'A Lesson From Solomon'

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The text of Reverend Sunday's sermon on "A Lesson From Solomon," preached last night, follows:

Ecclesiastes, the first chapter and third verse, "What profit hath a man and his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

This question was asked and answered by Solomon and means in our language, "What does a man get out of life if he simply lives for what this life can give him?"

And if anybody has even been able to give a right answer to that question, from his own wisdom and experience and wealth and power and station in life, it was Solomon. If ever anybody came into this world with a golden spoon in his mouth it was Solomon.

The devil has a mortgage on some children at the cradle, but Solomon had no such handicap. He was the favorite son of one of the greatest and best man that has ever lived. His father was David, who was a man after God's own heart which means that he just adored God and when God says He is satisfied, then you can write "Done" for there is nothing more to be done.

Solomon was made king of this great kingdom when he was still a young man and his father, David, was yet alive to give him counsel and advice. He had every advantage that high station and boundless wealth and endless opportunity could give a man. He had wisdom and wealth and honor such as no man had before him, no man has had since, and no man will have on earth.

He had an invincible army that stood ready to do his bidding and he was under the power of a great nation which was under the especial protection of God and he had only to command and he was obeyed. He was gratified, materialized immediately. He had the best education that the world has ever known and he was called the wisest of men. His wisdom covered the earth and penetrated the remote corners of the then known world.

The queen of Sheba, hearing of him in the far-off land where she lived, made a journey to Jerusalem which required months and when she left to go back home she left a record that half had never been told of his wealth and power and wisdom.

He wrote 3,000 proverbs and his songs were 1,005. That is the kind of ability that Solomon had to answer the question of my text and if he wasn't an expert then show me where I can find one.

"What profit hath a man of all his labors which he taketh under the sun?"

Now, let's see sow well qualified Solomon was from actual experience to answer the question of my text. Every great pleasure was at his finger tips. If he wanted anything all he had to do was to reach out his soft, jeweled hand and it was there. His kingdom was at peace during all his reign and that gave him an opportunity to gratify his desires and from what he tells us he lost no time.

He took all the degrees of his day, he invented some new ones of his own. Solomon was a thirty-second degree sport.

Solomon Wealthy.

He lived in a palace and his servants were not spring chickens. They were all high brows. He was honored and flattered as few men have ever been. No great honor was ever known than was shown to Solomon. No greater wisdom has even been found in any books than in those of which he was the author. No higher station has ever been reached by a human being than that attained to by Solomon. He was so rich that his money couldn't be computed by our own standard of gold and silver. Why, $20,000,000 in gold came to him in one year as gifts and presents. He had 40,000 horses, he had 20,000 horsemen and they required for provision to feed the people that worked for him in the palace, 28 bushels of fine flour, 10 fat oxen, 20 oxen out of the pasture, 100 sheep besides hart, roe, buck, fallow, deer and fatted fowl.

That was the provision for one day just to feed the people.

Solomon not only came into the world with a golden spoon in his mouth but it had a diamond sunburst handle to it.

He had no ambition that was not achieved, he had no curiosity that was not gratified. He was a close observer of everything, like his father David. He said, "I have seen all the works which are done under the sun," meaning that the world had nothing more to show him, meaning there was nothing more that the world had to teach him that he didn't know. That was going some, believe me.

At sometimes in our life we have all envied great scholarships and great ability and we have all thought it would be a foretaste of Heaven if we only had the opportunity to learn all we'd like to know and we believe that the greatest joy that could come to a human being was the joy of knowing all you'd like to know or possessing all you'd like to own.

Well, Solomon not only drank the well of knowledge dry, but he turned off the faucet and pulled out the pump. He exhausted all the schools and colleges of his day, and he gave his teachers and professors nervous prostration in the hopeless attempt to teach him something he didn't already know.

And, after he drank the fountain of knowledge dry, he said, "Go to now, and I will see what I can get out of pleasure and mirth."

And he cut loose on that line and carried on in such a way that it would make a baseball fan at the world's series look like a wooden dummy in a clothing store.

He climbed into his golden coach with its diamond set wheels and he went round the track so fast that it would make Barney Oldfield look like a piker. Why, he set the teachers crazy, and he brought the band stand to its feet shrieking and screaming out, sir, and with breakneck speed he swung in high gear down the rose-lined avenues of sensual pleasures that opened up in front of him in every direction, just as though they led straight into the pit of hell.

By and by his shining chariot of pleasure lost a wheel and he was down in the mud and the slough of despond, crying out to the four-flushers and the pikers that are trying to follow his lead.

