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Volume 19, Issue 9

*"The Little Green Paper"*

May 5, 2018

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## What is Earth Day, and what is it meant to accomplish?



A message from Earth Day Network's president, Kathleen Rogers:

Close to 48 years ago, on 22 April 1970, millions of people took to the streets to protest the negative impacts of 150 years of industrial development.

In the US and around the world, smog was becoming deadly and evidence was growing that pollution led to developmental delays in children. Biodiversity was in decline as a result of the heavy use of pesticides and other pollutants.

The global ecological awareness was growing, and the US Congress and President Nixon responded quickly. In July of the same year, they created the Environmental Protection Agency, and robust environmental

laws such as the Clean Water Act and the Endangered Species Act, among many.

## One billion people

Earth Day is now a global event each year, and we believe that more than 1 billion people in 192 countries now take part in what is the largest civic-focused day of action in the world.

It is a day of political action and civic participation. People march, sign petitions, meet with their elected officials, plant trees, clean up their towns and roads. Corporations and governments use it to make pledges and announce sustainability measures. Faith leaders, including Pope Francis, connect Earth Day with protecting God's greatest creations, humans, biodiversity and the planet that we all live on.

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Earth Day Network, the organization that leads Earth Day worldwide, has chosen as the theme for 2018 to End Plastic Pollution, including creating support for a global effort to eliminate primarily single-use plastics along with global regulation for the disposal of plastics. EDN is educating millions of people about the health and other risks associated with the use and disposal of plastics, including pollution of our oceans, water, and wildlife, and about the growing body of evidence that plastic waste is creating serious global problems.

From poisoning and injuring marine life to the ubiquitous presence of plastics in our food to disrupting human hormones and causing major life-threatening diseases and early puberty, the exponential growth of plastics is threatening our planet's survival. EDN has built a multi-year campaign to End Plastic Pollution. Our goals include ending single-use plastics, promoting alternatives to fossil fuel-based materials, promoting 100 percent recycling of plastics, corporate and government accountability and changing human behavior concerning plastics. EDN's End Plastic Pollution campaign includes four major components:

- Leading a grassroots movement to support the adoption of a global framework to regulate plastic pollution;
- Educating, mobilizing and activating citizens across the globe to demand that governments and corporations control and clean up plastic pollution;
- Educating people worldwide to take personal responsibility for plastic pollution by choosing to reduce, refuse, reuse, recycle and remove plastics and
- Promoting local government regulatory and other efforts to tackle plastic pollution.

Data Master: Nikki Hamilton

Earth Day Network is leveraging the platform of Earth Day and the growing interest in the 50th Anniversary of Earth Day in 2020 as a catalyst for global action.

Data Master: Nikki Hamilton



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## Chelsea Teachers Visit State Capitol

OKLAHOMA CITY – Representative Chuck Hoskin (D) Vinita, welcomed teachers from Chelsea Public Schools on Wednesday, April 18th. Tammy Hunt, Janice Harris and Sharon Powell observed the activities on the floor of the House of Representatives from the gallery and then met with Representative Hoskin after session adjourned to discuss legislative issues that could increase funding to education. Representative Hoskin expressed his appreciation to the Chelsea School District for supporting their teachers and employees and allowing them to have a presence at the state capitol and to the teachers and employees who made the effort to be at the capitol.



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## THE \$30,000 BEQUEST

By Mark Twain

Last Part

### CHAPTER V

The celebration went off well. The friends were all present, both the young and the old. Among the young were Flossie and Gracie Peanut and their brother Adelbert, who was a rising young journeyman tinner, also Hosannah Dilkins, Jr., journeyman plasterer, just out of his apprenticeship. For many months Adelbert and Hosannah had been showing interest in Gwendolen and Clytemnestra Foster, and the parents of the girls had noticed this with private satisfaction. But they suddenly realized now that that feeling had passed. They recognized that the changed financial conditions had raised up a social bar between their daughters and the young mechanics. The daughters could now look higher—and must. Yes, must. They need marry nothing below the grade of lawyer or merchant; poppa and mamma would take care of this; there must be no mesalliances.

However, these thinkings and projects of theirs were private, and did not show on the surface, and therefore threw no shadow upon the celebration. What showed upon the surface was a serene and lofty contentment and a dignity of carriage and gravity of deportment which compelled the admiration and likewise the wonder of the company. All noticed it and all commented upon it, but none was able to divine the secret of it. It was a marvel and a mystery. Three several persons remarked, without suspecting what clever shots they were making:

"It's as if they'd come into property."  
That was just it, indeed.

Most mothers would have taken hold of the matrimonial matter in the old regulation way; they would have given the girls a talking to, of a solemn sort and un tactful—a lecture calculated to defeat its own purpose, by producing tears and secret rebellion; and the said mothers would have further damaged the business by requesting the young mechanics to discontinue their attentions. But this mother was different. She was practical. She said nothing to any of the young people concerned, nor to any one else except Sally. He listened to her and understood; understood and admired. He said: "I get the idea. Instead of finding fault with the samples on view, thus hurting feelings and obstructing trade without occasion, you merely offer a higher class of goods for the money, and leave nature to take her course. It's wisdom, Aleck, solid wisdom, and sound as a nut. Who's your fish? Have you nominated him yet?"

No, she hadn't. They must look the market over—which they did. To start with, they considered and discussed Brandish, rising young lawyer, and Fulton, rising young dentist. Sally must invite them to dinner. But not right away; there was no hurry, Aleck said. Keep an eye on the pair, and wait; nothing would be lost by going slowly in so important a matter.

It turned out that this was wisdom, too; for inside of three weeks Aleck made a wonderful strike which swelled her imaginary hundred thousand to four hundred thousand of the same quality. She and Sally were in the clouds that evening. For the first time they introduced champagne at dinner. Not real champagne, but plenty real enough for the amount of imagination expended on it. It was Sally that did it, and Aleck weakly submitted. At bottom both were troubled and ashamed, for he was a high-up Son of Temperance, and at funerals wore an apron which no dog could look upon and retain his reason and his opinion; and she was a W. C. T. U., with all that that implies of boiler-iron virtue and unendurable holiness. But there it was; the pride of riches was beginning its disintegrating work. They had lived to prove, once more, a sad truth which had been proven many times before in the world: that whereas principle is a great and noble protection against showy and degrading vanities and vices, poverty is worth six of it. More than four hundred thousand dollars to the good. They took up the matrimonial matter again. Neither the dentist nor the lawyer was mentioned; there was no occasion, they were out of the running. Disqualified. They discussed the son of the pork-packer and the son of the village banker. But finally, as in the previous case, they concluded to wait and think, and go cautiously and sure.

Luck came their way again. Aleck, ever watchful saw a great and risky chance, and took a daring flyer. A time of trembling, of doubt, of awful uneasiness followed, for non-success meant absolute ruin and nothing short of it. Then came the result, and Aleck, faint with joy, could hardly control her voice when she said:

"The suspense is over, Sally—and we are worth a cold million!"  
Sally wept for gratitude, and said:

"Oh, Electra, jewel of women, darling of my heart, we are free at last, we roll in wealth, we need never scrimp again. It's a case for Veuve Cliquot!" and he got out a pint of spruce-beer and made sacrifice, he saying "Damn the expense," and she rebuking him gently with reproachful but humid and happy eyes. They shelved the pork-packer's son and the banker's son, and sat down to consider the Governor's son and the son of the Congressman.



