

AN ANSWER OF FIRE

Elijah, the Prophet, Overcomes the Prophets of Baal.
STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1908, by the Author, W. B. Eddy.)
Scripture Authority.—1 Kings, Chapter 18.

SERMONETTE.

"The God that answereth by fire, let him be God."—Fire was the element over which the god Baal was supposed to have special power, and when Elijah proposed his test it appeared in every way reasonable to the people and the prophets of Baal. The fire should be a sign to the people as to which was the true God. The result of the test we know.

Fire was the symbol of God's presence, and it was the fire which God had kindled and which the priests were to keep constantly burning by which the fire on the altar of sacrifice was to be kindled. Long since because of the apostasy of Israel had this fire been quenched, and now if the altar fire was rekindled it must be from God. Thus was Elijah choosing a token which would at once test the strongest claim of Baal and at the same time bring the people together in the divinely-ordered form of worship, and make possible the revelation of God's presence and power.

The child of God need never fear the test which involves the true elements of worship and seeks the revelation of God's presence and power. But we must remember that Elijah was three years getting ready for this task on Mount Carmel. Three years of waiting. Three years of prayer. Three years of fellowship with God. Three years of simple, childlike dependence upon his care and protection. And then came the call from God and the opportunity for service.

It was the testimony of Moody as under his leadership the fires of revival were kindled wherever he went, that it was the result of the long-continued prayers and the patient waiting of some saint or group of saints. It is prayer and faith which brings down from heaven the manifest power and presence of God to the defeat and the destruction of the evil.

Fire typifies a two-fold process of manifestation of God. That of purifying and cleansing and that of judgment.

God's children are purified and cleansed by the operation of his word. "Now, ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you," said Christ. Just as the impurities are burned out and the pure gold left, so by the processes which God is carrying out in his children he is burning out the dross in order that the pure gold of righteousness and truth may be made manifest.

God is spoken of as a consuming fire, and thus is typified the judgment of God upon evil.

THE STORY.

"WHAT! Thou hast seen Elijah and hast let him get quite away again?" and the shrill voice of Jezebel with rising inflection and added intensity with every word plainly indicated the astonishment, indignation, scorn and contempt which surged over her. King Ahab in confusion struggled to make answer, but he had only spoken a few faltering words when Jezebel broke out again:

"Here thou hast been seeking for thy enemy and the enemy of thy people for the past three years, and when the gods give him into thy hands thou lettest him get quite away again!"

"But it was not the gods that gave him into my hands," Ahab protested, "for he came boldly to meet me, saying his God had sent him."

"His God!" scornfully repeated Jezebel. "What god is there beside the god Baal whom we worship?"

"And he has asked that all the prophets of Baal and the prophets of the groves who eat at thy table shall meet him on Mount Carmel," Ahab continued, without answering Jezebel's question.

"Thou fool!" shrieked Jezebel, letting her passion quite get the better of her and so distorting her face that she seemed more demon than woman. "Thinkst thou that he will meet them there? Surely, he seeketh only to put thee to further confusion and shame. The dirty dog, the vile hypocrite, dare not show his face before the prophets of Baal."

"But Obadiah declareth that there is no doubt but that Elijah will be on Mount Carmel at the appointed time," protested Ahab.

"And what reason hath Obadiah for supposing anything?" contemptuously demanded Jezebel. "Verily, I believe sometimes that it is he who has kept Elijah hidden from my wrath during all these years."

"Thou speakest unjustly," protested Ahab, "for the king hath no more faithful servant than this man Obadiah."

"But somebody who is close to thee and hath known of thy plans must

have kept the prophet warned, else could he not have escaped our search all these years. And who but Obadiah could do this thing?"

"And it was Obadiah who first brought me word to-day that the prophet Elijah was in the land and close at hand," reluctantly admitted Ahab, as he recalled how Obadiah had sent him to meet the prophet that day.

