

# The Christian Sun.

IN ESSENTIALS—UNITY, IN NON-ESSENTIALS—LIBERTY, IN ALL THINGS—CHARITY.

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All communications, whether for publication or pertaining to matters of business, should be sent to the Editor, J. O. Atkinson, Elon College, N. C.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

**When to Stop.**—Every man with a weakness lives and labors under one fatal delusion. It is this—In his own estimation he knows when to stop.

I met a young man the other day who has been smoking cigarettes for years. His whole system is saturated with the intoxicating poison, so that when he gets up of a morning he must needs light a cigarette before dressing. To stop now would almost run him crazy. Yet that young man said to me, "I am not what you call a cigarette fiend. I can stop. If I were to discover that I was being injured I should stop at once." Injured indeed! And rather than do without cigarettes a day he would drive twenty miles to get a package. Injured indeed! When if he gets under the influence of them he could not sleep, and his nerves tremble like leaves in a breeze. Injured indeed! When he would not stop the habit and quit the practice for any thing in the world. Yet that same young man told me he knew when to stop and how many not to smoke!

I saw a man sometime ago who loved his liquor. He would have it in moderation every day without let or hindrance. On special occasions, and when there was excitement, he would drink to intoxication. Approached about the habit, and warned, his reply was "Well I do drink some, but I know when to stop." Certainly. Never saw a drunkard in my life that did not have the notion that he knew when to stop. Every man with a fatal weakness knows, in his own estimation, when to stop. About the best evidence under the sun that a weakness has laid its death grasp upon a man is his declaration that "He knows when to stop." There begins to be more hope for the man when he begins to fear that he does not know when to stop. Every reformation and every conversion is preceded by that. The man begins to realize that he does not know when to stop.

**Mules.** We want our friends in various sections to quit complaining about the price of mules. About the most helpful and humane happening that has struck our farmers in many a day is high price of Kate and Bob. This is not fun, it is fact. We have been out among farmers some what of late, and in all our lives we have never seen so many fat, fine, sleek mules. Your mule owners will regale you an hour with the awful and stupendous and killing price of mules, and then wind up the conversation by inviting you out to the stable to see Kate and Betsey. (It used to be Kate and Bet.)

Did you ever hear of a mule owner inviting you to the lot to see his pair "of black beauties," in the shape of stalwart mules, before the present high prices came? Not many times we fancy.

A man simply cannot afford to keep a poor, whiplashed and half-starved mule now. The price is too high. When neighbor Smith caught up a cool 250 for a mule, put it down that said neighbor is going to be careful and kind in the handling of said beast. We do not know what single event has so much helped the morals and manners of mule drivers and mule owners, as the prevailing high prices. A poor, weather beaten, ill-kept mule is a strain on any man's morals (and vocabulary) that tries to keep and handle one. And every owner knows that there is no more faithful and resolute beast than a well kept one. The high price of beasts of burden has increased our humanness and enlarged our care and sympathy in a most marked degree.

Thus do the wheels of fortune turn to teach us lessons of economy, and of charity, in a way and manner marked and marvelous to be held. When men will not learn kindness for kindness sake, Providence teaches them kindness for economy's sake. Strenuous business is shutting up the rum shop and

giving us men of temperance and sobriety. Competition is driving to the wall the boy who revels and giving a chance to the boy who cares and struggles. Sentiment is coming to have worth and the considerate invites trade and wins customers. "Business is business" is giving way before the more noble sentiment, Business is life.

**A Great Fine.** A few weeks ago United States Marshals had a merry chase running down Mr. John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company to get him as witness in a circuit court sitting at Chicago. But being apprehended and brought to court Mr. Rockefeller's chief claim was that "he did not know. Yes, he was president of the Standard Oil, but only honorary president and had not been in the president's office in some years." But Judge Landis, of said circuit court, decided that somebody knew and as an outcome of proceedings against the Standard, fined that company \$29,240,000. This was for taking rebates contrary to law, the company being found guilty in 1,462 counts and the maximum sum of \$20,000 being imposed for each count. The Government's case was gased on the allegation that the Standard Oil Company had received from the Chicago and Alton Ry. a rate of six cents per one hundred pounds of oil shipped from Whiting, Indiana, to East St. Louis, Ill. and St. Louis, Mo. when the regular and published rate was eighteen cents per one hundred pounds. The Standard had induced (?) the Chicago and Alton Ry. to carry its oil for one third the price charged others. This was in flagrant violation of law, and Judge Landis went to the limit in imposing the fine. There is, of course, to be an appeal to the higher courts.