"Go back, you fools, go back! There is nothing in it, it is all vanity, it is nothing but a lemon. Go back! Go back!

Then he took to hitting the booze.

He had a molten sea that contained 22,210 gallons of wine and this molten sea, rested upon the backs of 12 golden oxen, three standing with their faces to the north, three to the south, three to the east and three to the west.

Built Great Houses.

And he loved strange women. There is where he struck out. They soon had him hanging over the ropes with tongue out. He had 700 wives and 300 concubines. Why, he made old Brigham Young look like a bushwhacker. And he laid hold on folly with both hands, and he found that only an empty bubble and he said, "It is all vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Then he goes to building great houses, chief of which is his magnificent temple which bears his name. It took seven years to build it, it took the combined efforts of 183,600 strangers—just to build it. It took 16,000 men, 11 years just to cut down the trees and there were 80,000 fellows that did nothing but hew and shape the wood, and there were 70,000 men who did nothing but drag timbers out of the woods to the place where they were going to build the temple. There were 80,000 squared stones, and at the dedicatory service they spent seven days in festivities and they slew 120,000 sheep and 20,000 oxen.

It was built of marble all curiously hewn and artfull joined together and the roof of it was made of pure gold. That is where he got the idea of covering the domes of our capitols with gold. The first one that ever did it in history was old Solomon. He covered the dome of his temple with gold. When the sun shone on it, it reflected such refulgent splender that it dazzled the people for miles away.

Its courts and apartments would hold 300,000 people, 25 tabernacles the size of this. The people could get into Soloman's temple and get under the roof and under the porches. So you think you've got something here, but wait a minute. It had 1,453 columns of pure Parian marble, 2,906 balusters or columns and the building cost according to our standards of gold and silver, $500,000,000.

He had $3,000,000,000 worth of gold and silver on the floor, on the walls, covering the doors, and the images made to represent doves and all of that sort and fruit of all kinds. He had 200 targets of pure gold, 600 shekels of gold in each target and they were valued at $1,200,000, according to our standard of gold.

He had 300 targets of gold and they were forth $900,000, and when he had completed the temple, the glory of God filled it so the priests could not enter to worship there. Then he turned his talent to wealth and the making of a beautiful city of Jerusalem.

He planted vineyards and gardens, and those were all like fairyland and like tales of magic, he produced orchards and vineyards. He had a great collection of the rarest trees and flowers from every paradise and clime. He kept all of these perpetually green with an irrigating system and he brought the water for miles from the springs and mountains and he built great aqueducts and carried it across great ravines that stand there to this day, monuments of masonic power.

My friends, he gathered all of that and all of his women and his concubines and his horses and his billions of gold and his great temple that would shield and cover 300,000 people, all of this, only tickled his fancy for a little time and I see him strolling among the flowers, plucking a rose, taking a whiff at it and casting it away, pulling off an orange or apple or pomegranate, a cluster of grapes, taking a bite and throwing them away and I hear his footsteps as he walks through the palace over the golden floor, beneath the great flashing dome covered with pure gold and he withheld not his heart from any joy and he cried out:

"It is all vanity and vexation of spirit!"

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

Had His Heart's Desire.

What does a man get out of life if he only lives for what this life can give him? What benefit is it to a man if he simply lives for the gratification of his desire in this life?

Immediately he takes another fancy. He had servants born in his house. He had great possessions of great cattle and he gathered gold and silver. He had men singers and women singers, the delights of the sons of men, musical instruments of all kinds and he withheld his heart not from any joy. If there was anything he wanted, he got it. He didn't restrain himself from any desire or ambition in life and he probably became an art collector and he fed on the beautiful and the artistic and the esthetic and antique. He had fine paintings and old china and Persian rugs and tapestry, and connoisseurs of art ransacked the markets of the world to buy the most costly bric-a-brac and everything that would tickle the fancy and please the eye. Maybe he dug up an old bedstead that Noah had in the ark and had it there.

And while his singing men and singing women were warbling and while his musicians were playing, and while he is lying voluptuously on a princely couch, he seems to float in the air and he drinks in the very full of all the delights and pleasures, suddenly he is almost dying from disappointment, for all of these don't gratify, for God never made a heart so small and weakened as to be satisfied with the greatest that the world could give. God made for Himself a place in your heart and all the gold and all the silver and all the honor and glory and all the pleasures and lust and all the gratification never will satisfy a human heart if God Almighty isn't in it.

