

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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GETTING BACK TO GOD.

A general revival of religion appears to be in progress of development, not only in America, but generally throughout the world. One of its most hopeful aspects is that it partakes of the fundamentals rather than the credal elements that involve the negligible forms of belief. In a general way, it may be said to be the acceptance of the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

Men of power in the pulpit are stressing this point, and are meeting with response from those to whom they make their appeal. Some are examining very closely the bases of belief, but with very reverential scrutiny, and apparently are finding the crust of dogma easy to crack and peel off, to expose the central truth of God. In this they are realizing the opportunity opened to them by the war. One of the singular effects of the terrible conflict was to bring all men closer to the stark, elemental truth regarding the relation between God and man, the facts of life and death, a breaking through the film of skepticism that had come with the spread of an intellectual civilization, a return to the simpler beliefs of an earlier stage.

Chaplains who ministered to the men in the trenches testify to this comforting fact. From it they learned lessons that they carefully absorbed and are now as scrupulously applying. It is God man wants, not doctrinal disputations or exegetical refinements. The human mind naturally turns to the Maker, and the preacher of today finds his job easier when he gives his time to the plain teaching of the Word of God and the Way of Life.

Another of the hopeful aspects of the apparent revival is the effort on the part of all to apply the teachings of the second of the great commandments, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Many who listen only to the surface din may doubt this; but the hubbub of strife and dissension is caused by an insignificant minority, when the whole world is surveyed, and ample proof is available that never before was the majority so concerned to help all the rest.

Cain's question is being answered everywhere in the affirmative. "I am my brother's keeper" is the thought uppermost in the mind of man today, and the effort to discharge this sacred charge is shown in such profusion of ways that it would be difficult and tedious to present them all. One generalization will serve: Never in all the world's history was the humanitarian impulse so strong as it is now; never did men give so freely to undertakings for the lessening of human suffering and the increase of human happiness.

The church is growing, not so rapidly, maybe, as some would like to see, but its influence is spreading far beyond its circle of communicants. Men are turning to God, and the world is being made better, because some of the ideals, old as the race, perhaps, but beautifully embodied and expressed with crystal clearness in that answer of Jesus to the lawyer, who asked what are the great commandments.

GOD IN THE COAL MINE.
"Prayer," says the old hymn, is "the upward lifting of the eye." It does not consist in the eloquence or poetry of utterance or expression, nor is its efficacy or sincerity measured by the unctious of its appeal. The earnest resolution to amend, the genuine longing for Divine aid or favor, gives to prayer the quality of contrition or sincerity that makes it a real supplication or merely words.

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below; Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

What a lesson for the wavering soul is found in the example of the Illinois coal miners, who assemble at the bottom of the shaft, to attend prayer before dispersing in the darkness of the drifts, to assume again the danger that lurks always, death in awful form being forever present with them. "The Lord shall dwell in thick darkness," said Solomon, when dedicating the temple, and surely this may apply to the blackness of the coal pit. He is there, and He will be as easily reached by the simple prayer of the earnest man, who lifts his voice while his fellow workers stand with bared heads, asking mercy and protection from the God of all.

In the prayer book are petitions for those who go down to the sea in ships, for those who mine coal, for all sorts and conditions of men. These miners have extended that service, and are using it, not verbatim, perhaps, but in its holiest spirit to start off their day's work. Who will scoff at their simple faith?

LOVE OF LIFE.
It is strange that one who values his own life so highly should not have had more regard for the lives of others. Back in Ohio, Joseph Farry, at the age of 23, has been found guilty of murdering a woman and her son. Given a choice between death in the electric chair and life in the penitentiary without hope of pardon, this youth chose the life sentence. Perhaps it was unfair to put the choice before him. Some may argue that for a man to seek the death penalty is equivalent to suicide. Yet a confessed murderer could hardly be expected to have any conscientious scruples against self-destruction. As to whether he was weak-minded or strong in his choice opinion will vary. What is certain is that he is resolved to cling to his own precious life in spite of everything.

