

Religion and Life

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POWER OF RELIGION

Acting or acted upon—? Molding your environment or molded by it—which? A force to withstand the tendencies of your time and turn them in the opposite direction, or to be swept from your moorings by them—? Your answers to questions like these will decide both your character and your destiny some years ago an American university offered a certain enthusiast in social reform an appointment as head of its department of social service. He accepted one condition—that he be permitted to live outside the campus among the underprivileged people of the city. So he took his family down into a district called a slum, and brought them up amid those surroundings.

Inspiration of that type is always drawn from the example of Jesus. In His time lepers were required to live outside the villages, and to cry "Unclean!" when any one approached them. The fear of catching that dread disease required those precautions. In contrast with that fear and cruelty to the most wretched victims of disease to which it led, read this story of Jesus: "A leper came to Him, and kneeling, said to Him, 'If you will, You can make me clean.' Moved with pity, He stretched out His hand and touched him, and said to him, 'I will; be clean.' And immediately the leprosy left him and he was made clean." Jesus' healing power flowed so strongly from Him to the leper that the deadly infection had no chance to come His way.

Most people would have considered such an environment fatal to the development of boys and girls. But this man went there with a purpose—to lift the social and economic standards of the community by leadership from within, and was confident that effort in that direction would inspire his young people with such enthusiasm for social betterment that their influence and efforts would lift their neighbors to higher levels instead of being dragged downward by them. His expectations were more than fulfilled. Professor Graham Taylor would never have called himself a saint, but all America knows what he was.

Jesus acted in the same way with sinners. Religious leaders around Him adopted regulations which quarantined their people against the evil influences of the outcasts around them, just as they quarantined the lepers. They believed that contact with open sinners would defile the pure. When the woman who was a sinner, washed Jesus' feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair, the Pharisee thought that the sinner's touch would defile Jesus. But Jesus knew that the power His Father had given Him could transform the sinner into a saint. The sinner's tears were the Saviour's opportunity.

What is your religion—a fence to protect you against the influences of your world or a power to change your world? We have known men with brilliant possibilities go into politics and succumb to the evil influences, not of politics, but of the "hangers-on" who are always after favors from public men. We have known others who went into public life and who raised the standards of political controversy and public service.

The same law rules with young people in social life, with business men and women, with the members of our families, and with people in the church—each may be a force to lift others to higher levels of thought and action, or a tax on the patience and resources of those to whom he belongs. It all depends on whether we enter our pursuits or make our connections to give or to get, whether we aim to help others or to be dependent on them. One man meets another on the street, and wonders:—what can I get out of him? Another asks:—what can I do for him? There is all the difference between Heaven and Hell in the attitudes of those two men.

Ottawa Artist Says Canadian Collection Is Publicity Stunt

OTTAWA (CP) — Ottawa artist Henri Masson Wednesday called the Seagram collection of Canadian paintings, recently exhibited in several countries, "a major publicity stunt . . . a farce."

The world tour of the paintings was a "scandal," Masson told the Richelleu Club. "The paintings are being distributed to show what?—dirt," he said.

The Belgian-born artist said few of the 75 Canadian artists asked to exhibit for the collection were artists in the true sense. They were "commercial" artists.

"They paid them \$1,000 to paint calendar pictures. I can paint calendar pictures in two days. One thousand dollars is not bad for two days' work."

KINGSTON W. I. The monthly meeting of Kingston W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Bert Willis.

Roll call was answered by 11 members. One new member was welcomed. It was decided to send \$5 to the March of Dimes. Mrs. Heber Campbell was appointed to get sewing from Red Cross. Mrs. Green was asked to go more capsules from Red Cross. Donation from Eatons and Simpsons were received.

It was decided to have a variety concert in near future. Committees appointed were: Mrs. George Dixon, Mrs. Merville Green, Mrs. Heber Campbell, Mrs. Willis, Miss Graham.

Mrs. Dixon had charge of the program giving an interesting paper on Founders Day in Institutes.

Next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Elmer Walsh. Lunch committee are Mrs. George Dixon, Mrs. Elmer Walsh.