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## CHAPTER VI

It were a weariness to follow in detail the leaps and bounds the Foster fictitious finances took from this time forth. It was marvelous, it was dizzying, it was dazzling. Everything Aleck touched turned to fairy gold, and heaped itself glittering toward the firmament. Millions upon millions poured in, and still the mighty stream flowed thundering along, still its vast volume increased. Five millions—ten millions—twenty—thirty—was there never to be an end?

Two years swept by in a splendid delirium, the intoxicated Fosters scarcely noticing the flight of time. They were now worth three hundred million dollars; they were in every board of directors of every prodigious combine in the country; and still as time drifted along, the millions went on piling up, five at a time, ten at a time, as fast as they could tally them off, almost. The three hundred double itself—then doubled again—and yet again—and yet once more. Twenty-four hundred millions!

The business was getting a little confused. It was necessary to take an account of stock, and straighten it out. The Fosters knew it, they felt it, they realized that it was imperative; but they also knew that to do it properly and perfectly the task must be carried to a finish without a break when once it was begun. A ten-hours' job; and where could they find ten leisure hours in a bunch? Sally was selling pins and sugar and calico all day and every day; Aleck was cooking and washing dishes and sweeping and making beds all day and every day, with none to help, for the daughters were being saved up for high society. The Fosters knew there was one way to get the ten hours, and only one. Both were ashamed to name it; each waited for the other to do it. Finally Sally said:

"Somebody's got to give in. It's up to me. Consider that I've named it—never mind pronouncing it out aloud."

Aleck colored, but was grateful. Without further remark, they fell. Fell, and—broke the Sabbath. For that was their only free ten-hour stretch. It was but another step in the downward path. Others would follow. Vast wealth has temptations which fatally and surely undermine the moral structure of persons not habituated to its possession.

They pulled down the shades and broke the Sabbath. With hard and patient labor they overhauled their holdings and listed them. And a long-drawn procession of formidable names it was! Starting with the Railway Systems, Steamer Lines, Standard Oil, Ocean Cables, Diluted Telegraph, and all the rest, and winding up with Klondike, De Beers, Tammany Graft, and Shady Privileges in the Post-office Department.

Twenty-four hundred millions, and all safely planted in Good Things, gilt-edged and interest-bearing. Income, \$120,000,000 a year. Aleck fetched a long purr of soft delight, and said:

"Is it enough?"

"It is, Aleck."

"What shall we do?"

"Stand pat."

"Retire from business?"

"That's it."

"I am agreed. The good work is finished; we will take a long rest and enjoy the money."

"Good! Aleck!"

"Yes, dear?"

"How much of the income can we spend?"

"The whole of it."

## G.A.R. Cemetery Decoration Removal Schedule

**\*\*All Decorations Must be Removed from Graves By 8:00 a.m. On The Dates Listed\*\***

### DECORATION REMOVAL

**First Monday Following Memorial Day**

**First Monday in October**


### DATE

**06/04/2018**

**10/01/2018**

- Wrought iron basket hangers are not permitted except for the time period of December 15th through January 15th and one week prior to Memorial Day until the first Monday following Memorial Day.
- Notices for our decoration removal schedule will be posted on signs at cemetery entrances the week preceding decoration removals.
- All decorations not collected by date and time listed will be disposed of with no exceptions.
- For more information about the G.A.R. Cemetery decoration removal schedule, please call the cemetery at **918-542-6685**.



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It seemed to her husband that a ton of chains fell from his limbs. He did not say a word; he was happy beyond the power of speech.

After that, they broke the Sabbaths right along as fast as they turned up. It is the first wrong step that counts. Every Sunday they put in the whole day, after morning service, on inventions—inventions of ways to spend the money. They got to continuing this delicious dissipation until past midnight; and at every seance Aleck lavished millions upon great charities and religious enterprises, and Sally lavished like sums upon matters to which (at first) he gave definite names. Only at first. Later the names gradually lost sharpness of outline, and eventually faded into “sundries,” thus becoming entirely—but safely—undescriptive. For Sally was crumpling. The placing of these millions added seriously and most uncomfortably to the family expenses—in tallow candles. For a while Aleck was worried. Then, after a little, she ceased to worry, for the occasion of it was gone. She was pained, she was grieved, she was ashamed; but she said nothing, and so became an accessory. Sally was taking candles; he was robbing the store. It is ever thus. Vast wealth, to the person unaccustomed to it, is a bane; it eats into the flesh and bone of his morals. When the Fosters were poor, they could have been trusted with untold candles. But now they—but let us not dwell upon it. From candles to apples is but a step: Sally got to taking apples; then soap; then maple-sugar; then canned goods; then crockery. How easy it is to go from bad to worse, when once we have started upon a downward course!

Meantime, other effects had been milestoning the course of the Fosters' splendid financial march. The fictitious brick dwelling had given place to an imaginary granite one with a checker-board mansard roof; in time this one disappeared and gave place to a still grander home—and so on and so on. Mansion after mansion, made of air, rose, higher, broader, finer, and each in its turn vanished away; until now in these latter great days, our dreamers were in fancy housed, in a distant region, in a sumptuous vast palace which looked out from a leafy summit upon a noble prospect of vale and river and receding hills steeped in tinted mists—and all private, all the property of the dreamers; a palace swarming with liveried servants, and populous with guests of fame and power, hailing from all the world's capitals, foreign and domestic.

This palace was far, far away toward the rising sun, immeasurably remote, astronomically remote, in Newport, Rhode Island, Holy Land of High Society, ineffable Domain of the American Aristocracy. As a rule they spent a part of every Sabbath—after morning service—in this sumptuous home, the rest of it they spent in Europe, or in dawdling around in their private yacht. Six days of sordid and plodding fact life at home on the ragged edge of Lakeside and straitened means, the seventh in Fairyland—such had been their program and their habit.

In their sternly restricted fact life they remained as of old—plodding, diligent, careful, practical, economical. They stuck loyally to the little Presbyterian Church, and labored faithfully in its interests and stood by its high and tough doctrines with all their mental and spiritual energies. But in their dream life they obeyed the invitations of their fancies, whatever they might be, and howsoever the fancies might change. Aleck's fancies were not very capricious, and not frequent, but Sally's scattered a good deal. Aleck, in her dream life, went over to the Episcopal camp, on account of its large official titles; next she became High-church on account of the candles and shows; and next she naturally changed to Rome, where there were cardinals and more candles. But these excursions were a nothing to Sally's. His dream life was a glowing and continuous and persistent excitement, and he kept every part of it fresh and sparkling by frequent changes, the religious part along with the rest. He worked his religions hard, and changed them with his shirt.

The liberal spendings of the Fosters upon their fancies began early in their prosperities, and grew in prodigality step by step with their advancing fortunes. In time they became truly enormous. Aleck built a university or two per Sunday; also a hospital or two; also a Rowton hotel or so; also a batch of churches; now and then a cathedral; and once, with untimely and ill-chosen playfulness, Sally said, “It was a cold day when she didn't ship a cargo of missionaries to persuade unreflecting Chinamen to trade off twenty-four carat Confucianism for counterfeit Christianity.”