This is said to be the largest fine ever imposed by any court in the history of the world, so far as records show. The decision may not stand. That is to be seen. But it will have a salutary effect we imagine in causing other corporations and trusts to mind how they tamper with illegal rebates. The offending railway is now to be tried, as it violated the law also, as well as the Standard in receiving the rebate.

**Prohibition in Georgia.** Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia has put his signature, and official seal, to the bill statute enacted by both houses of the Georgia Legislature, making Georgia a prohibition State after January 1, 1907.

The State already had prohibition in practically all of its rural districts. Atlanta, Augusta, Macon, Savannah and a few other cities were the only places where liquor could be legally purchased. And now the Legislature says the saloons must shut up in these, and get out.

The Daily Georgian of Atlanta declares that liquor and the open saloons were large factors in causing the deplorable race riot in Atlanta last year—that the riot sprang from the saloons and low dives and the entire city and State had to bear the shame of it. For this and other good reasons the great daily in question did all it could to bring about State prohibition. In its issue of July 6, before the law was enacted The Georgian had these strong and seasonable words: "A great question has arisen. It has come suddenly. It is a question of men. It is not a question of politics. It may be a question of sentiment. It may be a question of principle. It may be fanaticism. The Georgian doesn't care what it is called. It is an effort in the General Assembly to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink as a beverage in the State of Georgia. The question is so great that it seems to be the duty of the Georgian to lay aside any and every rule or policy that interferes with advocating and supporting the measure, and we now and hereby give all the energy, support, and power that in this paper lies to the end that the prohibition legislation now pending in the State shall become a law."

The holiest of all holidays are those kept by ourselves in silence and apart; The secret anniversaries of the heart.

## \*A DESTRUCTIVE CRITIC OF 2907.

(To the Reader of 1907.

Dear Brother: Although interested in the able writings of the higher critics of 1907, especially in their assumption of having discovered something valuable, as if the "historical method" were new in studying the Bible, I confess I became somewhat drowsy under their monotonous efforts to make the sacred writings seem to abound in misstatements. But I gradually absorbed their genius and spirit, and seemed to become a destructive critic, though calling myself a higher critic.

While in this state of mind, sleepy though I was, I seemed to live rapidly through the centuries, century after century, until I found myself moving among scholars who dated their letters with the numerals, 2, 9, 0, 7.

On seeming to be roused from a semi-consciousness, and supposing that a thousand years had passed from the time I fell asleep under the dreary chanting about the mistakes of the Bible, I seemed to be walking among the fancied alcoves of my library, now increased by the additions of a thousand years, and coming across the following correspondence I give you the letters, believing that it may be interesting to the reader to observe how the reasoning of the future destructive critic (writing in 2907 of our times in the spirit in which the destructive critic of 1907 writes of Bible times) will make the conditions of our generation to appear.

If we of the year 1907 know something of the conclusions of the learned gentleman of 2907 to be false, whose letters I now reveal, or if his modes of reasoning are absurd, or if he lays stress on insufficient data in his logic, or, especially, if he is ludicrously given to denying the statements of eye-witnesses to the facts which we of our time know to be true, these faults must not be attributed to me; for I copy the letters and publish them exactly as I found them a thousand years before they were written.

J. J. Summerbell.)

Dayton, Ohio.

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## THIRD LETTER.

Kinkade, New Zealand, 15, 8, 2907.

My Dear Grandson:

In my last letter I referred to the imperfect brain development of the Americans of 1907. But yet I must be fair to them, since they may have been in advance of some of the other white tribes: for our investigators have shown that it is likely that somewhere near the year 1900 some tribes of Europeans may have adopted residence on the surface of the earth instead of among the branches of trees.

For on the western side of the Pacific Ocean, at about that time, in some islands southeast of Asia, there were still tree-dwellers.