To live in a cell, behind prison walls and to be shut off from the world for fifty years or more—never to leave except in a hearse—that is not much for youth to look forward to. With no chance of redeeming himself in the eyes of the world, with nothing but the pangs of conscience for his companion, what can life hold for this pitiful and degraded creature? Unworthy to live, and afraid to die, this criminal presents a strange problem. And he may outlive many of those who bask in the sunshine of freedom.

Secretary Hoover is of the opinion that high prices of sugar in the United States is due to a combine of foreign producers. No matter who is responsible, he will find himself mighty unpopular when his identity is disclosed.

FORGOTTEN BUILDERS OF NEBRASKA.

Romans, in the heyday of the Republic, had a maxim to the effect, "It is sweet and proper to die for one's country." This encouraged the soldier who went forth to fight, for

"Romans in Rome's quarrel Spared neither land nor gold. Nor limb nor life, nor son nor wife, In those brave days of old."

The citizens saw on every side proof that the heroes were not forgotten, as monuments of all sorts were raised in their honor. It was not until the Republic had fallen and the Empire succeeded that the emperors adopted the foolish pretense of divinity, borrowed from Egypt, and celebrated themselves as gods. Long before the degenerate days of intense imperial egotism, the pride of a sturdy citizenship found expression in statues, columns and arches, commemorating services done the state by one or another of the true patriots. Public appreciation of deeds that brought glory to Rome was manifested in enduring works, and quite aside from the material rewards of grants of "plow-land" and the like, the men who did something to make or preserve Rome found the sentimental regard of their countrymen worth even more than the comfortable addition to their fortune in the way of money and possessions.

Other nations have had similar regard for public servants. America has paid proper tribute to its illustrious dead, and it is almost time Nebraska was doing something along this line. A few months ago The Omaha Bee seriously proposed that a "Hall of Fame" or something similar be included in the new state house; that painted or sculptured effigies of the builders of Nebraska be there assembled, that visitors might be apprised of the names, at least, of the men Nebraskans should delight to honor. We do not now, any more than then, propose to compile such a list. A long catalogue of men who deserve such remembrance might easily be proposed from among the men who laid the foundation and superintended the starting of the superstructure of the state's greatness. Many of these have passed on, leaving behind them records of devotion to the interests of the commonwealth and its people, and deep impress on the affairs of their day. And, in the busy life of the present day they are being forgotten where they should be most honored.

Again we suggest to the commission that has charge of the construction of the state house that some provision be made for reminding the world that Nebraskans are not unmindful of the contribution of its pioneers and the efforts of its builders to give substantial life and useful application to the high ideals of human service that have so happily been embodied in the character of the state.

THE OLD-TIME REVIVALS.

A Nebraska newspaper recently made some disparaging remarks about an evangelist who had recently held a meeting in the newspaper's town. A revivalist who happened to be holding meetings in the town when the article appeared took exceptions to the remarks and addressed an open letter to the editor. The trouble was that the editor took in too much territory when he inferred that all evangelists were alike in their methods. The evangelist overlooked the Biblical injunction to "turn the other cheek" and lashed out in world fashion.

The incident serves to emphasize the fact that the old-fashioned religious revival is coming back. Not the acrobatic, emotional, spectacular and gymnastic revivals that swept the country for a time, but the revivals wherein the minister makes a spiritual appeal, relying upon the "gospel that is the power unto salvation," and wielding the "sword of the spirit" rather than the weapon which Samson so successfully used against his hereditary enemies, enemies.

The world seems turning once more to the plain and simple teachings of the Nazarene. Weary of the constant bickerings of theologians who split theological hairs while human souls are lost in the darkness of sin, men and women are fleeing for refuge to the rock upon which the Carpenter of Galilee builded for all time—Peter's notable confession, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God." They are concerned only about living as nearly as possible as He who spake as never man spake before said they must live if they would inherit eternal life and enjoy the peace that passeth understanding while yet on this side of the dark river.

There is a sign and a portent in the sky. It is pointing the world again to the old paths.

EARLY SETTLERS ON WESTERN SLOPE.