Old Solomon went down the line. If there was anything he wanted, he got it and when he got through he says, "It is all vanity, it is all a puff of wind, a bubble for a moment!"

"What profit hath a man of all his labors which he taketh under the sun?"

So this wise and honorable and great king, he drinks from one golden cup after another and dashes them all away, not one satisfies him.

Every man and woman wants to be satisfied. Every man or woman is more or less hungry for something the world cannot give. Every man and woman is groping after something they don't possess but which their nature craves and calls after. There are men here tonight, I'll bet my life, who have been doing that all their days. They have tried everything, there is nothing they haven't gone to, for they have climbed the heights and they have fathomed the depths of human thought of invention, and of indulgence; they have climbed high in glory, in honor and fame and they have dived low, they have passed every extreme point and dangers that could be suggested or imagined to the mind.

And so you are on the verge of the grave. All of it has only brought you just that much nearer the coffin. All your past is a memory, all your future is unknown. If you are honest, I don't care, who you are; if you are honest, although your hair is gray; if you are honest, although your face is pimpled; if you are honest, although your eyes are dim; if you are honest, although you're hobbling on the crutches of decrepitude, your body is worn out, you've spent yourself for nought, sold out, body, mind and soul. Oh! what a folly, what a tragedy, what a failure, what a fool!

To give up and sell out for the world!

If you had the moral manhood and the moral womanhood you'd stagger out of the hell of your transgressions and your wasted and misspent life and you'd join with old Solomon in saying, "It's all vanity, it's only a bubble, nothing to it! Nothing to it!"

Now Solomon tried it, so why play the fool, I'd like to know? Why not straighten yourself and walk like one who bears the marks of the crimson cross of Jesus Christ? I tell you, you were made for greater heights than some of you have ever climbed. You were never made for the dust and the mire and filth and the slums and the quagmires of degeneration and infamy. Why lie there and let hell march over you? Why be a plaything, a football for the devils and for fiends. I want to know, when you can be a son of God or a daughter of God and face the morning?

Why spend your money for that which is not bread and labor for that which satisfieth not? Any bread in the rum? Go down and ask the poor devils that have been feeding on it, ask the rum hounds of the Bowery, ask the rummies, my friends, of all over, ask your own self as you sit there and listen to me tonight.

You haven't got so far down but that you can wear a decent suit yet, but ask yourself, "Any food in the booze?"

Some big fools are content to let others feed and fatten and gormandize on the blood and bone and brawn of their wife and children. If I could have my way, every drop of alcohol would be in hell before midnight. I'd put it in hell for you who are alive, I'd put it in hell for the sake of the generations that are going to be born, for that damnable stuff will damn if it remains on earth.

A specialist was called to see a child 7 years of age that tried to kill it's little sister. They said, "He is constantly trying to kill somebody."

He said, "Yes, I want to kill somebody."

"Why do you want to do it?"

The doctor turned to the father and said, "Do you drink?"

"I am not a total abstainer."

"Do you drink?"

"Well, I don't get drunk."

"Do you drink?"

"I am always able to go to work."

"Do you drink?"

"Not to excess."

"Do you drink?"

He said, "Yes, I drink."

He said: "That boy will grow up, he will kill somebody and you will be to blame."

Why Will They Do It?

And if God Almighty would let me lift the curtain now, some of you men would look down the avenue 20 years from where you sit and you'd see fellows condemned to die in the electric chair. Who is he? It's your boy that you used to send for beer, it's your boy that used to smell the booze on your breath, and sir, if you'd be honest, you'd be like the fellow in a meeting who jumped up, whose hair was white, who said:

"Boys, I have served the devil 50 years. I settled up with him tonight and I have nothing coming to me. Nothing coming to me!"

All some of you devils have got to show for 50 years of walking through this world. "What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

What does a fellow get? Why do you do it?

I believe that God Almighty is tired of seeing men and women scattered like sheep, hungry, weary, battered and bruised feet looking for butter things, some having moments when they wake up and would give their right arm if it would only be a dream and you despise yourself when you begin to think and it all becomes a reality.

Won't you please, I beg of you, won't you please give your poor soul one chance on earth? Won't you give up the things that are robbing you of your manhood and womanhood, won't you let God speak to you and won't you turn and listen? Won't your turn from the things that are degenerating you?

In Wheeling, W. Va., one night, oh! the building was packed and there were enough people outside to pack it again. It took eight policemen to get me in through the crowd at the platform. When I got in they said, "There is a little girl here who wants to see you. She has been here early."