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Dark Lightning

By Helen Topping Miller
(Continued)

CHAPTER XV
When the big red concrete machine came roaring up the drive, Harvey had not been able as yet to complete arrangements about water.

Adelaide sat, excitedly, on an overturned chicken coop, watching the forms being put together and the cement poured in. Trucks rattled and jounced across the pasture, clanking with shining lengths of steel. Harvey had debated building a derrick of wood, but had given up the idea after figuring the cost of timbers.

"Anyway, an old wooden derrick would look tacky, sticking up there," Adelaide argued. "It would look countrified and cheap," her father said. "By a long shot."

"Steel ones look nicer. We don't want an old homestead looking thing on this place."

"Steel derricks look better—but the wooden ones are safer," Gary told her. "When a wooden derrick starts to fall, it squeaks and groans and cracks and there's time to run. But when a steel tower comes down—it just comes and it's too darned bad for any rough-neck or driller who gets caught under it."

"But a steel one wouldn't fall. How could it—all bolted together?"

"They do fall. Get a heavy crown block and a lot of cable and traveling gear up in the top of one of those babies—and let the wind hit her right, or a heavy strain hit her—and down she comes like a plane—and sometimes you get warning enough to run—and sometimes you don't."

"But, if it's that dangerous, the men ought to stay out from under."

"They can't stay out from under. They have to work on the derrick floor—and up in the derrick, setting drill pipe with tongs. That's why I'm sticking around here—to see that every joint gets an extra turn on it, and she's anchored tight."

The rigging crew arrived, and Gary watched them piling off the truck, and gave a shout. "Bill Grant! You old son-of-a-gun!"

A tall, bronzed, muscular young fellow took a broad jump off the truck and came running. "Hi, Gary! What the heck are you doing here?" They beat each other on the back and pumped hands, while Adelaide watched.

"Putting down this well, Adelaide, this is Bill Grant, the rottenest football player that ever fumbled a ball. Bill was in school with me. What are you doing with this bunch, Bill?"

CHAPTER XV
"Still sticking 'em up. Worked at it three vacations—then I got out of school and there wasn't any job—so I'm back being a punk again. How do you do, Miss Mason?"

"So nice you know each other. Bring your friend up to the house, Gary, to meet Mother. Were you on the same football team?"

"Two years. Them was the days, hey, Gary? And now we're dirty working men and the gals don't give us a look. Not that you're doing so bad, though, you mug. He always was a heartbreaker, Miss Mason."

"I can imagine," Adelaide's smile was airy. "I've heard gaily tales about derricks falling down, Mr. Grant. I hope you're going to do a good job on this one?"

"Never had one come down on me yet—but I've seen some crack-up. Saw one last winter down in Louisiana—we had to put piles under it later and get it up out of the swamp. But one poor guy who went down with it is somewhere in that mud yet. Now that's what you'd call tough oil business, down there. Got to float the stuff out on pontoons and drive more piles to hold up a derrick than they put under Radio City. And, boy, are those mosquitoes fierce! Bite you through a leather coat. But the

little sole gals—oh, mammy!" "You worked down there, didn't you, Gary?" "Yes, I worked down there. But I didn't have time to look at the gals. I was up in a derrick trying to hold a swivel with a pair of tongs and get drill pipe down into a seven-thousand-foot well."

"What happened to your shoulder, Gary? You look one-sided."

"Motor crack-up. Broke a collar bone. But it's practically well now. I'll be pulling out of here in a few days—for Mexico, probably."

But Adelaide said blandly, "He's just talking. He's not going to Mexico. He's staying here to help my father get out of it."

"If he gets oil he won't need any help."

"He'll need a couple of rangers to keep the get-rich-quick boys and the promoters off of him," said Bill Grant. "But if he gets a dry hole—"

"If he gets a dry hole, he'll be hunting me with a shotgun," grinned Gary. "And Mexico won't be far enough away for me!"