Reported discovery of a group of skeletons in Oregon, which a local archaeologist has pronounced as contemporaneous with Constantine the Great and his immediate successors, is interesting, but will not evoke such discussion as that accompanying the disturbance of the rest of King Tut. Those fellows are mere upstarts, even when compared to the mummies exhumed in Peru, and surely do not rate along with the Calaveras skull, the discovery of which excited the world and still holds a high place among relics. Stimulated by that find, the antiquarians of California were moved to consider in a general way the early history of the region. Bret Harte, in a most edifying fashion, has set down the proceedings of one session of one group of these, telling of

"The row That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus." Thompson, it will be recalled, had reconstructed from some bones he discovered at the bottom of a deep shaft a prehistoric animal, and was proceeding with an interesting discourse on the probable habits of the same, when Jones broke in and suggested that the bones were the remains of a mule he had owned, and which had wandered into the shaft at night some years before. Thompson apologized and admitted

"That he clearly was at fault— It seemed he had been trespassing on Joneses family vault." Affairs from this time on warmed up, until "Abner Dean of Angels raised a point of order, when A chunk of old red sandstone struck him in the abdomen. He shifted a sort of sickly smile, and set down on the floor. And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

This may not be entirely relevant, but the Native Sons of the Golden West will have to look to their laurels if the Oregon "mound builders" gain serious recognition from the scientists.

"He is survived by 11 children, 17 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren," reads the death announcement of Dan O'Leary of Council Bluffs, who was 99 years old. What greater monument could a man leave?

You may have noted that every plan for relieving Europe gets back at some point to Uncle Sam's pocketbook.

Out of Today's Sermons

"The Completeness of Christ" is the sermon topic of George A. Miller, pastor of First Christian church, on Sunday morning, this morning. He will say:

Paul says of Christ, "For it pleased the Father that in Him shall all fullness dwell." In two journeys through Palestine the one question that constantly came to my mind was: What was there in this land, what was there in the ancestors of Jesus, what was there in His time to produce the life and character of Jesus Christ. He was the product of the same time and thousands of others, he had the same ancestry as all other Jews of His day. He dwelt in the same land, breathed the same air, viewed the same landscape as they, and lived under the same greater His life and His power.

What produced that life? What made possible the sermon on the mount? What influence came to this man's power and wisdom? The only answer is in the statement of Paul. If you deny this statement then you have a greater miracle than any Christ ever performed while on this earth. After 1,900 years can we deny this statement is absolutely true? Does history bear it out? In this life mankind is divided into male and female.

The masculine has different characteristics from the feminine. This is true of all animal life. In the one, there is strength and courage, power and protection. In the other, love, tenderness, sympathy, modesty. It is a sad day for the world when these characteristics are lost or disregarded. How about Christ? In Him we see combined both the male and the female in the greatest power and strength of man and the most tender love and sympathy of woman. Mankind was blended in His fullness in Him.

A Universal Christ is the universal Savior. He is the only being of whom such a claim could be made. He is the Redeemer of a lost world.

Following is an extract from Rev. M. Allen Keith's sermon at Pearl Methodist church today on the topic, "Jesus Christ—Necessary or Convenient?" St. John, 1:16.

If Jesus Christ is indispensable to the welfare and happiness of humanity, let us do him the honor to so consider Him, if merely convenient let us not pay him much attention to Him. Which is He?

One thing is certain: Jesus Christ Himself never for a moment considered His life and teachings a mere convenience, a superfluous luxury, a finishing polish, to human life—no such insipid, colorless, pusillanimous appeal did He ever make. He spoke with authority and conviction when He said: "I am the way, the truth and the life. . . . Without Me ye can do nothing. . . . I am the resurrection and the life. . . . come unto me," etc. The words of a person who is offering a mere convenience, nice, perfectly harmless luxury to the world—they are the impressionless, dynamic appeal of one whose message is imperative, indispensable and absolutely necessary—they are words bathed in the blood of earnestness of Calvary, coming from a heart flaming with an undying compassion for man.

What about us today, O Church of Christ, O sons of men! Do we preach, pray and live as though Christ were our very life? Do we have the strength here, our hope and crown hereafter? Do we accept Him as necessary or merely convenient? Are we convincing the world that He is the imperative necessity or a mere luxury?

