HOW THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR MAN

Life Is, and Is to Be, One Eternal Progress, Says Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the Co-Discoverer of Evolution—What is Man? What is Life?—He Attempts to Answer These Questions—Purpose Everywhere.

MR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE is a great scientist. The fact that he is a member of the Order of Merit is but a small tribute to his greatness of mind and heart.

Surveying the world of nature in all its variety and profusion, he has not omitted to take note of that animal which some scientists ignore—man. To him the problem of "man's place in the universe" is supreme. And now in the evening of his days he brings to a focus all that immense range of knowledge which 88 long years of untiring industry and study have placed within his grasp, and of which he has given us instalments in many books.

The World of Life.

In a new volume "The World of Life" (Chapman & Hall, 12s 6d net), he probes the heavens that he may find out that great mystery, What is man? What is life? No wonder the book has already entered a third edition. It is the supreme romance, a labyrinth of facts, a pool of wonder, a vindication of a scientist's faith, a piercing glance into ultimate mysteries, and to all who love their fellows an extraordinary stimulus to be up and doing, so that they at least may not hinder that triumph of spiritual perfection which was certain from the moment that man first breathed the breath of life. But which man, in his ignorance, has, does, and will delay for all too long.

The Ultimate Purpose.

For Dr. Wallace seeks to prove that all the wonders of the world which he parades before us in their splendor imply, "first, a creative power, which so constituted matter as to render these marvels possible; next, a directive mind, which is demanded at every step of the process we term growth; and, lastly, an ultimate purpose in the very existence of the whole vast life-world in all its long course of evolution throughout the aeons of geological time.

"This purpose, which alone throws light on many of the mysteries of its mode of evolution," Dr. Wallace holds, "is to be the development of man, the one crowning product of the whole cosmic process of life development; the only being which can to some extent comprehend nature; which can perceive and trace out her modes of action; which can appreciate the hidden forces and motions everywhere at work, and can deduce from them all a supreme and overruling mind as their necessary cause."

Is it any wonder that a scientist with that mighty perspective and belief should also be an ardent social reformer? How with such a vision should he fail to "follow the Gleam," and end those things which would dim it for others?

Where Darwin Stopped.

We propose to call special attention to this point today, returning another time to consider the amazing facts of world life which the book contains. Dr. Wallace states that in this book he has attempted to "summarize and complete my half-century of thought and work on the Darwinian theory of evolution. In several directions I have extended the scope and application of theory, and have shown that it is capable of explaining many of the phenomena of living things hitherto thought to be beyond its range." These phenomena include the distribution of plants and animals, the geological record, bird migration, insect coloration and marking.

"But," adds Dr. Wallace, "besides the discussion of these and several other allied subjects, the most prominent feature of my book is that I enter into popular yet critical examination of those underlying fundamental problems which Darwin purposely excluded from his works as being beyond the scope of his inquiry. Such are the nature and causes of life itself, and more especially of its most fundamental and mysterious powers growth and reproduction."

Dr. Russell Wallace goes not accept the assertion that everything exists because it is eternal. "A critical examination of the subject demonstrates," he says, "that everything but the absolute unconditioned must have had a beginning."

Purpose Everywhere.

Face to face with his labyrinth of facts, Dr. Wallace is pursued with the endless query, Why? Why? Why? He sees purpose everywhere, and, looking down the long corridor of time which links together the aeons and ages, he sees God within the shadow making straight the world's paths, so that man and woman may pace them in peace.

Here is Dr. Wallace's prose poem of the world's great purpose:

"The overwhelming complexity and diversity of this vast cosmos in its every part and detail is the great fundamental characteristic that our highest science has brought prominently to our notice, but neither science nor religion has given us the slightest clue as to why it should be so. Religion says: 'God made it so,' and sometimes adds, 'it was God's will; it is impious to seek any other reason.'

"In this present work I have endeavored to suggest a reason which appeals to me as both a sufficient and an intelligible one; it is that this earth with its infinitude of life and beauty and mystery of the universe in the midst of which we are placed, with its overwhelming immensities of suns and nebulae, of light and motion, are as they are, firstly, for the development of life culminating in man; secondly, as a vast schoolhouse for the higher education of the human race in preparation for the enduring spiritual life to which it is destined.

