



UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

By Rev. J. W. Barrett, Ph. D.

All ye are brethren.—Matthew xxiii, 8. It was a profound remark of Schilling that history as a whole is a successive revelation of God. And in this revelation both God and man have participated. God has been seeking to reveal himself in his true nature and character, and this effort has been met and seconded by man reaching out after him and responding to him. It has been a slow process, but it has gone steadily on increasing in breadth and significance as the centuries have come and gone.

The cry of the human heart throughout the ages has been after God: "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" But it was not till Jesus came that any soul had any adequate conception of his nature and character.

The fundamental proposition of the kingdom that Jesus established is the universal fatherhood of God. By him all partition walls have been broken down, and all dividing lines removed, so that all men everywhere may now look up to him and say, "Our father, who art in heaven."

The co-ordinate proposition is the universal brotherhood of man. God is the Father of all; and "if one is our Father, even God, then all we are brethren." Most men are ready to concede this fact in a general way, but when we come to make a practical, specific application of it, we discover that it is scarcely more than a theory. We say that we believe it, but we are hardly ready to practice it. We are not ready to recognize as our brethren those who are living on the same plane as we are—those whose tastes and habits are in common with ours; and also quite ready to recognize that those above us are our brethren, and that they have certain obligations toward us which we are very anxious to have them recognize and fulfill; but we are not sure about those who are below us. Many refuse to recognize these as brethren. They are our brethren, however, even though we do not like to recognize them. The limits of human brotherhood reach from the highest to the lowest, from the richest to the poorest, from the most worthy to the most unworthy. To all of these we are indebted, for the measure of obligation reaches as far as the limits of brotherhood; and we need to keep asking ourselves the question: "How much owest thou?"

First, there is our debt to the past. The limits of our brotherhood reach back to the very beginning. Every man who has lived before us has contributed to what we have and are. Every sin of the past is seen and felt in the present. And what is true of the evil is just as true of the good. We stand upon the shoulders of all the past and enjoy the blessings for which they have lived and labored and died.

And we ought to be grateful to them for what they have made it possible for us to do. This is our debt to them, and we can pay it only as we live such lives as not to lose all this for which these noble souls have lived and died, and by making our best contributions to the end that not only ourselves but the race as well shall be made perfect.

Second, there is our debt to the present. We are brothers not only to the past, but also to the present generation. The relation of man to man is a mutual relation. The spirit of Jesus is that if any man has in his possession anything that makes his life easier and better, it is his duty to impart this to others as far as possible, so as to make this world, and this life, as beautiful and helpful to all as we can.

The most widely separated peoples are linked together by the ties of brotherhood, and we shall never live our best life till we have come to recognize this fact and to order our lives in accord with it. All wrongs shall be righted and all oppression cease when men once learn that they are brethren.

Third, there is our debt to the future. Even though we recognize that every man who has lived in the past, and that every one who is living to-day, is our brother, and try to fulfill our duties and obligations toward them all, still we have not yet reached the limits of human brotherhood or the measure of our obligation. We are brothers as well to all future generations. If it is true that every good and every evil of the past is seen and felt in the present, it is equally true that every good and every evil of the present will be seen and felt in the future. God's law is: "Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Our debt to the future, like that to the past and present, is twofold: what we get and what we have to give. We are not in the world to get all we can out of it for ourselves. We are not in it even to get all we can out of it for the present generation. We must take the future into the account as well. The man who lives for the present only does not live the best life. The man lives to-day on what he has to earn to-morrow is not living the right kind of a life. He is using that which does not belong to him as yet, and that which may never belong to him at all.

And what is true of the individual is true of the generation. Generations, too, must learn to live within their means if they are to live the best life. If we are living to-day on what must be produced by the next generation, we are doing a great injustice to them, and to ourselves as well. We are making life easy to ourselves at the expense of somebody else. It is true that we all have to live more or less for the future. We must make our plans for to-day large enough to include the future, but we must not borrow from the future. We must be careful not to bind any burdens upon them that will be heavy to bear and that it will be impossible for them to throw off.

