

WHEN BROTHERS STOOD BY BROTHER

International Sunday School Lesson for June 11, "Joseph Tests His Brethren." Gen. xlv.

By William T. Ellis.

Often perverted thought it is, there is something noble about the "gang spirit" of which we are reading in the newspapers. The determination not to betray a comrade, which is the highest law in the code of the gang, takes its rise from an altogether creditable sentiment. The opposite side of the shield is the Spartan spirit of the judge who condemns his own son for law breaking. This the underscoring do not see. The New York hoodlums who are going to jail rather than betray a fellow criminal do not reckon with the relative value of principles. They see only the idea of a lower loyalty, and are blind to the higher loyalty to public welfare. The average politician binds his hands to the betrayer by this same spirit of fidelity. He stands by his friends, through thick and thin. More of the same spirit of family allegiance in religious matters would be well for the church.

The theme is brought forward by the story of today's Sunday school lesson, which deals with a group of men, who, in an emergency, were not false to the call of loyalty. The 10 brethren of Joseph, when put by him to a dramatic test, showed themselves steady and true to the end. In brave self-abnegation they offered to share the suffering of the brother who seemed to be guilty of a crime. The qualities of sheer manhood appeared in the conduct of these sons of Jacob. No years had been eating them much.

The Hidden Cup.
The mysterious ruler of Egypt had, all unknown to them, large plans for the 11 men from Canaan. He could not yet reveal to them that he was the brother whom they had sold into slavery. It was necessary first to test their fitness for the new fortune that he had prepared for them. We never know when we are being proved for what is being prepared for us. Every day may be a judgment day in a way we little understand.

In this case everything hinged on Benjamin, the youngest child. He like Joseph, was the favorite son of father Jacob, the only child of the beloved Rachel left at home. Joseph had good reason to know the lengths to which the jealousy of his other brothers could go. They had changed for the better. He had proved that they would treat Benjamin well in the long journey from Canaan. Now he wanted to find out how they would behave in an emergency, when Benjamin's name and safety were imperiled. Would they make the youngest brother a scapegoat, and leave him to his fate? Or would they play the brother part?

Therefore, as he sent the party back to Canaan, he hid each man's money in his bag, and when they returned to him, he had each man's money returned to him, and in the bag of Benjamin his own cup was placed. Then, a few hours afterwards, he sent his steward in pursuit of the men to charge them with a theft of his cup.

The Mystery of the Bags.
The sons of Jacob had scolded over outside of the city on their homeward journey. They were full of stories of their great adventure. The glamour of the ruler's presence was upon them. Their incredible good fortune was discussed and gloried over from all sides. Not only had they seen the lord of the land, but they had even dined with him. Thus they were bearing back to Canaan not only sufficient food for their families, but also a rich tale that would open the eyes of those left behind.

The high spirits of the caravan were suddenly dashed by the appearance of Joseph's steward, who came hastening up on horseback, followed by a retinue. As he drew near, he made sharp accusations that these men had stolen the oriental clamor which all travelers in the east know. Jacob's sons made extravagant protestations of innocence. They spurned the idea that any one of them was a thief, and they reminded the steward how they had returned the silver which they had found in their bags on the previous trip. With whomever of thy servants it be found, let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen. This was the usage of the harsh law of Hammurabi current at the time. Death for stealing still prevails in some parts of the world.

"Circumstantial Evidence."
Many a man has been hanged on evidence far less than that which convicted Benjamin. An examination of the 10 brother's money they had paid, but in the sack of Benjamin, which was last searched, there was found the silver cup of Joseph. Then what a scene! An examination of the 10 brothers' money they had paid, but in the sack of Benjamin, which was last searched, there was found the silver cup of Joseph. Then what a scene! An examination of the 10 brothers' money they had paid, but in the sack of Benjamin, which was last searched, there was found the silver cup of Joseph. Then what a scene!

Electricity Laziest Thing.
From the Kansas City Star.
"The laziest thing in the world is electricity," said the big street car foreman who was carefully placing a bond tester on the rails. The tester looks like an electric light meter. It indicates whether the return current is being carried by the street car rails at the joints, where a bond is made by connecting the rail ends with small copper cables.

