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**A Man Who Dreads Riches**

Trying to Run His Factory at Loss.  
How many people can truthfully declare that they do not want to be rich? There is at least one individual in the world—already a wealthy man—whose main ambition in life is not to be a millionaire, believing that "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

He is Mr. Arthur Nash, a well-known Baptist, who runs his great clothing factory with the idea of losing money. What is more, after running his business in a true Christian manner and allowing his employees a generous proportion of profits, he finds it is making more money for him than ever.

When Mr. Nash, who as a child worked on various farms—any place where he could get a living—first acquired his clothing factory, it was a "sweat-shop," and had twenty-nine employees, the foreman receiving a weekly wage of £18s. The other workers received a corresponding "sweat-shop" wage. After he obtained control of the factory, Mr. Nash, who has always been of a religious turn of mind, had a talk with the workers. He told them he was going to run his business on the Golden Rule—"Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

He informed them that he would pay them the same wages that he would them to pay him if they were up in the office and he were down in the workroom. He began by giving the foreman £31s. a week and increasing the other workers' wages. Mr. Nash went away soon after for a much-needed holiday, and he was quite reconciled to the idea of returning to find that the business was facing bankruptcy. Two months after he came back and went to the factory—to find that they were selling three times as many garments as they were before he went away. Moreover he was astonished to find that the same factory force was turning out three times as much work. So the Golden Rule was a profitable investment in his factory.

After running his business for a year on the Golden Rule idea, Mr. Nash was distressed by the discovery that he had made more money than ever.

Here, then, was a serious dilemma. The manufacturer had applied Christian teaching to the very best of his ability and in perfect good faith to his business. And yet at the end of the year he found himself almost a millionaire. And the Scriptural warning about the millionaire and the needle's eye made it almost impossible for him to sleep at night.

**Wealth That Isn't Welcome.**  
As I own practically all of the stock of the company," Mr. Nash declared some time ago, "in the natural course of events I am doomed to become a very rich man. Please let that word 'doomed' remain in your mind, for that is the horrible picture before me.  
"I see no way to go on with this experiment and avoid becoming a millionaire, and I do not want to be a millionaire."  
To avoid this "terrible possibility" of becoming a millionaire, Mr. Nash has since given away to his employees over £100,000 worth of stock in the company. But now the thought that is disturbing this remarkable manufacturer is that he may be helping some employee on to the very doom which he fears so much himself.

**Woman Bluebeard Charged With Death of Three Husbands**

Also Suspected of Having Disposed of Several Friends.

Berlin, Aug. 26.—Frau Krieger, wealthy landowner, has been arrested by the Berlin police as a feminine bluebeard, charged with the murder of her three husbands. She is suspected also of having killed several of her acquaintances.  
Frau Krieger, at forty, had married three men, the youngest sixty-five. Immediately after marriage, the police charge, she would do away with her husband, using poison, ax or gas. The alleged motive was always money. She is said to be worth several hundred thousand dollars.

**A Satisfactory Answer Before Midnight**

Ten years ago Great Britain went to war. Perhaps the most poignant picture of events preceding the declaration and of the announcement in the House of Commons of the sending of the fateful ultimatum to Germany are contained in the Autobiography of Margot Asquith (second volume). We take the following from the fifth instalment of excerpts from the Autobiography published in the Sunday Times in 1922:

"I sat breathless with my face glued to the grille of the gallery, when my husband rose to announce that an ultimatum had been sent to Germany. Having read telegrams from our Ambassador at Berlin and our Minister at Brussels, he paused after this, and then said in a slow, loud voice:—

"I have to add on behalf of His Majesty's Government: We cannot regard this as in any sense a satisfactory communication. We have in reply to it repeated the request we made last week to the German Government, that they should give us the same assurance in regard to Belgium neutrality as was given to us and to Belgium by France last week. We have asked that a reply to that request, and a satisfactory answer to the telegram of this morning—which I have read to the House—should be given before midnight."

"I looked at the House, which was packed from gallery to floor while my husband was speaking, and through misty eyes the heads of the listening members appeared to me as if hewed in prayer.

"A satisfactory answer before midnight."  
"These fateful and terrible words were greeted by wave upon wave of cheering, which continued and increased as Henry rose and walked slowly down the floor of the House."

**The King's Message.**  
"When the Speaker had finished reading the King's message all the members poured out of the House, and I went down to the Prime Minister's room.

"Henry looked grave, and gave me John Macley's letter of resignation, saying:—  
"I shall miss him very much; he is one of the most distinguished men living."

"For some time we did not speak. I left the window and stood behind his chair.  
"So it is all up?" I said.  
"He answered, without looking at me:—

"Yes, it's all up."

"I sat down beside him with a feeling of numbness in my limbs, and absently watched through the half-open door the back of moving men. A secretary came in with Foreign Office boxes; he put them down and went out of the room.  
"Henry sat at his writing-table, leaning back, with a pen in his hand.  
"What was he thinking of?"  
"His son? My son was too young to fight; would they all have to fight? . . . I got up and leant my head against his; we could not speak for tears. . . .  
"I looked at the children asleep after dinner before joining Henry in the Cabinet room. Lord Crewe and Sir Edward Grey were already there, and we sat smoking cigarettes in



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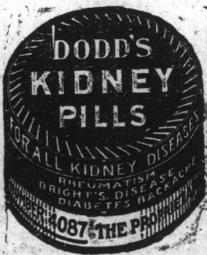
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silence; some went out, others came in; nothing was said. . . . The last best of midnight hammered. The clock on the mantelpiece hammered out the hour, and when "We were at Wa."

Forty-Five Years in the Service of the Public—The Evening Telegram.