This rude and unfeeling language hurt Aleck to the heart, and she went from the presence crying. That spectacle went to his own heart, and in his pain and shame he would have given worlds to have those unkind words back. She had uttered no syllable of reproach—and that cut him. Not one suggestion that he look at his own record—and she could have made, oh, so many, and such blistering ones! Her generous silence brought a swift revenge, for it turned his thoughts upon himself, it summoned before him a spectral procession, a moving vision of his life as he had been leading it these past few years of limitless prosperity, and as he sat there reviewing it his cheeks burned and his soul was steeped in humiliation. Look at her life—how fair it was, and tending ever upward; and look at his own—how frivolous, how charged with mean vanities, how selfish, how empty, how ignoble! And its trend—never upward, but downward, ever downward!

He instituted comparisons between her record and his own. He had found fault with her—so he mused—he! And what could he say for himself? When she built her first church what was he doing?

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Gathering other blase multimillionaires into a Poker Club; defiling his own palace with it; losing hundreds of thousands to it at every sitting, and sillily vain of the admiring notoriety it made for him. When she was building her first university, what was he doing? Polluting himself with a gay and dissipated secret life in the company of other fast bloods, multimillionaires in money and paupers in character. When she was building her first foundling asylum, what was he doing? Alas! When she was projecting her noble Society for the Purifying of the Sex, what was he doing? Ah, what, indeed! When she and the W. C. T. U. and the Woman with the Hatchet, moving with resistless march, were sweeping the fatal bottle from the land, what was he doing? Getting drunk three times a day. When she, builder of a hundred cathedrals, was being gratefully welcomed and blest in papal Rome and decorated with the Golden Rose which

## WE NEED YOUR FEEDBACK

Links newspaper belongs to our community. Your opinion is important to us. We strive to print what you are interested in reading. To know what you want to see in this newspaper we have created a feedback page on our website and would like you to share your opinion with us. Please go to the following website and give us your feedback.

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she had so honorably earned, what was he doing? Breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

He stopped. He could go no farther; he could not bear the rest. He rose up, with a great resolution upon his lips: this secret life should be revealed, and confessed; no longer would he live it clandestinely, he would go and tell her All.

And that is what he did. He told her All; and wept upon her bosom; wept, and moaned, and begged for her forgiveness. It was a profound shock, and she staggered under the blow, but he was her own, the core of her heart, the blessing of her eyes, her all in all, she could deny him nothing, and she forgave him. She felt that he could never again be quite to her what he had been before; she knew that he could only repent, and not reform; yet all morally defaced and decayed as he was, was he not her own, her very own, the idol of her deathless worship? She said she was his serf, his slave, and she opened her yearning heart and took him in.

(Continued on page 19)



# Getting to know the Lutherans

## Handheld

*I am the Lord; I have called you in righteousness; I will take you by the hand and keep you. (Isaiah 42:6)*

In our Baptism, God “called [us] in righteousness.” God applied the perfect life, death, and resurrection of Jesus to us, forgave our sins, and declared us to be brand new. God’s Spirit now walks beside us and holds us by the hand, not just as a friend, but as our God. He does not ask us to hold on to Him. He holds on to us. In our weakness, He gives us strength. In our faithlessness, He remains faithful.

Imagine a father on a walk with his toddler in the woods. The boy’s feeble grasp on Dad’s fingers provides little security against rough terrain. But when Dad enfolds that little hand and wrist in his hand, there is security, no matter how rough things get. Faith does not hold on to God. It trusts that God hold on to us. We can recreate, communicate, calculate, and navigate our way through life, and it’s all handheld by **God**. What could be better?

We thank you, Lord Jesus, for Your faithful, strong, nail-scarred hands that hold us. Amen.

Data Master: Karen Deffenbaugh

<p><b>Messiah Lutheran Church</b>  460 N. Wilson, Vinita, OK.  <b>Sunday School and Bible Class 9:00 a.m.</b>  <b>Worship 10:00 a.m. 918-256-3223</b>  <b>Email: messiahvinita@aol.com</b></p>	<p><b>St. Paul Lutheran Church</b>  Washington and Pine, Fairland, OK.  <b>Sunday School and Bible Class 9:15 a.m.</b>  <b>Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-676-3059</b>  <b>Email: stpaulluthch@aol.com</b></p>
<p><b>Bethlehem Lutheran Church</b>  6911 West 380 Road, Adair, OK 74330  <b>Worship 9:00 a.m. 918-785-2994</b>  <b>Sunday School and Bible Class 10:15 a.m.</b></p>	<p><b>Immanuel Lutheran Church</b>  706 Rockwood Drive, Grove, OK.  <b>Worship 9:30 a.m. 918-786-4585</b>  <b>Website: www.lutheransonline.com/lo/Groveok</b></p>
<p><b>Mt. Olive Lutheran Church</b>  2337 North Main, Miami, OK 74354  <b>Worship 2:00 p.m. (918) 542-4681</b>  <b>Sunday School and Bible Class 3:00 p.m.</b>  <b>Email: mtolive@cablone.net</b></p>	<p><b>Redeemer Lutheran Church</b>  220 N. Seminole, Claremore, OK.  <b>Sunday School and Bible Class 9:00 a.m.</b>  <b>Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-341-1429</b>  <b>Email: rluther@sbcglobal.net – Website www.rlcck.org</b></p>
<p><b><i>Guests are always welcome.  See you Sunday at worship.</i></b></p>	<p><b>St. John Lutheran Church</b>  607 SE 9<sup>th</sup> Street, Pryor, OK.  <b>Sunday School and Bible Class 9:15 a.m.</b>  <b>Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-825-1926</b>  <b>Email: stjohncpyor@sbcglobal.net- Website: www.stjohncpyor.org</b></p>

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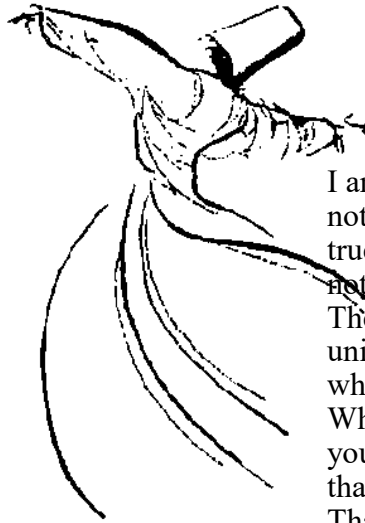
## A slave's freedom

By Farid ud-Din Attar

English version by Afkham Darbandi and Dick Davis  
Original Language Persian/Farsi

Loghman of Sarrakhs cried: "Dear God, behold  
Your faithful servant, poor, bewildered, old--  
An old slave is permitted to go free;  
I've spent my life in patient loyalty,  
I'm bent with grief, my black hair's turned to snow;  
Grant manumission, Lord, and let me go."  
A voice replied: "When you have gained release from mind and thought,  
your slavery will cease;  
You will be free when these two disappear."  
He said: "Lord, it is You whom I revere;  
What are the mind and all its ways to me?"  
And left them there and then -- in ecstasy  
He danced and clapped his hands and boldly cried:  
"Who am I now? The slave I was has died;  
What's freedom, servitude, and where are they?  
Both happiness and grief have fled away;  
I neither own nor lack all qualities;  
My blindness looks on secret mysteries --  
I know not whether You are I, I You;  
I lose myself in You, there is no two."

DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley



## I am Only the House of Your Beloved

By Rumi

I am only the house of your beloved,  
not the beloved herself:  
true love is for the treasure,  
not for the coffer that contains it."  
The real beloved is that one who is unique,  
who is your beginning and your end.  
When you find that one,  
you'll no longer expect anything else:  
that is both the manifest and the mystery.  
That one is the lord of states of feeling,  
dependent on none;  
month and year are slaves to that moon.  
When he bids the "state,"  
it does His bidding;  
when that one wills, bodies become spirit.





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## This Month in History: May

### May 1

May 1st - Observed as May Day, a holiday and spring festival since ancient times, also observed in socialist countries as a workers' holiday or Labor Day.

May 1, 1707 - Great Britain was formed from a union between England and Scotland. The union included Wales which had already been part of England since the 1500's. The United Kingdom today consists of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

May 1, 1960 - An American U-2 spy plane flying at 60,000 feet was shot down over Sverdlovsk in central Russia on the eve of a summit meeting between President Dwight D. Eisenhower and Soviet Russia's Premier Nikita Khrushchev. The sensational incident caused a cancellation of the meeting and heightened existing Cold War tensions. The pilot, CIA agent Francis Gary Powers, survived the crash, and was tried, convicted and sentenced to 10 years in prison by a Russian court. Two years later he was released to America in exchange for an imprisoned Soviet spy. On his return to America, Powers encountered a hostile public which apparently believed he should not have allowed himself to be captured alive. He died in a helicopter crash in 1977.

May 1, 2004 - Eight former Communist nations and two Mediterranean countries joined the European Union (EU) marking its largest-ever expansion. The new members included Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Slovenia, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, along with the island of Malta and the Greek portion of the island of Cyprus. They joined 15 countries already in the EU, representing in all 450 million persons.

Birthdays - Irish-born American labor leader Mary 'Mother' Jones (1830-1930) was born in County Cork, Ireland. She endured misfortune early in life as her husband and four children died in the yellow fever epidemic of 1867. She also lost all of her belongings in the Chicago Fire of 1871. She then devoted herself to organizing and advancing the cause of Labor, using the slogan, "Join the Union, boys." She also sought to prohibit child labor. She remained active until the very end, giving her last speech on her 100th birthday.

Birthdays - World War II General Mark Clark (1896-1984) was born in Madison Barracks, New York. He commanded the U.S. Fifth Army which invaded Italy in September of 1943, fighting a long and brutal campaign against stubborn German opposition.

Birthdays - African American Olympic athlete Archie Williams (1915-1993) was born in Oakland, California. Williams, along with Jesse Owens, defeated German athletes at the 1936 Berlin Olympics and helped debunk Adolf Hitler's theory of Aryan racial superiority. Williams won a gold medal in the 400-meter race.

After the Olympics, he went on to earn a mechanical engineering

degree from the University of California-Berkeley but faced discrimination and wound up digging ditches. He later became an airplane pilot and trained Tuskegee Institute pilots including the black air corp of World War II.

### May 2

May 2, 2011 - U.S. Special Operations Forces killed Osama bin Laden during a raid on his secret compound in Abbottabad, Pakistan. The raid marked the culmination of a decade-long manhunt for the elusive leader of the al-Qaeda terrorist organization based in the Middle East. Bin Laden had ordered the coordinated aerial attacks of September 11th, 2001, in which four American passenger jets were hijacked then crashed, killing nearly 3,000 persons. Two jets had struck and subsequently collapsed the 110-story Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in New York, while another struck the Pentagon building in Washington, D.C. A fourth jet also headed toward Washington had crashed into a field in Pennsylvania as passengers attempted to overpower the hijackers on board.

Birthdays - Pope Leo XIII (1810-1903) was born in Carpino, Italy (as Gioacchino Pecci). He was elected Pope in 1878 at age 67 and lived to govern the church another 25 years, laying the foundation for modernization of Church attitudes toward a rapidly industrializing and changing world.

### May 3

Birthdays - Italian writer and statesman Niccolo Machiavelli (1469-1527) was born in Florence, Italy. He offered a blunt, realistic view of human nature and power in his works *The Prince* and *Discourses on Livy*.

Birthdays - Golda Meir (1898-1978) was born in Kiev, Russia. She was one of the founders of the modern state of Israel and served as prime minister from 1969 to 1974.

### May 4

May 4, 1494 - During his second journey of exploration in the New World, Christopher Columbus discovered Jamaica.

May 4, 1886 - The Haymarket Square Riot occurred in Chicago after 180 police officers advanced on 1,300 persons gathered in the square listening to speeches of labor activists and anarchists. A bomb was thrown. Seven policemen were killed and over 50 wounded. Four anarchists were then charged with conspiracy to kill, convicted and hanged while another committed suicide in jail. Three others were given lengthy jail terms.

May 4, 1970 - At Kent State University, four students - Allison Krause, 19; Sandra Lee Scheuer, 20; Jeffrey Glenn Miller, 20; and William K. Schroeder, 19 - were killed by National Guardsmen who opened fire on a crowd of 1,000 students protesting President Richard Nixon's decision to invade Cambodia. Eleven

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others were wounded. The shootings set off tumultuous campus demonstrations across America resulting in the temporary closing of over 450 colleges and universities.

### May 5

May 5th - Celebrated in Mexico as Cinco de Mayo, a national holiday in remembrance of the Battle of Puebla in 1862, in which Mexican troops under General Ignacio Zaragoza, outnumbered three to one, defeated the invading French forces of Napoleon III.

May 5, 1865 - Decoration Day was first observed in the U.S., with the tradition of decorating soldiers' graves from the Civil War with flowers. The observance date was later moved to May 30th and included American graves from World War I and World War II, and became better known as Memorial Day. In 1971, Congress moved Memorial Day to the last Monday in May, thus creating a three-day holiday weekend.

May 5, 1893 - The Wall Street Crash of 1893 began as stock prices fell dramatically. By the end of the year, 600 banks closed and several big railroads were in receivership. Another 15,000 businesses went bankrupt amid 20 percent unemployment. It was the worst economic crisis in U.S. history up to that time.

May 5, 1961 - Alan Shepard became the first American in space. He piloted the spacecraft Freedom 7 during a 15-minute 28-second suborbital flight that reached an altitude of 116 miles (186 kilometers) above the earth. Shepard's success occurred 23 days after the Russians had launched the first-ever human in space, cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin, during an era of intense technological competition between the Russians and Americans called the Space Race.

Birthdays - Communism founder Karl Marx (1818-1883) was born in Treves, Germany. He co-authored *Das Kapital* and *The Communist Manifesto*, advocating the abolition of all private property and a system in which workers own all the means of production, land, factories and machinery.

Birthdays - Pioneering American journalist Nellie Bly (1867-1922) was born in Cochran's Mills, Pennsylvania (as Elizabeth Cochrane). She was a social reformer and human rights advocate who once posed as an inmate in an insane asylum to expose inhumane conditions. She is best known for her 1889-90 tour around the world in 72 days, beating by eight days the time of Phileas Fogg, fictional hero of Jules Verne's novel *Around the World in Eighty Days*.

### May 6

May 6, 1527 - The Renaissance ended with the Sack of Rome by German troops as part of an ongoing conflict between the Hapsburg Empire and the French Monarchy. German troops killed over 4,000 Romans, imprisoned the Pope, and looted works of art and libraries. An entire year passed before order could be restored in Rome.

