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ENTHUSIASM

Depend upon it, my young brethren, the bright, self-sacrificing enthusiasms of early manhood are among the most precious things in the whole course of human life.—H. P. Liddon.

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ISSUE No. 36—'29

Neglect of Study Caused Civil War

Downfall of Nation Blamed on the Forsaking Old Classic Religion

Tokio.—"Civil war and other internal strife will continue in China so long as the Nationalist government prohibits the study of the Confucian classics in the shools and universities," according to Dr. Chen Huan-chang, president of the Confucian University an dthe Confucian Association of Peking, in an address to the Pan-Pacific Club of Tokio.

The scholar deplored the neglect of the classics in his country. He said Japan's greatness was due in large part to the many generations of encouragement of the study of Confucian doctrines.

Dr. Chen said:

"In China there is a national religon, namely, Confucianism. For more than 2,000 years Confucianism has been made the state religion of China, and, since Confucianism has had no objection to other religions, China has given freedom of belief to all faiths.

"Historical facts tell us that Confucianism is the foundation of Chinese national life.

"When ever Confucianism was promoted by the government the national life flourished. Whenever Confucianism was neglected by the government the national life decayed. Because the people who possess good natures given by God are nearly the same characters in different ages, they have always believed in Confucianism without changes at any time. The responsibility for the troubles of the nation falls upon those who control the government.

"For instance, during the best times of the Han, the Tang, the Sung, the Wing and the Ching dynasties, when Confucianism was encouraged, the Chinese nation was very prosperous. During the Southern and Northern dynasties and the five dynasties when Confucianism was not observed, China was torn by civil wars. In fact, Chinese national life depends absolutely on Confucianism. If you do not know what wil be the political ondition of China you can judge from the attitude of the government toward Confucianism.

"For more than twenty centuries the Chinese studied Confucian books in school, from their childhood. It was this that made China so great in the past. Now, since the death of Yuan Sh'h-kai, the government, against the will of the great majority of the people, prohibited the reading of Confucian books in al the primary secondary and high schools.

"Even in the so-called universities there is practically no teaching of Chinese lassics. You can imagine what a great calamity this will bring to the Chinese nation. Nothing so bad as this has ever happened in the whole of Chinese history.

"It is a life and death problem for the Chinese. If the schoolboys are permanently not allowed to read Confucian books, not only will China cease to be a nation but the Chinese will cease to be a people. Civil wars will never come to an end; friendly relations of the Pan-Pacific will never be settled, and world peace can never be prmanently maintained.

"Now, Japan is one of the nations situated on the Pacific Ocean. Why is Japan so great? What has made it so great? It is simply that Japan has promoted Confucianism in her political and social life, as has been shown by the imperial edict on education. China is not far from Japan, but as regards Confucianism China has many advantages over Japan.

And yet China does not initiate the good example of her nearest neighbor, but adopts a suicidal policy. How foolish it is! How dangerous it is! I have made numerous appeals before our people and I now appeal to you as our nearest neighbor. I hope you will advocate our movement, so that not only will China receive the benefit but also the whole world be made permanently peaceful."

The Simon Commission

Bombay Illustrated Weekly: Lord Irwin has proclaimed his view that it would be greatly for India's good if those entrusted with the reform of the constitution of the country would devise some method whereby future modifications of the constitution will be made without recurring inquiries. Indeed, we may assume that there will be no political peace in India until some such method is devised.

Kill that corn with Minard's Liniment

The Affair at Flower Acres

by CAROLYN WELLS

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse stands by the light switch. Then Nancy; her brother, Orville Kent; Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter the room. Detective Dobbins is official investigator. An autopsy reveals that Raynor also was being systematically poisoned with arsenic. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Nurse Turner, arrested by Dobbins in New York, finally confesses to poisoning Douglas Raynor out of revenge. "This was my revenge—to see him cringe and crawl," she says.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"This is a strange confession, Miss Turner," Dobbins said.

"But a true one," he returned. "And remember, I did not kill him. His wife did that—and I, for one, do not blame her."

She looked compassionately at Nancy, but in a cool, detached way.

The others present on this occasion were Finley, Goddard and Orville Kent.

Ezra Goddard was deeply interested. Malcolm Finley's countenance was impassive. Of them all, Orville Kent seemed the most disturbed. As always, when he was nervously excited, he sat twisting the corners of his handkerchief into spirals.

There was deep affection between this brother and sister, and Nan, the older, had always watched over her brother with devoted care.