Illustrations of this are seen and will be in the long-time franchises that are granted to public-service corporations. Many cities are tied up, and others are continuing to be tied up, for years to come by their councils and board of public works, who seem to think that they have a good thing for the present, or, what is too frequently true, because these corporations are willing to give them a few thousand dollars for their vote, without any thought of the people who are to bear these burdens in the years to come.

Surely we need to have a new sense of our duty and obligation. We need to have our horizon enlarged, so as to get a larger and better view of life and life's relations. We have much more to learn in the meaning of brotherhood before that brotherhood will be realized. The future is looking to us, and we are responsible for it. We have it in our power to make it pleasant and helpful to all those who are to live in it, and we also have it in our power to make it very hard for them. May the good God make us wise to all of this, and may we, like men, meet the full measure of our obligation to the past, the present and the future, for all we are brethren.

DEFINES CHRISTIANITY.

By Rev. R. W. Rogers.

Moralists never tire of describing the influence of companions on a person's life. But if the law of association is important in the social world we will also find that it is just as fundamental in the religious life. Because there is nothing so intensely interesting as the study of the world's religions, men have always asked the question, "What is religion?" And what is it? Some one replies, "It is faith." But faith is merely that which leads to God. Another says it is righteousness. But the righteous life is only that which springs from a life with God. It is neither of these, but, rather, religion is simply a companionship with God as revealed in nature and truth. And as the companions of Socrates grew wise, so the associates of Daniel became courageous, so the companions of God become broad-spirited, truly righteous and noble in character.

There could be no religion if God lived alone. Neither could there be religious life if man had no creator. It takes God and man to make a religion; for the essence of religion is companionship like that of a colt with its master; not a fellowship like that of a reveler with Bacchus, but the companionship of a righteous man with a divine being who is infinitely upright and sympathetic. Dogmas and creeds are useful in religion only as helps and instruments that guide one into the presence of God. But they must not usurp the place of religion, which is a life with God. It is not strange, then, that the people have different kinds of religious life. The reason is that the temperament, education and callings of men lead them into a companionship with God that emphasizes particular attributes of the divine nature.

There are 140 denominations and most of these have a religious life because each of them has some association with God. But that man has the best religion who has a Wesleyan heart, a Presbyterian conscience, and an Episcopalian reserve, because his religious life issues out of a companionship with God that appreciates all parts of the divine nature. The world is constantly perplexing itself with the question, "What is Christianity?" And should the interrogative be put to many Christians some would declare that it is the system of truth portrayed in Paul's epistle to the Romans. But it is more than that. Others would affirm that it is the sermon on the mount. Christianity is just a companionship with Christ; and the book of Romans—great as it is—is but a letter of introduction to the Nazarene and the precepts spoken on the mount picture a type of the conduct and life that results from association with the Christ.

Christianity is the highest type of friendship between God and man. We talk about going to heaven when we die, but the heavenly life, companionship with the Godlike and Christlike begins here. Paul and Luther went to heaven before they died, not after. And so must man to-day, for religion is a wholesome and sustaining companionship with God that begins on earth and continues through the centuries.

SERMONETTES

Faith in God.—He who would rob man of his faith in God can be no teacher of American patriotism.—Bishop Fallows, Episcopal, Chicago, Ill.

The Preached Word.—For the time being it is possible to crowd a church by other methods than that of the preached word. What the people need and want to hear from the pulpit is not so much about capital and labor, but more of the teachings of the blessed Master, who came to teach peace.—Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Lutheran, Baltimore, Md.

Satisfy the World.—There is much talk to-day about a confession that will satisfy the world. This is impossible, as the truth of a good confession is revealed to men by the Holy Ghost. Men may call Christ a good man, but He is recognized as Divine only through the work of the spirit of God. The world is satisfied to look on Jesus Christ as a man, but the church is not satisfied except to know Him as Lord.—Rev. F. W. Sneed, Presbyterian, Pittsburg, Pa.

A Genius for Religion.—The writers of the Bible were all, so far as we are informed, of the Jewish race. This fact sheds a flood of light on the Bible. Certain races have a peculiar fitness for certain things—the Greek for art, for instance, and the Anglo-Saxon for civilization. So the Jews had a genius for religion. The Bible in all its various parts is essentially a religious book. God is the center of all its thoughts. It represents the supreme product of that race whose genius was religion for ages.—Rev. P. F. Sutphen, Presbyterian, Cleveland, O.



