

# WORLD'S CRESSET

Ponder the path of thy feet and let all thy Ways be established" Prov. 4-26.

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## WORLD'S CRESSET

Rev. L. S. GARRETT, ED.

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### QUESTION NO. 44.

Ed. of the Cresset: Will you explain thru your paper, who Melchizedek is. —Emanuel Smart

### Unlearned.

We shall say to our readers that our education in this world's wisdom is very limited, we never did know very much of it, and we have forgotten all we ever knew. So let no one trouble themselves about that. But what we claim to know is the Bible or in other words the word of God. And we take King James' Translation as our Authority. And out side of this we know nothing comparatively. If we make no mistake this Version was given in 1611 and become the acknowledged authority by the great majority of the christized world. Now if this Version is not a true Version we are then left to grope our way in the dark. For we cannot conscientiously accept any other Version. While there are hundreds of men to day crying out for a new Bible or a new Version. We believe there can no better be presented or gotten up.

The educated men of today can not see, nor not even as much as some of those old manuscripts that all these men who translated what is called the King James' translation. This is the only rule that we will be tried on. So we hope that all who read may clearly understand our position.

## Washington Letter

From Our Regular Correspondent

April 28th 1911.

An all summer congressional session with great activity in the House of Representatives and with characteristic inactivity in the Senate is fore-shadowed. The Senate is not yet organized. The House promptly completed its organization, passed the Canadian reciprocity bill, and has presented and partially debated the so-called farmers' free list bill. As is well known, there are complications and side issues.

The presidential question, the nomination coming off next year, has much influence in politics and in legislation at the Capitol.

There appears as yet but little opposition to the nomination of President Taft by the Republicans for a second term. Straws appear to indicate on the Democratic side a turning in favor of Gov. Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. The only apparent active opposition to President Taft is from the adherents of Senator La Follette. The friends of the Senator are active and aggressive and there is of course no telling what the next twelve months may bring forth. Gov. Harmon and Champ Clark, the Speaker of the House, and of course the quadrennial Bryan are always Democratic possibilities. But Gov. Wilson of New Jersey has appealed to the intelligence of the public in a remarkable way.

Last week at a banquet in New York, a toast was proposed to the governor of New Jersey and the future president of the United States. Gov. Wilson interrupted and said, "That, of course, means Gov. Dix." "No," replied Mr. Frielinghuysen, a Republican, "that means yourself." Gov. Wilson has apparently converted a flinty, Democratic, Trust strangled state to the doctrine of progressive politics, and he has apparently done it by the force of his character and his will almost unaided and alone. He had long been known as a gentleman, a scholar and a statesman, but only recently has he been brought before the public as a brilliant and practical politician. His speeches are no less remarkable for their brevity than for their inclusiveness, their common sense. For matter, terseness and condensation they are in remarkable contrast with much contemporary American oratory.

It ought to be a matter of great satisfaction to millions of people in the United States that the postal deficit has been wiped out. Postmaster General Hitchcock deserves the highest credit and a bronze monument with more metal in it than there is in some of the equestrian monuments in Washington. To have wiped out a deficit of nearly eighteen millions of dollars in two years is a

splendid achievement. With the cooperation of Congress (and the people ought to see that he has it) he can accomplish more. He has one cent postage in view and it would be easy of attainment if a parcels post were established or if certain other reforms advocated by the Postmaster General were carried out. A bill for one cent postage backed by the administration may be introduced in the present extra session and if not it will almost certainly be brought up in the regular session. The P. M. General will continue to urge the increases of rates on second class matter from one to four cents a pound. It is refreshing to know that the wiping out of this eighteen million deficit has been reached without in the least impairing postal facilities.

The service has actually been extended along desirable lines. Over three thousand new post-offices have been established, delivery by letter carries has been extended to one hundred and forty-two thousand new rural routes covering over fifty thousand miles in length have been authorized.

Anything that concerns the capital of the United States ought to be of interest to every citizen of the United States, but the citizen is so much absorbed in the politics of his hamlet or his metropolis that he gives not much attention to Washington affairs. Victor Berger, the only socialist member in Congress, has been made a member of the District of Columbia Committee and it is said has taken upon himself to reform the Constitution of the United States and "Willow Tree Alley" in Washington. "Willow Tree Alley" is a capital slum section. Mrs. Victor Berger finds the Washington public schools a field for reform, and not without reason. Washington has long been the dumping ground of inefficient teachers and poor text books such as are compiled to sell by callow educators. These books could not be foisted on a community that had the privilege of voting. But Washington is a disfranchised district governed by an ever shifting Congress, a Congress without responsibility to the citizens of Washington.

## Home Circle Column.

Philosopher and poet are alike in the verdict that the safety and perpetuity of any nation lies in the homes of its people.

Many women now-a-days want to turn the home into the street, so to speak, and make "the world work" everything and the home life nothing. But a restful home once experienced, is a joy above the promises of progress to disturb; and a restful—and intelligent—woman alone can make it.

