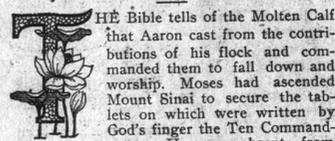


# WORSHIPPING THE GOLDEN CALF

By D. W. Higgins, Author of "The Mystic Spring," etc.

"And I looked, and behold . . . ye had sinned . . . and had made you a molten calf. And I took your sin, the calf that ye had made, and burnt it with fire, and stamped it, and ground it very small, even until it was as small dust; and I cast the dust thereof into the creek that descended out of the mount."—Deut., 10, 25.



THE Bible tells of the Molten Calf that Aaron cast from the contributions of his flock and commanded them to fall down and worship. Moses had ascended Mount Sinai to secure the tablets on which were written by God's finger the Ten Commandments. He was absent from camp for so long a time that the people, fearing he had deserted them, became rebellious and readily forswore the God of their fathers to follow the advice of Aaron, who ruled in Moses' stead. In the midst of their idolatrous practices we read that Moses reappeared. He cast down the golden image and grinding it to powder strewn it on the surface of a stream and it was borne away. The Hebrews repented of their sin and did penance; but Moses had not destroyed the image. He only changed its form. The dust of the golden calf was not destroyed or lost. It was scattered like the seed of a noxious plant over the world's surface, and it is as potent for mischief as the image was thousands of years ago. It is moulded in many forms, but it is the same troublesome youth as of yore. It has found its way to every clime, it is worshipped by every creed, and it has its chief followers and admirers in the highest social circles. The hearts of the men and women of this day are as ready to fall down and worship the Golden Calf as they were in the time of Moses. The Calf directs their movements, shapes their dispositions, and their associations, but there is one thing that it cannot do—it cannot buy the smallest grain of true love. It might as well try to make a tree produce babies instead of apples as to try and shape and control the emotion of a loving heart. A girl may bestow her hand on a man of wealth; but there must be something more potent than wealth to capture her heart and make her life a happy and joyous one.

"How much are they worth?" is the question that is asked when new arrivals dart across the social horizon. No one dreams of asking what noble actions they have done or how much they have bestowed in charity. Character is a remote consideration, and not worth mentioning by the side of a swollen bank account, which is the standard by which men and women are tried and tested, before they are permitted to place their feet beneath one's mahogany, invited to a seat in the 60 h.p. automobile, asked to join in a bridge scramble, ascend to an elevated pew in the synagogue, or take part in the pleasures and dissipations of high life. But if you were to strip the social favorites of their wealth today they would be "cut" on the morrow by those who worshipped at the feet of the Golden Calf yesterday. So it is now, and so it will be, I fear, till the end of time.

It would be idle if I were to propose to introduce a system to reform that which Moses failed to accomplish. I would not attempt to do that. I merely tell of things as they are; but I have not the slightest hope of bringing about a change for the better.

"Carolyn Glyn," a noted English writer, has laid her splendid talents at the feet of the Golden Calf, and for the sake of the fortune its sale has brought her has produced an indecent novel, a perusal of which will send a thrill of horror through every virtuous breast in Christendom. No publication has ever appeared in the English language so bad as this pernicious work. And its most humiliating and deplorable feature is that it was written by a woman; a lady who knows her well describes Mrs. Glyn as a well-bred, finely educated, gentle, kindly person, with two lovely daughters just entering society.

"Have you read the book?" I asked.

"With averted face and downcast eyes the lady (she was a mature matron, beyond the age when one's moral fibre can be strained by any publication, however vile) replied "Yes."

"Do you admire it?" I persisted.

"No, I loathe it. I have sons and daughters whom I would not allow to see it for the world. I burned my copy; but how am I to prevent one of the thousands of unburned copies falling into their hands and corrupting their natures? I live in constant dread."

Mrs. Glyn lately traveled through the United States in company with three gentlemen, and she was well received everywhere by good people.

Just here I am constrained to regret that there is not in England a restraining force—a censor whose duty it would be to pass on works such as that produced by Mrs. Glyn, and decide whether they are to be published or suppressed. It is stated in recent London dispatches that the authoress has dramatized the story, and that she will play the role of the heroine herself, another instance of the living presence of the Golden Calf which the prophet fondly imagined he had ground out of existence. For the sake of self this woman has prostituted the great talents with which she is endowed. She has parted with her reputation for gold, and is as much a worshipper of the idol as were Aaron and his deluded followers. And she has a score of imitators. Already three publications on the same lines have made their appearance and others will follow. The moral outlook is dismal indeed.