"Ho, ho! As might have been expected, and yet thou needest to be told what ought to be plain enough to thee. And now thou art foolish enough to believe that the prophet will keep his word. He hath but slipped through thy fingers again, and while the prophets of Baal are gathering on Mount Carmel Elijah will be far, far away."

Ahab was silent. The influence of his wife was so strong upon him that when in her presence she dominated his every thought and action, and now that which before he had not called into question seemed uncertain and doubtful. He wondered now how he could have been so weak as to let the prophet Elijah escape him. He recalled how when first Obadiah had brought him word anger and revenge filled his heart against the prophet, and he fully intended to call him to a severe accounting, but as he had come into that commanding presence his courage had failed him and with a desperate effort at the display of kingly dignity and authority he had demanded:

"Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" And then the piercing eyes of the prophet had been fixed upon him, seemingly looking right through him, and making him quail and tremble as his words of accusation and condemnation were thundered forth. With bowed head he had listened, and when the prophet had commanded him to summon all the prophets of Baal to Mount Carmel he had promised like a child to obey.

But now under the spell of his wife's suspicions and wrath a revulsion of feeling had taken place and he began to doubt himself and everything and everybody. Such is the evil influence of a wicked life which comes to completely dominate another.

"Shall we not summon the prophets to Mount Carmel?" at last he ventured to ask, half doubtfully.

A wicked gleam came into the eyes of Jezebel as a sudden thought came to her and she said:

"We will let Obadiah decide. If he thinketh his friend Elijah will keep tryst with the prophets of Baal, let them be summoned. But," and she fairly hissed the words as she leaned toward Ahab, "if Elijah come not—and he won't—verily the life of Obadiah shall be forfeited. He shall atone with his blood for the affront offered Baal."

Without a word Ahab turned and left the apartment. He knew it would be useless to protest, even though he chose to do so. The decision of summoning the prophets must rest with Obadiah.

"Remember," he exclaimed later, when Obadiah had come to him in response to his summons, "remember, it means thy life if the prophet Elijah appeareth not!"

"Yes, I know," was the quiet response. "He will come. Let the prophets be summoned."

On the day appointed, with much pomp and ceremony the great company of Baal set forth for Mount Carmel, their gorgeous apparel and banners and images borne before them making an imposing display and calling forth the shouts of admiration and approval of the great crowds of people as they followed.

"Baal shall have a fitting sacrifice to-day," whispered Jezebel to her chief prophet just before he took his place in the procession. And then as her eyes sought out Obadiah where he stood surrounded by the guard she had caused to be appointed, she added: "Let him not escape."

The hours passed wearily to the queen. Her usual pleasures and diversions failed to hold her attention. Confident as she was of the outcome of the gathering on Mount Carmel, her spirit was strangely ill at ease. That night troubled dreams came to break her rest and the next day found her in a state of nervous excitement and irritation from which late in the afternoon she sought relief by resting upon her couch. Not a breath of air was stirring and the sun seemed more fierce in his heat than ever, and as she lay down she said to herself:

"Surely the gods will be appeased this day and will send rain."

How long she slept she knew not, but she was suddenly aroused by a loud crash in the room and sprang up to find the wind blowing in a perfect hurricane and the heavens so black with clouds that she could scarcely see in the gloom the broken fragments of the big urn which had stood before the open window. Trembling and frightened she turned to flee and ran squarely into the arms of some one who at that moment had come hurrying down the passageway. A sudden flash of lightning revealed the awe-stricken face of Ahab bending over her.

"What aileth thee?" she whispered. "Taket thou the death of Obadiah thus to heart?"

"Nay, Obadiah liveth," Ahab exclaimed, "and the prophet Elijah hath appeared on the mount and his God hath answered him with fire, and the prophets are slain."

"All the prophets?" she asked, trembling like an aspen.

"Yea, all!"