I looked and there was a little girl, had on a calico dress and had a fascinator on and her ears stuck through a hole and she'd been out in the rain and her clothes were wet. She had a bundle in her arms and she said:

"Mr. Sunday, I am 8 years old." She said, "I got a cake here I baked for you all myself. They are going to take a collection for you and I ain't got any money. My papa was a drunkard and I wanted to give you something because we are so happy down at our ouse now and mamma and I could bake this cake for you."

It was a cocoanut cake and I despise cocoanut but I said, "Yes, honey, I will try some of it right now. Sure I will."

She said, "Papa went to hear you a few weeks ago and now mama's got a new dress and I got new shoes and new stockings and papa didn't have enough to buy Tom a new pair. He will next week and we are going to have a carpet on our floor. We never had one, Mr. Sunday, we've had meat for supper tonight and we've had butter on our bread every day since papa went up to hear you preach in the tabernacle. I wanted to give you this cake because we got a new daddy down at our house."

And if I can send a new daddy home, you know, I don't give three whoops this side of hell for all of that black hearted, degenerated gang of imps—well, you know—that howl and spew out about me. I've sent hundreds of thousands of daddies like that home to their little ones. Won't you please take a new daddy home tonight, won't you please take him and introduce him to the children, take a new husband home tonight and introduce him to that wife of yours. Try it and see the blessing that will come to you.

To find starvation of soul of the most awful kind you don't necessarily need to go down to the slums. No! Oh! You are apt to think that the rich have no sleepless nights nor troubled insomnia, that they never have to wipe the tears from their eyes. They have heartaches as well as the poor, they have troubled minds and hearts as well as those who haven't the money.

Andrew Carnegie said, "There are no happy millionaires." And he ought to know for Andy had the dough.

So you needn't go and look around among the poor to find sleepers nights. Come back to Solomon's doleful cry for just a minute. What does he mean? Was Solomon a dyspeptic? Is there no good in anything that employs our time? Is going to school no better than loafing on the street? Is being sober no better than being drunk? Is there no benefit in music or in art or in home? Does appreciation of the beautiful bring nothing with it but misery and sorrow? Oh, is there nothing but evil in wealth and in education?

Under the Sun.

Why was Solomon so hungry when feeding on the fat of the land, with all his wives and concubines, and billions of money, 40,000 houses and 20,000 horsemen? Why was he so miserable? The wisest man that ever lived, the richest man that ever lived, put up the greatest building the world has ever known, why was he so miserable when he had all of that? He said so many things that seems to contradict all that he said about vanity. Would a man of his wisdom get his wires crossed?

Wait a minute. Here's something that throws light on the whole proposition. When he said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," he adds, "under the sun."

All is vanity and vexation here on earth, and that shows the standpoint from which he drew his conclusion. What we see depends upon our viewpoint. Many a man talks as though he was on a mountain top, when what he says shows he is in the mud and filth, and when a man tells you that the whiskey business is a good business, you will know his viewpoint, you know he is not looking at it from the viewpoint of the drunkard who has lost his manhood, from the drunkard's wife nor the drunkard's children, mother or father. He is looking at it from the viewpoint of the saloon keeper, of the brewer, of the distiller, of the man who rents his property, my friends, or the man who owns stock in the brewery or distillery.

Oh, I know what his viewpoint is by what he says. I can judge all by that, my friends. Therefore, to know a man's viewpoint you know why he sees things as he does. Therefore, if a man can tell what a rainbow looks like while standing on his head in a cellar, what does he know about it?

Now, I know why Solomon said "All is vanity." He was looking at everything from a worldly standpoint. He was looking at the women, concubines, from the standpoint of husband, he was looking at his sea of wine with its gold, from the standpoint of avarice and the gratification of his desires. He was looking at the palace and wealth from the standpoint of greed and all that.

Now I know why he said all that. Why, I can do it. Now I know why Solomon said all was vanity, for he was looking at it from the standpoint of the world. Oh yes!

In Ecclesiastes, "Under the sun" occurs 31 times. He wants us to understand that what he was saying was from the standpoint of low down. He was looking at everything from the standpoint of the materialistic and from that viewpoint everything he said was true. Everything he said was true!

You take away God, you take away fear of God and fear of sin, you've removed the greatest safeguard for virtue there is on earth. You create distrust and doubt in the word of God and in Jesus Christ and the result will be moral wreck, and by the eternal God I hate and despise with every drop of blood in my body, every molecule, brain and corpuscle. I despise the pup—who creates distrust in the Bible as the word of God, who creates doubt in God Almighty, who creates doubt in the shed blood of Jesus Christ as the only hope for man's salvation. I despise that pup with every drop of blood in my veins.

