

# Jamaica Has "Messiah" Who Shows His Divinity by Gymnastic Gyrations and Shrieking Louder Than Any of His Followers

**T**HE island of Jamaica has its own little Dowle, and so far it has not found an antidote.

This particular "prophet" has not only undertaken to look out for the spiritual welfare of the negroes of the island, but under the guise of introducing scientific farming methods he has induced them to tear up hundreds of acres of coffee to prepare the land for other purposes, and as the negroes are too poor to tide themselves over the period of "development" a great deal of hunger is resulting—all of which is supposedly conducive to a meek and beautiful spiritual attitude.

John Paul, who is backing himself as the new Messiah, asserts that he is Jesus Christ, and to add weight to his assertion performs remarkable feats by leaping out of his chair, screaming louder than any other inhabitant of Jamaica, cracking his heels together and waving his arms more furiously and for a longer time than any of his followers.

Asked what his real name was, this "Messiah" said:—"The people call me Dr. Paul, and I go by that name, although I am not Dr. Paul. I am an Englishman, but have spent much time in the United States and Canada.

"I came to this island in 1913. I found the people disheartened. They had no hope. They did not know how to plant. They used only a hoe and a cutlass and of course, they could not get much of a crop. I know about planting from what I've seen in Europe and America. So I've shown them. At the same time I've attended to their religious welfare. We study the Bible. You'll find among our members Moravians, Baptists, Wesleyans and others. They did not get what they needed in their own denominations, so came to us. This land has been given to them.

"Since I began this work I have been persecuted from place to place, but the Bible tells us that persecution always follows every good work."

"By what name do you call your sect?" he was asked. "Are you Bible students?"

"No," he replied, "for they are millenarians, and we are not that. Probably our name is the Church of Christ."

He then addressed a woman who had appeared. He did not seem to use suggestion or anything mesmeric, but spoke with intense earnestness, apparently exercising strong suppression. His communications were in four prolonged periods of at least five minutes each. His manner was mild, something like a nurse talking to a young child.

The words were wholly unintelligible. To one who speaks German and French and has a slight acquaintance with Spanish and Latin, it was impossible to detect vowels or consonants which had the ring of familiarity. He did not use mere sounds either of repetitions, for his delivery was rapid and a cataract of words poured forth.

The woman began by looking at the ground and saying, "He say dat." Then followed an address that rose to points of eloquence. She seemed to be repeating a well learned lesson. Meanwhile members of the sect crowded around in a circle, and said softly, "Dear Lord," "Bless de Lord." The woman quoted Scripture and "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Through it the leader sat immobile.

Suddenly, while his black oracle was speaking, the leader leaped from his chair a couple of feet, touched the ground, then jumped up and down several times in a frenzy, during which he uttered fearful howls.

When this frenzied paroxysm subsided he sat down and immediately every man, woman and child got on the ground on bended knees, and, looking at him supplicatingly, cried out several times, "Hail, Master." Instinctively the thought reverted to Judas, who, in a far away land many centuries ago, greeted Jesus with those words before betraying him to death. These deluded negroes and colored devotees were sincere in their obedience, as will presently appear.

The oracle resumed, this time looking at the



reporter intently. She said:—"Little did you, a tourist, know when you arrived that you were being led this way. You thought you came for information. But you were led here by God to hear the truth. He sent His only begotten son to this earth in the form of sinful flesh. When you got to New York you'll know that he with whom you have talked this day is Jesus! Never man spake as this man before you spoke. We know he is Christ. How do we know this? Because he has opened blind eyes so they see; he has unstopped deaf ears so they hear; he has made the lame to walk and has cured all manner of diseases. The work is going on. It will spread until the whole world knows about it."

This speech was in native vernacular, the exact meaning, without a trace of coloring, is here given. Seeing that her words had failed to move, the woman cried out:—"And all those that are not saved among the people will be slain. The wheat will be separated from the chaff and all that are not of us



will be killed." To this the other members responded, "Amen."

The "doctor" was asked in what language he had addressed the woman. "She will tell you," he replied. The oracle said:—"It's the unknown tongue. The natural man cannot understand it, only those who are spiritual."

For some months this man has been gaining proselytes. As he drew the people from the mission churches they had to be expelled from those congregations. Several families literally left their houses and hands to live with the doctor and his wife in a stockaded enclosure. This property was turned over by two "members," who appear satisfied and honored to have their former home occupied by what were two destitute foreigners. They look for their reward in Heaven.

be subdued in a way unlooked for if you continue to pry; to cause mischief. God rules every living creature, and he rules you, and don't you forget it. You are only a gnat in his sight, and the future will disclose how small you are by the time I am finished with you. You can send this to the Chief or any one else, according to your desire, but it don't change the fact, you are playing with the wrong man. Cease to do evil and cleave to that which is good. Try to mind your own business. Do your duty like a man; don't try to make your living like a hypocrite. You have all you can do to subdue by the power of the law people of your own class, without meddling with those who are superior both in natural and spiritual understanding. This is a warning for you to cease to meddle in god's work. Man cannot fight God. You are bound to lose in your battle."