The miser who hoards up his wealth, denying to himself and his relatives the barest necessities and comforts of life that he may worship his own personal-Golden Calf is not as bad from a moral standpoint, as the author of the book referred to. The old fellow Dickens tells about, who to save fuel used to sit on a mutton-chop to warm it for his breakfast, the usurers, the misers, the criminals, and the writer of salacious literature, are all after the one thing—gold! Gold is their God, whether it is moulded in the form of a calf, or a goat or a man, or is mere dust, it stands for the unholy greed for wealth, and the worship of those who have money, but are destitute of brains and character.

Did the reader ever hear the story of Michael Reese? He was a large man and very wealthy. Likewise he was a Jew. He lived at San Francisco many years ago. At first he peddled books, and thus made a small stake. Then he took to loaning money to the needy gold seekers at from ten to fifty per cent a month. Next he bought city tax titles at from ten to twenty cents on the dollar, and laid the papers away. San Francisco grew rapidly, and in a few years she redeemed the obligations that Reese held at par. That is, for every ten or twenty cents invested in warrants Reese collected one hundred cents. Then he posed as a millionaire and a very mean one he was. He was as close on the bark on a tree—"near," as the Americans term a mean person.

Now there was at San Francisco at the time Reese flourished, an Englishman named King. Like Reese he was rich and stingy, and if anything he was a little dirtier in his habits. The popular name for him was "Money King." Every day at twelve o'clock a sumptuous frye lunch was spread at one of the bars, and every

day at that hour Mike Reese and Money King might be seen ambling their way toward the table. After they had eaten their fill these two capitalists would buy a glass of beer and go away, having paid only for the beer. The peculiarities of both men were remarked by other visitors to the bar, and one day some merry spirits fell to chaffing the misers on their lust for gold. Said one of the merry fellows, "I believe that Mike Reese is the meanest man in San Francisco."

"Ah!" broke in another, "You don't know Money King, then. He is the meanest man in the world. He takes only one glass of beer and one meal a day, and those he gets here. Besides, he asks twenty per cent per month for his money, and Reese only gets ten per cent."

Both misers flew into a passion upon hearing their bad qualities so publicly canvassed. Neither relished the distinction given him, and after abusing their detractors they turned upon each other.

"You never did a generous act in all your life," quoth Reese to King. "You borrow all your tobacco and never pay it back, and you buy all your clothes from the corner. You've got a dead man's suit on now."

"And you," retorted King, "You rifle the garbage barrels for your evening meal and lie about your earnings to avoid taking breakfast."

"You lie, King," Reese fired back, "and to prove that you lie I'll go down to the wharf with you, and for every \$200 piece you drop in the harbor I'll drop in two. Then we'll see who is the meanest man!"

To the wharf they repaired, followed by a joyous crowd. King having dropped in a \$20

## Plea of Church for Justice and Peace

HE delegates to the International Congress of Peace assembled at Caxton Hall to hear the presidential address of Lord Courtney of Penwith, which inaugurated the full session of the congress, says the London Standard. There was a large attendance. The chair was occupied at the outset by Mr. T. P. Newman, chairman of the executive committee, who invited Lord Courtney to preside.

Lord Courtney said the single thought which he desired to submit to them was the connection between justice and peace. Without justice they could have no guarantee of permanent peace. With justice the peace of the world was unassailable. There were words of an old poem very familiar to many generations of Englishmen, and familiar, no doubt, in some sort to their foreign friends, which had occurred to his mind in relation to this matter. The words ran thus—"Mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." When injustice was once enthroned and in possession there must be a permanent desire and a recurrent effort to get rid of the oppression, to overthrow the injustice, and to establish right in its place. He knew there were some amongst them who believed that the only way of getting rid of injustice was not to rise against it but to observe the passive resistance of those who did not acknowledge, but would not strike against the system. That was a noble creed which he would envy those who could possess it to the full, and in respect to which he never would say one word to lessen the faith of those who held it. It was the creed sanctioned by the highest and deepest virtues to which they appealed, and if he did not put it before them as a solution of the evil against which they were fighting, he would utter no word which should suggest any disparagement of its force and validity. If they looked back on the wars of the past, most of them—it was now admitted by all men—could have been prevented, but there were some of their friends who say, and say with all plausibility, that they were inevitable. They were wars to get rid of injustice, to upset cruel and hard dominions; wars to establish the liberties of ourselves and of communities. If there had been no injustice those, the most defensible of all wars, would have been unnecessary.