A lately completed list of fungi gives the total now known as 52,157, not less than 4,833 species and varieties having been added since August, 1899.

Our sense of smell is explained by Crookes as due to "electrons," or chips of atoms, such as are given off by radium, and which affect the retina as well as the olfactory nerve. Smell is readily lost in civilized man. A French writer suggests that our sensitiveness to odors will be increased by some instrument analogous to the telescope, and then a new era will open.

The whole operation of winking lasts about four-tenths of a second. The downward movement of the eyelid occupies from seventy-five to ninety-thousandths of a second. At the end of the descent a lid rests for a period which varied with different persons from fifteen to seventeen-hundredths, and the ascending movement took seven-hundredths. "As quick as winking," therefore, means about four-tenths of a second.

An engineer of Zurich, L. Thormann, reports, after a careful examination, that sufficient electric power could be developed from the waterfalls of the Alps to run all the railways of Switzerland. There would be little or no reduction of cost, he says, but the time may come when the change from steam to electricity may be desirable, because Switzerland has to import all the coal she uses. From twenty-one waterfalls, some of which are already partially utilized for industrial purposes, 85,000 horse-power could be developed, but only 60,000 horse-power would be required to replace the steam power now used on the railroads.

Although the predictions freely made a few years ago that the development of electric traction would quickly drive horses from the field of labor have not been fulfilled, yet the Electrical Review cites statistics to prove that the disappearance of the horse is actually taking place, although so slowly as not to attract much attention. In Paris the number of horses fell off about 6 per cent between 1901 and 1902. In London the decrease in the same time was 10 per cent. In Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg a similar falling off is shown by the census of horses. In New York it is estimated that the number of horses has decreased 33 per cent in the last twenty years. But although horses may be relieved of the burden of hard labor, it is not likely that man will ever banish his ancient friend and servant wholly from the circle of his pleasures.

The remarkable discovery of Abbott H. Thayer, the American artist, to which reference has before been made in this column, that the gradation of colors on the bodies of wild animals tends to make them invisible, or unnoticeable, amid their natural surroundings, has recently been the subject of renewed discussion. Prof. E. B. Poulton of Oxford, England, regards the discovery as exceedingly wide in its application. Briefly stated, the color law which Mr. Thayer finds prevailing in the animal kingdom produces an effect exactly contrary to the ordinary shading of objects illuminated by light from the sky. Being dark above and light below, and, moreover, having colors harmonizing with those of its natural environment, the animal, when motionless, loses the appearance of solidity, and blends with the background so perfectly that often it escapes the eye. This applies alike to quadrupeds and birds. Fishes also show a similar gradation, and the law can be traced in the insect world.

VICTIM OF A CONSPIRACY.

Wherever He Goes Death Seems to Be Hot on His Tracks.

In the adventures of Carlo Cattapani, Marquis de Cordova, now living in New York, there would appear to be ample material of adventure for a dozen novels. The marquis belongs to one of the oldest of the titled families of Italy. Some two years ago he started to secure certain papers to be used in substantiating his claims to a large Spanish estate. Since then in every city he has visited his life has been one of perpetual terror, and murderous assaults have been made on him.

The Spanish estate is valued at \$2,500,000 and belonged to another branch of the marquis's family. Before setting out on his quest for the lost papers, which had been stolen from the Cattapani home in Italy, he employed French detectives. These, after a time, summoned him to London, believing that they had located the papers there. The marquis was then at Monte Carlo. One night before he set out for London he was fired on. The incident did not greatly alarm him, as he was then ignorant of the conspiracy against his life.

On reaching London he received an anonymous letter in Spanish, threatening him with death if he persevered in his efforts to secure the estate. He laid the matter before the Italian ambassador, but no clue could be found to those who threatened his life. A little later, while in Birmingham, he was assaulted by three men on one of the streets of the city. He was found, later, lying on the pavement unconscious. When he recovered he returned to London and there received word

from one of his detectives in New York to proceed at once to that city. Apparently his enemies learned of his intention of sailing for the new world, for a few nights before his departure he was assaulted in his room. His assailants bound and gagged him and then tied him securely to the bed, after which they lighted a fire in the grate and turned on the gas at full pressure. Meantime they had ransacked his papers. Fortunately the janitor of the building smelled the gas and traced its escape to its source in time to release the marquis.