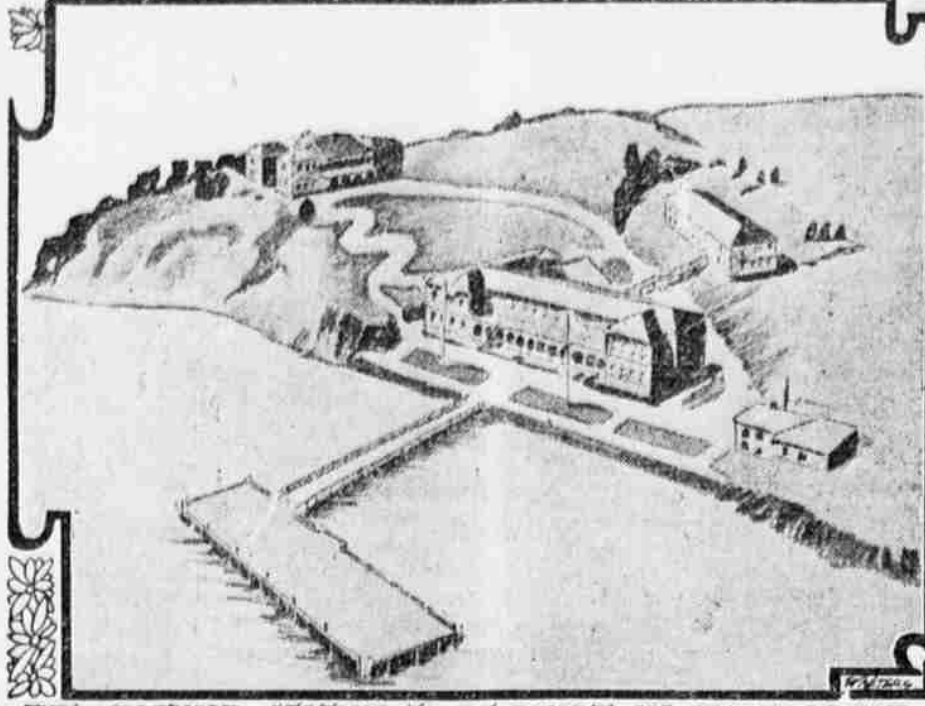
"Pays Dues."

Niblick—Jones is the most prominent member of our golf club.

Foursome—Why, he can't play golf!

Niblick—No, but he always pays his dues.

NEW ELLIS ISLAND FOR SAN FRANCISCO



THE SPLENDID STATION TO BE BUILT ON ANGEL ISLAND IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY

At present San Francisco is the doorway from the east to this great land, and when the Panama canal is completed it will be the gateway for the European hordes that now seek admission through New York to this country.

At the entrance to the Golden Gate the guardians of the law and of the city's safety have been watching almost helplessly the rising tide of oriental invasion. They have had no facilities, no equipment for struggling against it, and the leak in the dyke of protection has widened ceaselessly.

But now the leak is to be stopped. On Angel Island is to stand one of the finest and best equipped immigrant stations in the country, second to none, except possibly that on Ellis Island in New York harbor.

Against the tide of Japanese immigration, against the gathering wave of white alien immigration that will break on these shores through the Panama canal, against the new but real Hindu terror; against orientals who are rotten with contagion of the body, diseased in mind, lepers in morals—against all these San Francisco has lifted up her voice in protest; and, in consequence, over ten acres have been set apart on Angel Island for a station. Plans have been drawn after months of the most careful study of the latest immigration requirements, which have been indorsed by the secretary of state, Secretary Metcalf and Commissioner General of Immigration Sargent, and work has already begun on the buildings with an appropriation of \$300,000 and \$200,000 more asked. This latter amount is to include the cost of two boats—one a barge for conveying immigrants to the island from the ships, the other a launch for accommodation of the boarding, immigration, medical and customs officers in whose hands the duties of protection lie.

Here, as on Ellis Island, every opportunity, every convenience, every necessity for careful supervision will be at hand to evidence that care which means not only each individual's but the nation's safety.

First there will be a large administration building 300 by 200 feet, two stories in height. Directly in the front and middle of this building, to which all the passengers come from the wharf, are two huge examination rooms for general inspection of the "manifests," as the passengers are called.

