

CONSTANTINE, TRINITY MAKER

Father, His Son and His Holy Spirit Made One In Person.

TRINITY NOT IN THE BIBLE.

Pastor Russell Says the Roman Emperor Put It in the Nicene Creed, A. D. 325—Confusion Followed. Some Claim Three Gods In One Person—Others Claim One God In Three Persons—All Say Incomprehensible Mystery—Constantine's Trinity Fiat Enforced by Cruel Persecutions. Back to the Bible and Away from Creeds Is the Message of the Hour Urged Upon All Lovers of Truth.



London, Aug. 17.—Pastor Russell addressed the London Tabernacle congregation twice today. We report one of his discourses from the text, "To us there is one God, the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ."

The Pastor declared that the confusion which has rent the Church of God into hundreds of sects has come through neglect of the Bible. The confusion is recognized by all Christian people everywhere, but the cause is not generally discerned. Church creeds are admitted to be defective, notwithstanding the truths which they all contain. Creed clashes are the direct result of the serious errors in all creeds.

Emperor Constantine's Nicene Creed.

After the Christian Church had forgotten that the Master declared that His Twelve Apostles would constitute the chief foundation stones of the New Jerusalem, they began to recognize their bishops as successors to the Twelve apostolic bishops. They overlooked the fact that while God had prophetically told that the place of Judas would be filled by another, His particularity itself intimated that there would be no successors to the Twelve.

The real successor to Judas, Bible Students recognize in St. Paul. Through him God has given us the major portion of the New Testament, and special light upon the Church's path, which is to "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

Constantine the Trinity-Maker.

The Roman Emperor Constantine saw a vision—probably when wide awake—a vision of greater prosperity for himself and his Empire by a recognition of Christianity as the religion of his Empire instead of paganism, which had previously been recognized. For that moment a certain portion of the Church of Christ had long labored. Abandoning the thought of the Second Coming of Jesus to establish His Kingdom, they desired marriage, or union, with earthly empire, thus to set as a queen upon the throne of earthly dominion and honor.

Constantine's influence in Church affairs became great. He proposed the calling of a council of all the bishops, numbering about one thousand. He wanted to know why these apostolic bishops, all inspired with the same Spirit of God, taught so differently. He offered to pay the expenses of all the bishops to the Council at Nice; but the majority, fearing that the Emperor would be under the control of the Roman bishop (not yet claiming to be pope), declined to attend.

Only 324 came. But even they were unable to agree, the great point of dispute being the one we are discussing. Many held to the Bible teaching that Jehovah is the One Supreme God; that the Lord Jesus Christ was His Son and honored Agent in all His creative work; and that He, having manifested faith and loyalty to the Father to the extent of laying the Heavenly glory, becoming a man, and dying, the Just for the unjust, had been exalted by the Father to His own right hand of majesty and power.

scripts written at an earlier date. The Revised Version shows quite distinctly how the passage reads in the old manuscripts, and how the forgery to support the trinitarian theory was actually accomplished.

"To Us There is One God." The Old Testament Scriptures represent the Divine Message of four thousand years, and shy not a word respecting the trinity. On the contrary, they declare, "Hear, O Israel, Jehovah thy God is one God." "Thou shalt have no other gods." "To keep in line with this definite statement, the trinitarian theory claims that this one God has three persons, although others claim that there are three Gods but only one person. It seems impossible to get a trinitarian to decide what he really believes; he hedges with the word "Mystery."

The New Testament is as explicit as the Old in its statement that there is but one Supreme God. Jesus testified to this, declaring, "My Father is greater than I"—greater than all. (John 14:28.) Jesus declared that of Himself He could do nothing; that He was merely the Mouthpiece of God in His teachings, and the Finger of God in His working of miracles. He directed that His followers should worship the Father, and declared, when leaving, "I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and to your God."—John 20:17.