May 6, 1937 - The German airship Hindenburg burst into flames at 7:20 p.m. as it neared the mooring mast at Lakehurst, New

Jersey, following a trans-Atlantic voyage. Thirty six of the 97 passengers and crew were killed. The inferno was caught on film and also witnessed by a commentator who broke down amid the emotional impact and exclaimed, "Oh, the humanity!" The accident effectively ended commercial airship traffic.

Birthdays - Psychoanalysis founder Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) was born in Freiberg, Moravia. His theories became the foundation for treating psychiatric disorders by psychoanalysis and offered some of the first workable cures for mental disorders.

Birthdays - Explorer Robert E. Peary (1856-1920) was born in Cresson, Pennsylvania. He organized and led eight Arctic expeditions and reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909. In another expedition, he proved Greenland is an island. He also proved the polar ice cap extends beyond 82° north latitude, and discovered the Melville meteorite.

### May 7

May 7, 1915 - The British passenger ship Lusitania was torpedoed by a German submarine off the coast of Ireland, losing 1,198 of its 1,924 passengers, including 114 Americans. The attack hastened neutral America's entry into World War I.

May 7, 1945 - In a small red brick schoolhouse in Reims, Germany, General Alfred Jodl signed the unconditional surrender of all German fighting forces thus ending World War II in Europe. Russian, American, British and French ranking officers observed the signing of the document which became effective at one minute past midnight on May 9th. Jodl was then ushered in to see Supreme Allied Commander, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who curtly asked Jodl if he fully understood the document. Eisenhower then informed Jodl that he would be held personally responsible for any deviation from the terms of the surrender. Jodl was then ushered away.

May 7, 1954 - The French Indochina War ended with the fall of Dien Bien Phu, in a stunning victory by the Vietnamese over French colonial forces in northern Vietnam. The country was then divided in half at the 17th parallel, with South Vietnam created in 1955.

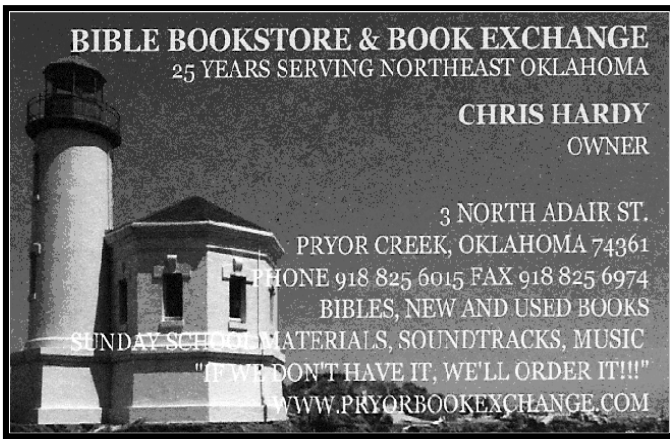
May 7, 1992 - The 27th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified, prohibiting Congress from giving itself pay raises.

Birthdays - Composer Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) was born in Hamburg, Germany. He composed over 300 songs and numerous orchestral, choral, piano, and chamber works, including his German Requiem commemorating the death of his mother.

Birthdays - American poet Archibald MacLeish (1892-1982) was born in Glencoe, Illinois. He was awarded three Pulitzer Prizes, and was also a playwright, editor, lawyer, professor, farmer, and served as Librarian of Congress from 1939 to 1944.

### May 8

May 8, 1942 - During World War II in the Pacific, the Battle of the Coral Sea began in which Japan would suffer its first defeat of the war. The battle, fought off New Guinea, marked the first time in history that two opposing naval forces fought by only using



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aircraft without the opposing ships ever sighting each other.  
May 8, 1945 - A second German surrender ceremony was held in Berlin. Soviet Russia's leader Josef Stalin had refused to recognize the German surrender document signed a day earlier at Reims. This time, German Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel signed the surrender document which declared, as did the first, that hostilities would end as of 12:01 a.m. on May 9th.

Birthday - International Red Cross founder and Nobel Prize winner Henri Dunant (1828-1910) was born in Geneva, Switzerland. He was also a founder of the YMCA and organized the Geneva Conventions of 1863 and 1864.

Birthday - Harry S. Truman (1884-1972) the 33rd U.S. President was born in Lamar, Missouri. He became president upon the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt in April 1945. Two weeks after becoming president he was informed of the top secret Atomic bomb project. In the war against Japan, an Allied invasion of Japan was being planned which would cost a minimum of 250,000 American lives. Truman then authorized the dropping of the bomb. On August 6, 1945, the first bomb exploded over Hiroshima, followed by a second bomb dropped on Nagasaki on August 9th. The next day, Japan sued for peace. Truman served as President until January of 1953. He was the last of only nine U.S. Presidents who did not attend college. His straightforward, honest, no-nonsense style earned him the nickname, "Give 'em hell, Harry."

#### May 9

May 9th - Victory Day in Russia, a national holiday commemorating the defeat of Nazi Germany during the "Great Patriotic War" (World War II) honoring the 20 million Russians who died in the war.

May 9, 1862 - During the American Civil War, General David Hunter, Union commander of the Department of the South, issued orders freeing the slaves in South Carolina, Florida and Georgia. He did so without congressional or presidential approval. The orders were countermanded by President Abraham Lincoln ten days later.

Birthday - Abolitionist leader John Brown (1800-1859) was born in Torrington, Connecticut. He led an attack on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry in October of 1859, to secure weapons for his "army of emancipation" to liberate slaves. Inside the arsenal, Brown and his followers held 60 hostages and managed to hold out against the local militia but finally surrendered to U.S. Marines under the command of Colonel Robert E. Lee. Ten of Brown's men, including two of his sons, were killed. Brown was taken prisoner. He was convicted by the Commonwealth of Virginia of treason, murder, and inciting slaves to rebellion, and hanged on December 2, 1859.

#### May 10

May 10, 1869 - The newly constructed tracks of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railways were first linked at Promontory Point, Utah. A golden spike was driven by Leland Stanford, president of the Central Pacific, to celebrate the linkage. It is said that he missed the spike on his first swing which brought roars of laughter from men who had driven thousands upon thousands of spikes themselves.

May 10, 1889 - A riot erupted outside the Astor Place Opera House in New York as British actor William Charles Macready performed inside. Angry crowds revolted against dress requirements for admission and against Macready's public statements on the vulgarity of American life. The mob then shattered theater windows. Troops were called out and ordered to fire, killing 22 and wounding 26.

May 10, 1994 - Former political prisoner Nelson Mandela was inaugurated as president of South Africa. Mandela had won the first free election in South Africa despite attempts by various political foes to deter the outcome.

#### May 11

May 11, 1862 - To prevent its capture by Union forces advancing in Virginia, the Confederate Ironclad Merrimac was destroyed by the Confederate Navy. In March, the Merrimac had fought the Union Ironclad Monitor to a draw. Naval warfare was thus changed forever, making wooden ships obsolete.

May 11, 1969 - During the Vietnam War, the Battle of "Hamburger Hill" began. While attempting to seize the Dong Ap Bia Mountain, U.S. troops repeatedly scaled the hill over a 10-day period and engaged in bloody hand-to-hand combat with the North Vietnamese. After finally securing the objective, American military staff decided to abandon the position, which the North Vietnamese retook shortly thereafter. The battle highlighted the futility of the overall American military strategy.