During April, 1901, the marquis sailed for New York and took up his quarters well uptown. Here, one day, he received a letter asking him to meet the writer at South Ferry and take his papers along. The letter went on to state that if the marquis's claims were well founded he could have the missing papers then and there.

On reaching South Ferry he saw a carriage in waiting and was invited by two men to step in and drive with them to an office where the matter could be arranged. This was at 10 o'clock on a Monday morning and when again the marquis was conscious of anything it was Friday night and he found himself lying in bed in a hut, near what he subsequently found was Prospect Park, Brooklyn. When he entered the carriage he was apparently hit in the head by some weapon, for he carries a scar as a memento of the occasion. He believes he was also drugged.

When he regained consciousness in the hut he heard voices in an adjoining room and heard the question of his killing discussed. This thoroughly aroused him and he made his escape through a window. Subsequently he tried to find the hut, but failed. The police were also unable to solve the mystery.

The marquis has not yet found the lost papers and apparently is as far from attaining the Spanish estate as ever.

WATCHING FOR CYCLONES.

Westerners Fear Them as the Islanders Do Volcanoes.

Recent disturbances by volcanic eruption in the island of Martinique and Guatemala bring out in full measure of sympathy of the residents of the cyclone district of the Southwest. The cyclone is by far the worst form of disaster that visits this country, coming in unexpected times and dealing death and destruction in widespread manner.

When the summer days bring waves of heat across the stretches of hot sod, then the residents of the prairie West begin to cast their eyes to the windward. They are watching the formation of the clouds, and he who could not distinguish a cyclone bank from any other is indeed a tenderfoot. Then the cry of warning is carried across the plains and the members of every family make for their cyclone cellars. These cellars differ in various communities. The popular cyclone cellar on the plains of western Kansas, where cyclones a few years ago were almost a daily occurrence, are ordinary sod houses, built low and strong.

In the Russian communities of Kansas these cyclone houses serve as the family residence the year around. They are about seven feet high, and built exceptionally strong. The roofs are slanting, and the houses are set to the wind, that is, the ends are faced toward the east and west.

In Oklahoma every farmhouse backed up by a cave, a hole dug into the ground, and covered by an earthen roof. Some farmers have gone so far in protecting themselves against cyclones that they have a small cannon loaded with salt and buckshot, which is fired into the whirling clouds as they approach. This has been known to avert the course of a storm. It is a common event to dismiss school on the plains of Oklahoma when a bank of clouds begins to arise in the southwest. These wind and rain storms are becoming more uncommon every day, and it is believed that the planting of trees and the settlement of the barren sod has had much to do with it. Before Oklahoma was thoroughly well settled dozens of cyclones were reported every day in the hot months. The writer was in the Newkirk one day in the early period of that town's existence, and saw seven cyclones form in the afternoon. All of them followed the course of the Arkansas River, and "struck" in the Osage Indian reservation, far to the westward.

The Drug Store at Fault.

An individual, who from his clothes and the dinner pail which he carried appeared to be a laboring man, recently walked into a drug store on Eleventh avenue and requested to be given a marriage license.

"You'll have to go to the city hall to get that," said the druggist.

"I don't see why. Isn't my money good here? I'm in a hurry, too."

"We don't handle that kind of license," answered the drug store man.

"Well, I was told I could get one here, sure, and that 4-n justice won't marry me without a license," angrily snapped the fellow as he walked out.

The druggist said that people often come in with requests which would make a stone man smile, "and if you do laugh they get mad," he concluded.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The chief difference between a girl and a married woman is that in one case it is a father and in the other a husband, who does the grumbling about hat bills.

Very few people hide their talent under a bushel; most of them drag it out and try to sell it at five times its value.

When a woman has a fine nose, how the other women impose on her!

QUEER JOBS FOR BOYS

TASKS THAT MESSENGER LADS ARE ASKED TO UNDERTAKE.

Engaged to Air Babies or Dogs, Assist Inebriated Individuals, Accompany Nervous Shoppers, Keep Turn in Barber Shop, and Do Other Odd Duties.