The first room is the waiting room, with row upon row of benches. Back of this is the "ship," where down by long stalls or counters they pass for inspection under the general immigration laws. From this room out at the back they go; to the right for the medical department if closer physical inspection is necessary; to the left for more rigid general inspection, or, if detained, to the European detention department, if white aliens; to the Japanese and Chinese, if orientals. Those who pass the general inspection may pass out to the baggage room to claim their own and be sent on their way rejoicing.

Besides these two front middle rooms, at the front right, are the chief inspector's office and that of the physician in charge. Back of these, four rooms for rigid inspection; the vaults for the safe keeping of the records—an important feature; a large room for stenographers; the baggage room, and still farther back in the wing, the officers' dining-room, the public dining-room—European and Oriental—with a kitchen in the rear.

In the left front are the officers' rooms—commissioners, chief deputy, statistician; back of these the medical inspection department.

Upstairs are the dormitories: one for stenographers, one for employes, and the European quarters—women on one side, men on the other, each with large pleasant sitting rooms, washrooms with showers, and so on.

There is also a large inclosed porch, where the babies and children may play in the sunshine. Upstairs in the same building are the officers' quarters.

The oriental quarter is a building by itself; upstairs for the Chinese, downstairs for the Japanese—divided each into men's dormitories and sitting room on one side and women's on the other, as in the European division.

One of the most important features of the station will be the hospital, which has been beautifully planned

and might be a model for any hospital far or near. It is to be built in four wings on the hill on the extreme right of the grounds. There will be all the usual hospital rooms—operating, dispensary, nurses' and physicians' quarters, and the building will contain separate wards for Chinese, Japanese and Europeans—both men and women, though Chinese and Japanese women will have a ward together. The fourth building will be the power house, which will see to every electric need.

Thus will be made possible a systematic, time, nerve and energy saving inspection which in comparison with the old detention shed, hung up under the rafters of the Pacific street wharf where the immigrants are huddled together like sheep—to say nothing of the comfort of the officials or their ability properly to guard their charges so as to thwart ruses of confederates in the city who make use of every device to get their friends out—a place that even the crudest and most ignorant alien must laugh at—will seem like the perfection of immigration facilities, and be a station to which San Francisco may point with pride.

Laying a Cement Walk.

All things considered, where a walk is to be permanent, put it down with cement. The cement walk will last indefinitely. True, there are difficulties in laying it, but they can be easily overcome. If a cement walk is put down lay it on a foundation of at least 12 or 18 inches of such material as brickbats, cinders or the like, for drainage purposes. If the ground where the walk is to be put is low even more drainage would be better. Pound this material down or else let it stand until well settled before laying the cement, which should be put on in two courses. Let the first course be two or three inches thick and made of well mixed concrete composed of one part Portland cement, three parts clean, sharp sand and five parts broken stone about the size of walnuts. When this course has partly hardened, but while it is still moist, put on a finishing layer, omitting the stone, of one inch thickness. This last course can be dressed off and lined as desired. While it is necessary to let the frost get out of the ground before undertaking to lay a cement walk, the fact should be kept in mind that this phase of the work ought to be done before the gardening proper is begun in the spring—House and Garden.

Greed of the Benefactor.

I used to know a man who was insatiably greedy of influence and recognition, writes A. C. Benson, in Putnam's. It is true that he was ready to help other people with money or advice. He was wealthy and of good position, and he would take a great deal of trouble to obtain appointments for friends who appealed to him, or to unravel a difficult situation; though the object of his diligence was not to help his applicants, but to obtain credit and power for himself. He did not desire that they should be helped, but that they should depend upon him for help. Nothing could deceive him as to his own motive, because he gave his time and money freely; yet the result was that most of the people whom he helped tended to resent it in the end, because he demanded services in return, and was jealous of any other interference. Chateaubriand says that it is true gratitude to wish to repay favors promptly, and still less is it true benevolence to wish to retain a hold over those whom one has benefited.