Now, you take away inspiration, you take away revelation, and all hope of the life in a world to come, all hope of a resurrection, you put nothing in its place, but sin and despair and you've got nothing left to live for. The life of the best is no better than the worst the life of saint is no better than the sinner, the life of the wisest is no better than the fool, the life of the prostitute is no better than the virtuous, life is not worth the gaff if there is no incentive and reward beyond for me to live for here. She isn't worth the gaff, absolutely she is not!

Suicides Encouraged.

Now sir, you banish hope of heaven and man is in hell. You destroy hope in the future and you will turn this old world into a hell. You just destroy the hope and see what she will be. You blot out everything except what we may know through the senses, you keep from us all knowledge from a source beyond this world and the best that life can give, my friends, worse than nothing.

You destroy in every man and woman that which tells him that there is a God, that there is a heaven, that there is a life beyond and every grave will hold a suicide. It is said that within a week after Bob Ingersoll delivered his famous lecture on "Suicide," in which he indorsed men and women that are suicides and encouraged them, saying that the discouragements of life are sufficient to warrant our wanting to shuffle off this mortal coil, over a hundred suicides were directly traceable to the influence of the lecture which advised suicide under those conditions.

Let hope die and despair will reign in the human heart.

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

What does a fellow get out of life if he only lives for this world? We have just begun to know a little bit when we discover that nothing under the sun satisfies our soul.

Solomon found nothing but disappointment in the best that the world could give him without God. He said, "There is nothing to it, nothing! Under the sun nothing lasts, nothing endures, nothing satisfies."

We begin to think we have a thing safe and it is gone forever, and we love, but to lose the objects of our love and whatever we have got is ours only for a brief moment and the anguish of our loss is a wound that never heals—never! No happiness is possible without hope of a certainty, the thing we feel we must have, oh, it mocks us as it flies away from us. Nothing under the sun satisfies an immortal soul. That shows that we are spiritually imprisoned while we live down here. All the gold and all the mines of the world cannot give enough to satisfy a man that's got a greed for gold.

The man who has a greed for honor, there is nothing that the world can give him that will satisfy it. The man that lives only for lust, the virtue of every woman on earth won't satisfy his greed for lust. You cannot be satisfied with the honor of the world.

Oh, you turn and it is true of everything for which men strive. Without God, nothing on earth will satisfy and you can have the best. You destroy the Bible, destroy faith in God, you might as well eat, curse, drink, damn and die. Nothing will satisfy until it lifts you above the sun.

What does a man in a pit know about the beautiful mountain covered with snow? Nothing. No heaven you can build out of money, out of wealth, out of honor, out of position, out of education without God is anything more than an empty room in hell. Without God, without Christ, without hope, all is vanity.

At last, good for Solomon, here's the best part of it—at last he spreads his wings of faith, soars above this old world and above the sun. He looks above his $5,000,000 palaces, above his 40,000 horses and 20,000 horsemen, he looks above his golden oxen and his 22,210 gallons of wine in his sea of gold, he looks above his $3,000,000,000 worth of beaten gold and silver on the floor and doors and he looks above his flowers and gardens. He looks above the singing men and women, above his servants, he looks above his 700 wives and his 300 concubines, and when his viewpoint changes, then the meaning of his life changes. He sees all without God is vanity and he says, "Surely, I know that it shall be well with them that fear God."

Well, hadn't it been well with Solomon? He never says another word now about vanity and at last he looked beyond the world and he closes the book of his life. Here's what he says, let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:

"Fear God and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

When Solomon's viewpoint changed and he stopped looking at everything from the standpoint of the world and began to realize that he had a soul to save and he looked at everything from God's standpoint then he saw what a fool he'd been to live in this old world and let the world dazzle him.

Noah looked for a life higher than the sun, it was that that kept him building that ark 120 years without seeing a flash of lightning or without hearing a clap of thunder or seeing a drop of rain. If he had been living for what he could have seen, it never would have been said of him that he was a just man made perfect.

Moses Had Vision.

Abraham had a vision that lifted him above the sun. He was looking for a city whose builder and maker was God and that grand old man never says anything about all being vanity.

Moses had a vision that pierced the clouds above him. When he saw the reproach of Christ, it would bring he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. If he'd have chosen to have been called Pharaoh's daughter he would never have been Moses, he never would have led the children of Israel, he never would have given us the law, never would have stood on the Mount of Transfiguration. He was looking beyond the cloud when he bade farewell to the people, and he said, underneath are the everlasting arms; and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, "Destroy them."