Our Lord did indeed declare the oneness, or harmony, between Himself and the Father, but He explained that this was because He ignored any will of His own, coming not to do His own will, but the will of the Father who sent Him. He exhorted His disciples similarly to have the same mind, the same will, the same spirit, which actuated Him—the Holy Spirit, the mind or disposition to do the will of the Father in Heaven. His prayer for His disciples was to the same effect, "That they all may be one"—even as Thou, Father, and I are one in heart, mind, will, disposition, or holiness of spirit, harmony with God.—John 17:20, 21.

What could be more explicit than our text, "To us there is one God, the Father, of whom are all things"; additionally, "To us there is one Lord (or Master), Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him"? The Apostle here not only shows the relationship between the Father and Son, but he ignores and thus disowns entirely the Holy Spirit as another God. Clearly and plainly enough he sets forth time and again that the Holy Spirit is the spirit, will, mind, power, disposition, etc., in fullest conformity to that of the Father. There is no mystery about the matter, none whatever.

"The Alpha and the Omega." Our Lord Jesus declared Himself to be the Alpha and the Omega of the Divine direct creation. (Revelation 1:8.) He was its Beginning and its End, according to John 1:1-5. Our Redeemer, known before He became a man as the Logos, was the Beginning of the Divine creation and the End of it in that, ever after the creation of the Logos, Jehovah operated in and through Him in respect to all the stupendous works of creation. His name, the Logos, indicates all this; it signifies the Divine Message, or Messenger, the One through whom Jehovah's utterances and decrees went forth.

So we read in the Greek, "In the beginning was the Logos, and the Logos was with the God, and the Logos was a god. The same was in the beginning with the God. By Him were all things made that were made, and without Him was not one thing made. And the Logos was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory as the glory of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and Truth."

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But the mystification thought of trinity had gained a hold on some of the bishops, amongst others the Bishop of Rome. The questions at issue were argued for months. With all his powerful influence, the Bishop of Rome could not bring the majority of the Council to acknowledge the doctrine of the trinity. Thereupon Constantine decided the matter; and the Nicene Creed, backed by the Emperor's authority and power, was declared to be the Christian faith, and anything contrary to it, heresy.

Yet, be it remembered that only about one-third of the bishops were present at the Council; and that they could not be coerced into substituting mystery for the Word of God, until Jesus was that Christian doctrine as thus defined in the Nicene Creed should have the prestige of the support of the Emperor and of all his subordinate officers throughout the Roman Empire. All believing contrary to this creed would be heretics, and be considered in opposition to the Emperor, and such had the privilege of leaving the Empire. Thus was the mystery of trinity enshrined by a heathen emperor, not baptized—not even sprinkled.

The history of the persecution of all who would not worship the trinitarian mystery would fill volumes. One sad illustration is familiar to all—the burning of Servetus, by good Brother Calvin's signature to the death warrant.

Is it any wonder that with such conditions prevailing for centuries, the Bible ignored and the creeds worshiped, the true teachings of the Bible on many subjects were completely lost sight of? Is it any wonder that, when in the sixteenth century God began to bring the Bible back to the attention of the world, it was burned by the bishops in front of St. Paul's Cathedral in London? Is it any wonder that the Presbyterians of that time were persecuted for studying it, and could meet only in secret?

Is it any wonder that the men who had fresh to study the Bible, but who had their minds tinctured with the creeds of centuries, were considerably handicapped? Is it any wonder if some of their conceptions of correct Bible interpretation were rude and crude? Have not our various Protestant denominations marked God's servants to get nearer to the light?

Now as we are in the dawning of the New Dispensation, and God is lifting the veil of ignorance in general, is it any wonder that we can see the true teachings of the Bible more clearly than did our forefathers? Surely it is what we might expect, as well as what the Bible distinctly declares: "The mystery of God shall be finished," which He has kept secret from the foundation of the world.

The Difficulty at Present.

It seems sad indeed that now, in the dawning of the New Era, and its clearer light on the Bible as well as upon all things, so few Christian people should be prepared to profit by these clearer views. Only in our day is thorough Bible study possible for the majority in civilized lands, for only of late is there a sufficiency of education to admit of intelligent Bible study. What is the explanation of the failure to make use of all these blessings, favors, privileges and opportunities for Bible Study? It is loss of faith; as Jesus said: "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find the faith on the earth?" It would appear that with more advantages than any previous generation, ours has less faith in God and less trust in the Bible as His Word.