"The boys on the jobs here I've been working have been talking about that Mexican proposition, Bill said. 'I know a couple of fellows who've gone down there. Trouble is, they've practically ruined those properties now—turning them over to people who don't know a darned thing about production. If a new man goes down there, they'll be expecting him to work miracles and if he doesn't do it they'll want to shoot him against a wall or something. And I never did like frijoles—or fleas!'"

"The men on the truck began to yell."

"Gotta go, boys and gals," Bill said. "See you later." He strode away, his long legs swinging in easy rhythm.

"He's nice—I like him," Adelaide said. "I'll invite him to the dance."

"He should be through and gone by Friday."

"Oh, he'll stay—I know he will if I ask him. He's a handsome thing isn't he? I like blond men. They look so ruthless—like the vikings."

"Listen, Adelaide. Don't count on me for that dance. I'm all crippled up and I haven't the right clothes—"

"Oh, Gary, don't be such a mug! Why, I turned down half a dozen dates to go to that dance with you. Don't you want to take me?"

"Oh, Great Scott—" he burned with confusion. "Of course I want to! But—I thought you'd have another date—"

"You could ask, couldn't you? I never saw such a stubborn mule as you, Gary Tallman. I have to blackjack you, practically, if I want you to take me places."

Gary drew a long, astonished breath. He would never, he was certain, understand women.

"Adelaide, you know I want to take you out," he argued. "But after all a man has pride he wants a job—"

"That's what a driller gets. I'm not a driller. I'm not even a rough-neck. I'm just hanging around. And if I worked here all summer I couldn't pay back what I owe to this family."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, let's not fight! If you want to take me to the dance, say so. I know boys who don't have to be coaxed."

"I'd rather take you to the dance than anything. I just can't believe my luck, that's all." He was out of breath and the sky was a blue pinwheel, revolving rapidly, and there were no words to express this incredulous tumult in his heart.

"That's your inferiority complex," said Adelaide matter-of-factly. "You ought to get rid of it."

"All right, I'll start in knocking you around and dragging you by the hair. I'll start now. You get out of here before these fellows start in slinging steel. I saw a Negro decapitated once, when a beam slipped—and anyway the language riggers use isn't the kind nice girls ought to listen to."

"If it's any worse than Dad's explosions when the market goes down, it must be lurid. Why don't you get away yourself, if the place is so dangerous?"

"Because I'm supposed to be on the job, getting this derrick up. I'll jump if anything busts, don't worry. I want to live till Friday."

"You're sweet, Gary." She patted his arm and he forbore to wince when she hit a lame spot. "It's too bad you are so awfully dumb!"

(Continued)

TOOK SINK TOO

ST. CATHARINES, Ont. (CP) — The kitchen sink was among the loot taken from a house being constructed here. The owner reported thieves had taken the kitchen sink, taps and toilet assembly.

GASPEREAUX SCHOOL (January Report) Grade X—1. Sybil King; 2. Rita Steele; 3. Joan Mercer. Grade IX—1. Geraldine McKenzie.

Grade VII—1. Betty Reilly; 2. Lowell Kemp; 3. Eileen Jamieson. Grade VI—1. Billy Reilly; 2. Lawrence Steele; 3. Peggy McFerrer.

Grade V—1. Lorraine Butler; 2. Harold French. Grade IV—1. James Steele; 2. Doreen Graham.

Grade III Sr.—1. Lorraine McKenzie; 2. Carl Jamieson. Grade III Jr.—1. Eldon Jamieson; 2. Elaine Kemp.

Grade II Sr.—1. Marjorie McKenzie; 2. Clementine French; 3. Irma Llewellyn. Grade II Jr.—1. Howard Jamieson; 2. Betty Steele; 3. Mary Kelly.

Grade I Sr.—1. Barney Butler;

2. Gloria Llewellyn; 3. Rose Butler. Grade I Jr.—1. Brenda McGuigan; 2. Jamie Graham; 3. Maurice McKenzie.

Highest average in senior grades, Betty Reilly, 83.6. Highest average in junior grades, Howard Jamieson, 97.5. Teacher, Wallace MacDonald.

INDECENT LITERATURE

SYDNEY, N. S. (CP) — Cops Breton county council has approved a report of its law amendments committee, endorsing a resolution asking for a strict ban on indecent literature. The resolution also asks for appointment of a provincial board of censors.