Never a strong boy, Kent had grown to manhood only by reason of his own determined efforts to improve his health. Exercise, diet, medical treatment, all had been called on to make a strong, hearty constitution out of a frail one—and though the success was only artial, yet Kent, the man, was a decided imrovement on Kent, the sickly child and delicate boy.

It was self-evident that it was the disclosures of Eva Turner that so upset Orry. He listened with flushed face and unnaturally bright eyes; he leaned forward in his chair to drink in her words, and then as she admitted her ecision to use poison on her unsuspecting victim, Kent fell back as if under a crushing blow.

Dobbins, too, was watching. Could it be, he thought, that Kent was in love with Miss Turner? She was—she must be, at least ten years or so older than he, though, as Dobbins knew, that might not prove an insuperable barrier to such a condition of things.

Again, Miss Turner, though a fine-looking wholesome woman, was in no way a charmer or even especially attractive in her appearance.

But unless for some such reason, Dobbins couldn't divine why Kent was so desperately unnerved, even alarmed the detective thought.

But as Eva Turner continued to talk, it began to be more clear that while she was confessing her own part in the affair she was also making ready for a graver accusation against some one else.

She had said that Nancy Raynor had shot her husband, but now she came back to it, and made the definite statement that she was sure of it.

"Did you see Mrs. Raynor with the pistol in her hand?" Dobbins asked. "This is a grave statement you're making, Miss Turner."

"No; I didn't see that—for the simple reason that I didn't flash the lights on quickly enough for that."

"Tell me exactly what you saw when the lights did go on."

"I saw Mr. Finley picking up the pistol, and Mrs. Raynor fleeing out at the west door."

"Your testimony is of the greatest importance, Miss Turner, so I will ask you to be very careful what you say. You're sure Mrs. Raynor was fleeing? —I take that word to mean running away from possible discovery."

"That is exactly what she was doing." Eva Turner nodded her head with emphasis.

"Did Mr. Finley look frightened?"

"He looked more disturbed—bewildered, puzzled. I should say he picked up the pistol with the intention of helping to shield Mrs. Raynor, either by taking the crime on his own shoulders—or, at least—by removing her fingermarks from the weapon. He was already rubbing it with his handkerchief when I looked at him."

"You have reconstructed this affair very definitely, Miss Turner. You must have thought over it a great deal."

"I have. I have lived that scene over and over in my mind—"

"With the idea of making up this poppycock yarn!" Orville Kent burst out.

And then Dobbins understood the distress Orry had shown. He had realized that, although Eva Turner admitted the poisoning, she meant to bring the shooting back to Nan, and Kent was apprehensive for his sister.

He was, therefore, Dobbins decided, making ready now to put up a bold fight and he started in by trying to turn the tables and lay the crime at Eva Turner's door.

But, no, Kent did not go as far as that. He held up his hand, still shaking nervously and said:

"I protest this woman's testimony. I insist that it is not worthy of credence. She has admitted that she tried to poison Douglas Raynor, it is to be allowed her, then, to accuse some one else of bringing about his death? Is she not disqualified as a witness? Would she not lay the crime on anybody rather than that suspicion should rest on her. She says she saw Mrs. Raynor running out of the door Suppose she was. Suppose Mrs. Raynor, hearing the shot, ran to the room to see what had happened. She entered in the semi-darkness, and then, when Miss Turner put on the lights, she saw the tragedy—and, of course, she ran from the room. The most natural thing to do. I make no accusation myself, I offer no suggestion, but I hold, Mr. Dobbins, that you must not take this woman's unsupported word for what happened that night."

"SO FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, I AM WILLING TO DROP THE INVESTIGATION."

"You are right," Ezra Goddard said. "I agree, Mr. Dobbins, that such a deeply interested party as Miss Turner cannot be depended on for an unbiased account of what occurred."

Kent looked relieved at this support of his own opinions, and settled back in his chair, still twisting his handkerchief, and now and then glancing sympathetically at Nan.

A short time previously Lionel Raynor had drifted into the room. He silently took a seat, and listened with attention.

At last he spoke.

"I suppose as my father's son and heir, I have some voice in this matter," he aid; "and I want to put it on record that so far as I am concerned, I am willing to drop the investigation. I accuse no one, I make no suggestion, drop no hint as to who the criminal may have been. If it was any member of this household, I don't want to know it. And if it was some marauder from outside, I feel sure there's no chance of getting him now. So, Mr. Dobbins, you can call off your assistants—for I'm told you have other detectives on a still hunt for clews. I did, at first, feel a most natural desire to avenge my father's death, but for more than one reason, I now feel I would rather the matter be dropped. This, I think, will meet the approval of my father's widow, and I cannot see that there is any one else to be considered."