Inhabitants of the Planets.

In Venus there are lizards and things. Thus opines Sir Oliver Lodge. If Venus is inhabited at all he believes that it is probably at the stage of the earth during what the learned call the carboniferous age, when the atmosphere was full of steam and clouds, when great lizards walked about and great fern trees grew. It is quite unlikely that anything like human beings are living there. In Mars it might be different. The day is nearly as long as ours. There is land and at the poles there is snow, and it has winter and summer like ours. Next August Mars will be easy to study, and all the great telescopes of the world then will be directed toward that planet and its two moons.

Thwarting a Conspiracy

By Inez Haynes Gillmore

(Copyright.)

He came swinging out of the Flatiron building into a piercing hurly-burly of sound and color and movement. He passed a moment to breathe the whipping briskness of the air, then started at a leisurely gait.

Suddenly he clapped his hand, as if in tardy remembrance, to an inner pocket and drew out a letter. He had just inserted a vandal finger under the flap when his glance, playing casually ahead, caught on that, in the crowd, which impelled him to put the note back unopened into his pocket.

She was strolling uptown. There was the same appearance of uncertainty in her graceful, unhurrying gait that marked his own. She was dressed all in gray—gray broadcloth suit, gray shoes, a chinchilla turban with a saucy gray plume, a chinchilla scarf, crossed on her shoulders and falling to her waist, a huge heart-shaped wad of chinchilla, that was a muff, suspended from her neck by a silver chain.

A curious impulse caught him. It ran riot in his brain for a white-hot instant. It crystallized into a definite intention. He stopped at her side.

"I beg your pardon." His tone was pleasant and filled with an easy deference. "I'm sure that I've met you somewhere, haven't I? Will you let me walk up the avenue with you?"

The girl stared at him aghast. He was a tall fellow, his clean-shaven, fair skin browned and reddened by an unseasonable burn.

Her stare lasted an instant. Then a naughty color flared into her face. It wiped out the look of aloofness in its expression and brought out the pride in it. "Certainly not!" she flung freely to him.

He resumed his hat equably. Her shocked profile darted past him. It paused halfway.

"Yes," she suddenly conceded, turning impetuously to him, "you may walk a little way with me. I would like to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

He placed himself at her side. She walked a few moments in silence. He waited.

"Now," she began imperiously, turning on him with a suggestion of menace in her air, "will you kindly tell me why, out of all the women on Broadway, you selected me to approach in that insufferable way?"

He looked embarrassed.

"Well—the fact is—I—I—" "The fact is," she took it up heatedly, "that after looking me all over, you concluded that I was the kind of girl who would respond to such an overture."

Her face flashed indignantly up in



"You Dropped This Handkerchief."

his direction and then away. He saw that the light glinted through the transparent bridge of her disdainful little nose.

"I thought nothing of the kind," he asserted with equal spirit.

"I'll tell you exactly why I spoke to you," he said simply. "I did not tell you when you first asked me because what happened to be the truth, in my case, is what men always say under these circumstances. I was afraid you would not believe it. You caught my eye at once, because you seemed such a mouse of a creature—that gray is so soft. Then—I have always liked women to part their hair in the middle. As you came nearer I had—I honestly had—a sudden conviction that I'd met you somewhere, though I couldn't, of course, think where. I spoke to you on impulse. It was a queer business. I don't understand now why I did it. The moment the words were out of my mouth I knew, definitely, that I'd never seen you before. I was sorry—on my honor. But I was first attracted to you, believe me, because you looked so girlish—so different. I think your new clothes are all right."

"Oh, I'm so glad. I should have felt uncomfortable all this evening if you hadn't said that. You see, my friend is the best-dressed girl I know."

They walked on in silence for a moment. "I think you had better leave me now," she smiled in spite of herself; but she stopped. "Good-by," she said inflexibly.

He lifted his hat resignedly. She nodded and walked on.

In an instant quick footsteps overtook her. "I'm very sorry to trouble you again," he began, a statement that his dancing eyes made no effort to re-enforce. "You dropped this handkerchief out of your muff."

