

"Our Government Rests Upon Religion"



ASBURY STATUE, WASHINGTON



CIRCUIT RIDER, SAFETY CARS

President Coolidge Finds Text for Address in Asbury Statue

Organization. Thomas Coke, consecrated bishop by Wesley, came to America in 1784 and consecrated Asbury joint bishop with himself. The 45 years of Asbury's ministry took him virtually all through the Colonies and their western confines and into Canada. Says President Coolidge:

The prodigious character of his labors is revealed when we remember that he traveled some 6,000 miles each year, or in all about 270,000 miles, preaching about 16,500 sermons and ordaining more than 4,000 clergymen, besides residing at no less than 22 annual conferences. The highest salary that he received was \$80 each year for this kind of service, which meant exposure to summer heat and winter cold, traveling alone through the frontier forests, sharing the rough fare of the pioneer's cabin, until his worn-out frame was at last laid to rest. But he left behind him as one evidence of his labors 625 preachers and 214,235 members of his denomination. The vitality of the cause which he served is further revealed by recalling that the 316 with which he began has now grown to more than 2,000,000.

President Coolidge sees in the development of America the influence of a Divine Providence—a conclusion accepted by most students of American history. He says:

This occasion cannot but recall to our minds in a most impressive way the sacrifice and devotion that has gone into the making of our country. It is impossible to interpret it as the working out of a plan devised by man. The wisest and most far-sighted of them had little conception of the greatness of the structure which was to arise on the foundation which they were making.

As we review their accomplishments they constantly admonish us not only that "all things work together for those who do good," but that in the direction of the affairs of our country there has been an influence that had a broader vision, a greater wisdom and a wider purpose than that of mortal man, which we can only ascribe to a Divine Providence.

"Appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions," says the Declaration of Independence. "Religion and morality enjoin this conduct," says Washington in his Farewell Address. "—that this nation, under God," says Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address. Says President Coolidge:

Our government rests upon religion. It is from that source that we derive our reverence for truth and justice, for equality and liberty and for the rights of mankind. Unless the people believe in these principles, they cannot believe in our government.

There are only two main theories of government in the world. One rests on righteousness, the other rests on force. One appeals to reason, the other to the sword. One is exemplified in a republic, the other is represented by a despotism. The history of government of this earth has been almost entirely a history of the rule of force held in the hands of a few. Under our Constitution America committed itself to the practical application of the rule of reason, with the power held in the hands of the people.

A great lesson has been taught us by this holy life. It was because of what Bishop Asbury and his associates preached, and what other religious organizations through their ministry preached, that our country has developed so much freedom and contributed so much to the civilization of the world. There is glory enough for all. Asbury's name is immortal in the East. So are the names in the far Northwest of Father de Smet, the Jesuit, and Marcus Whitman, the Presbyterian.

Francis Asbury (1745-1816) was born in England. In 1771 was sent by John Wesley to Philadelphia as a missionary and soon was put in charge of the whole American Methodist or-

we can keep in mind their sources we shall better understand their limitations. The government of a country never gets ahead of the religion of the country. There is no way by which we can substitute the authority of law for the virtue of man. Of course, we can help to restrain the vicious and maintain a fair degree of security and protection by legislation and police control, but the real reforms which society in these days is seeking will come as a result of our religious convictions. If they will not come at all, Peace, Justice, humanity, charity—these cannot be legislated into being. They are the result of a Divine Grace.

Following are further excerpts from

the address of President Coolidge:

Perhaps, too, there is a lesson in contentment in the life of this devout man. He never had any of the luxuries of this life. Even its conveniences did not reach him, and of its absolute necessities he had a scanty share. Without ever having the enjoyment of a real home, constantly on the move, poorly clad, often wretchedly sheltered, he lived a life of asceticism, and yet his great spirit pressed on to the end, always toward the mark of his high calling. His recompense was not in the things of the earth, but in the things of the spirit. He sought to prepare men for the sure maintenance and the proper enjoyment of liberty, and for the better use of wealth, by inspiring them with a reverence for the moral values of life.

What a wonderful experience he must have had, this prophet of the wilderness! Who shall say what influence, written upon the immortal souls of men, shall end? How many homes he must have hallowed! What a multitude of frontier mothers must have brought their children to him to receive his blessing!

It is more than probable that Nancy Hanks, the mother of Lincoln, had heard him in her youth. Adams and Jefferson must have known him, and Jackson must have seen in him a man whose spirit was unconquerable as his own. How many temples of worship did our landscape! How many institutions of learning, some of them rejoicing in the name of Wesleyan, all trace the inspiration of this lone Circuit Rider! He is entitled to rank as one of the builders of our nation.