"When Judge and Brother Are One."
Trouble proves who is who. In this testing hour we find Judah stepping into the place of the head of the family, as sponsor and spokesman for the whole group. A new dignity rests upon him. His words before Joseph are those of a strong man. Listen to the beauty of the simple speech, even as translated into English: "What shall we say unto my lord? What shall we speak? Or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants; behold, we are my lord's bondmen, both we, and he also in whose hand the cup is found."

Can this be the Judah whose voice was for the destruction of his brother Joseph? Can it be that the jealous, bloodthirsty man, who had been transformed by years and bitter experience and the grace of God? Without self-justification, Judah, the head of the delegation, spoke for them all, identifying himself with any misfortune that might come to any one of the group. This was brotherhood in the prof.

A Man at His Height.
Why does the world accept a cross as its noblest symbol? Because in its deepest heart it knows that not self-seeking but self-sacrifice is the highest best that the human soul can reach. Whether it be the example of the old pagan who offers himself for Rome; or the present day pagan who

offers his life for China; or the Apostle Paul willing to be accused for his brothers' sake; or Jesus freely giving of his life as a sacrifice for the sin of the world, we recognize that these in varying degrees are the saviors and exemplars of mankind. Whoever denies himself and offers up his life in behalf of another is touched with the very spirit of the divine Redeemer. The Judah offered himself. As he stood before Joseph, reciting in simple eloquence the story of their experience, he reached a height of exaltation like unto Calvary. He pleaded with Joseph to allow him to suffer instead of Benjamin that Benjamin might be returned to the arms of Jacob. Is it any wonder that the speech became more than the judge could bear? The brothers had proved themselves. They had become new men. In adversity they had learned that it is only worth while to stand by the great ideals and to stand by one another.

WHO WAS THE ORIGINAL OF "BLUEBEARD"

The story of Bluebeard is probably the most familiar of all tales of crime. There is no doubt more fiction than fact in the romance, although there are several names of criminal monsters mentioned in history as having furnished the greater part of the material utilized by the Frenchman Perrault in his tale of "Barbe Blue." This story was written in the time of Louis XIV, and it is thought that the idea of the story was suggested to Perrault by the life of a wicked and atrocious man named Gilles de Laval, Seigneur de Retz, better known in French history as Marshal de Retz. De Retz was born about the year 1596, and entered the service of Charles VII and proved himself a brave and skillful soldier. He inherited, at different times, three large estates, and in 1432 was considered the richest subject in France.

This immense fortune was the great cause of his ruin. He plunged into a career of profligacy and debauchery which rapidly diminished his estates. Yet withal he affected pomp and splendor in religious ceremonies. He was compelled by the parliament of Paris to stop disposing of his estates, and, for a while, he had recourse to alchemy. Failing to discover the secret of changing the baser metals into gold, he next turned to magic, and is reported to have made a contract with Satan to give him everything except his own soul and life for boundless wealth.

It was brought to light when he was arrested in 1440 that he had slain no less than 46 children at his castle of Chanteco and 80 at Machecoul, and used their blood and hearts as charms in diabolical rites. He was convicted and executed in December, 1440. Probably on account of some personal peculiarity, Gilles de Laval became remembered as "Barbe Blue," whence our Bluebeard, which speedily became a name of terror.

The propensity of Bluebeard in the children's story by Perrault is not to kill children, but to marry wife after wife and to kill them in succession and deposit them in a fatal close. Each young wife was intrusted with the keys to the castle, with strict injunctions on pain of death, not to open one special room; but woman's curiosity in each case cost her life, until finally, as the story goes, his last would-be victim was saved by the timely arrival of her brothers. She had, during the absence of her lord, opened the forbidden door, and found the closet filled with the bodies of his former wives. She dropped the keys in her terror and by no means could observe the stain of blood.

It is not likely that Perrault depended entirely on the Gilles de Laval character for his story, but there may have been others and there is considerable about the story that would indicate a legend of some ancient date. But there is another great criminal of about the same period as Gilles whose crimes are said to have assisted the author of Bluebeard in furnishing material. His name was Comorre, who had his headquarters at Carbalx, in Finistere. Comorre had scarcely less of a mania for murder than Gilles de Laval. He married the widow of Iona, chief of Dommonia, and attempted the life of his stepson, Judval, who fled, and in anger is said to have killed his wife. He then married Tryphine, daughter of the Count of Vannes, in a short time he threatened her. She took flight, but her husband found her hiding in a wood, when he gave her a wound in the skull and left her for dead. She was taken to a convent, and her health by St. Gildas, and after the birth of her son she retired to a convent of her own foundation, Alain Bouchard, in his "Chronicles," asserts that Comorre had already put several wives to death before he married Tryphine.