The cause of this can readily be traced, and it appals us! Our great institutions of learning, founded by our Bible-loving, God-fearing forefathers, have become worldly-wise. They have followed the course of leaning to human understanding, against which we were forewarned by God—that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God and will perish.

Following the guidance of so-called Higher Critics, the rank and file of professors of colleges have lost their faith, and at the present time, all over Christendom, are engaged in destroying the faith of the most intelligent young men and women of the world. Having lost faith in the Bible themselves, they think they are doing a real service in destroying the faith of others. Truly, they know not what they do; as the Bible declares, the wisdom of our wise men has perished; the understanding of the prudent men, the wealthy, etc., who govern these, is not apparent.—Isaiah 29:14.

With college graduates sneering at the Bible, and ignoring Divine worship, except in the sense of drawing nigh with their lips, is it any wonder that the spirit of this infidelity is gradually extending to the masses—the less educated? Is it any wonder that those who have nothing in particular to gain from religion except comfort and hope, bereft of these, care nothing for Bible study or for church attendance, except to hear the music or a brilliant address or to renew acquaintanceships?

Balm of Gilead the Remedy.

The only remedy which can hinder the world from rapidly rushing on toward socialism and anarchy, in utter disregard of God and His Divine arrangements, is a return to Bible study. Nor need the people be invited back to study the Bible along the lines of the creeds. Indeed, in order to attract attention to the Word of God, it is necessary that Christians should unite in smashing their creeds and in telling the people plainly that these creeds thoroughly misrepresent the Divine Character and the Divine Plan.

With other Bible Students, I make this my chief business in life. Having found the true Message of God's Word to be beautiful, heart-comforting and head-satisfying, we are prepared to recommend it to others and to offer them a helping hand out of the mists, fogs, misunderstandings, mistranslations and interpolations of the Dark Ages. Following the words of Jesus and the inspired Twelve, and the Prophets of old, we find that our God is a wholly different one from the horrible picture-God in the creeds of the Dark Ages. We rejoice in the true God, and in the true Savior, and in the Spirit of Holiness, which comes to us as followers of Christ in proportion as we receive Him and His teachings into our hearts and lives.

BOWSER SCORES.

Mrs. B. Plans Surprise For Him on His Birthday.

HE PREPARES ONE FOR HER.

Strange to Say His Is the More Successful of the Two—When Visitors Do Not Arrive He Explains His Ruse, Much to Mrs. B.'s Chagrin.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.)

MRS. BOWSER had a little plan. It wasn't a plan she got out of a novel, but one of her own invention. It was a wifely plan, and one to be proud of, and she smiled over it fifty times a day.

Mr. Bowser's birthday was approaching. He had mentioned the fact in no way or manner, but she was keeping tabs of the date and never hinting within fifty rods of what she was at. Since he passed his forty-eighth birthday he has had that same freak that seizes plenty of other men—a desire to conceal his true age. He has even sought to conceal it from himself.

A woman turns to paint, powders and bleaches, but a man has no recourse at the age of fifty-three, when asked his age by some impertinent scoundrel, who ought to be sent to jail for it, but to carelessly reply: "Oh, I'm on the right side of forty-five yet."

Mr. Bowser hadn't fooled himself so badly that he had lost all count of time. He had a dream one night that his birthday was only three weeks away, and he awoke with a yell and in a cold sweat.

"Will you tell me what on earth is the matter?" demanded Mrs. Bowser. "I—I had a dream!" "Of what?"

Bowser's Bad Dream. "I dreamed that a boa constrictor had me in his coils and was crushing the life out of me!" "I thought that did pickle you de-voiced just before coming upstairs."



"THE DERNED THING GOT TWISTED AROUND ME."

would bring on a racket. You should be more cautious. Was it a big serpent?"

"Half a block long!" "Did it glare?" "Like an arc light!" "Couldn't you climb a tree?" "No; he came upon me too sudden."