"They're finding new stunts for the messenger boys right along," remarked the manager of a local district messenger office the other day. "Airing babies and dogs, taking care of jagged individuals, accompanying out-of-town women on shopping expeditions, and jobs of that sort are now old stories for the kids. But every once in a while something new for them to do turns up."

"A couple of Saturday evenings ago a business man well known along F street dropped in and handed me one that I'd never heard of before in connection with the messenger business."

"I want to get shaved over at Blank's," he said, mentioning a well-known barber shop, "in about three-quarters of an hour. The place is always jammed up with fellows waiting for their over-Sunday shaves on Saturday evenings, and I've had some wearisome waits there. I wish you'd like a kid over there for me to nail a place in the 'next' row for a haircut, and I'll drop around about the time he's called to the chair."

"I sent a boy over to the shop, and it went through all right. The youngster peeled his coat and kept a wary eye out that he wasn't skipped in his turn. A couple of minutes before the boy was due to be summoned to a chair as the 'next,' the business man who had rigged up the little scheme dropped in, and when the lad was called by the barber the man just slipped into the chair and the boy donned his coat, with a grin, his task accomplished. The business man told me afterward that 'two or three of the waiting men in the shop started to register kicks over the transaction until it was explained to them, when they calmed down and laughed over the idea."

"During the races at Benning a race-track man, wearing a lot of jewelry, put a new one over. When he got up to the desk he leaned over confidentially and said to me:

"I want you to send a kid down to So-and-So's pawnshop with this ring," removing a fine three-stone diamond ring from his left hand. "I want two hundred on it—and have the boy hurry."

"I sent one of the larger boys on the errand, and he returned promptly with the \$200 and the ticket. The racing man had observed me smile a bit over his scheme, and he smiled along with me.

"Well, it does look a bit fiscal, doesn't it?" said he. "But the racing bunch are traveling around the streets to see what they can see all the time, and if any of them happened to spy me going into or coming out of a pawnshop the word would get around that yours truly was on the crags, which wouldn't suit my game a little bit—see?"

"Not long ago I had another novelty here. A department official that I know well walked in with a shoebox under his arm.

"Say," said he to me, "have you got any kid around this plant with No. 8 feet?"

"All sizes," said I.

"Good thing," said the man, opening the box and pulling a fine pair of patent leather shoes out of it. "I want you to pick out a boy with No. 8 feet and have him jog around town for a day in these infernal contraptions. I bought the shoes yesterday. They slipped on all right when I bought them, but I almost died in 'em at the theater last night. They sort o' drew around the instep. If you've got a youngster that can stretch 'em for me I'll pay right for the merchandise, although I'd hate to have to take a chance on paying the kid's relatives for his life in case he failed to survive the ordeal."

"I handed the shoes over to a tidy lad provided with feet that fitted them snugly enough, and the boy wore them around for the day without any discomfort. The man came in for them that same evening, and the next evening he dropped in to say that the shoes fitted him immensely, and that he hadn't been bothered a little bit by the drawing insteps after wearing them all of that day.

"A very much frustrated man came prancing in here before 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning last," continued the manager, according to the Washington Star, "and leaning over the desk, and addressing me in a voice of suppressed wrath, mingled with emotion, he said: 'I want you to assign a messenger boy to meet me at the main exit of the War Department at precisely 4:02 this afternoon. Pick out a boy with strong lungs, one that can holler so that he can be heard four miles, if you've got one like that in stock. Instruct him to walk up to me, when he sees me emerging from the War Department, and get a powerful, unbreakable clutch on my coat tails. Then he is to howl with all his might 'Forty feet of garden hose! forty feet of garden hose!' and keep right on hollering the same all the way from the War Department to the store where I've been due to buy that confounded hose for the last ten days. I've forgotten it every time, and now I'll be darned if my wife'll speak to me at the table on account of it."