This letter is given exactly as it was written. The use of a small "g" in God is enough to show its writer's lack of education, especially as several unimportant words are capitalized. The authorities seem at a loss how to deal with him, because he is too shrewd or cunning to commit any overt acts. He cannot be charged with sedition or inciting to riot or even breaking the peace.

Equally interesting is a letter which "Dr. Paul" wrote to a shopkeeper to whom one of his followers was indebted. The letter follows:—

NEWPORT, December 14, 1915.

"MR. W. GIBBS:—

"DEAR SIR—On behalf of Mr. Edward Thompson, I write this letter, to say the bill was duly received. If you will kindly send the bill to me I will pay his debt for him. Jesus Christ pays all the debts for His children, and you have heard already that Jesus Christ is on the earth, whether you believe it or not the truth will come home to you, sooner or later. I am

"Yours respectfully,

"THOMAS PAUL."

His planting instructions have caused peasants much loss. He told them they did not use scientific methods, and upon his advice they cut down many valuable bearing coffee bushes. And it will be long before they can realize anything from whatever they will plant as substitutes. But his gospel is very consoling to people naturally not disposed to hard work because of enervating climatic conditions. They "take no thought for the morrow," but spend their days in devotions, for which Mr. Paul is sponsor.

The authorities have awakened to the danger of having this false prophet around and he has been summoned to appear for trial before the resident Magistrate at Wigton.

It was said, before the reporter interviewed "Dr. Paul," that no white man had been able to approach him. Several ineffectual efforts to see him had been made by influential civilians. But, surrounded by his retainers inside the stockade, and protected by others at the roadside gate, as well as having forces on duty close by, he defied the authorities to get at him.

Constantly after constable had tried to get inside but failed. The chief of the constabulary was forced to ride away vanquished. This was not strange, considering the difference natives pay to the prevailing idea that "an Englishman's house is his castle." As Paul has not personally broken any law or committed an indictable misdemeanor there is no sufficient warrant for invading his domain peacefully and certainly none for using armed force.

## East Side Girls Appear in New Styles Before Seen in Fifth Avenue

By ISRAEL J. ZEVIN.

**I**T has been often stated that in the matter of women's styles the east side is two months ahead of Fifth Avenue. The east side working girl is an ardent student of fashion magazines and is quick to adopt the new modes weeks and weeks in advance of the season. If you want to get an idea of the coming spring styles take a walk some evening through East Broadway, Second Avenue, Grand Street or on Williamsburg Bridge, the fashionable promenades of the east side, and watch the girls passing by, singly, in pairs and in groups. What strikes you as most singular is the fact that the majority of the girls are unescorted by male companions. But they look happy, just the same, with the companions of their own sex, with whom they can talk freely of their most cherished subject—dress.

The question has been asked, How does she manage it? Where does the east side working girl get the means to be always dressed in fashion? It is true that for the tricks of shopping wisely and getting apparel at low rates the east side girl is a miracle worker. She buys her dresses in the shop where she works or where her friend works. There are also stores all over New York that specialize in buying up "samples" of the big dress houses and are selling them at almost wholesale rates. But even then the expenditure is quite a sum to a sweatshop worker whose average earnings are not more than \$4 a week. And thus the question how she gets it still remains unanswered and is puzzling the minds of social workers and students.

"I wonder how they can afford that," a visitor from the west side observed once while watching two young girls—sisters—merrily waiting at a social and dance in the Educational Alliance. "I have been told that they hardly earn \$5 a week each and that their father is a pushcart pedler."

"We can never find out exactly how they manage to be always in fashion," a woman settlement worker essayed by way of explanation. "It is the poor girl's own secret."

"Secret? What do you mean?" The visitor opened her eyes widely, "I dare say that these girls are good."

"No doubt about that," the settlement worker emphasized; "their character is excellent, without the

least bluish. It could not be otherwise or these dear girls would not have chosen to work so hard for wages so low. The secret is in the way these girls live. We can never find out exactly how they live, but we know that they are actually starving themselves in their effort to look well dressed."

The visitor shuddered and asked no more questions.

In other words, the east side girl is saving from her stomach to put on her back. Girls who work at men's shirts, white goods, misses' and children's dresses earn not more than \$4 a week. Americans who earn even a moderate living have no idea how little a working girl of this class spends to keep body and soul together.

It is not the love of dress itself that induces the east side girl to sacrifice her health and the bloom of her cheeks. It is not mere vanity, but a desire to look chic and to command respect. There is also another reason—No young man will nowadays go out with a girl who is not dressed stylishly, and the girl knows it.