"I will call heaven and earth to witness, this day against you have I set before you life and death, blessing and cursing,—choose.

He was looking at things higher than the world. He wasn't dazzled by the beauty of this world.

Joshua, that grand, battle-scarred old veteran of God Almighty, that man with iron courage, said, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

He was looking at things from a viewpoint higher than the world.

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

What are you going to get out of this life if you only live for what this world can give you and keep God out of your heart. The wisest, richest, greatest man said after he had tried it all, "It is all vanity, there is nothing in it!"

What are you going to do, you little piker on a beer salary?

If Solomon couldn't find anything in it, what are you going to do? You are keeping one on the side, he had 700. What are you going to do? You think you are some.

Try this fellow. He went down the line. He was the real thing from that standpoint. He said, "It is all vanity, there is nothing in it!"

And Job. He was looking beyond the sun when he said, "Though he slay me, yet will I serve Him. I know that by Redeemer liveth, He shall stand in the last days upon the earth."

David was looking beyond the sun, (David, Solomon's father,) when he said, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that feareth, to deliver them. No good thing will he withhold from them that walketh uprightly. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

He was looking beyond the sun when he viewed the thing and said, "There is nothing in it without Jesus Christ."

Daniel was looking beyond the sun when he went to the lion's den with no more anxiety than he would have answered first call for dinner in the dining car. And he cried out, "They that turn men from unrighteousness shall shine as the stars forever and forever."

Paul was looking beyond the sun when he said, "I know if my earthly house were dissolved I have a house in the heavens eternal not made by hands. I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith. I take pleasure in reproaches and in persecutions, nothing shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus."

John was looking beyond the sun when he said, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us."

Looking Beyond.

When he was a white haired old man and they were about ready to chop off his head, he picked up his well worn stylus, he dipped it and he wrote:

"The Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that is athirst come, let him that heareth say come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the waters of life freely."

He was looking beyond the sun when he caught a glimpse of it.

Jesus Christ was looking beyond the world when He said, "Let not your hearts be troubled. If you believe in God, you believe also in Me. Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

What are you going to get out of life if that is all you live for?

Some years ago I was romping and playing with the children. I grew tired and laid off to rest and I dozed off to sleep. While I slept I dreamed I journeyed to a far off land. It was not India, although the coral strands were there. It was not Ceylon, although the beauty and the fragrance of that world renowned isle of paradise was there. It wasn't sunny La Belle France or Italy. It wasn't Pasadena and that western paradise of the Pacific, although the perfume of the vineyards was there in my nostrils, and I looked for briers and brambles and thorns and thistles and weeds, and I found none.

I saw the sun in all its regal splendor and I said, "When will the sun set and it grow night?"

They said, "It never grows dark in this land. There is no night here."

I looked at the people and their faces were wreathed in smiles, and I said, "When will the working men go by with calloused hands and dinner buckets and overalls to listen and wait until the whistle blows?"

And they said, "We toil not, in this land; we never work here."

There remaineth a rest for the people of God. And I strolled out to the suburbs of that beautiful city and I said, "Where do you bury the dead that die in that great city?"

And I lifted my eyes to the hills which would be a fit resting place for the dead to sleep, but I did not see tomb nor grave nor sepulchre nor mausoleum, but I saw migaret and tower and spire.

I said, "Where are the undertakers that embalm the dead? Where are the pallbearers that bear them to the hearse and where are the hearses that haul them to the cemetery?"

And they said, "Oh, Bill, we never die in this land! The hearse never backs up in front of our house."

I said, "Where are the hospitals where you take the sick? Where are the doctors, with their scalpel and their trocar? Where are the nurses with their opiates and anesthetic?"

They said, "We never get sick in this land."

I said, "Where do the poor live? Where are the homes of penury and want and squalor? Where are they?"

And they said, "We never grow hungry in this land. There are no rich nor poor here, we are all on the same level."

Then I strolled to the river and I heard the rippling waters as they dashed against the jeweled beach and I saw boats with sails of pure silk and oars dipped with silver, and the prow of the boat set with jewels and precious stones and I said, "Oh!"

And I listened to the song and then I knew. Time had ended, eternity had dawned and I saw multitudes that no man could know. They came rushing out of the jungles of roses, down banks of violets, where leopards peacefully lounged in the copses of the magnolia, and lions panted in jungles of roses. Festoons, through which flowed a transiucent river alternately gleaming in the sunlight, darkening into emerald in the shadow and where grapevines staggered from tree to tree. Peach and plum and blood red berry and every kind of berry hung like drops of rubies and pearls, and I said, "Are all here?"