"I have endeavored to show that some portion at least of what seems a superfluity of elements in our earth structure has served the purpose of aiding the gradual progress of man from barbarism to material civilization; while another portion has furnished him with materials which have alone enabled him to penetrate into the two unknown worlds with which he was encompassed—those of the almost infinitely great and of the almost infinitely little; both alike attractive and grand in their revelations; both offering ever fresh vistas of unfathomed mysteries; both impressing upon him the existence of imminent forces and controlling mind-power as their only possible cause.

God in Nature.

"I suggest, further, that these deeper and deeper mysteries which confront us everywhere as we advance farther in our knowledge of this universe, are now serving, and will serve in the future, so long as man exists upon the earth, to give him more and more adequate conceptions of the power, and perhaps to some extent of the nature of the author of that universe; will furnish him with the materials for a religion founded on knowledge, in the place of all existing religions, based largely on the wholly inadequate conceptions and beliefs of bygone ages."

Herbert Spencer held the fundamental cause of the life world to be "unknowable," but the non-existence of it to be "unthinkable." Darwin believed "that the universe could not have existed without an intelligent cause, but that any adequate conception of the nature of that cause was beyond the powers of the human mind to form."

With these views Dr. Wallace says he is in sympathy. "But," he adds, "I yet think that we can form some conceptions of the powers at work in nature which help us to overcome the insuperable difficulty as to the nature of the infinite and absolute Creator, not only of our world and universe, but of all that exists or can exist in infinite space."

The Angelic Host.

"The overwhelming mind which actually carries out the development of the life-world need not be infinite in any of its attributes, need not be what is usually meant by the terms God or Deity. The main cause of the antagonism between religion and science seems to me to be the assumption by both that there are no existences capable of taking part in a work of creation other than blind forces on the one hand, and the infinite, eternal, omnipotent God, on the other.

"If, as I contend, we are forced to the assumption of an infinite God by the fact that our earth has developed life and ourselves, it seems only logical to assume that the vast, the infinite chasm between ourselves and the Deity is to some extent occupied by an almost infinite series of grades of beings, each successive grade having higher and higher powers in regard to the origination, the development, and the control of the universe.

"If the whole purport of the material universe (our universe) is the development of spiritual beings who in the infinite variety of their natures—what we term our characters—shall to some extent reflect that infinite variety of the whole inorganic and organic worlds through which they have been developed" then says Dr. Wallace, "I can imagine the Supreme, the Infinite Being foreseeing and determining the broad outlines of a universe which would in due course and with efficient guidance produce the required result.

"We may imagine those hosts of angels to whom a thousand years are as one day, watching the development of this vast system of suns and planets until some one or more of them combined in itself all these conditions of size, of elementary constitution, of atmosphere, of mass and water and reasonable distance from its sources of heat, as to insure a stability of constitution and uniformity of temperature for a given minimum of millions of years or of ages, as would be required for the full development of a life-world from Amoeba to Man, with a surplus of a few hundred millions for his adequate development.

The Object of Our Earth Life.

"It is when we look upon man as being here for the very purpose of developing diversity and individuality, to be further advanced in a future life, that we see more clearly the whole object of our earth-life as a preparation for it. In this world we have the maximum of diversity produced, with a potential capacity for individual educability, and inasmuch as every spirit has been derived from the Deity, only limited by the time at the disposal of each of us. In the spirit world death will not cut short the period of educational advancement. The best conditions and opportunities will be afforded for continuous progress to a higher status, while all the diversities produced here will lead to an infinite variety, charm, and use, that could probably have been brought about in no other way."

Such is the vision which this modern Moses sees standing on the Nebo of Science which few have climbed with such clear sight. He bids us see that

Land of light and beauty
Where no bud of promise dies.

Life is one eternal progress; enter
then the third degree;
Ye who long for light and wisdom,
seek the inner mystery.

England Wrote the King James Bible

[G. K. Chesterson, in the London Daily News.]

WE ARE just now celebrating the tercentenary of the Jacobean translation of the Bible, not (as some seem to suppose), the tercentenary of the Bible. Those grand and mysterious Scriptures need not now be traced through the elaborate selections of them or the numerous translations of them that have marked church history from the beginning. What we are celebrating is a triumph of our own language.