"I wouldn't take a chance on going home to-night without that miserable forty feet of garden hose for any money, and that's why I want you to pick out the most persevering, rambunctious, leather-lunged son of a gun of a boy that you've got on your pay-roll to bawl 'garden hose' at me sixty times

a minute from the instant I break out of the War Department building until I walk out of that store with the garden hose under my arm. If the boy is arrested for disturbing the peace I'll pay his fine, and gladly; I'll be eternally hornswoggled if I'd let a little thing like that faze me when it comes to having my home broken up."

EXCITABLE PARIS.

Not Satisfied with the Humdrum Life of the Republic.

What is the cause of the separation of Paris from the rest of the country? We believe the cause to be that Paris is bored. The republic may be all that its admirers contend, but to her it appears to have another and less charming quality. It is humdrum. Partly from her history, partly from being the rendezvous of all that is ambitious, vain, and esurient in France, and partly from the "genius" which gradually molds the people of every great city, Paris thirsts for an element of the dramatic in politics which the republic is unable to supply. Its rulers have no fancy for grand coups; they are not seeking war, but protective alliances; they are the center of no splendors; and they give no subjects for excited talk. They prefer, in fact, that government should not be scenic, while Paris prefers that it should be. She is, therefore, dull; and Paris, when she is dull, is discontented, and ready to accuse any government, no matter what, and seek relief in a change of governors, no matter whom, if only they will give her lively times. So far as can be perceived, she rather despises all the pretenders. She has no candidate for the dictatorship. If she wishes for war in the abstract, it is not for any particular war. All she knows clearly is that she wants something to be done which will make the world stare, and give to herself the feeling she most enjoys—that of being fully alive.

The respectable republic which the provincials approve, because it gives them order and justice, slow but fairly steady improvements, and plenty of local expenditure on roads and useful buildings, does not and cannot give her this, and therefore Paris frets, and anatomizes the government, for which all the while she has no practicable alternative to offer. She will continue to fret, we fear, until events in some way grow exciting, and her fretfulness will always be a cause of anxiety to her rulers. They know it, however, and they keep a strong control on her movements, and while France supports them they will move forward in a fairly determined way. France has probably never had a better government than the present, or one more solicitous to secure her permanent well-being, and it is highly to her credit that the majority of Frenchmen have perceived this, and have voted what is at least a consent that it shall continue to go on.—London Spectator.

A GREAT SMOKER.

President McKinley Always Fond of a Good Cigar.

"President Roosevelt doesn't smoke, at least not in his office during business hours," said an attaché at the White House. "In fact, I have never seen him smoking anywhere, and I understand that he does not indulge in tobacco in any form. Yes, President McKinley was an inveterate cigar smoker and was rarely without a cigar in his mouth during his working hours in his office. I remember that he was sensitive to newspaper suggestions that he was smoking too much. 'For instance, some of the yellow journals occasionally published a story that he was threatened with cancer because of his constant smoking. He didn't like this."

"At another time I remember that a newspaper man wrote a story describing President McKinley at work at his desk. In the story was something about the blue wreaths of smoke curling upward toward the ceiling. Mr. McKinley called this young man in his office and requested that he say nothing in the future about his use of cigars, as it would surely lead to stories of disease from excessive smoking. Mr. McKinley, during his long service in Congress, smoked a good deal, and the habit grew with him after he entered the White House. He found pleasure in a good cigar, and when talking or thinking he had a lighted cigar handy. He had a special brand of cigars that he bought and paid for despite the fact that admiring friends throughout the country sent him hundreds of boxes of the best cigars ever put up. After we had acquired Cuba and the Philippines, box after box of the finest cigars made in these countries used to reach the President from army officers and friends. Very few men ever remember to have seen President McKinley at the head of the Cabinet table unless he had a lighted cigar in his mouth or one lying on the table nearby."

Telephoning Through the Earth.

Among the most interesting experiments in telephoning without wires are those of Monsieur Ducretet, a French scientist. He places an ordinary telephone transmitter in direct communication with the ground, and, at a considerable distance away, on the other side of some buildings with thick walls and cellars, he has a receiver connected by one wire to the earth and by another wire to a small metallic sphere let down through an opening to the floor of the catacombs beneath Paris. When words are spoken into the transmitter they are heard in the receiver with much greater clearness than in an ordinary telephone. Monsieur Ducretet is continuing his experiments at increased distances.

A pessimist is a man who believes that every chestnut has a worm in it.