On the foundation of a religious civilization which he sought to build, our country has enjoyed greater blessings of liberty and prosperity than any other before the lot of man. These cannot continue if we neglect the work which he did. We cannot depend on government to do the work of religion. We cannot escape a personal responsibility for our own conduct. We cannot rely on those as wise or safe counselors in public affairs who deny these principles and seek to support the theory that society can succeed when the individual falls.

I do not see how any one could recapture the story of this early bishop without feeling a renewed faith in our country. He met a multitude of storms. Many of them caused him sore trials. But he never wavered. He saw wars and heard rumors of war, but whatever may have been the surface appearance, underneath it all our country manifested then, and has continued to manifest a high courage, a remarkable strength of spirit, an unusual ability in a crisis to choose the right course. Something has continued to guide the people. No tumult has been loud enough to prevent their hearing the still small voice. No storm has been violent enough to divert inspired men from constantly carrying the Word of Truth. The contests of the day have been preparations for victories on the morrow.

Through it all our country has acquired an underlying power of judgment and stability of action which has never failed it. It furnishes its own answer to those who would defame it. It can afford to be oblivious to those who would detract from it. America continues its own way unchallenged and unafraid. Above all attacks and all vicissitudes it has arisen calm and triumphant; not perfect, but marching on, guided in its great decisions by the same spirit which guided Francis Asbury.

They call coldness. They are but half mistaken; for though spirit without experience is dangerous, experience without spirit is languid and ineffective.—Chesterfield.

Ancient English Book

The first book printed in English was the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye," translated from the French by William Caxton. The exact date of its publication is not known, but it appears to be about 1474.

On her recovery her husband took her for a year's tour of Europe for her health, but finally she returned to the old town. There she met her friend, who looked wan and thin.

"Whatever happened to you? You look so ill!" gasped the returned tourist.

"I'm so glad you've come back!" cried the other. "I haven't been able to eat or sleep since you left. What did you hear about Mrs. Van Dyne?"

—Judge.

Two women met on a busy corner and, after the usual discussion of styles and other topics, one whispered excitedly:

"Oh, I heard the most thrilling scandal about Mrs. Van Dyne!"

"Really!" exclaimed the other. "Oh, you must—"

Just then a nearby hydrant blew up, the first woman being so badly injured that she was taken to a hospital for

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ROAD BUILDING

TRAVELER'S TAX FOR POOR ROADS IS BIG

There is an oft asserted statement that paved roads pay for themselves—but how and in what coinage? Is the pay to be taken in better living conditions that can scarcely be measured in dollars and cents or can a real money earning value be placed on them?

The Arizona Gazette Phoenix is in an excellent position to answer that question, since Maricopa county in which that daily is located has the largest mileage of concrete roads of any single county in the world—a total of 307 miles of concrete. These roads were let in two contracts and the enterprise commanded nationwide attention during their construction in 1920-23. This newspaper editorially quotes statements of Highway Engineer H. E. Phelps of the College of Engineering, state of Washington, in which he decries the attempt to lower taxes by an "assault upon the taxes being levied for good roads." As this authority sees it, the traveler's tax for poor roads is greater than the tax necessary to build good roads. He says:

"If we had concrete surfaces to drive upon, we could pay a tire tax of 67 per cent and still spend no more for tires than is required for our present road surfaces."

Mr. Phelps then calls attention to the experiments that have been made to determine the amount of gasoline that is needed on different kinds of roads, saying that these experiments show that a gallon of gasoline will haul one ton 14 miles on earth roads, 21 miles on gravel and 31 miles on concrete.

Taking the weight of an automobile as 14 tons and the price of gasoline as 20c per gallon, this highway engineer tells what happens to your gasoline tank as the car passes over various kinds of roads in the following manner:

"When the car reaches the end of the concrete and starts down a gravel surface, the extra gasoline required costs as much as a tax of 6-3 cents per gallon, and when it reaches the end of the gravel and starts down the average poor earth road, an added cost of ten cents per gallon is the traveler's tax caused by the poor road."

In a similar vein, Fred R. White, chief engineer of the Iowa state highway commission, addressed the county supervisors of his state in August, 1922, telling them that highway taxes represent less than 15 per cent of total taxes and are responsible for only one-eighth of the total increase in taxes since 1910. "Whenever a cigar is lighted," he said, "the smoker proceeds to burn up the highway taxes of the average lowland for from three to six days" and also "a quarter section of land taxed at \$2 an acre contributes approximately one cent per acre to the county engineering work."

Tourists Repay Canada for Cost of Good Roads

Canada has spent \$701,000 in building good roads in the last five years, according to John B. Harkin, Dominion commissioner of parks.

"The Dominion has received \$118,000,000 in revenue from foreign tourist traffic in the same period," Mr. Harkin said. "Improvement of highways has been a big factor in the development of Canada's touring trade. The Dominion knows it is not spending money on roads, but merely investing it. Good roads mean general prosperity. They save farmers millions of dollars in hauling costs annually."