And they shouted back, "All are here."

And then, from tower and spire and minaret, the angels unwinged and all the multitudes took foot. They joined in caroling and singing the welcome home and when all went leaping and bounding and singing:

"Home, Home, Home at Last."

I caught the vision, 34 years ago, one dark, stormy night in Chicago that lifted me above the sun. Hallelujah!

Crow Indians Honor 'White Father'

President Harding shaking hands with part of the delegation at the White House.

Headed by Chief Plenty Coups, who represented them at the burial of America's unknown soldier, a delegation of Crow Indians from reservations in South Dakota and Montana recently called on President Harding at the white house and presented the "Great White Father" with an elaborately beaded tobacco pouch. He is shown above with three of the Indians in their tribal regalia.

CHURCH WEAK IN PERSONAL WORK

Average Church Member Unaware There's Work to Do—Sunday.

There were dusky faces upturned to the platform Friday when Reverend Billy Sunday preached his regular afternoon sermon to an audience that snugly filled half of the tabernacle. The announcement that a special section would be reserved for negroes at the afternoon services brought instant response from the colored population of Tulsa and there were a number at the Friday services.

At the close of his sermon on "Personal Work" Friday Sunday stated that he was still at it and would try and finish that sermon next Tuesday afternoon. He came right down to brass tacks.

"How many of you people," he said, "have spoken to anybody about religion since these meetings have been in progress? The majority of you would be compelled to admit that you meet with people day by day in your club, in your lodge, in your literary society, in your home, and you casually talk about everything under heaven but their souls. And people ask why so many people are out of the church. I think that the responsibility for it must be placed at the door of the church, that's what I think."

Sunday said in part:

"I think the lack of general efficient personal work is one of the weakest spots of the church. It don't seem to enter the mind of the average church member that there is anything for him to do. It is the business of a flour mill to make flour. It is the business of the sawmill to make lumber. It is the business of a saloon to make drunkards. It is the business of a medical college to make doctors. It is the business of a law school to make lawyers. It is the business of the church to make Christians! That's the church's business; not to entertain them or amuse them! Save them for Jesus Christ! Too much of the work done today is like a squirrel in a cage—lots of activity but no progress. You have seen them in a cage with a wheel in it, going around, but they never get anywhere, and so it is with some of us, we are thinking to beat the band but we do not make any headway.

"We don't require any spiritual life to play cards, run a bazar or a rummage sale—none at all—but it does to help somebody to be won to Jesus Christ. It don't require much wisdom to win a man's friendship; if he is low down, help him, flatter him, patronize him, and you can win him. Oh, you can get some fellow to vote for you for a few years maybe; a $5 bill will sometimes cause a man to do that.

"A man that will sell his vote ought to be deprived of citizenship. Any dirty, black-hearted whelp that will tamper with the American ballot box out to be disenfranchised, and where the minority may defeat the will of the majority they ought to be disenfranchised and thrown into prison. If I had anything to do with it, that's where they would be driven. I don't know whether there would be any place to send them—I don't think they want them in hell."

Gathering the Pecan Crop.

Special to The World.

STROUD, Nov. 25.—Pecans from the Deep Fork are being marketed here daily. Evans Brothers have shipped carloads and still they come. The continued fine weather is a great factor in getting the crop gathered without waste.

Defended His Own Life.

HUGO.—That no charges are to be filed against Ed Myrick, farmer, alleged to have shot and killed his son-in-law, Ben Whisenhunt, near Soper, 12 miles west of this city, was the statement made here by J. O. McClary, county attorney. Investigation has shown that Myrick shot in defense of his life.

BOY SCOUT THANKSGIVING

Five Troops Eat at Invitation of Local Councilman.

Special to The World.

PONCA CITY, Nov. 25.—R. P. Baughman, head of the American Lumber company and member of the Boy Scout council, entertained all the members of the five troops of Boy Scouts at a chicken dinner at the Presbyterian church, together with all troop officials and the other member of the council.

Short talks were made to the boys by John S. Alcorn, C. E. Muchmore, J. N. Hamilton, R. P. Baughman, Felix Duvall, J. J. McGraw and W. H. McFadden, while a musical program had been arranged by W. H. Hannah, director of the chamber of commerce band.

DEFENDANT COULDN'T COME

Bond Forfeited But Securities Will Not Be Responsible.

Special to The World.