Also, in Russia, events transpired that throw much light on the stage of evolution of man in that section. The czar of that great empire, Nicholas II., and his wife longed for a son. The Russian records show that in 1903 they knelt at the shrine of St. Seraphim and prayed for one, and a son was born to them on the 30th of July, 1904. St. Seraphim had died about thirty years before, after a life of austerity among bears, which he nursed when they were sick. He wore sandals of bark, lived on bread and water, and slept in the tops of trees. These facts are in the official archives of 1903 to 1907.

You will observe, my dear grandson, that his sandals of bark indicate (by the historical method) that the Russians had not yet learned how to turn the skins of animals into leather; and his sleeping in the tops of trees shows that he belonged to some tribe of tree dwellers. The Russian archives do not show whether St. Seraphim had a tail or not. That point is left in obscurity.

It is easily seen that the Americans must have been in advance of the Russians: for in the territory of the United States there were no tree-dwellers; although in the southwestern part of the land there were still cliff-dwellers. This fact shows that the Americans were in advance of the Russians. For our critics, archaeologists and paleontologists all agree that the Americans were without tails.

But still their reasoning power in 1907 must have been of a low order, to cut down or pierce mountains for their traveling, instead of using the air with its vast spaces.

These ancient lines of travel to this day deface the landscape beneath us, as we look down from our aeroplanes.

When we consider that the birds of the air could be seen by the ancient Americans, suggesting to every man of well developed brain that the air was the space for swift, easy, economical, safe and cleanly travel, we can easily see that the Americans of 1907 must have had little brain power, not to perceive the advantageous way to travel swiftly and safely.

The barbarism of the Americans has also been conclusively demonstrated by our learned men, who all agree that the people of 1907 used coal and wood for fuel, instead of using the heat of the sun, or doing as we now generally do, utilizing the internal heat of the earth. How the Americans could be blind to these obvious sources of heat, cannot be explained except on the theory that they had not yet fully reached the development of human beings. But the records clearly show that the ancient Americans, as late as the year 1907, shivered with the cold in winter and suffered with the heat in summer; although they must have noticed that the cold of space above them was great, and the heat of the earth's internal fires was great. Now that our governments have for centuries maintained an equal temperature at all seasons for all citizens we can only wonder at the barbarism of the year 1907, when God's products were seized by the rich (for they had rich and poor then), depriving the poor of the common comforts of life; that is, heat in winter and coolness in summer.

Another of the difficulties our learned men have experienced in investigating the conditions and events of the years about 1907 has been the untruthfulness of the writers of that period, as well as the corruption of it. One of the most startling instances of universal lying we discovered in the accounts of the destruction of a city of thirty thousand people, called St. Pierre, situated on an island Martinique. It seems that the city was lying at the foot of the volcano, called Mont Pelee. The outrageous untrustworthiness of the age is seen in the universal statement made by the writers of that period that all the inhabitants of St. Pierre were killed within five minutes by an eruption of that volcano. Now we all know that no such thing could occur. It is simply impossible. All true experience contradicts it. Our own personal observation is that cities of 30,000 population are not built so close to volcanoes that such destruction could be wrought. Besides, we have made close search on the very spot; and we do not find that St. Pierre's ruins corroborate the statement of the historians of that time. There is a decided lack of the quantity of ashes and lava, needed to bury 30,000 people. But it is unnecessary to give our reasonings, as you only desire a compact statement of the results of our searches.

But how far fallen were the morals of the year 1900 will appear not only in the universal statement that 30,000 people were killed by Mont Pelee in an instant; but the records show that the people of that city were as corrupt as those of any city for a thousand years. The majority of the children were illegitimate; the women on the streets went half covered; and vice prevailed overwhelmingly. And how materialistic was the age appears plainly from the fact that no priest or prophet is recorded as having predicted the destruction of the city, or as having attributed its destruction to its universal vice. And the very fact that no such records are found, which abound in connection with most such myths, proves that the destruction did not occur. Mont Pelee did not explode, as stated. And the city may have been injured by fire, and later been abandoned on account of sanitary reasons, which it is now too late to discover, on account of the industrial uses to which we have put the volcano.

In my next letter I will prove to you the egotism of the people of the year 1907; that is, the people of America.

Your affectionate grandfather.

Higher Critic.