Rev. John Albert Williams of the Episcopal Church of St. Philip the Deacon will say this morning, "Christ-mindfulness," and will say in part:

Christ-mindfulness is what the world sadly needs today. The world cannot have it until Christ's professing followers themselves obtain and manifest it. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Jesus Christ."

The essential elements of Christ-mindfulness are humility, selflessness, self-sacrifice. Humility is the self-revealing virtue. It shows us what we really are. It teaches us "not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think in view of its opposite, is the self-deceiving vice. It deludes us into the belief that we are what we are not. It leads us to place a false intellectual, moral and spiritual estimate upon ourselves, which is Phariseism. Humility pushes self back and thinks first of others. Pride crowds self forward and subordinates all other claims to its imperious demands.

Is not this the spirit largely dominant today? Does not selflessness, the unholiness of pride, underlie the strife and discord, the passions and prejudices, the jealousies and quarrels which belie our better nature, that very nature which Christ assumed, because it is a worthy thing, and joined it to His Divine Person, to enable it to fulfill its high destiny? This voluntary self-emptying of

Daily Prayer
I will give thanks unto Thee forever—Ps. 30:12.
Eternal Father, help us to think wise thoughts, to speak kind words, to do good deeds through all the hours of this new day of our lives. Help us to see things as they are, and also as they ought to be. We would have a hand in making the world a better place in which to live, and, as the nearer duties are the most pressing, we would begin at home. To the beloved beings in this household, therefore, we will consecrate our ability to be cheerful. Enable us to lift the burdens of the weary, and to bring happiness to the sorrowful about our own fireside, and then as our strength and wisdom are increased, to impart them to others near and far. How full of the possibilities of usefulness is a single day! How sweet to think that in a single moment of a single hour of this one day we may render some service that will increase the sum of human virtue and happiness. Help us, O Lord, to do it! Give us a new assurance of Thy love, and a new sense of the dignity and value of life. We pray Thee that we may be able to say, when our call comes, "Glad did I live and glad do I die, and I lay me down with a will." Amen.

CHARLES FREDERICK GONS, D.D., Cincinnati, O.

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of March, 1923.
W. J. QUIVERY,
Notary Public

The Song of Three Friends

A Prize Winning Poem of Western Life

by John G. Neihardt

Pink woos the half breed girl, but unhappily for him, before the wooing was well begun, she saw Carpenter returning with the rest of the goods that had been left behind after the men had abandoned their canoes on the freezing of the river. Whether the daughter of the Long Knife (Indian for white man), being carried as a baby, was as beautiful as Helen, Guinevere or other heroine of classic tales, she at least shows a pure maiden who was true to her lover. Had she been Helen she would have accepted one of the comrades and eloped with the other.

Blinking, dazed
With sudden light and panic fear,
They gazed
About the frozen waste; and then they saw
Eight laden ponies filling up the draw,
Their nostrils steaming, slack of neck
and slow.
Behind them, stumbling in the broken snow,
Three weary trappers trudged, while
in the lead
Strode Carpenter. A goodly sight,
indeed!
Uprstanding, eagle-faced and eagle-eyed,
The ease of latent power in his stride,
He dwarfed the panting pony that he led;

And when the level sunlight 'round
his head
Made glories in the frosted beard and hair,
Some Gothic fighting god seemed
walking there,
Strayed from the dim Hercynian
woods of old.
How little of a story can be told!
Let him who knows what happens in
the seed
Before the sprout breaks sunward,
walking there,
A plummet for the dreaming deep,
that surged
Beneath the surface ere the deed
emerged
For neat appraisal by the rule of
thumb!
The best of Clois is forever dumb,
To human ears at least. Nor shall
the Song
Presume to guess and tell how all
might long,
While roared the drunken orgy and
the trade,
Doom quickened in the fancy of a
maid,
The daughter of the Long Knife; how
she saw,
Serenely moving through a spacious
awn
Behind shut lids where never came
the brawl,
That shining one, magnificently tall,
A day-dreamed mortal brother of the
sun.
Suffice it here that, when the night
was done
And morning, like an uproar in the
east,
Aroused the town still veiled in
the feast,
All men might see what whimsical,
fatal bloom
A soul, dream-plowed and seeded in
the gloom,
Had nourished unto blowing in the
day.

