

The Universal Creed

By Dr. Frank Crane

In the one universal church to which all good men belong, composed of those of all faiths who honestly live up to the best they know, whether Christian or Pagan, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, there is a certain fundamental creed. This, the greatest common divisor of all creeds, may be thus stated:

1. The good man sees, acknowledges, and believes in, first of all, the difference between right and wrong. When the word ought disappears from one's vocabulary he may be sure of moral decay. The one man admirable to any decent society is the man who thinks nothing matters. We can tolerate one, even, who doubts there is a God; but if one believes there is no line between right and wrong, then, as Dr. Johnson said, "let us count our spoons when he leaves."

2. The good man believes that happiness will come to him, permanently, and as a law, only as he practices doing right. Joy, peace, and bliss are not to be cozened nor juggled from God or nature, but are the sure portion of them that persistently do what they think right. Doing right, of course, does not always bring money or fame or other external desired things, but it brings peace and poise to the soul, as surely as three times five makes fifteen. There are no more exceptions to this rule than to a law of physics or of geometry. The cosmic accuracy runs in spiritual as well as in material things.

3. The good man's duty (in which he finds happiness) is first of all to develop his personality. God made him for a purpose; his joy will consist in finding and fulfilling that purpose. He is not to be some one else, not to copy; but, using all masters, to become more and more himself.

4. It is his duty to be strong. He can be of use to others only as he has force in himself. He therefore shuns all things that tend to weaken his arm, his brain, or his heart.

5. His duty is to be clean. This item of the creed is oldest and newest; oldest, in that cleanings were a part of every early religion, the commands of Moses, for instance, abounding in many lustral rites; newest, in that the one lesson of modern science is the power and safety of the antiseptic life. The devil's name as far as bodily health and mental clearness and spiritual vigor is concerned, is dirt. Dirt is the one enemy to be hated with all one's soul and to be fought into one's last breath.

6. His duty is to be brave. The basic sin of all sins is cowardice. The higher the realm of life in which we move the more dangerous is any kind of fear. And the most deadly of all fears is the fear of the truth, or the fear for the truth. Any man or institution that fights to preserve himself or itself, for the sake of "expediency," that is to say, for fear the truth might do harm, any man or institution, in the words of Zangwill, that proposes to live and die in "an autacism without facts," is doomed.

7. His duty is to love. Although, according to the foregoing points in the creed, he is to develop self and be clean, brave, and strong, yet he is to find his motive for all this and the end for which he does all this, outside and not inside of himself.

It is at this point that he rises, like an aeroplane leaving the runway on the ground and soaring aloft; here the man leaves the company and similitude of all other creatures. In his power to be actuated by unselfish motives he becomes as a god compared to the beasts.

He lives for his wife, his children, his friends, his country, his race; so, in widening waves his radio-dynamic flows. The good man therefore hates no living creature. He despises no human being.

In him is a centrifugal power outflowing to inundate the universe.

8. From this love arise all graces and virtues as naturally as peaches grow from peach trees. Loving all he cannot soil a soul, nor wrong a fellow being, nor hurt wantonly, nor usurp, nor push for precedence, nor be unkind, nor in any way drift into the low, poison life of egoism.

9. His one aim, last of all, is to serve. Strong in himself, fearless and loving, he arises at length to the platform where stands he who was called "the first born among many brethren." He is the master's companion and also can put away all cheap success, all luxuries of greed and dominance, and repeat his master's words: "Let him who would be greatest among you be servant of all. I, too, come not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

The Supreme Message.
Christ shall be first or not at all. In the lives of men let us live nobler, try to be better and truer to ourselves and give our testimony whenever the opportune time comes.—Rev. C. K. Carpenter, Methodist Episcopal, Galesburg, Ill.

No Substitute.
Interest in art, letters and architecture, success in business politics and social life, loyalty to clubs, creeds and rituals will not satisfy the soul's native thirst for God.—Rev. A. Petty, Congregationalist, Springfield, Mass.

THEY BELIEVE IN COMMUNISM

Shakers Get Their Name From the Violent Contortions Introduced in Their Worship.