PONCA CITY, Nov. 25.—When the case of the state vs. Jeff Doree was called in the district court of Grant county, now in session, the defendant was not on hand and his $10,000 bond was declared forfeited by Judge John Bird.

It developed, however, that Doree is in the federal penitentiary and this fact makes the bondsmen not liable. Duree is charged with burglarizing the bank of Wakita.

Judge Visits Claremore.

Special to The World.

CLAREMORE, Nov. 25.—The board of judges of the Better Cities campaign spent Tuesday in Claremore making inspection. The commission seemed pleased with the finding here and was especially pleased with the large placards seen in the windows of the various business houses pledging their support of the movement for one year.

Anxious to Complete Church.

Special to The World.

VINITA, Nov. 25.—The art glass windows for the new $70,000 Methodist church here, which have been delaying contractors for 30 days, are expected in a few days, and then plastering will begin on the structure. The membership is anxiously awaiting the completion of the building.

THE NEW GENERATION

By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER XII.

A Beach Party on Joan's Birthday.

On Joan's fourteenth birthday, Margaret gave her quite a party. They had taken a cottage at the shore, and many of the people with whom they were acquainted, had done likewise.

For days Margaret planned, far more excited than was Joan, who took things as so much a matter of course when they concerned herself.

Sandwiches, cold eggs, ice cream and a big birthday cake were planned by Margaret and Hannah.

"We must have marshmallows to toast, and a beach fire," Joan declared, and so it was arranged.

Margaret had bought a smart sport-suit for Joan, and the young girls all looked so sweet in the bright colors which were so popular that summer, that Margaret felt very much like a brown wren among a flock of robins.

Before they left the cottage she slipped up to her room and put one of Joan's gay sweaters over her dark dress.

"How nice you look, Mrs. Hayden! You should wear rose color a lot," Gloria Freeman exclaimed, so drawing attention to Margaret.

"You do look awfully nice, Mrs. Hayden," Malcolm Frost agreed, "but I think you always do."

"Thank you, Malcolm."

Joan had said nothing, so Margaret was not sure if she had heard the remarks about her appearance. A little later, however, when they were toasting marsmallows, Joan said:

"Whatever possessed you, Mumsie, to try to look like a girl? It just seems as if we didn't have you here at all, that it was some one else."

That she had paid her mother a compliment, Joan had no idea. Margaret slipped off the sweater.

"I was too warm," she told Malcolm Frost who noticed. Joan made no remark.

"But you looked so pretty, Mrs. Hayden," Malcolm said.

"Thank you, Malcolm," Margaret flushed like a girl who received her first compliment. "I am not accustomed to being told I am pretty."

"I don't see why," Malcolm stubbornly refused to be quieted. Ever since the night Margaret had found him swinging in the hammock with Joan, he had been her champion.

Now Joan called him away, to Margaret's relief. She was beginning to feel embarrassed before all those young things who, down in their hearts, thought her "old."

Tonight she did not feel old, not in the least. She envied every one of them their fun. She longed to munch sandwiches, eat ice cream and drink lemonade with them, sitting crosslegged about the cloth spread on the sand instead of sedately helping Hannah to wait upon them. More than all did she want to join the group later when they sat around the blazing beach fire toasting marshmallows. But they had formed a close circle. There was no room for her.

Ashamed of herself for her feeling, yet unable to suppress it, Margaret walked away a little distance and proceeded to take herself to task for her foolishness. What right had she, the mother of that lovely golden-haired girl, to want to be more than she was—a woman who had lived her life, and now only lived for her daughter?

But she could not repress the longing to be with them, one of them. She fingered the rose colored sweater, folding her hands in its soft warmth.

Malcolm had said she looked "pretty" in it. It was nice of the boy to notice her when all those darling girls were around. Yet the thought of his admiring glance, and what the little Gloria had said, comforted her—although she would have been ashamed to acknowledge that she needed comfort.

She recalled that before she was married she used to wear rose, often; that it was her mother's favorite color for her.

"It would be nice to wear it now," she murmured.

It was 10 o'clock when the gay party was over and they left the beach.

"We had a lovely time, Mrs. Hayden!" they exclaimed almost in chorus as, one by one, she left them at their various homes.

"It was a nice party, Mumsie," said Joan with a prodigious yawn just before she went to sleep.

Alone, Margaret went to her room and, locking the door, once more donned the rose sweater. She had turned on all the lights and as she looked at her reflection in the cheval glass she smiled and flushed girlishly.

"I'd love to wear rose again—sometimes," she said as she laid it aside. Then: "What would Joan say if she knew?"

(To be continued.)