'Twas then the girl appeared and
took her way
His Divine glory that He might re-
deem mankind by His life of obedient,
patient suffering, love, service and
sacrifice—swells the mind which was
also in Christ Jesus, which Christ-
mindfulness His followers must strive
to attain and manifest in their daily
lives.
Rev. C. E. Segerstrom, pastor
of the First Swedish Baptist
church, has for his subject this
morning, "The Unselfish Christ."
He will say in part:
Selfishness is one of the underlying
reasons for all the world's sorrows
and troubles. Christ came to do away
with that spirit. Instead of fighting
His enemies He loved them, prayed
for them and finally gave His life for
them. No wonder we adore Him now
and ever will, when we stop to con-
sider how different Jesus was, He
left the glory which He had with the
Father, well knowing the awful battle
with the devil it would mean to
"destroy his works." Yet he was
willing to "make Himself of no repu-
tation, taking upon Himself the form
of a servant and was made in the liken-
ess of man."
He laid down His life "a ransom
for many." Almost anyone can die
for a dear friend, but to die for one
that hates and despises you can only
be done through the spirit of Christ.
Therefore, when His spirit controls
selfishness will cease and love, joy
and peace will take its place. Now
the world says: "I must enjoy. I
must have a good time." Jesus said:
"I must die, sorrow is my portion."
But now Jesus is exalted in glory
while the selfish, pleasure seeking
world is perishing. The way of the
cross means victory. Is that the way
you, dear friend, have chosen?

Prairie Gems
A pretty girl does not have to doll
up—Hastings Tribune.
Well, there is one relief to the
whole business, congress has finally
adorned and we will not have that
to trouble us for many months. If the
state legislature would hurry up and
close its work, there would be an-
other very good reason for returning
thanks.—York Democrat.

South Dakota is to have its own
Portland cement plant at Rapid City.
Not a bad idea.—York News-Times.

Figures compiled by the city man-
ager of Alliance give some very in-
teresting facts about the schools in
that city. He finds that it costs the
city \$1,800 to graduate a pupil. Grade
teachers receive a daily wage of \$1.10
and high school teachers \$1.30 for the
time actually spent in the school
room. The figures further showed
that each wage earner in the city, in-
cluding both men and women, must
contribute a month's work each year
to the support of the schools, the
average cost being \$106 for each wage
earner.—Harvard Courier.

The best things in the world are
things that money can not buy.—Ger-
ring Midwest.
It is interesting—and surprising—to
note that while there are a half mil-
lion tons more sugar surplus over
the usual supply at this time, sugar
has been highly boosted in price by
the gamblers and speculators recent-
ly. Evidently the law of supply and
demand does not apply to sugar.—
McCook Tribune.

It is observed that many of those
strong willed persons who "can drink
or let it alone" will not tolerate any
interruption to the full exercise of all
their rights under the option.—Wahoo
Wasp.

A. N. Mather, speaker of the
house of representatives of late and
mentioned quite frequently of late as
a good prospect as candidate for gov-
ernor at the next election. The voters
could not go much farther out in the
state to make a selection, but they
could do worse.—Aurora Republican.

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Nebraska Ideal for Timber

From the Omaha Chamber of Commerce Journal.
That pine timber will thrive in Nebraska has already been proved beyond a doubt by the record made by the Bessey Nurseries at Halsey, under the supervision of the forestry department of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Twenty-one years ago 8,500 acres of the sandhills in Nebraska were planted to pine timber. There are now in this plantation trees 40 feet tall. In 1912 the plantation was thinned out in order to give the trees a better chance to thrive, and also to select superior trees for replanting. At that time a small portion of the timber was sold.

In 1920 the plantation was thinned out again and enough timber was sold on contract to pay for the operation. In 1921 enough timber was sold to more than pay for the establishment and maintenance of nurseries at Halsey, Neb., and every tree standing on the plantation represented a profit to the government.

The nursery supplies hundreds of thousands of trees each year to farmers in charge of Bessey Nurseries. There are thousands of groves of thriving pine and cedar trees, eloquent evidence that pine timber can be grown successfully in Nebraska sandhills. Those in charge of Bessey Nurseries declare that white, yellow and jack pine will grow better in Nebraska sandhills than anywhere else.