If they would get rid of injustice, how should they labor to bring about that great result? How should they get rulers of nations to cease to aspire to obtain power over others? How should they get the members of nations to be just to one another, so that they should not even tolerate the thought of wrongdoing? How should they get among the nations of the world what they had succeeded in obtaining within the nations—resort to law instead of force; an appeal to the privileges and powers of society for enforcing justice, instead of a resort on one's own account to the force which one might command to compel justice? The first thing was to use their own power and opportunities to develop the strength, the scope, and the purity of international law, which rose above the separate citizen. Time was when there was no international law, but they now found all nations respecting in some form or other those conventions to which they gave the name of international law. Some of them had wished for more work from The Hague Conferences and some of them thought that the last one did not accomplish so much as it might. But it would not be just to say that it did nothing. It did much. It observed,

somewhat to its own discomfort in the management of business, the cardinal principle and great doctrine which had been slowly evolving amongst the nations of the world of the equality of every nation upon earth. The conference consented in principle to the establishment of a court which should overrule the courts of separate nations, and be the tribunal of appeal to which the separate nations must have recourse, no longer a court simply open to those who wished it, but a court which should be a court of appeal to which the decisions of the prize courts of the separate nations should be subjected, and should establish a law above the authority of any State or the power of any separate dominion. Could they do nothing more than this to develop the notion of justice amongst nations?

Lord Courtney then referred to the work of the late Sir Randal Cremer, particularly in regard to the inter-parliamentary conferences

which he had promoted. He hoped that the States of Europe would some day adopt the principle of referring disputes to a supreme court such as that to which disputes between states of the American union were referred.

M. Henri La Fontaine, senator of the Belgian parliament, and president of the International Bureau of Bern, responded to Lord Courtney's address on behalf of the foreign delegates.

The following letter was read by Mr. T. P. Newman from Mr. A. J. Balfour, dated from 4, Carlton Gardens, July 25:

"Dear Sir—In answer to your appeal, I have great pleasure in expressing my satisfaction at the Universal Peace Congress in London. Peace is the great interest of the civilized world, and everything which promotes it, whether it be by the education of public opinion, which I take it, is one of the main objects of the conference, or by the conclusion of arbitration treaties, or by the efficient maintenance of defensive armaments, should have the sympathy and support of all who have the welfare of humanity at heart.

A BREACH OF FAITH

In the English Court of Appeal, before Lords Justices Vaughan Williams, Moulton, and Buckley, there was tried the case of Anstey vs. the British Natural Premium Life Association (Limited), which was an appeal by defendant company against a judgment of Mr. Justice Bray. The action was brought by Mr. Henry Anstey, of the Bird-in-Hand Hotel, Morriston, Glamorgan, to recover as assignee £2,000 on a policy dated July 4, 1904, on the life of Hannah Anstey, who died on October 11, 1907. By the defence the defendants said that the policy was granted in consideration of the statements and declarations made on the application for the policy, some of which, they alleged, were untrue.

Mr. Hohler, K. C., and Mr. Josephs appeared in support of the appeal, and at the close of their arguments the court, without calling on Mr. Richards, for the plaintiff, dismissed the appeal, with costs.

Lord Justice Moulton said he had for many years been of opinion that the life insurance business in this country had to a great extent been carried on upon wrong lines, in that the terms of the contract of assurance had been made by the companies gradually more and more strict till at length, in the case of many companies, the security of the assured was reduced to a minimum. This was brought about by making the assured guarantee and accept as conditions of the contract all sorts of statements about their health and about circumstances which they could only have imperfect knowledge of, and which, in many cases, must be matters of opinion. These insurance contracts played such an important part in social life that he thought this state of things most unsatisfactory. The defendant company advertised that its policies were indisputable after two years, and there admittedly being no fraud in this case, His Lordship could not imagine a more shameless and signal breach of faith than the defence which was set up in this case. It showed His Lordship that this company, at any rate, was restrained by no moral considerations whatever in disputing its policies where it thought it had an opportunity of succeeding. In so speaking he was not speaking of all companies.

He—If we were not in a canoe I would kiss you.