A friend of ours lost a fine Jersey cow one day—tied her too long. She got tangled up in the rope and broke her neck—a case of too much rope. How many instances there are in life that are counterparts of the above! The cherished of our heart; our own flesh and blood, are often allowed to gradually slip away from us and out from under our control, all because we love them so much and hate to restrict their pleasures or say "no to them."

The world need never shed a tear for its sainted dead. They are safe as the harvest is when the farmer has bound it into sheaves and stored it away or as the roses are when the gardener has wrapped their roots in straw and housed them from the storm.

They are safe as the larks that fly singing from the green earth out of reach of the huntsman's snare and the aim of the cruel sportsman. They are safe as warriors who march beneath worn battle-flags no more, but sit down with conquerors to festivals of song and wine. They are safe as young lambs are when shepherds fold them from the blast and carry them over rough places in tender arms. Weep for the living all you choose: let your tears be unstayed above the dying bed where your darlings lie like wreaths of fading snow beneath the glance of death: but if you believe in God, and hold your faith in heaven, shed not your tears for the blessed and happy dead. Christianity gives the lie to its belief when it grabs itself in sables and mourns without comfort for those who have exchanged the inn for the palace, the wilderness for the land of peace and plenty.

There is as much truth as poetry in the lines:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone."

And perhaps it is well. There is inevitable sadness enough in each lot without adopting that of others. Sympathy for real troubles should always be a veiled log with a hole in it. It is possible that there are many people who are suffering from the same affliction as you are, and they are

always smiling and genial among strangers, and ever ready with a pleasant "thank you," for every service rendered. If they can rise above their despondencies in the presence of strangers, with a persistent effort they can stay above them at home till they may in the end forget a part of them, at least in finding how much better they are liked by those around them. If you would pass successfully through life, wear a bright face and a pleasing manner even though they may sometimes mask a heavy heart.

The evening is the hour when crafty Satan preaches most eloquently. It is also the hour when he can gather the largest and most attentive audience. In our great cities Satan's churches are crowded every evening. But, fortunately, the evening hours is also the hour in which the good angel can gather the largest audience and he who would baffle Satan's influence must preach in the evening. The evening is the hour when the protesting power of home is greatest; it is the hour when its protection is most needed.

If men would remember that women can't always be smiling who have to cook the dinner, answer the bell half a dozen times, get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend to a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, gather up the playthings of a four-year-old tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all these to contend with may claim it a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man, who, during the honeymoon, wouldn't let her carry as much as a sunshade.

It is painful to read the particulars of the numerous divorce suits that fill the columns of the daily papers. Many of these sad events are from good homes and the interested parties stand high in social life, and not a few in church life. This separation between husband and wife is one of the sad scenes in human existence. Many times either would prefer death to this unhappy parting. For years they have lived together and their lives have been blended into one.

They have learned by bitter experience, as the years have gone by that they are not suited to one another and finally, in a moment of discord or passion, the silicon cord has broken and they separate forever.

Let us hope that in the world to come, when they can all see things plainer than they do in this life, they may be united again, but there is a probability that unhappy marriages, resulting from the out of positions, will result in a number of happy ones.

## ITEMS From TULARE CALIF.

By a Missouri Girl.

Well here I come again after a long absence.

Cutting alfalfa and planting corn is the order of the day in this vicinity.

A light shower fell last night and cooled the air considerably.

Mr. Abtner has sold his ranch north-west of Tulare and bought one about six miles east of Tulare on the Lindsay road.

J. H. Absher, wife and children spent Sunday with M. S. Finleys.

Mr. Ames had the misfortune to loose three fine dairy cows a short time ago.

Mr. Barney West has sold his ranch to Mr. James Riev who recently came here from Kan.

Bert Finley is working in Los Angeles for the Challenge Cream and Butter Co.

Lela Altaffor stayed Sat. and Sun. with Effie and Mary Finley.

The recent frost did quite a bit of damage to the fruit.

Charley Ames has been very sick the past week.

Mr. D. J. Knapp is irrigating his alfalfa this week.

Chas. Fry travels the road quite often that leads to M. S. Finleys wonder what the attraction is guess Mary knows ha ha

Edd Patten wife and son also cousin from Los Angeles called M. S. Finleys Sunday.

Mrs. Slaughter attended the W. C. T. U. Convention at Porterville last week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Finley a nine pound girl last Thursday.

Wake up Cor. and write son more items for the faithful CRESSET.

Mrs. Jesse Finley called her sister Mrs. H. A. Clark F. evening.

Mr. Black of Kansas has read Mr. Frys ranch for five years and is now building him a new house.

Mr. Dew Green of Bakersfield was up some time ago and spent a couple of days at M. S. Finley and reported a fine time.

Mayday will be celebrated Lindsay this year, everybody come.

Inez Finley spent part of 1 week visiting her cousin Absher.

Mr. M. L. Bassys and children spent Sunday with Bassys

Mrs. M. S. Finley called Mrs. A. S. Thursday morning

800.

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