Birthday - Songwriter Irving Berlin (1888-1989) was born (as Israel Isidore Baline) in Tyumen, Russia. At the age of four, Berlin moved with his family to New York City and later began singing in saloons and on street corners to help his family following the death of his father. Although he could not read or write musical notation, he became one of America's greatest songwriters, best known for songs such as God Bless America, White Christmas, There's No Business Like Show Business, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Puttin' On the Ritz, and Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning.

Birthday - Modern dance pioneer Martha Graham (1893-1991) was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She began her dance career at age 22 in the Greenwich Village Follies. She later incorporated primal emotions and ancient rituals in her works, bringing a new psychological depth to modern dance. In a career spanning 70 years, she created 180 dance works. She performed until the age of 75.

#### May 12

May 12, 1937 - George VI was crowned at Westminster Abbey in London, following the abdication of his brother, Edward VIII. King George reigned until his death in 1952. He was succeeded by his daughter Elizabeth, the current reigning monarch.

May 12, 1949 - Soviet Russia lifted its blockade of Berlin.



The blockade began on June 24, 1948 and resulted in the Berlin airlift. For 462 days - from June 26, 1948, until September 30, 1949, American and British planes flew about 278,000 flights, delivering 2.3 million tons of food, coal and medical supplies to two million isolated West Berliners. A plane landed in Berlin every minute from 11 Allied staging areas in West Germany. The planes were nicknamed "candy bombers" after pilots began tossing sweets to children. They also flew out millions of dollars worth of products manufactured in West Berlin.

Birthdays - British nurse and public health activist Florence Nightingale (1820-1910) was born in Florence, Italy. She volunteered to aid British troops in Turkey where she improved hospital sanitary conditions and greatly reduced the death rate for wounded and sick soldiers. She received worldwide acclaim for her unselfish devotion to nursing, contributed to the development of modern nursing procedures, and emphasized the dignity of nursing as a profession for women.

**May 13**

May 13, 1846 - At the request of President James K. Polk, Congress declared war on Mexico. The controversial struggle eventually cost the lives of 11,300 U.S. soldiers and resulted in the annexation of lands that became parts of Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California, Utah and Colorado. The war ended in 1848 with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

May 13, 1943 - During World War II in North Africa, over 250,000 Germans and Italians surrendered in the last few days of the Tunis campaign. British General Harold Alexander then telegraphed news of the victory to Winston Churchill, who was in Washington attending a war conference. The victory re-opened Allied shipping lanes in the Mediterranean.

May 13, 1981 - Pope John Paul II was shot twice at close range while riding in an open automobile in St. Peter's Square in Rome. Two other persons were also wounded. An escaped terrorist, already under sentence of death for the murder of a Turkish journalist, was immediately arrested and was later convicted of attempted murder. The Pope recovered and later held a private meeting with the would-be assassin and then publicly forgave him.

**May 14**

May 14, 1607 - The first permanent English settlement in America was established at Jamestown, Virginia, by a group of royally chartered Virginia Company settlers from Plymouth, England.

May 14, 1804 - Meriwether Lewis and William Clark departed St. Louis on their expedition to explore the Northwest. They arrived at the Pacific coast of Oregon in November of 1805 and returned to St. Louis in September of 1806, completing a journey of about 6,000 miles.

May 14, 1796 - Smallpox vaccine was developed by Dr. Edward Jenner, a physician in rural England. He coined the term vaccination for the new procedure of injecting a milder form of the disease into healthy persons resulting in immunity. Within 18 months, 12,000 persons in England had been vaccinated and the number of smallpox deaths dropped by two-thirds.

May 14, 1942 - During World War II, an Act of Congress allowed women to enlist for noncombat duties in the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (WAAC), the Women Appointed for Voluntary Emergency Service (WAVES), Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron (WAFS), and Semper Paratus Always Ready Service (SPARS), the Women's Reserve of the Marine Corp.

Birthdays - German physicist Gabriel Fahrenheit (1686-1736) was born in Danzig, Germany. He introduced the use of mercury in thermometers and greatly improved their accuracy. His name is now attached to one of the major temperature measurement scales.

Birthdays - British landscape and portrait painter Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788) was born in Sudbury, Suffolk, England. Among his best known works: The Blue Boy, The Watering Place and The Market Cart. **Data Master:** Tino Hensley

**SUDOKU PUZZLES**

Fill in the grid with digits in such a manner that every row, every column and every 3X3 box accommodates the digits 1-9, without repeating any.

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# The ELIXIR OF LIFE

By Honore De Balzac

## Part One



In a sumptuous palace of Ferrara, one winter evening, Don Juan Belvidéro was entertaining a prince of the house of Este. In those days a banquet was a marvelous affair, which demanded princely riches or the power of a nobleman. Seven pleasure-loving women chatted gaily around a table lighted by perfumed candles, surrounded by admirable works of art whose white marble stood out against the walls of red stucco and contrasted with the rich Turkey carpets. Clad in satin, glittering with gold and laden with gems which sparkled only less brilliantly than their eyes, they all told of passions, intense, but of various styles, like their beauty. They differed neither in their words nor their ideas; but an expression, a look, a motion or an emphasis served as a commentary, unrestrained, licentious, melancholy or bantering, to their words.

One seemed to say: "My beauty has power to rekindle the frozen heart of age." Another: "I love to repose on soft cushions and think with rapture of my adorers." A third, a novice at these fêtes, was inclined to blush. "At the bottom of my heart I feel compunction," she seemed to say. "I am a Catholic and I fear hell; but I love you so—ah, so dearly—that I would sacrifice eternity to you!" The fourth, emptying a cup of Chian wine, cried: "Hurrah, for pleasure! I begin a new existence with each dawn. Forgetful of the past, still intoxicated with the violence of yesterday's pleasures, I embrace a new life of happiness, a life filled with love."

The woman sitting next to Belvidéro looked at him with flashing eyes. She was silent. "I should have no need to call on a bravo to kill my lover if he abandoned me." Then she had laughed; but a comfit dish of marvelous workmanship was shattered between her nervous fingers.

"When are you to be grand duke?" asked the sixth of

the prince, with an expression of murderous glee on her lips and a look of Bacchanalian frenzy in her eyes.

"And when is your father going to die?" said the seventh, laughing and throwing her bouquet to Don Juan with maddening coquetry. She was an innocent young girl who was accustomed to play with sacred things.

"Oh, don't speak of it!" cried the young and handsome Don Juan. "There is only one immortal father in the world, and unfortunately he is mine!"

The seven women of Ferrara, the friends of Don Juan, and the prince himself gave an exclamation of horror. Two hundred years later, under Louis XV, well-bred persons would have laughed at this sally. But perhaps at the beginning of an orgy the mind had still an unusual degree of lucidity. Despite the heat of the candles, the intensity of the emotions, the gold and silver vases, the fumes of wine, despite the vision of ravishing women, perhaps there still lurked in the depths of the heart a little of that respect for things human and divine which struggles until the revel has drowned it in floods of sparkling wine. Nevertheless, the flowers were already crushed, the eyes were steeped with drink, and intoxication, to quote Rabelais, had reached even to the sandals. In the pause that followed a door opened, and, as at the feast of Balthazar, God manifested himself. He seemed to command recognition now in the person of an old, white-haired servant with unsteady gait and drawn brows; he entered with gloomy mien and his look seemed to blight the garlands, the ruby cups, the pyramids of fruits, the brightness of the feast, the glow of the astonished faces and the colors of the cushions dented by the white arms of the women; then he cast a pall over this folly by saying, in a hollow voice, the solemn words: "Sir, your father is dying!"