Were either of these men the prototype of Perrault's "Bluebeard," or did he use the crimes of both? Probably so, and was also familiar with the Ethiopian legend of a husband who had already killed 11 wives and was prevented from killing the 12th, who had opened a secret room by a goosherd, the friend of her childhood.

Immigrant Tide Turns.
From the Washington Post.
"The South American countries today are drawing from us the best immigrants—the kind of men who built the west," says Adolph Weiser of New York and Bremen. "It may hurt our pride to say that the American is conceded, but we are, and furthermore, the American, as a rule, is sadly lacking in foreignness. Every suggestion made to change the order of things is met with a rebuff. I came to the United States many years ago and became a citizen. Then I went to South America. I have been in every country in South America except French and Dutch Guiana, and have had an opportunity to observe how deficient we are in our efforts to induce the right kind of immigration.

"South America is offering inducements such as were given the men who settled the Mississippi valley and the west, and they are getting a better grade of men because this country fails to realize that by helping the colonist we are helping the nation. Down there they make alluring offers to the prospective immigrants as far as her and Selma's plans are concerned.

Some People.
From Judge.
Some people barely get the wedding cards out before they want to shuffle for a new deal.

Who?
Who put the harem in Hackensack?
Who put the bunk in Sandusky?
Who put the sand in Timbuctoo?
Who put the zoo in Kalamazoo?
—Brooklyn Eagle.
Who put the can in Kanakoo?
Who put the koke in Kokomo?
Who put wont someone please tell me?
The sin in Cincinnati, O?
—Birmingham Age-Herald.
Who put ha ha in Minnehaha?
And the walk in Janesville, Wis?
Who put the burg in Vicksburg, Miss?
—Prison Mirror.
Who furnished Denver with its den?
Who put the peck in Topeka?
Who put the witch in Wichita?
And the bat in Battle Creek?



NO MORE WORK.
"Thinkum Out, the inventor, has just perfected a wonderful labor-saving scheme."
"Is it possible?"
"Yes; he's going to marry Miss Millyns, the hetress."

Good Roads Statistics.

From the Boston Transcript.
That there are upwards of \$400,000,000 of good roads bonds issued and outstanding in this country is indicated by the Good Roads Year Book of the United States, the 1913 edition of which has just been issued, containing a resume of the whole road situation. It is evident that whatever may be the faults in methods of construction and maintenance, money is being spent in sufficient amount to bring about a vast improvement in the public roads. The year book shows \$137,000,000 of state road bonds authorized, and \$156,500,000 of county bonds outstanding on January 1, 1913, making a total of \$293,500,000. As this is based on reports from about 75 per cent of the counties in the United States, and as a large number of the individual townships have not reported, it is estimated that the amounts not reported would run the aggregate up to probably \$350,000,000 to \$400,000,000 of the bonds voted in 1912.

Gratifying progress in road construction during the past few years is indicated by the statement in the year book that while the percentage of all road improvement in the United States at the close of 1912 was 8.66 per cent, the revised statistics to December 31, 1911, show an improved mileage of 10.1 per cent or a net gain of 1.44 per cent. This does not sound so impressive in terms of percentage but it means that in the two-year period more than 24,000 miles of improved roads were constructed or 10,000 miles more than the entire mileage of national roads in France.

The American Highway association would issue the year book as its president, Hon. Logan Waller Page, director of the United States office of public roads, and for the chairman of its executive committee the president of the Southern Railway company, W. W. Finley. The association has a membership of prominent men in all parts of the country and is the clearing house or national representative of between 30 and 40 of the various state and interstate road associations.

Balkan War Horrors.