"No bad—too bad. I didn't know there was a case of it in town." "Hears is the only one, I believe. I'll get the placard about 6 o'clock when I come up."

No change to be observed in Mr. Bowser when he came home to dinner. Mrs. Bowser was dressed up a bit, and the cook had her Sunday clothes on, but he didn't seem to notice anything. At half past 7 he was ready to sit down with Dickens and begin his reading. He had, however, slipped out of the front door a minute first.

Visitors Do Not Arrive. Mrs. Bowser listened to the words with one ear and for the doorbell with the other.

Eight o'clock and no gang! A quarter past and no ring! Half past and not a shout! Nine o'clock and Mrs. Bowser had to get up and walk around. At half past 9 she looked at Mr. Bowser in a strange way, and in reply he said: "Let us go down to the gate."

She followed him down, and he lifted from the outside of the gate a placard reading in startling letters: "Keep Out! Smallpox Here!" The tears started to Mrs. Bowser's eyes, but she forced them back and with a rueful smile she kissed Mr. Bowser and said:

"I guess there's some mistake. I guess you aren't a day over thirty years old!"

No Wonder. "Now, doctor," said the suffragette, "there's one thing you must admit. A woman doesn't grow warped and hide-bound so quickly as a man. Her mind keeps younger, fresher."

"Well, no wonder," was the retort. "Look how often she changes it!" Philadelphia Record.

Shoot Him at Sunrise, Men! "A New York woman is having her cat's voice trained," said the old fogy. "What on earth is her idea in doing that?" "She is cultivating the news. I guess," replied the cheerful idiot.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Not in the slightest. I want them all to get together at your house and come marching over in a body, and tie him completely by surprise." "Well, do it. Won't it be fun?" "But don't breathe a word to any one who may tell him."

"I'll cross my heart on it." He Walks Into Trap. On Wednesday evening, as the innocent Mr. Bowser was reading and smoking, Mrs. Bowser carelessly queried:

"Were you thinking of going out to-morrow evening?" "Why?" "I'd like to have you stay home and read Dickens to me."

"Well, I think I will." And after a little thought he said to himself: "By the great horn spoon, can the old lady have got on to that birthday racket! If she has I'll poison the cat within a week."

Ten minutes later Mr. Bowser took a little walk. He was standing on the corner when a man named Ashley came along and stopped to give him a good evening and add:

"So you are getting there with the rest of us?" "What do you mean?" "Why, you are fifty-three tomorrow."

"Who said so?" "Why, your wife told my wife. Say, Bowser, we promised to run in on you with the rest of the gang tomorrow evening, but the baby has come down with the measles and that will keep us home. Our best wishes, however, and many returns of the happy day."

Light Dawns on Bowser. Mr. Bowser leaped up against the fence and was as one stunned for a time. So Mrs. Bowser had kept tabs! Not only that, but she had planned for a gang to come in and surprise him.

Twenty times in the last year he had given his age at forty-five, and yet one after another of that gang would take him by the hand and say: "Fifty-three today, eh? Never mind, old boy. We have all got to come to it. Hope you'll live to be a hundred."

"By cripes, but I'll go home and raise the biggest row ever heard of!" he muttered as he started. Then a sudden thought came to him, and he stopped and mused:

"Mrs. Bowser is slick and sleek. Can't Mr. Bowser be slick and sleek enough to match her? Let's see."

At the end of ten minutes he entered the house whistling. Mrs. Bowser was rejoiced to hear it. She had been a bit afraid that he might catch up a hint. All was well, and all continued to be well through the rest of the evening and the next day.

"What volume of Dickens do you want me to read from this evening?" asked Mr. Bowser as he shoved back from the breakfast table. "A Tale of Two Cities," I guess," replied the arch conspirator, without daring to look up.

"All right. I'll get me some troches and have my voice in good order." "Does he suspect anything, ma'am?" asked the cook in an awed voice as the master was clear of the house.

"Not a thing." "Ain't that nice?"

Matched Wife's Strategy. Mr. Bowser didn't take the car at the corner. He walked three blocks down and entered a job printer's place and handed in copy for a placard.