Good Road Hints

The annual highway expenditures are approximately \$1,000,000,000.

The famous old Roman road, Via Appia, is 2,000 years old, and is still in a marvelously good state of repair.

In the last 13 years investments in automobiles have increased about 2,700 per cent and highway expenditures have in the same time increased about 600 per cent.

It is believed that the states in co-operation with the federal authorities should work out some system whereby more of the highway appropriations may be utilized in constructing farm-to-market roads.

Good roads, canals and navigable rivers by diminishing the expense of carriage, put the remote parts of a country nearly on a level with those in the neighborhood of a town; they are, upon that account, the greatest of all improvements.—Adam Smith.

More and more good roads and better motor cars are making touring one of the favorite American pastimes.

It is felt that in order to increase the efficiency of motor truck transportation federal aid will have to be extended to the farm-to-market roads.

Remains of the first recorded roads are still in existence. They were built by the Assyrian empire about 1900 B. C., and like the spokes in a wheel, radiated from Babylon to the corners of the empire.

Of all inventions, with the exceptions of the alphabet and the printing press, those which abridge distances have done the most for mankind.—Macaulay.

In the ancient civilization of Peru streams were bridged and strong stone roads were built. Shade trees and sweet scented herbs were set along the borders of the road and at intervals, signs were erected for the direction of the traveler. Inns were built every twelve miles—a day's journey.

Catch 'Em Young—or Old

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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"I DISAGREE with your catch-'em-young theory," said George Coleman firmly. "You maintain, Henry, that if you marry a little flapper you can mold her to your ways, while I believe that a woman who is already settled in ways you admire is preferable."

"Humph!" commented Henry Fowler. "Two confirmed bachelors like ourselves discussing marriage! But I'll wager my Super-eight sedan against your new Sussex roadster that when you fall, it'll be for some young thing that doesn't know enough to go in when it rains, unless her complexion begins to run—and that I shall do likewise!"

"Done!" shouted George so vehemently that Henry jumped. "All right, old man," soothed his friend. "Don't get excited. Dining with the Enderbys this evening? Thought likely. Nice people." And he relapsed into his newspaper.

Henry did not know that friend George's vehemence arose from the fact that he feared the very contingency predicted.

Helen Enderby had a very flapperish daughter as pretty as two pictures. Gabriella her name was, and that was only one of many things about her which George did not fancy.

Yet she fascinated George in spite of himself. "A nice wife for somebody," he liked to say to himself, "when she grows up."

He would be too old then—most as old as Henry Fowler was now, who was old enough to be the girl's father. Yet Henry, at that, he reflected, often took Gabriella out and thereby roused in George a demon of jealousy.

He was to dine this evening at the Enderbys—as usual—a habit started at the time of the death of John Enderby, when he had stepped in as an old friend of the family to shift some of the suddenly imposed burden of care from Helen's fragile shoulders. A wonderful woman, Helen! As unlike Gabriella as an Easter lily is unlike a giddy poppy.

After supper when Gabriella had departed somewhere or other with somebody or other, Helen confided certain worries to him.

"I am troubled, George," she said, "about my little girl. I am afraid she is getting too fond of Henry Fowler. I don't know a finer man, but, George, he's my age! Gabriella should marry a young chap. Even you are nearer her age than Henry!"

"Thanks, dear lady." And George arose and bowed. "But what can we do?"

"Couldn't you go around a little more with her yourself?" Helen put the question tentatively. "Cut in on Henry. If she really loves him, and he is really serious, that will show it up. If not, she will get over what is probably mere infatuation."

This was the moment for George to play safe and wash his hands of the dangerous Gabriella. But did he? Quite the contrary. He stood up and squared his shoulders. "My dear Helen, I stand always ready to do you any service in my power," he assured her gallantly.

A very thorough person was George when once committed to a line of action, and he straightaway began a complete absorption of Gabriella's time.

Came a day when the four of them had motored to Claremont in Helen's car and were returning slowly down the drive. Gabriella, who was driving, was dividing her attention between the wheel and the panoramic river lights. Suddenly down a steep grade at the left plunged an unexpected and empty car.

Instinctively Gabriella pressed the accelerator. As a result, the car, instead of smashing into the machine sideways, crashed by and over the bank, but as it did so the rear fender engaged for a second the very end of the fender of the Enderby machine, throwing it violently across the road where, hitting the curb, it toppled over.

Fifteen minutes later Gabriella awoke to consciousness and became aware of a crowd of people, among whom she singled out Henry and her mother. Where was George? Killed, of course. She stirred a trifle.

"Darling Gabriella," came a voice in her ear, and she found she was lying in a man's arms. George was alive! But it was shock more than actual hurt which had affected her, and in a few days she was herself again. George, permitted to see her after a week of suspense, wondered to see how rosy were her cheeks—how naturally rosy!