New York.—The Shakers are a body of seceders from the Society of Friends formed by Ann Lee (Mother Ann) of Manchester, England, about 1757, and so called from the wild and violent contortions introduced by them into their form of worship. Their official title is "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing." The sect emigrated to America in 1773 and settled near Albany in 1774. Their chief seats have been at Mount Lebanon and Water



A Typical Shaker.

vilet, N. Y. They number 15 societies in the United States and have a membership of about 1,728.

The Shakers believe in spiritualism, practice celibacy, and community of goods, oppose war, refrain from oaths and denounce baptism and the Lord's Supper. They are noted for their frugality, integrity and thrift. In Mount Lebanon, their largest community, there are several families made up of 150 persons, including 35 boys and girls. The other societies are made up in about the same ratio as the one at Mount Lebanon.

The announcement that they are winding up their financial affairs in Ohio and New York calls attention to the final failure of one of the longest existing of the many communistic experiments that have been tried in this country.

In the years following the American Revolution, more than a score of communistic sects and colonies were established in the United States. Some of them appealed to the sensualities and some of them were plain swindles. The Shakers held out no sensual or financial allurements and it is surprising that they have endured so long, except on the theory that their simplicity in living attracted recruits and made them the sole survivors of all these social experiments. With their passing will close one of the most interesting chapters of social experiments in the history of any country.

ANOTHER SACRED CALF BORN

This Makes the Fourteenth Which Has Come into the Chicago Zoo Zebu Family.

Chicago.—Another sacred calf, the fourteenth born to Romeo and Juliet, in the 14 years of their residence at the Lincoln Park zoo, has made its appearance. Hundreds of persons thronged to the zebu's pen to look at the new arrival.

"The Lincoln park zoo is getting a reputation as a breeding ground for animals, and we are supplying al



Zebu "Juliet" and Calf.

most every zoo in the country with our rare specimens," said Superintendent Cy De Vry. "Only the other day we shipped a two-year-old zebu to the Washington Park Zoological society at Milwaukee."

"Although the zebus have the record, the lioness and lion are slowly gaining upon them in raising a family. The lioness, as a rule, gives birth to three at a time, while the sacred cow has only one offspring."

The zebu is a native of India, where it is revered by the inhabitants. It is pampered and caressed, and to feed it is deemed a meritorious act. The animal is used as a beast of burden and can travel from 30 to 40 miles a day.

Horseshoe in Pine Tree.
Milton, Ind.—In the heart of a pine tree 18 inches in diameter a horseshoe was found by M. E. Hubbell when he cut the tree down. The position of the horseshoe indicates that it was placed around the tree many years ago when it was a sapling and in time had been covered by the growth of the wood.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

City and State Face Tramp Question



NEW YORK.—How can the Empire state and New York city solve its tramp problem? The vagrants now in the state would form the entire population of a city the size of Albany. The Empire state, and especially its metropolis, is the mecca for this vast army of derelicts.

The jails, penitentiaries and almshouses are put to an expense of \$2,000,000 annually in endeavoring to cope with the problem which has arisen through the existence of this undesirable element. But far more serious than this is the loss caused by the destruction of property, robberies, fires and kindred misdemeanors, which costs the state, the railroads and other private interests over \$10,000,000 annually.

The immense number of tramps trespassing on railroads and the fatalities which overtake many of them may be judged from the fact that in a period

of five years actually 23,964 trespassers were killed and 25,236 injured in the United States while stealing rides. Most of them were tramps, and at least one-fifth of the accidents took place in this state.

A large proportion of these vagrants are youths and young men whose ages range from sixteen to twenty-one. Reared in the cities their yearning for adventure, uncontrolled by proper home conditions, causes them to take the road.

Though one-half of these finally quit the nomadic life and return home or settle down, the remaining half become inveterate tramps and gradually turn from vagrancy into a career of crime or semi-crime. A very large percentage, however, are adults and comprise every species, from men who will not or cannot work through chronic infirmity to those who are innocent victims of downright adversity.

One solution proposed is to form a labor colony. A labor colony is, briefly, a state-owned colony for the detention, reformation and instruction in agriculture and other industrial occupations of persons committed by magistrates as tramps and vagrants.