She—Take me ashore instantly, sir.—Comic Cuts.

piece, Reese threw in two. King responded with another piece, and Reese gamely countered with \$40. King, with an audible groan, dropped another \$20, and Reese, after a moment's hesitation, let go two twenties. King was a long while in producing the next coin, but at last he fished it up from the bottom of his pocket, and let it fall in the water, where it disappeared with a loud "gluck," as if glad of its release from the hand that held it so tightly that the eagle screamed with pain. Reese, after much deliberation and a grand flourish, produced his two twenties, held them for a moment over the water, and then returning them to his pocket ran off, amid the jeers of the bystanders.

Reese met his death in a manner becoming his chief characteristic. He continued worshipping the Golden Calf for the next twenty years, and when he had accumulated a fortune of \$5,000,000 he decided to visit his native land—Bavaria, and place a monument over his mother's grave. He reached the town in which he was born, but for economic reasons did not make his presence known to his relatives or old friends. When he went to America he was young, tall, and lean. When he went back forty years later, he was gray, bent, and very stout. So he easily hid his identity beneath a heavy mound of fat and a gray beard.

When he reached the cemetery where his mother's remains lay Reese was approached by a caretaker, who stood at the gate and demanded a small fee, amounting to about ten cents on his money, for admittance.

Reese's frugal soul demurred. He had come a long way to visit the cemetery. His mother and his other relatives were buried

there. The lot where they reposed had been paid for, and he declined to pay the fee as a matter of principle.

He turned from the gate, and in a secluded spot saw an opportunity to scale the fence, as he thought, without being detected. So he clambered over the fence and alighted among the graves. He found his way to the resting place of his mother, and in a state of complete exhaustion sat down to rest. His movements had been observed by the man in charge of the churchyard, and approaching him from behind the official laid his hand on the miser's back with the remark:

"Now I've got you: Give me that fee."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. I haven't used your old gate, and owe you nothing," Reese replied.

"Then," said the officer, "you'll come to gaol."

Reese half rose to his feet, and then tumbled forward on his face. When they turned him over he was dead. He had died of heart disease, brought on by the exhaustion caused by his climbing the cemetery fence instead of going in by the gate, to save ten cents! Another case wherein the Golden Calf was conspicuous.

Reese left a will in which generous bequests were made for charitable purposes. His money was found in every conceivable hiding place, under carpets, within the stuffing of lounges, between the plastering and the weather boarding of his house, buried in his cellar, and hid in the attic next to the shingles.

"Money" King did not long survive his enemy. He was missed for some days, and when his room door was forced, he was found kneeling, with piles and piles of coin on his bed and on the floor. His last moments on earth had been passed in worshipping the Golden Calf on his bedded knees!

A person who fawns on the rich and will not take a hint that his room is more desirable than his company, is a worshipper at the shrine of the Golden Calf. The man who deems it an honor to be bespattered by mud from the wheels of a rich man's auto, the toady who smiling, and begs as a favor that he may be kicked on another part, the miser who lives in a yellow stream of wealth, the woman who compresses her great talents in a bawdy book and sells it for a sum of gold, are all alike. They are all bad. If President Roosevelt were to be asked to size them up he would class them as "undesirable citizens," whose presence in a free community is a curse, because their example, like smallpox, is catching. Mrs. Glyn and her copyists should be disinfecting. There should be erected a sort of moral quarantine which they could be consigned, and where they might be given moral baths of such strength and frequency as the magnitude of their offence warrants. I often wonder what sort of thoughts must occupy the mind of a woman who can write the wicked stuff Mrs. Glyn has written, and whether there is anything womanly about her save her name.

"Ouida" was regarded as a very low woman indeed. It is said that when she sent her first novel to the publisher her father, who was unaware that the girl had aspired to literary fame, chanced to come across the book on a friend's shelf. He declared that it was unfit for decent persons to read. When he learned that his daughter was the author, he declared that the family name was blighted.

"Where," he asked, "did you, a young girl of seventeen, carefully brought up, acquire all your knowledge of the world—of army phrases, slang expressions, and vulgar suggestions?"

"I don't know," "Ouida" replied. "They just came to me as I write. They must be in my blood."

But nothing "Ouida" ever wrote will compare in moral nastiness and wickedness with Mrs. Glyn's latest literary effort. Is it well written? Yes; and therein lies the danger. It will interest and captivate the refined. The low and evil-minded did not need this spur to urge them to take the wrong road. They were traveling it already. It is the innocent and unsophisticated for whose future one trembles, when the Golden Calf at whose feet Mrs. Glyn crouches bleats his naughtiness in their minds.