"Oh, you can't!" exclaimed Dobbins, looking at Lionel curiously. "Well, let me tell you, Mr. Raynor, that the law doesn't work or rest at the dictation of a mere citizen! Justice calls for the utmost effort on our part to find the murderer of Douglas Raynor—and Justice must run its course."

Kent, who had nodded his head eagerly in affirmation of Lionel's speech, again looked cast down at Dobbins' words. He fell back in his chair, and as his fingers worked nervously, he looked at his sister with a face of infinite sadness and despair.

Detective Dobbins looked around the group.

He was a man of limited intelligence, but he had the wisdom to recognize his own limitations. And he sighed to himself as he realized that here was a big case, a big situation—but, alas, too big for him to cope with. He almost said as much, but paused in time, knowing that was not the part of wisdom.

"By a chance," he said, "we have here now the four people who stood at the four doors of the sun parlor at the time Mr. Raynor was shot. Oh, yes, I know Mr. Kent came to the south door about ten minutes after the shot, but I hold that even in the dusk he would have seen any one leaving by that door, so he was practically a guardian of that exit."

"Not at all, Mr. Dobbins," Orry's eyes glittered with excitement, but his voice was steady. "I came up from the bridge, and as I walked along I wasn't even looking toward the house."

"Where were you looking?"

"West—at the afterglow of the sunset. It was growing dark but there were a few silvery clouds fading to gray. And even if I had come up the hill looking toward the house I could not have seen any one who had come out of that south door, if he had been careful to skulk along in the shadows of the shrubbery, which doubtless he would have done."

(To be continued.)

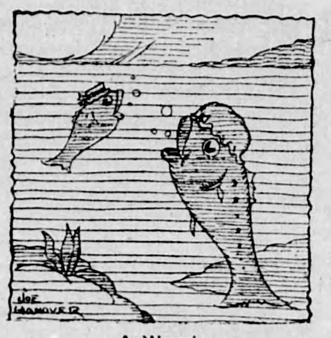
Gladness

No stream from its source flows seaward, however lonely its course, but that some land is gladdened. No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere. No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not purer and stronger thereby.—Owen Meredith.

Our Fellow Men

Surely, the only true knowledge of our fellow-men is that which enables us to feel with him—which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstances and opinion.

George Eliot.



A Warnig

Mama Fish—"All right, Willie, you may play awhile, but don't go near the land—you might fall ashore and get dry!"

Minard's Liniment—The King of Pain.

The 'phone rang and the busy boss said: "Take the message and give it to me when I come back from lunch, will you, Miss Divine?" When he came in and hung up his hat he was amazed to have the stenographer come up to him and plant a resounding kiss upon his mouth. Before he could say anything she said, "That was your little daughter on the 'phone, sir," and she resumed her typing.

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Italian Catacombs Will Be Explored

Vatican Now Has Control and Will Continue Excavations

Vatican City—It is understood that the Vatican intends to avail itself of powers granted under clause of 33 of the concordat which gives it the rights to dispose of all Christian catacombs in Italy, by gradually continuing the excavations for further catacombs.

It is estimated that only one-third of the catacombs known to exist in Rome's sub-soil so far have been explored. There are also extensive catacombs kown to exist in Naples, Syracuse and Pola over which the Church now has authority. This vast archaeological treasure of primitive Christianity, which comes into the hands of the Church, will be slowly explored. The Pontifical Archaeological Institute will have charge of the work which inevitably will take years to complete. The Institute already has been assured of financial assistance from private source. It is likely that world-wide subscription for the work may be invited eventually.

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Soak 1 pint of chopped sweet red pepper and 1 pint of chopped sweet green pepper in brine for 24 hours. Freshen in cold water for 1 hour. Drain well, remove seeds and coarse white sections. Chop separately and measure 1 quart of chopped cabbage, 1 pint of chopped onion and the pepper. Mix them. Add 1 quart of cider vinegar, 4 tablespoonfuls of salt, 4 tablespoonfuls of Keen's Mustard, 1 tablespoonful of celeryseed (crushed) and ¾ cupful of sugar. Let stand over night in a covered enamel pan. Pack in sterilized jars pressing the relish down well and getting bubbles out. Process for 15 minutes in water bath 181 degrees Fahrenheit.

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