"Good lands, but you don't say!" gasped the printer. "Yes." "Where?" "At my house."

"Who's the victim?" "My wife." "No bad—too bad. I didn't know there was a case of it in town."

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Billy Mudge's Surprise By OSCAR COX

Billy Mudge was a strapping farmer's boy, ambitious of something more profitable than plowing, sitting all day on a reaper or tossing hay up into the second story of a barn with a pitchfork. Billy was trudging along through a wood one day when he came to a clearing. There was a small house on it, but no one appeared to be at home.

Billy noticed the place before leaving the edge of the wood, and suddenly he saw something else that made him stop short. On the opposite side of the clearing a man emerged from the road and, taking position behind a tree standing alone, surveyed the house intently. Then he moved toward it stealthily, keeping his eye fixed on it, and on reaching it began to examine it for some place of entrance.

From a dream Billy had suddenly entered upon a reality. How much there might be in it for him he didn't consider. Apparently it was nothing more than an opportunity to prevent a thief from committing a depredation. Billy was unarmed and felt it necessary to proceed cautiously. The man he watched, after trying windows and doors, at last found an opening to the cellar, through which he disappeared.

Billy looked about him for a weapon and found a stout cudgel on the ground, which he picked up and clutched with a firm grasp. He had time to think while the man was in the house and realized that the robber doubtless had either a revolver or a knife, perhaps both, and to attack him would be to get worsted. He therefore decided not to enter the house, but wait till the fellow came out, follow him, steal up behind him and fell him with a blow from his club.

In a few minutes the front door was thrown open, and the thief emerged, carrying a long yarn stocking, full as after a visit from Santa Claus on Christmas eve. Billy knew the way that some country persons keep their money and recognized the stocking as the depository of the occupant of the house. He stooped and moved forward, expecting the robber to go the way he had come and intending to follow him. But just as the fellow was about to step down from the porch on to the road there was a sound of breaking on underbrush and a thud of horse's hoofs on turf, and a girl on horseback emerged from the wood into the clearing.

Billy paused and awaited developments. The man dropped the stocking, and the girl, pulling in her horse, rested the rein on his neck, covered her face with both hands and was shaking with convulsive sobbing. The robber, who had been caught in the act, hung his head. It was evidently not merely a case of a common thief being detected by a stranger, but a brother or a lover surprised by his sister or his sweetheart.

There were words—reproaches likely which Billy could not hear. The girl, clinging to the man to follow her, urged her horse from the clearing, the man running on foot. They were out of sight when a posse of armed men broke into the clearing and, hearing the sounds of breaking bushes, ran after them.

Billy waited further developments; but, neither hearing nor seeing any more of the persons concerned, he emerged from his hiding, went to the house and picked up the stocking lying on the ground. He felt of it and concluded that it was full of bills and coins. Untying a string that held in the contents, he thrust in his hand and drew out a handful of loose pieces of paper and some small stones.

"Well, I'll be goldarned!" he exclaimed. Billy looked at the stocking, then at the house, then turned the stocking upside down and shook out the contents—bits of newspaper and stones—scratched his head and repeated: "I'll be goldarned!"

Going to the door, he tried to open it, but it had evidently been fastened, after the robber had gone out, by a spring lock. Billy tried to get into the house by the cellar-door through which the robber had effected an entrance. This door, too, was locked, or, rather, bolted inside, for through a crack he could see the bolt shot.

Turning, he stood looking up at the house with his hands in his pockets, still wondering. "I wish," he said, "I'd known that stockin' didn't have no money in it, 'cause I could 'a' told the fellow that, after all, he hadn't committed no burglary, and the gal wouldn't 'a' tuck on so. But what he was so keeful fur about lockin' up after he'd tuck or thought he'd tuck all the funds in the house I'd like to know."

Hearing a titter, he looked to his right. There stood a man beside some sort of machine. A titter at his left drew his attention, and he saw the robber and the girl laughing at him. "See here, you people," he exclaimed. "What does all this goldarned performance mean?"

"It means," said the man with the machine, "that we've been making a moving picture play. I've got you in peking up the stocking and trying to get into the house, and it's the best part of the show."