The English translation of the Bible has one real claim to be English. Many of the eulogies about its Protestant purity and its Anglo-Saxon empire building are partisan and fantastic. But it is in this immense sense national, that it is anonymous. The translation, as a translation, is as English as the ballads about Robin Hood, which were written by everybody and nobody. It is true that the learned bishops and dons who translated it were far from regarding themselves as nobodies. But in the history of English literature they are nobodies; only they are immortal nobodies. It is impossible to point to a single great man who is responsible for this masterpiece of verbal music. At the very time when the translation was being made there were in England greater literary men than she is ever likely to see again. But by no conceivable trick or turn of circumstance can Bacon or Burton, Jonson or Shakespeare, have had anything to do with the translation of the Bible. It was done by a mob of bishops, that is, a mob of simple and well-meaning men. The enemies of the Bible have been heard to describe it as Jewish folklore; of course, in a bad sense. In any case, our translation is English folk-lore and that in the best sense. England wrote it; no mere Englishman could have done so.

"And his driving is as the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he drives furiously." That is far more vigorous than Chapman or Ford. But Chapman and Ford had nothing to do with it; it was done by some common clergyman.

"Where there is no vision the people perish." That is as plain and picturesque as Bunyan. But Bunyan had noting to do with it; in fact, he was not born. It may seem a strange matter that these pompous big-wigs summoned by so stiff a Scotch pedant as James I. should be ultimately urged as an argument for popularism and the populace. And yet they are one of its strongest arguments. They show how well quite commonplace people can write when they are writing about something that is not commonplace.

That is the plain element of patriotic importance in the translation. It is the last collective creation of our people. It is the last case in which everybody reads the book and nobody asks the author. After that England left off writing. Englishmen rushed into the breach and tried to write, not altogether without success. Milton, Dryden, Addison, Dr. Johnson, made a very good show of it. But almost at once they were flooded by forces not English; by Irishmen like Swift and Goldsmith, by Scotchmen like Hume and Scott. We are right to treat this book, even as an English book, as authoritative. It may or may not record the real origin of the Jews; but I am sure that it records the real end of the English.

There comes a perfect moment when there is no difference between language and literature. Prose is poetry without knowing it; it is as if an absent-minded poet always said good-morning in metre, or asked us to pass the potatoes in impromptu and unconscious rhyme. Imagine that we all talked poetry all day long; suppose we asked for a ticket with a triolet; suppose we used a postcard only for the purpose which its shape obviously suggests), of writing a sonnet. Suppose, whenever we talk about the weather, we talk as Shelley wrote about the weather. Suppose, whenever we use a form of affection, it is like one of the great love songs. If we fancy some such condition we may begin to imagine what really happens when a language is in its perfection. Everything said goes to an inaudible tune; as to a march of totally muffled drums. The poetry has got inside the prose of life, and moves all its limbs into a rhythm and beat of beauty.

The Old Style and the New.

The English of the English Bible is not merely splendid about splendid things; it is splendid about everything. In any modern leading article we might see the words: "We cannot understand why English watering places like Leith or Brighton are not as adequate as foreign watering places like Baden or Dieppe; nor why those who seek the one should not as reasonably seek the other." And that would be perfectly good modern English. It is not mere religious association that makes us see better English in "Are not Pharpar and Abanah, the waters of Damascus, better than all the waters of Jordan, and may I not wash in them and be clean?" It is really the perfection of style; it is poetry inside prose.

Any magazine article might contain the paragraph: "The enthusiast must always be discouraged by a certain perishability in all popular things. The mass of mankind seems so plainly a mere part of nature that it is hard to believe that all their ideas are not at once as monotonous and as fickle as the physical universe; nevertheless, the best philosopher will always return to the idea of an order and a reason in things." That would be perfectly sound, intelligent, modern English.

It is not mere religious tradition that makes us think that this is better: "The voice said, Cry, and he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass."

And then, as in answer across the abyss: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

It is not the glamor of an ancient language. It is simply a much better use of the modern one.

"This Last Great Wave."

In one of those tremendous passages that pierce through all languages and belong to the sacred Scripture itself, one of the prophets speaks of the perfect time as a time when all the vessels shall be as vessels before the altar, and on every pot in Jerusalem shall be written, "Holy unto the Lord." That is what the English translation, by a literary accident, really managed to achieve. The phrase "verbal inspiration" may be orthodox or unorthodox about the Bible in its supernatural sense. But it is very nearly true about the English translation in a secondary and merely human sense. The dull parts of the narrative are not dull, the trivial details are not trivial, because they are all lifted up on this last great wave of the poetical English language. Everyone, revolutionist and reactionary, is in our time saying that domestic things must be dull, that common things must be commonplace. Everyone is saying, though with much less literary brevity, "Surely the people is grass." But in our sterile time we have never guessed how tall the grass can grow.

