmanya and the princess, while bathing at that spot, were surprised by the indignant Deyavamsi-Alma and beat a hasty retreat to the princess's abode.

It was toward midnight in the August full moon week that we left the red house at Trincomalee for the 12-mile journey to Kataragama. Our route was not a straight line, but a series of zig-zags, and we were surprised by the indignant Deyavamsi-Alma and beat a hasty retreat to the princess's abode.

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phant in his scarlet and gold trappings, and around all the jungle. And over the cry of "Aro-Hara! Aro-Hara!" sounded like some great shout.

At last the woman came. There is a tradition that the god of Kataragama is female. None except a few privileged guests may enter his sacred inner shrine, and the pilgrims are kept "without the veil."

The officer in charge of the festival had kindly arranged that we should be admitted into the outer chamber of the shrine to see the rites. We were welcomed in a niche, close to the wall with an excellent view of all that happened.

The shrine was full of worshippers, mostly women. Through the door we had a glimpse of the swirling crowds in the outer and heard again the refrain "Aro-Hara!"

That cry seems itself to be part of the mystery of Kataragama. We asked various pilgrims what it meant; they replied vaguely that it means "God," one said "The might of God." But neither they nor our Tamil friends in Colombo recognized it as a term used elsewhere.

At last the cry deepened into a thunder of acclamation, and in came a crowd of ten-ton heifers, followed by the master of ceremonies who bowed to the wall and stood aside. For a moment the ten-ton heifers were silent while the outline of the elephant was silhouetted outside the door and every voice was hushed. Then, as the ten-ton heifers crashed again with starling suddenness, the same unending group of crouching men, carrying the green cloth, ran hurriedly to the very bottom of the well.

The mysterious something under the green cloth heaved forward and passed under the veil into the holy of holies: the sacred weapons had returned to their secret place, and all was over.

The End of the Ceremony. Yet not quite all. Up the aisle advanced a little group of women, garbed in the style of Veddas, with only a thin scarf above their skirts to cover their breasts. One by one they came to the foot of the shrine, bowed toward the wall, took from the steps a simple lamp and received from the attendant certain ingredients. Then, forming two rows facing each other, they lighted their lamps, went slowly to the door and withdrew while the shout "Aro-Hara!" once more rent the air. What symbolic act they performed at the door, we could not see, but one pilgrim told us that they passed on the sacred fire to the pilgrims. Then they returned, reverently depositing their lamps at the bottom of the well, and still gazing slowly, left the shrine. Now, at last, the whole crowd began to disperse.

An hour before we left the shrine we found ourselves again in the bullock carts enroute for Trincomalee. It was then about midnight. A deep silence had settled upon the vast multitude. They slept, and looking upon the shrouded figures, you might have thought that they slept the sleep of death.

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