How much can a girl who earns only \$4 a week save for dress? This question can be answered by deducting the sum that she spends for her food and lodging. And it will surprise many to learn that some of the girls who have no parents in this country manage to live on \$2 a week, of which \$1.25 goes for food and seventy-five cents for lodging, thus saving \$2 a week for hats, shoes and dresses.

Twenty cents a day for food (to use a round figure) will seem to some people like a point below starvation. Yet to the east side working girl it means three meals a day. She does not read the economical food recipes written by domestic scientists. The tricks of the chafing dish are as strange to her as Hindu magic. The east side girl has solved her own food problem. Five cents' worth of corned beef or smoked salmon, three cents' worth of rye bread and an apple will suffice for breakfast and lunch. If the meal consist of corned beef, a pickled cucumber which looks unnaturally green, goes with it as an appetizer.

At the recent pure food exhibition in the University Settlement Building visitors to the exhibition were shown that the amount of dye used in one pickle is enough to paint the whole inside of the stomach green. Yet an inquiry in the groceries of the neighborhood did not reveal any effect of the excess on the pickle market. If lunch is taken in the shop two or three girls



will club together and buy a can of coffee for five cents. This gives them a full cup each and a little over, sugar included.

Sometimes the corned beef or the smoked salmon is alternated by a dish of sour cream and pot cheese, a favorite dish on the east side. Three cents' worth

of sour cream and two cents' worth of pot cheese will make enough for a meal. For the evening meal the "motherly" misanthrope with whom the girl makes her home will furnish a plate of soup for five cents or a little more or less of a supper for ten cents.

The Jewish working girl will not live at a boarding house. In fact, there are no Jewish boarding houses on the east side. If she has no parents or relatives in this country she will settle in the home of some of her country people, where she will be considered as one of the family and where she can feel at home. The barrack life of the boarding house is not for her. Her home loving instinct would rebel against such life.

**Would Starve To Be Well Dressed.**

Even settlement and neighborhood guild workers, who mingle with these girls and are supposed to know all about them, know very little indeed how these girls starve themselves in their effort to look attractive. The girls will not tell all. They are too sensitive. They will not tell the whole truth, as they abhor to be considered objects of pity. Their self-respect would not stand for the patronizing air of the high browed ladies and gentlemen who would pry into the affairs that they want to keep to themselves. It would hurt their dignity, their girlish pride, if the whole truth about their meagre living would be known.

The sweatshop worker wants to feel happy and wants everybody else to believe that she is happy. And when she is dressed up she walks with the air of self-reliance and independence of a wealthy man's daughter.

Let me tell you the story of Sarah B., she of the Madonna face and coal black eyes. For fifteen weeks she had been saving for a new dress. She put away every penny that she could force herself to spare. For nights she lay awake figuring and calculating. And at last, when the garment was bought and hung up in her room, carefully covered with a white sheet, the girls at her trade struck. The strike promised to be a long and bitter struggle. And her last penny invested in her new dress! Things did not look bright her way.

Next day Sarah and some of her friends were assigned to do picket work in front of the factory where they worked. Here was a chance for Sarah to don her new dress, and she did. A policeman arrived and, after watching the pickets for a while, he ordered them to move on, and he told them that in a tone that was neither too polite nor too kind. Sud-

denly he noticed Sarah in her "swell" dress. He took her for one of the visiting ladies of society, of whom there were many at that time doing picket work. The bluecoat changed his manner quickly and apologized, said that he was very sorry, but he had to obey the orders of his superiors; so he begged her to please go to the next corner or to the other side of the street.

At another strike, in the white goods trade, two or three years ago, some leaders of society—women of wealth—who were in sympathy with the girl strikers and helped them a good deal in their struggle, decided to arrange a dance for the strikers in one of the east side halls. The girls were glad at the opportunity to have a little diversion and they came to the affair dressed in their best, some of them even went to the expense and trouble of hiring dresses for the occasion. For were not they to meet "high toned" women who would surely come dressed in the height of fashion? But when the girls saw that the leaders went to the dance in plain clothes they were more than surprised. Some of the girls even suspected that the women who arranged the dance balked at the last moment at dancing with working girls and sent their servants to substitute for them.

**Finery Rather than Downy.**

There was a time when these girls believed in saving up money for a dowry. Now they believe that a pretty dress and a good appearance are the best assets in a girl's life. By these she will win a husband much easier than by a bank book of a few hundred dollars.

And the price she pays for her finery is enormous. The consequences of hard work and malnutrition are affecting motherhood and the future generation. I have seen some of these girls who later in life had the fortune, by marrying wealthy men, to rise from their lowly position to higher spheres of the world and live a life of leisure and luxury, and yet the effect of their early years has indelibly marked them for life.

She rushes from work to preparatory schools and to all kinds of night classes, preparing herself for a professional career. She fares the same privations and hardships of her average minded sister, with the only difference that what the studious girl saves from her stomach she puts in her brain, buying books and paying for tuition. But hers is a different story, which will be told here on some other occasion.



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