She was shocked. "Did I? What a goose!" She flamed. "Of course you know I didn't do it on purpose."

"Of course. Do you mind if I follow you a little way, just for protection? You might lose your muff—or—or—"

"I might cast a shoe," she flashed.

She looked ahead with a little maddening judicial air. "Well, all right, but you'll have to leave me soon for I'm almost there. It's somewhere in the Sixties, I think. You're not going to insist on going to dinner with me, are you?"

"I'm not sure yet."

She had been fumbling in her muff. She brought out a note, a crumpled creamy sheet.

He watched her curiously at first, then with a start.

"By every sign and token of long-distance signaling—that's Bettina Thorpe's handwriting," he commented casually.

She stared.

"Oh, I've got my credentials with me, too. There's no reason why this peace conference shouldn't get busy." He drew an unopened letter from his pocket and thrust it under her bewildered eyes.

"By Jove! I guess I'd better read that," he exclaimed.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" Her breath came in gasps. "Why, I can't believe it—it's too silly!"

"Bettina ought to serve a can-opener with her stationery," he complained, tearing at the flap, "or a little dynamite. Ah!" He ran hungrily through the note and then burst into a roar.

"I know who you are," he informed his companion, his face brightening with mischief. "You're Patricia Ouis. Listen to this:

"Dear Duke: I've been 'phoning you you like all possessed ever since I heard of your arrival, yesterday morning. But nobody knew where you were. Come to 87 Sixty-third street to dinner to-night with Bob and me, if it's a possibility, to meet Patsy Ouis, who's being maid-of-honor next week, at the chief social event of the season. I've always told you you'd go crazy over her, and here's your chance. Hurrily."

"BETTY."

He jammed the letter back into the envelope. "You see, I've simply got to go to dinner with you."

"Are you Duke Grayson?"

"I am."

"Betty never told me you were coming to-night. But then, of course, she knew I wouldn't be there. I have always refused to meet you."

"Same here!" he agreed brazenly. "She's determined to marry us, you know. That's why you looked so familiar. It's the pictures she showed me. I would never have suspected that you were good-looking from those things."

"Thank you. I'm not. It's these clothes I'm wearing. When you come to that—Betty had any number of pictures of you in her room at Bertram hall. See here—I don't want to meet you. Oh, Betty's a schemer. You wait until I get alone with her! If I don't—I simply decline to meet you. She'll throw me at you in the most disgusting way—leaving us to tete-a-tetes, and everything like that. She hates my settlement work, you know. Her heart is set on marrying me off. She says that if I married a man like you I'd be a different woman. Isn't it disgusting?"

"Nauseating," he agreed.

"Why, I wouldn't marry the kind of man you are for anything in the world—you're too frivolous. I have an object in life."

He applauded her. "That's right. You stick to that—no matter how many times I ask you."

She turned back and her little teeth gnawed at her underlip. "Oh, sugar!" she burst out vexedly. She made an indeterminate movement forward and stopped. "I won't go to their dinner," she said with decision.

He had the look of one inspired. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You see how it is: here are two people conspiring against us—against your happiness and my liberty. Let's evade them by going off to dinner together. I'll call a hansom and we'll go down to the Waldorf. You can telephone Betty, so that she won't worry. There'll be nobody there to foist unwelcome gratuitous tete-a-tetes on us. That's the only way we can beat their game."

"I don't know what grandma would say," she said defiantly. "But, anyway, I'm going to do it. I'll tell Bettina that I've met you by accident, that we understand each other and her, and that we see right through all her plans. And if she has any idea of poking us into corners to fall in love with each other, she can just give it up, because we absolutely refuse to do it."

"That's the stuff." He raised an alert finger to the hansom that had assiduously trailed them up the avenue.

But six months later, when Bettina Bosworth received a certain inevitable announcement, she only smiled placidly.

"I'd give a good deal to know whether she dropped that handkerchief on purpose," she said to Bob.