TINY COUNTY

Smallest county in Scotland, Clackmannanshire is 10 miles long and four miles wide.

Free Booklet Reveals Why Loss Of Hearing Should Be Checked Immediately

CHICAGO (Special)—Does a hearing impairment become progressively worse? Are persistent or recurring ear noises a sign of deafness? Does lost hearing cause other complications? These and other important questions of vital interest to the 15 million persons in the United States who are hard of hearing are answered in an authoritative new illustrated booklet, "How You Can Help Yourself to Hear Better." It is now available to the hard of hearing readers of this newspaper without cost or obligation. To obtain your free copy, which will be sent in a plain wrapper, simply send your request to: Electro-Research Director, Bell Telephone Hearing Aid Company, 2900 West 36th Street, Department 6505, Chicago 32, Illinois. A postcard will do.

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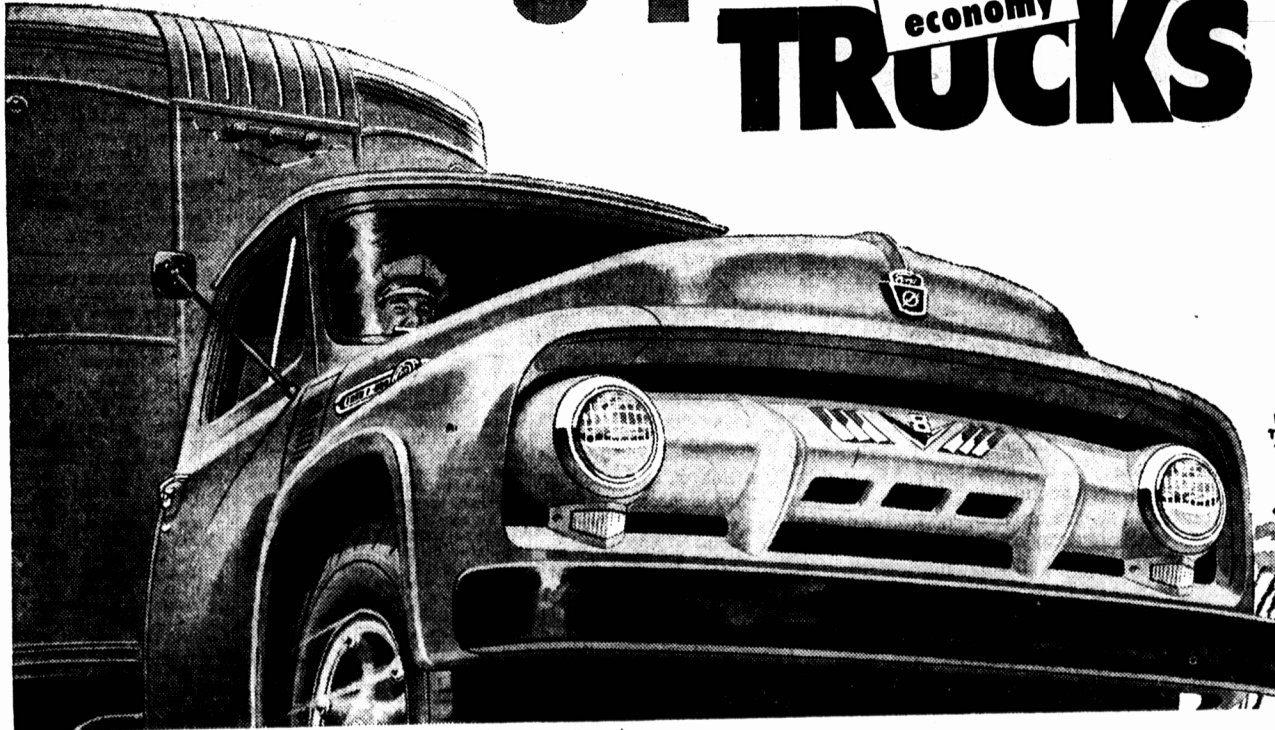
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