Don Juan rose, making a gesture to his guests, which might be translated:

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"Excuse me, this does not happen every day."

Does not the death of a parent often overtake young people thus in the fulness of life, in the wild enjoyment of an orgy? Death is as unexpected in her caprices as a woman in her fancies, but more faithful—Death has never duped any one.

When Don Juan had closed the door of the banquet hall and walked down the long corridor, which was both cold and dark, he compelled himself to assume a mask, for, in thinking of his rôle of son, he had cast off his merriment as he threw down his napkin. The night was black. The silent servant who conducted the young man to the death chamber, lighted the way so insufficiently that Death, aided by the cold, the silence, the gloom, perhaps by a reaction of intoxication, was able to force some reflections into the soul of the spendthrift; he examined his life, and became thoughtful, like a man involved in a lawsuit when he sets out for the court of justice.

Bartholomeo Belvidéro, the father of Don Juan, was an old man of ninety, who had devoted the greater part of his life to business. Having traveled much in Oriental countries he had acquired there great wealth and learning more precious, he said, than gold or diamonds, to which he no longer gave more than a passing thought. "I value a tooth more than a ruby," he used to say, smiling, "and power more than knowledge." This good father loved to hear Don Juan relate his youthful adventures, and would say, banteringly, as he lavished money upon him: "Only amuse yourself, my dear child!" Never did an old man find such pleasure in watching a young man. Paternal love robbed age of its terrors in the delight of contemplating so brilliant a life.

At the age of sixty, Belvidéro had become enamored of an angel of peace and beauty. Don Juan was the sole fruit of this late love. For fifteen years the good man had mourned the loss of his dear Juana. His many servants and his son attributed the strange habits he had contracted to this grief. Bartholomeo lodged himself in the most uncomfortable wing of his palace and rarely went out, and even Don Juan could not intrude into his father's apartment without first obtaining permission. If this voluntary recluse came or went in the palace or in the streets of Ferrara he seemed to be searching for something which he could not find. He walked dreamily, undecidedly, preoccupied like a man battling with an idea or with a memory. While the young man gave magnificent entertainments and the palace re-echoed his mirth, while the horses pawed the ground in the courtyard and the pages quarreled at their game of dice on the stairs, Bartholomeo ate seven ounces of bread a day and drank water. If he asked for a little poultry it was merely that he might give the bones to a black spaniel, his faithful companion. He never complained of the noise. During his illness if the blast of horns or the barking of dogs interrupted his sleep, he only said: "Ah, Don Juan has come home." Never before was so untroublesome and indulgent a father to be found on this earth; consequently young Belvidéro, accustomed to treat him without ceremony, had all the faults of a spoiled child. His attitude toward Bartholomeo was like that of a capricious woman toward an elderly lover, passing off an impertinence with a smile, selling his good humor and submitting to be loved. In calling up the picture of his youth, Don Juan recognized that it would be difficult to find an instance in which his father's goodness had failed him. He felt a newborn remorse while he traversed the corridor, and he very nearly forgave his father for having lived so long. He reverted to feelings of filial piety, as a thief returns to honesty in the prospect of enjoying a well-stolen million.

Soon the young man passed into the high, chill rooms of his father's apartment. After feeling a moist atmosphere and breathing the heavy air and the musty odor which is given forth by old tapestries and furniture covered with dust, he found himself in the antique room of the old man, in front of a sick bed and near a dying fire. A lamp standing on a table of Gothic

shape shed its streams of uneven light sometimes more, sometimes less strongly upon the bed and showed the form of the old man in ever-varying aspects. The cold air whistled through the insecure windows, and the snow beat with a dull sound against the panes.

This scene formed so striking a contrast to the one which Don Juan had just left that he could not help shuddering. He felt cold when, on approaching the bed, a sudden flare of light, caused by a gust of wind, illumined his father's face. The features were distorted; the skin, clinging tightly to the bones, had a greenish tint, which was made the more horrible by the whiteness of the pillows on which the old man rested; drawn with pain, the mouth, gaping and toothless, gave breath to sighs which the howling of the tempest took up and drew out into a dismal wail. In spite of these signs of dissolution an incredible expression of power shone in the face. The eyes, hallowed by disease, retained a singular steadiness. A superior spirit was fighting there with death. It seemed as if Bartholomeo sought to kill with his dying look some enemy seated at the foot of his bed. This gaze, fixed and cold, was made the more appalling by the immobility of the head, which was like a skull standing on a doctor's table. The body, clearly outlined by the coverlet, showed that the dying man's limbs preserved the same rigidity. All was dead, except the eyes. There was something mechanical in the sounds which came from the mouth. Don Juan felt a certain shame at having come to the deathbed of his father with a courtesan's bouquet on his breast, bringing with him the odors of a banquet and the fumes of wine. "You were enjoying yourself!" cried the old man, on seeing his son.

At the same moment the pure, high voice of a singer who entertained the guests, strengthened by the chords of the viol by which she was accompanied, rose above the roar of the storm and penetrated the chamber of death. Don Juan would gladly have shut out this barbarous confirmation of his father's words. Bartholomeo said: "I do not grudge you your pleasure, my child."

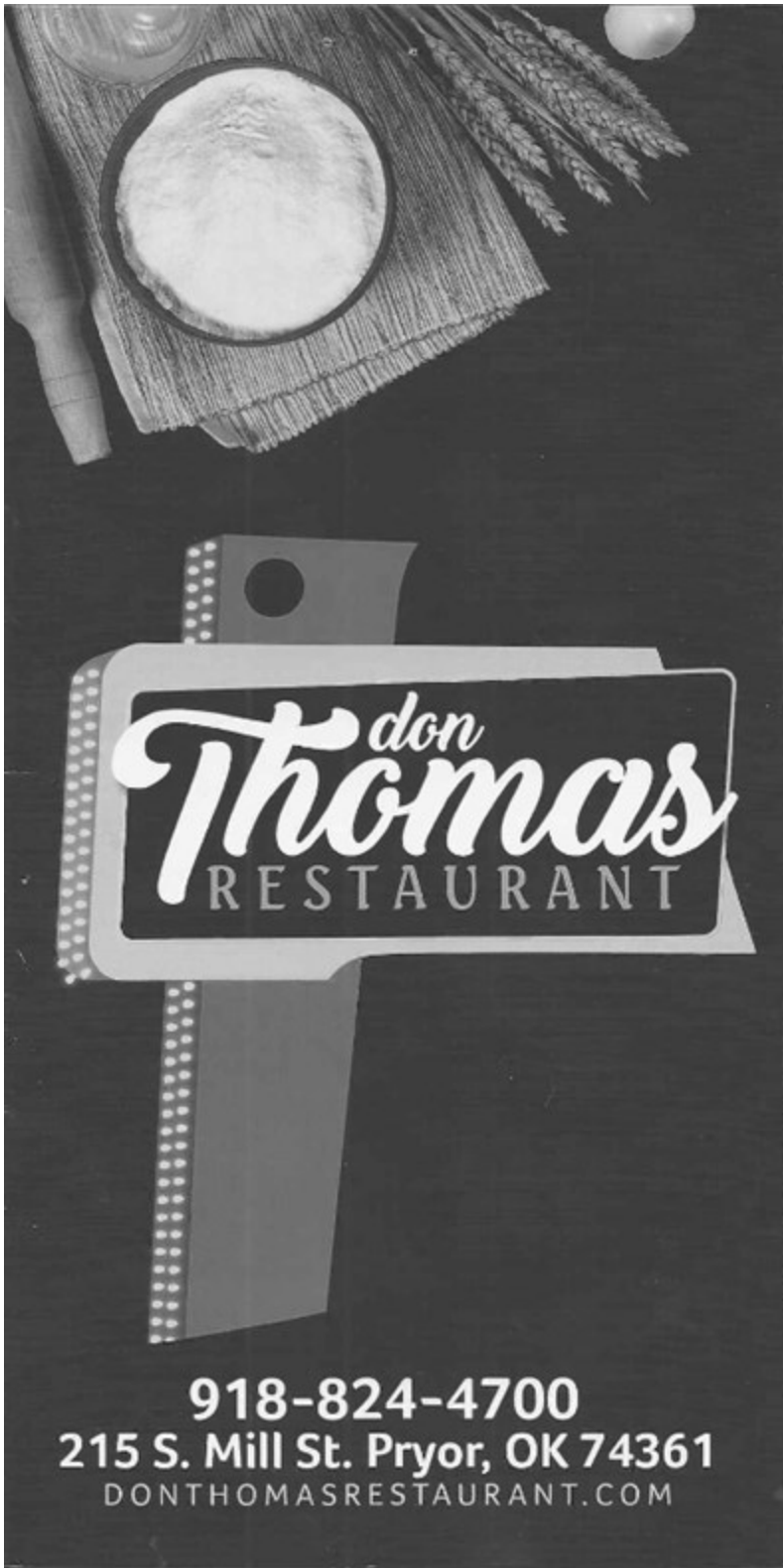
These words, full of tenderness, pained Don Juan, who could not forgive his father for such goodness. "What, sorrow for me, father!" he cried. "Poor Juanino," answered the dying man, "I have always been so gentle toward you that you could not wish for my death?" "Oh!" cried Don Juan, "if it were possible to preserve your life by giving you a part of mine!" ("One can always say such things," thought the spendthrift; "it is as if I offered the world to my mistress.")