Billy didn't see anything for a few moments while the true conditions were getting through his thick skull. Then the eye began to gather in his eye, and his ire was focused on the apparatus. Suddenly he gave a kick with his foot and lifted the machine in the air.

CRIMINALS JUST LIKE OTHER FOLK

Differences Not of Kind, but of Degree, Says Expert.

NO CRIMINAL TYPE EXISTS.

Dr. Goring, Medical Officer of English Prison, Gives Results of Twelve Years' Study of Wrongdoers—Criminals Are Defective, but Only by Contrast With Normal People.

"As individuals criminals possess no characteristics, physical or mental, which are not shared by all people. The only difference is one of degree." Such is the conclusion reached after a remarkable statistical investigation based upon measurements of prisoners in Parkhurst prison, England, which began in 1901, now set forth by Dr. Goring, the medical officer of the prison, in a monograph which is of extraordinary scientific and human interest.

Dr. Goring's measurements shatter the theory propounded by Lombroso that there is a definite criminal type and that it is even possible to know the various kinds of criminals by their faces. The nose of the thief is not, as Lombroso taught, "short and large"; the eye of the homicide "not glassy, cold and fixed." Crime does not reveal itself in a man's outward visage.

The general characteristics of the English convict are those of a defective. He is defective in physical strength, weight, stature and mental capacity. It is found that in height and bodily weight he is very markedly inferior to the general average of the population. This is the only solid fact ascertained which might suggest the existence of a criminal type.

Highbrows and Lowbrows. One venerable superstition laid to rest by Dr. Goring is that a low forehead connotes criminality and a high forehead intelligence.

The different classes of criminals, he shows, do not differ markedly among themselves or vary much, except in height and weight, from the standard of population, while hospital inmates who are quite free from crime, but of weak physique, in many characteristics signally resemble the malefactor. Thieves and burglars, it is true, are unusually puny, while fraudulent offenders are commonly as tall and heavy as the average man, but this is because the fraudulent offender is drawn from a higher class of the population than the thief.

The remarkable inferiority of the criminal in height and weight is explained very simply. Stature and physique are endowments which enable a man readily to obtain an honest occupation. "We might easily produce statistics," says Dr. Goring, "to show that, all other things being equal, the poor man's physique serves frequently as the casting vote determining whether he can easily find employment or be unemployable." It is for this reason apparently and no other that crime is to some extent hereditary, low stature being transmitted by parents to their progeny.

Causes of Criminality. The criminal's health appears to have no effect upon his proclivity to crime, nor is it true that drink is the cause of crime, except in the case of violent offenses against the person. Social inequality, often pardoned as the true cause, appears to have even less to do with making a criminal, but a low standard of intelligence, often amounting to mental deficiency, has been found in the vast majority of criminals.

Dr. Goring concludes: "The chief source of the high degree of relationship between weak-mindedness and crime is probably beside the fact. The thing which we call criminality and which leads to the perpetration of many if not most anti-social offenses today is not inherent wickedness, but natural stupidity." The volume is epoch making in that it is "the first attempt to arrive at results in criminology by the statistical treatment of facts, which in a crude form are without scientific value."

FORMS A ONE MAN TRUST.

Philadelphia Carpenter Incorporates Himself For \$2,000,000; Partly Water. Benjamin F. Roberts, a carpenter of 924 Cumberland street, Philadelphia, has sent to Harrisburg papers incorporating himself for \$2,000,000 as a one man trust.

Roberts said that he was watering his stock somewhat, as he might not be able to pay dividends upon the \$2,000,000 stock issue which he purposes to sell to friends or other interested parties, but he contended he had as much right to inflate his personal stock as any other corporation.

Brilliant Signs Lure Hawks. Maurice Wilten of Georgetown, Del., has a new scheme for killing chicken hawks which he claims proves that hen hawks have an artistic sense despite their ferocity.

Maurice secured a number of large advertising signs brilliantly painted, which he set in his poultry yard, the pictures luring the hen hawks down for a look, when Wilten, hiding with a gun, shoots them.