Just after he had slipped a platinum, jewel-studded band on her slender finger, "How did you discover you loved me?" Gabriella asked him.

"So long ago I can't recall!" declared George fatuously and not altogether truthfully.

But later he hunted up Henry at the club as a man who is in duty bound to pay his debts.

"You win," he said. "I'm engaged to the sweetest little flapper living! You laughed at my 'catch-'em-old' theory, and you were right. 'Catch-'em-young' is infinitely better, and—"

"Hold on," said Henry, and shook his head. "Keep your old car. 'Catch-'em-young' may be all right for you. Personally, however, I believe in wedding a woman who is already settled in the ways you admire. Congratulate me, old man. Gabriella's mother and I were married yesterday!"

Game of Croquet Old

There are no authentic data regarding the origin of the game of croquet, which was a favorite of kings some 200 years ago. Some writers say that it was evolved from the game paille-malle, which was played in Languedoc as early as the Thirteenth century.

Largest Museum

The British museum, in London, which includes the British Museum of Natural History, is undoubtedly the largest institution of this kind.

Cottage pudding!

You never dreamed such good dessert could be made with so little effort

WHEN the clock points to the hour of meal time and you're wondering what to serve for dessert, why don't you try cottage pudding made with self-rising flour? It's so easy—so quickly-made. No fussing about ingredients. Just a minute or two to mix the batter, a moderately hot oven—and there's a dessert that's not only delicious but healthful as well.

But cottage pudding is only one of the many good things you can cook with self-rising flour. Every meal, in a score of ways you'll find self-rising flour a handy all-purpose flour that saves time and produces light, perfectly raised, bakings.

Self-rising flour is merely plain soft wheat flour to which has been added the proper amount of pure phosphate baking powder to make the dough rise just right every time.

You can buy it in a variety of grades just as you do plain flour. Naturally the higher grades command a higher price. Whatever the grade, if you find the Blue Shield of the Soft Wheat Millers' Association on the bag, you are assured of a healthful, wholesome self-rising flour.

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Probably Gerald—The wabber has a pretty hard face. Geraldine—Well, I suppose he will have to wear it out, now that he's got it.

Kept Well Paid "Tom's wife is blind to his faults. But not deaf. Trust the signs to point them out to her."

Got It Right Teacher—"Know what the best does, Tommy? Tom—"Saw" the er—"Correct."

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN Aspirin Marked With "Bayer" Cross Has Been Proved Safe by Millions

Warning! Unless you see the "Bayer" on package or on tablet, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions of prescriptions by physicians for 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.

One fault of the aspirin doesn't care whether your neck is holstered for his head or not.

Why does a man have to get new hat three weeks before he covers that it doesn't become lost?

One's "honest convictions" must be honest and still all wrong.

Free speech must expect to get a great deal of free anger.

It is a trying situation when you find time for lots of recreation and your friends can't.

Impulsive people exasperate you by their sudden explosions of temper, but they're always sorry.

Men successfully devote 30 years to keeping the other foot out of the grave.

Discontent is part of civilization, though not the main part.

One can admire grand opera without being bigoted about it.

Hard knocks are good for a man, but in a very limited number.

PAY LESS

— and get higher purity — and get better baking — and get bigger value — and save money!

Bake it BEST with DAVIS BAKING POWDER

EVERY INGREDIENT OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY U. S. FOOD AUTHORITY

"Coloring" Pipes

Ordinarily, a pipe is boiled for coloring in a preparation of wax, which is absorbed, and a thin coating of wax is held on the surface of the pipe, and made to take a high polish. Under the wax is retained the oil of tobacco, which is absorbed by the pipe, and its hue grows darker in proportion to the tobacco used. A meerschaum pipe at first should be smoked very slowly, and before a second bowlful is light-

An Unsatisfactory Goal

Let us look our desires squarely in the face. To win riches, to have a certain balance in the bank and a certain rating on the exchange, is a real object, a definite object; but it is a frightfully small object for the devotion of a human life, and a bitterly disappointing reward for the loss of an immortal soul. If wealth is our desired haven, we may be sure that it will not satisfy us when we reach it.—Henry Van Dyke.

Suspense

Two women met on a busy corner and, after the usual discussion of styles and other topics, one whispered excitedly:

"Oh, I heard the most thrilling scandal about Mrs. Van Dyne!"

"Really!" exclaimed the other. "Oh, you must—"

Just then a nearby hydrant blew up, the first woman being so badly injured that she was taken to a hospital for

Spirit Always Needed

Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough. They look upon spirit to be a much better thing than experience, which

They call coldness.

They are but half mistaken; for though spirit without experience is dangerous, experience without spirit is languid and ineffective.—Chesterfield.