A rancher settled near Valentine, Neb. in 1901. He was partly influenced in his choice of a farm location by a grove of cottonwood trees nearby. Since that time this rancher hasn't paid out a penny for fence posts, or fuel and has supplied practically all of his lumber needs. He now has more trees than when he settled upon the land.

In 1921 the state of Nebraska, according to governmental figures, paid out \$6,000,000 in freight on lumber into the state that could have been raised in Nebraska. Iowa paid out \$2,000,000 for fence posts and now Iowa is starting a state forestry reserve.

In 1921 Minnesota, in spite of the vast timber resources there, imported \$1,000,000 worth of lumber for farm use. A forestry department has now been established.

Officials at the Bessey Nurseries keep a careful measurement of the plantations at Chadron, Love, Pine, Valentine and Halsey and find that the average yield of board timber to the acre each year is 1,600 feet. It is quite easy to imagine what the

yield on 200,000 acres would be annually with timber at \$40 a thousand. According to T. W. McCullough, president of the Nebraska Forestry association, the average railroad in the United States carries 2,500 tons of freight one mile for every inhabitant of the nation. At the same time the Missouri river carries 2,500 tons of soil one mile for each inhabitant. The freight is all good farm land washed away by the erosion of the river during flood times, following heavy rains and changes in its course. It is said that this freight is picked up near Biemarck, N. D., and toll is taken along the line until it joins the Mississippi.

Each year thousands of acres of land are washed away by this river. In Nebraska whole farms under cultivation have been taken and barren wastes left when the river, in its many idiosyncrasies, concluded to take another course to the Mississippi.

Experts declare that the planting of trees along the bluffs, gullies and on the banks of streams leading into the Missouri would stop this erosion and save this great annual loss in fertile soil.

With the establishment of the plantations, President McCullough declares that in 20 or 30 years enough pine timber could be had to supply the timber needs of the entire state with enough surplus lumber for sale that would make timber one of the great industries of the state.


In 10 years a jack pine will grow large enough to make an excellent fence post. In 20 years it will supply two cross ties. In 30 years it can be converted into a telephone or telegraph post or excellent pine lumber for building purposes.

The Spice of Life
"The time will come," thundered the lecturer on women's rights, "when women will have the same wages as men."
"Yes," said a weak little man in the back seat, "next Saturday night!"
—Petersen's Weekly.

Fort Dodge called Des Moines Information a taxidermist. When told there was no telephone listed for a taxidermist, the query came back, "Can you tell me the number of a taxi company that would have one?"
—The Northwestern Star.

Elliott—The bride nearly fainted during the ceremony and had to be supported by her father until it was over.
Edly—Yes; and now I hear her father is supporting both of them.—Sheffield (England) Telegraph.

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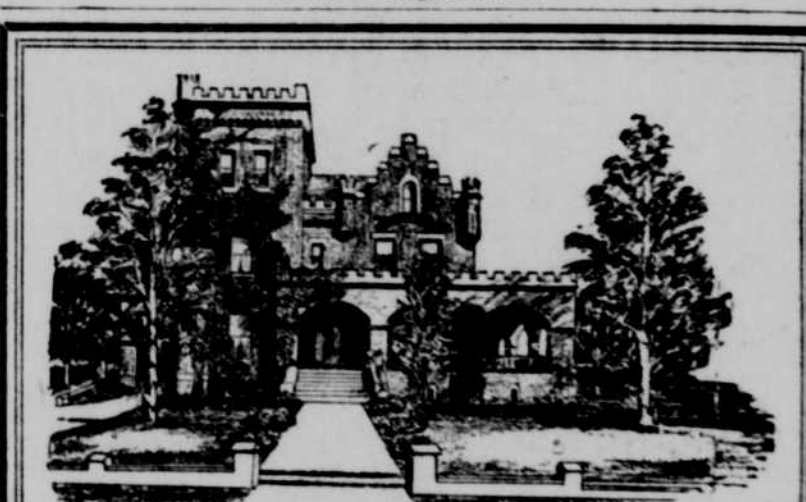
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