Mr. Fletcher was a plasterer and bricklayer. It was natural, therefore, that the chimney projecting from the roof of his one-story cottage was in the last stage of dilapidation, and needed to be torn down and rebuilt. A hundred times or more Mrs. Fletcher had called his attention to it, and begged him to mend it, but he was always too busy. He would attend to it when he "got time."

At last there came a bright, clear day, he had absolutely nothing to do, and his wife promptly suggested that he take up that long-delayed job and finish it.

"I just can't do it today, Emily," he said. "On a day like this I ought to be out hunting work." And he went out, and slammed the door behind him.

A few minutes after he had gone away a neighbor called and knocked at the front door. As Mrs. Fletcher admitted her, a terrific racket was heard on the roof.

"Goodness alive! What does that noise mean?" asked the caller.

"I think it means," said Mrs. Fletcher, with a smile, "that my husband has changed his mind."

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed the other. "Does it always make a noise like that when he changes his mind?"

THE TEN DOLLAR BILL

I am crumpled with the fingers of age,  
I'm the friend of the banker, the thief and the sage  
Society ladies have tested my worth,  
Of the millionaire's pile I myself am the birth,  
Upon me two great eyes, the weak and the ill,  
I am known far and wide as the Ten Dollar Bill.

Enclosed in a letter, I've travelled for miles,  
To be met with a wealthy philanthropist's smiles,  
To be cast in a vault, overlaid with gold,  
To be hidden from sight in a bartender's hold,  
I'm the curse of the drunkard—a Ten Dollar Bill.

At the risk of my life on the game I've been laid,  
Where pockets are emptied and fortunes are made;  
To be squandered and lost and as quickly regained,  
I've broken up hope and caused humans to grieve,  
And be sentenced to death—I, the Ten Dollar Bill.

My naked value has goaded the thief,  
Brought tears of repentance and murmurs of grief;  
Caused sons to rejoice and fond mothers to sigh,  
Caused the miser to question and bankers to lie,  
Caused burglars to seek me with powder and drill,  
I'm the father of crime—the Ten Dollar Bill.

The miser has placed me away in his hoard,  
In garrets and cellars for years I've been stored,  
To be cherished in secret, fondly and greed,  
Upon me two great eyes can constantly feed,  
With the miser in heaven he'd gleat over me still,  
I'm the mother of greed—the Ten Dollar Bill.

I am bartered for lives in the pawnbroker's halls,  
I fill with expression the glided three balls,  
For trinkets and trash I am traded and loaned,  
Where thieves are exalted and bankers destroyed,  
The prison and poorhouse I constantly fill,  
I'm the source of regret—the Ten Dollar Bill.

But I do not live for evils alone,  
For sins I've contracted with good I'll atone;  
A boon and a blessing, tho' tainted with strife,  
Where hunger assailed I've saved many a life,  
When used by a noble and honorable will,  
I'm a true friend in need—the Ten Dollar Bill.

I've doctored the blind and have made them to see,  
From the chains of despair I've set multitudes free;  
I've cared for the lame and have caused them to walk,  
I've paid for the cradle and helped it to rock,  
Relieved the sick and compounded each pill,  
All invalids love me—the Ten Dollar Bill.

I've brightened the winter and kept out the cold;  
I've patronized justice, humored its hold;  
I've paid for each sorrow that gnaws the home,  
And saved many a son who would wander or roam;  
A fire-side love in the heart I install,  
With my winter-night comforts—the Ten Dollar Bill.

I've cherished professions and bulleted our schools,  
Made doctors and lawyers from dunces and fools;  
Brought talent to light and made genius expand;  
Constructed each factory, warehouse and mill,  
I'm industry's joy—the Ten Dollar Bill.

I pay for the railroad, the lovers' delight,  
The huge cotton lumps that make day out of night,  
The steamboat of commerce, the import it brings,  
The large ocean cable, the message it sings,  
The great and the telegraph, all works of skill,  
I love and respect—the Ten Dollar Bill.

With good and with bad I rank always the same,  
I starve and make wretched or feed and bring fame;  
I comfort the friendless, spent in a poor cause,  
Or barter the babe to the fierce eagle's claw;  
I can change the Andes to a miniature hill—  
I'm the emblem of might, I'm the Ten Dollar Bill.

—W. G. Stolkler in Ridgeway Dominion.



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