H. G. Dwight in the Atlantic.
We finally found ourselves at the west edge of San Stefano, where a street is bordered on one side by open fields. This was where, until a few days before, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men had lain, the dying among the dead, with no one to lift a finger for them. The ground was strewn with such debris of them as we had seen under the railway embankment, but more thickly. And, at a certain distance from the road, was debris more dreadful to look upon. It looked like a heap of discarded clothing, piled there to be burned—until I saw two drawn-up knees sticking out of the pile. Then I made out, here and there, a clenched hand, a gray face. A little omnibus came back from somewhere in the fields, and men began loading the bodies into it. The omnibus was so short that most of the legs stuck out of the door. Sometimes they had stiffened in the contortion of some last agony. And half the legs were bare. In their weakness the poor fellows had foregone the use of the long girdle which holds together every man of the east, and as they were pulled off the ground or hoisted into the omnibus their clothes fell from them. We did not go to see them buried. There had been so many of them that the soldiers dug trenches no deeper than they could help. The consequence was that the dogs of the village pawed into some of the graves. The dogs afterwards went mad and were shot.

Education of Father.

Mary Stewart Cutting, in Harper's Bazar, writes about "Education of Father." Among the phrases with much humor is the following: "Father's salient idea, of course, when Selma graduates, is that now she will stay at home and help her mother. It makes no difference that mother does not want Selma's help in the household; her one desire is to have her child 'asked to everything,' and to be able to see Selma enjoying herself; to have the house full of Selma's young friends, arrange for the clothes needed, and smooth over all the difficulties that may be in the way—to be the motherly providence over Selma's youthful happiness and hear about all in the first glow of Selma's return from a delightful visit; to be, as it were, vicariously, a girl herself again. It is dear, and flattering, to have father sternly insisting that mother shall be considered first—she would miss it if he didn't show that everlasting regard for her; but it is dreadfully hampering as far as her and Selma's plans are concerned.

"It keeps her—in perfunctory respect for his authority—earnestly impressing on the girl how thoughtful and kind and generous father is, and how much money he really spends on her—really more than he can afford; and the exact reason he doesn't want her to go to the party on Saturday—as if youth could ever be reasoned out of wanting a good time; why all the time mother knows, and so does Selma, that she is going to persuade him to agree to all they want."

THE VISION OF WAR

Stirring Tribute to Soldiers That Opens With Words, "The Past Rises Before Me Like a Dream," Made by Robert Ingersoll in 1876.

It was a meeting held in Indianapolis, September 30, 1876, a meeting largely made up of veterans of the civil war, that furnished Robert G. Ingersoll the inspiration that found voice in the most stirring and patriotic address that this, or perhaps any other country, has ever known. The orator rose to a sublimity and fervor of patriotic feeling that profoundly stirred his hearers, who voiced their emotion from time to time with shouts of "glory," and dejected cries of "amen."

This speech delivered on that historic day was made in a drizzling rain to a throng of perhaps 250 persons crowded about a speaking stand erected on the east side of what was then "the Governor's Circle," now Monument Place. These auditors were gathered under umbrellas, which served to shut out the sun, and with them when they enlisted in view of the orator or opportunity to hear well what he said.

Words of Address.

The memorable words of that address are as follows:

"The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the inspiration that found voice in the most stirring and patriotic address that this, or perhaps any other country, has ever known. The orator rose to a sublimity and fervor of patriotic feeling that profoundly stirred his hearers, who voiced their emotion from time to time with shouts of 'glory,' and dejected cries of 'amen.'"

To the Music of War.

"We see them all as they march proudly away under the fluttering flag, kneeling to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

"We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, in all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the low, leafless trees. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

"We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

Checks Like Roses.

In the June Woman's Home Companion appears an article entitled "Better Babies Everywhere," showing what is being done throughout the United States in carrying forward a movement for the improvement of children. In various parts of the country are being held, at these shows, children are judged, not for their beauty, but according to their physical condition.

"Not having very good health, I realized that I must work for the constitution I was given. Before he must be well cared for, before and after birth. He had a right to the best possible start. I took a great deal of exercise in the fresh air, slept outdoors as much as possible and lived on as simple a diet as I could arrange. I tried various kinds of water and ate coarse flour breads. Every day I lay down at least an hour and relaxed completely. I tried to get up early and held good thoughts of everything and everybody. The regime that I never could have endured myself, I tried to make my child endure. The little life God was sending me.