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FUEL FROM REFUSE.

Hitherto rubbish collected by street cleaners in Amsterdam has been assorted; paper, rags, metals and glass have been sold to dealers therein, the residue as manure. The city authorities are now considering converting the street rubbish as a mass into combustible briquets for heating boilers. They have found that at Southwark, London, and at St. Ouen, France, street rubbish is transformed into a marketable product. At Southwark all the refuse is crushed to a powder, which is sold as a manure. At St. Ouen the powder thus made, with the addition of combustible substances, is formed into a cheap fuel. The Amsterdam authorities experimented at both those places, combining powder made there with coal tar from the Amsterdam gas works and pressing the substance into briquets. The experiment was successful and disposed the Amsterdam authorities toward establishing a plant for producing briquets from street rubbish.

The quantity of material which can be worked in this city is about 140,000 tons a year. It is estimated that an establishment to work this will cost about $200,000; that the annual expense thereof will be about $28,000; that the product will be about 85,000 tons, costing $1.15 a ton. It is believed that the briquets can be sold for a net price of $1.40 a ton, which would yield a profit of over $20,000 a year. At present the street refuse of Amsterdam is disposed of at a loss of $18,000 a year. Besides the anticipated financial profit, it is reasoned that the danger in times of epidemic will be much reduced by this transformation of street refuse, which amounts to destruction.

MR. SMITH'S COMPEERS.

In France the name employed to designate one of a very large number of men, as Smith is sometimes figuratively used by English people, is Durand, the commonest name in the French directories.

In Berlin and other cities of North Germany "Herr Meyer" is the equivalent of "Mr. Smith." In other parts of Germany the name of Schulz, or Schulze, is the most common. German police authorities, who keep a sharp eye on everybody, have much trouble to distinguish all the Schulzes who have the same given name.

One Schulze, on receiving a public office in Berlin, was inscribed on the police rolls as "Hermann Schulze LV." On the same roll there were a Lehmann XIX., and a Neumann XIV.

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The Bell Telephone Company of Canada.

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WHILE Lawrason's Snowflake Powdered Ammonia has been on the market twelve years it has never before been advertised to the public. Nevertheless it has enjoyed an enormous sale.

Those who tried it told their neighbours about its remarkable cleansing powers and wonderful economy. And so the news spread by word of mouth, resulting in a huge demand for Snowflake Ammonia.

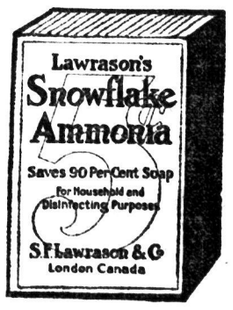
But we have the facilities to supply a still greater demand. So we have decided to tell the housewives of the Dominion about Snowflake Powdered Ammonia, which is destined to supplant the use of laundry soap and washing compounds almost entirely.

While chemists have known for years that Ammonia possesses remarkable cleansing powers it remained for us to put it *in powdered form, in which state it is most effective and economical.*

Snowflake Powdered Ammonia *dissolves instantly* in water. It starts to work immediately. It loosens dirt and grease. When washing clothes it makes the soap work faster. Only one-half the amount of soap is required.

Where you formerly used two bars of soap for a large washing you will use but one bar of soap and two tablespoons of Snowflake Powdered Ammonia. The *two tablespoons of Snowflake Ammonia are equal to a bar of soap.*

When cleaning floors, linoleums, carpets, curtains, dishes, cutlery, kitchen ware, milk cans, woodwork, windows, etc., no soap is required. Snowflake Ammonia *does the work better alone.* By using it for all household cleaning you need buy but one bar of laundry soap where you formerly bought ten—*a saving of nine bars* of soap, costing 45c.



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Don't judge Snowflake Ammonia from the ordinary kinds of powdered ammonia you may have used. Ordinary powdered ammonia cakes and turns solid, because it is made from inferior stock and not made properly.

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Be sure you get Snowflake Ammonia, *in the giant 5c. package.* The 10c. packages of ordinary ammonia are only about one-third larger, while washing compounds are only about one-third as large. Borax costs twice as much as Snowflake Ammonia.

Now that you understand the wonderful economy of Snowflake Powdered Ammonia you'll want to commence using it to-day. So go to your grocer and get a package, but be sure it's Snowflake, the *original* powdered ammonia.

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