Alaska City Center of Queer Things

FAIRBANKS, Alaska.—If you should happen to drop into a town where a newsboy scorns your nickel and asks you 25 cents for a newspaper, where ordinary meals at lunch counter restaurants are a dollar a throw, where the only communication with the balance of the world is by wireless, where ice is plentiful but you've got to pay to skate, and steam pipes are laid alongside the water pipes to keep them from freezing, you'd think you had struck a queer place, wouldn't you?

Yet such a place is Fairbanks. You might well expect a town that's 2,500 miles north of Seattle, Wash., to be in perpetual zero weather, but you wouldn't expect a city located thus far up in the ice belt to be so rich that it could afford a water system, not to mention the luxury of steam heat, which, while not only providing warmth for private homes of the city, is made to swaddle the fire plugs and keep them thawed out and ready for use during the long winter.

Seven months of the year are "dark" in Fairbanks, and during one of these months electric lights are burned on the streets 24 hours a day. If you want to read your morning newspaper at breakfast it must be by the aid of the electric bulb, and in what would be your noonday glare you have got to carry a lantern in order to distinguish



the neighbor you meet in the street. A common laborer gets \$5 a day and board in Fairbanks, and board is a factor worth considering. It is estimated that it costs about \$2.25 to supply three meals a day here, so the laborer is making the handsome sum of \$7.25 per day, or \$43.50 per week. Even under these conditions laborers are scarce.

Fairbanks is as cosmopolitan as any mining camp in the west. A steam railroad connects Fairbanks with all of the mines within a radius of 50 miles, and trains are run several times daily and from various points. Fairbanks proper has a population of 5,000, which includes two banks, two hospitals, numerous hotels, four automobiles, an electric lighting plant and other accessories of civilization. The population of the district outside of the city consists of about 5,000 people.

From October to April of each year Fairbanks is wrapped in a heavy sheet of ice and snow and the thermometer varies from 20 to 50 degrees below zero.

Bank Uses Thumb Print Signatures



CHICAGO.—Chicago has a bank which identifies its depositors by means of the thumb print mark. When a customer who cannot write his name opens an account or deposits money or withdraws it he makes a thumb mark on the slip, and is sufficiently identified.

According to the cashier of this peculiar bank, there has never been an error in the Bertillon system of identification. When we began business six years ago, he says, not more than one in three of our customers could sign his name in English. We would not accept signatures in Jewish writing. We were confronted by a serious problem. The use of the thumb print was suggested, and it has worked out to perfect satisfaction.

When a man comes in to open an account and we find he cannot sign his name we fill in the identification

card for him, just as we would for any other depositor. Then we write his name and witness his mark. Then we give him an ordinary rubber stamp pad with red ink on it, and he presses first one thumb and then the other on the pad and makes a careful, clear impression of each on the corners of his card.

When the depositor comes back to add to his account or to withdraw money the bank attendant makes out the slip for him and writes in his name. Then the depositor makes his thumb print on the slip and presents it at the teller's window. The teller turns to the card index and finds the card, just as he would for any other depositor. In place of looking at the signature he looks at the thumb prints and compares them with the marks on the deposit or withdrawal slip.

We have never had a complaint or error from the use of this system. There are absolutely no two thumbs alike, and the thumb print mark is an absolute identification. We have had complaints over signatures, but never over thumb prints. Men have claimed that they did not sign withdrawal slips, but no one has ever denied his thumb mark.

Police Chief to Stop Boys Smoking

KANSAS CITY, Kan.—The small boys of this city now have an official father to watch them and prevent their smoking cigarettes. Henry F. Zimmer, chief of police, has undertaken to vigorously enforce the Kansas law which forbids minors to smoke. The police are confiscating all tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, cigarette papers and pipes found in possession of youths. It's back to the corn silk and the grapevine for the boys. They cannot legally smoke until they reach the proper age.

This law is of the 1909 vintage, but little attention was paid to it and the Kansas City boys who wanted to "roll one" went ahead and rolled it and smoked without official interference. There were some complaints to the city officials, however, and finally Chief Zimmer ordered the patrolmen to stop juvenile smoking. The chief has seven sons and he knew something about how to stop smoking.