"As soon as I was strong enough to handle my baby, I rubbed him daily after his bath; rubbed him all over. Then as soon as he was old enough to use his limbs I would put a thick mat on the table, and he would have a massage, and give him gymnastic exercises. After he was weaned his diet was very simple. I never romped with him before he went to bed, washed him at 7 o'clock. He always gets up early and has acquired the habit of drinking a half-glass of water the first thing after he gets up. He is a healthy, happy, full-blown roset; and, despite the fact that he has what is called a delicate mother, he has never given me an anxious moment on the score of health.

"If Better Babies contests do no more than show unthinking mothers what scientific methods, regular habit, and clean surroundings for a baby, they will have performed a great mission."

The Fairies.
Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds and rushes
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill top
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's high lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columkille he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Roscoe.
Or going up with music
On cold, starry nights
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes.
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
Down the rushy glen,
For pleasure here and there,
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.
Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.
—William Allingham.

"We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief."

Picture of Slavery.

"The past rises before us and we see 4,000,000 of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of cruel whips; we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!"

"Four million babies in arms. Four million souls in fetters! All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free."

"The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look instead of slaves, we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, the whipping post and we see come and freedom and school houses and books and when all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

Heroes Dead.

"These heroes are dead. They died for liberty, they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the winelands palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars; they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the road of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

World at Peace.

"I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices shrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth; a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward, where work and worth go hand in hand, where the poor girl trying to win bread with the needle that has been called 'the asp for the breast of the poor' is not driven to the desperate choice of crime and death, or suicide or shame.

A Near-Republican Party?

From Colliers.
A few public men whose status hovers upon the border line between the republican and progressive parties lately held a meeting in Chicago to consider means of reorganizing the old republican party. Upon this proceeding, the most pertinent comment we can find is not in the daily or periodical press, but in a solid book of facts and information, "The World Almanac." In that sound repository of official information we are told that the Republican National Committee—Chairman, Charles D. Hilles; secretary, James B. Reynolds; treasurer, George R. Sheldon.

New York, William Barnes, jr.; Colorado, Wm. H. Harnes; Massachusetts, W. Murray Gray; Utah, Reed Smoot; Illinois, Roy O. West.

Hilles is the same chairman who was the respectable "iron" for Mr. Barnes during all that time. They are all Republicans. Hilles is the same chairman of Senator Lodge who was the secretary throughout the convention. Sheldon is the same fact-finding, fact-finding, fact-finding man. If any apparent abdication should transpire, it will be safe to look for a nigger in the woodpile. They are all Republicans. Penrose, Crane, and the rest of the old guard. Barnes and the others aren't the kind to become political caniches or dowager empresses. They are all Republicans. There isn't going to be any denatured re-organization of the republican party. It is clearly by the gentlemen who took part in the resurrection conference if their judgment was not clouded by pressing problems of their own political futures.

For the Cook.

From the New Haven Courier-Journal.
A loaf of cube sugar rubbed over the surface of an orange will retain the orange flavor by absorbing the oil. Sugar thus prepared and used in ice-cream parlors to the latter a most delicious flavor.

When turnips are young wash them off carefully and boil without peeling. You will find the thick part will cook as tender as any part of the vegetable and the flavor will be much improved. The ripeness of a pineapple may be tested by pulling its leaves. If they do not pluck readily the pineapple is not ready to be eaten.

The best way to warm up a joint is to wrap it in thickly greased paper and keep it covered while in the oven. By having it covered the steam will prevent the meat from becoming hard and dry.

All pickles should be kept at least one month before opening the jars for use. By opening them sooner they lose much of the delightful flavor which would otherwise be theirs.

Silence—A Golf Asset.

Harold N. Hilton, in Outing.
It is very noticeable that the majority of good golf players are inclined to be very silent men, and in consequence it is safe to assume that lack of conversation is a virtue in the playing of the game of golf, and the class of conversation which should be particularly avoided is that species of running conversations with friends and acquaintances who happen to be among the spectators.

Learn to bear your ill fortune without appealing for sympathy, as sympathy extended to a man during the course of play is more apt to upset him temperamentally than to strengthen his purpose in any way. The most reliable of golfers always prove to be those who play the game from the beginning to the end of it without allowing any outside influence to affect them in any way whatever. To some golfers it is a difficult procedure to follow out, but it is truly wonderful how a young player can strengthen his temperament by continuous schooling.