Patrolmen visited the confectionery and drug stores where boys congregated before and after school hours. Boys who were smoking were taken to the police station. Their tobacco and cigarette papers were taken away from them. The chief lectured the boys and permitted them to go home. A large number went through this experience.



The smokers' supplies the police confiscate are burned at the police headquarters. Every few days the smoke from the city hall chimney bears the tobacco-laden odor of a levee barroom. It is simply a few more sacks of tobacco and a few more bunches of papers passing beyond the reach of the boys.

SOUGHT BY TOURISTS

Valley Forge Is Rich in Historic Associations.

Whizzing Automobiles Now Bring Groups of Patriotic Sightseers to This Scene of the Revolution's Darkest Days.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Through the lovely wooded hills and up and down the valleys which give the name of that historic spot, Valley Forge, the scene of the darkest days of the Revolution, go rushing and whizzing nowadays the hourly automobiles bringing groups of patriotic tourists from all the country. What a change in the spot and in the people since that time when Washington and his suffering heroes camped among these picturesque hills. What a gap between those footsore, discouraged men and the pleasure-seekers whirled in luxury through this great national park.

For some eight miles the motor route circles about over the fine park roads, and on every side the natural charms of the beautiful scenery are enhanced by the historic associations. Many memorial tablets have been erected, marking where different divisions of the army or various commanders were stationed. Here and there are log cabins, reproductions of the olden huts, and standing on the old sites. There are lines of the old entrenchments to trace, and much else of interest to a student of military affairs, but the automobile is too swift for study of this sort. The Memorial chapel, unfortunately, does not lie on the route taken; it requires, and well deserves, a separate trip.

One does, however, pass the old school house, built by Letitia Penn in 1709, which was occupied by the Continental army as a hospital during the winter of 1777-1778. The flag floats over it, and a group of budding citizens, who ought to develop remarkable loyalty educated in such a shrine of liberty, flock out for recess as the motor car passes.

But the central point of the trip is, of course, Washington's headquarters. This plain old stone structure is a fine example of the sturdy buildings of Colonial times. In its simplicity and



Washington's Headquarters.

strength it shames the flimsy work of modern contractors. The interior is very interesting. The two main rooms on the ground floor open from the wide paneled hall with ample small-paneled windows. In both reception room and office the walls are adorned with portraits, and valuable relics in cases and in the old-fashioned chimney cupboard attract the eye. "Grandfather's clock ticks in the corner, and an old gun fills the open fireplace.

Across an open passage through which sun and wind have full play, is a wing containing the quaint old kitchen. While this separation of the kitchen from the main body of the house has some advantages, the modern housewife would certainly object to the unnecessary steps it occasions. And she would doubtless be at a loss to get a meal over the fireplace with its hanging hooks and pots.

From the pump room adjoining the kitchen a steep flight of steps descends to an underground passage, only lighted from an opening in the lawn above. The other end of the passage once communicated with the river and thus afforded a means of refuge and escape in case of surprise by the enemy. That end has been closed up, but the curious investigator can descend and walk along the damp, dark passage, with thoughts of the dangerous days when such a secret way was deemed necessary.

The bedrooms on the floor above are very attractive in their quaintness. They have been furnished by different chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution with suitable antique furniture so they must look very much as they did in the hours when Washington reposed in the big "four-poster," or in the straight-backed chair by the fireplace brooded over the perils of the country. On the third floor, to which one must climb with hended head if a bump is to be avoided, the bedroom is as cozily old-fashioned as anything in the house.

Much time might be profitably spent in looking over the maps, plans, etc., which hang about the walls of the hall and the main rooms, but the interest of the average tourist in such matters is soon glutted and he prefers to walk about the lawn and view the house from every side, or stroll down to the Schuylkill river in front of the headquarters and people the scene with the figures of Washington and his veterans.

Mail Horse Holds Record.
Portland, Ore.—F. J. Hogel, rural mail carrier, owns a mare that has traveled 14,000 miles in the employ of the government.

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BETWEEN TWO FIRES.



Millions—Going to take a vacation abroad?

Billions—If I do they will say I am afraid to stay here, and if I don't they will say I am afraid to go away.

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He (with bitterness)—Pillow shams.

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GOOD? SURE IT IS

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