The thought had scarcely passed through his mind when the old spaniel whined. This intelligent voice made Don Juan tremble. He believed that the dog understood him.

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"I knew that I could count on you, my son," said the dying man. "There, you shall be satisfied. I shall live, but without depriving you of a single day of your life."

"He raves," said Don Juan to himself.

Then he said, aloud: "Yes, my dearest father, you will indeed live as long as I do, for your image will be always in my heart."

"It is not a question of that sort of life," said the old nobleman, gathering all his strength to raise himself to a sitting posture, for he was stirred by one of those suspicions which are only born at the bedside of the dying. "Listen, my son," he continued in a voice weakened by this last effort. "I have no more desire to die than you have to give up your lady loves, wine, horses, falcons, hounds and money——"

"I can well believe it," thought his son, kneeling beside the pillow and kissing one of Bartholomeo's cadaverous hands. "But, father," he said aloud, "my dear father, we must submit to the will of God!"

"God! I am also God!" growled the old man.

"Do not blaspheme!" cried the young man, seeing the menacing expression which was overspreading his father's features. "Be careful what you say, for you have received extreme unction and I should never be consoled if you were to die in a state of sin." "Are you going to listen to me?" cried the dying man, gnashing his toothless jaws.

Don Juan held his peace. A horrible silence reigned. Through the dull wail of the snowstorm came again the melody of the viol and the heavenly voice, faint as the dawning day.

The dying man smiled.

"I thank you for having brought singers and music! A banquet, young and beautiful women, with dark locks, all the pleasures of life. Let them remain. I am about to be born again."

"The delirium is at its height," said Don Juan to himself.

"I have discovered a means of resuscitation. There, look in the drawer of the table—you open it by pressing a hidden spring near the griffin."

"I have it, father."

"Good! Now take out a little flask of rock crystal."

"Here it is."

"I have spent twenty years in——"

At this point the old man felt his end approaching, and collected all his energy to say:

"As soon as I have drawn my last breath rub me with this water and I shall come to life again."

"There is very little of it," replied the young man.

DATA MASTER: Karen Defenbaugh







# Mother's Day Word Search

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T P Z A A E L N R L H L H A E  
L J P Y R J X F A O I J H D Z  
H J H R D L R C C M S S Z N T  
X T R L E C A O A P W L K U H  
I E O G B C L F J K L S Z S O  
A V R U U A I N E F E Y E I U  
E T P H T P G A T I K B X R G  
G Y E E S M O M T G U A E S H  
C Z Q M M I F F F E C D L Y T  
H V Y C X S R D E A U W E R F  
Y J W C L T R E F T F J B S U  
G I F T B R V W H Q E Y X N L  
P S R E W O L F M C R D I W C  
M X Q O C E Q N M I L J L O A

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# THE \$30,000 BEQUEST

(Continued from page 6)

## CHAPTER VII

One Sunday afternoon some time after this they were sailing the summer seas in their dream yacht, and reclining in lazy luxury under the awning of the after-deck. There was silence, for each was busy with his own thoughts. These seasons of silence had insensibly been growing more and more frequent of late; the old nearness and cordiality were waning. Sally's terrible revelation had done its work; Aleck had tried hard to drive the memory of it out of her mind, but it would not go, and the shame and bitterness of it were poisoning her gracious dream life. She could see now (on Sundays) that her husband was becoming a bloated and repulsive Thing. She could not close her eyes to this, and in these days she no longer looked at him, Sundays, when she could help it.

But she—was she herself without blemish? Alas, she knew she was not. She was keeping a secret from him, she was acting dishonorably toward him, and many a pang it was costing her. She was breaking the compact, and concealing it from him. Under strong temptation she had gone into business again; she had risked their whole fortune in a purchase of all the railway systems and coal and steel companies in the country on a margin, and she was now trembling, every Sabbath hour, lest through some chance word of hers he find it out. In her misery and remorse for this treachery she could not keep her heart from going out to him in pity; she was filled with compunctions to see him lying there, drunk and contented, and never suspecting. Never suspecting—trusting her with a perfect and pathetic trust, and she holding over him by a thread a possible calamity of so devastating a—

“Say—Aleck?”

The interrupting words brought her suddenly to herself. She was grateful to have that persecuting subject from her thoughts, and she answered, with much of the old-time tenderness in her tone: “Yes, dear.”

“Do you know, Aleck, I think we are making a mistake—that is, you are. I mean about the marriage business.” He sat up, fat and froggy and benevolent, like a bronze Buddha, and grew earnest. “Consider—it's more than five years. You've continued the same policy from the start: with every rise, always holding on for five points higher. Always when I think we are going to have some weddings, you see a bigger thing ahead, and I undergo another disappointment. I think you are too hard to please. Some day we'll get left. First, we turned down the dentist and the lawyer. That was all right—it was sound. Next, we turned down the banker's son and the pork-butcher's heir—right again, and sound. Next, we turned down the Congressman's son and the Governor's—right as a trivet, I confess it. Next the Senator's son and the son of the Vice-President of the United States—perfectly right, there's no permanency about those little distinctions. Then you went for the aristocracy; and I thought we had struck oil at last—yes. We would make a plunge at the Four Hundred, and pull in some ancient lineage, venerable, holy, ineffable, mellow with the antiquity of a hundred and fifty years, disinfected of the ancestral odors of salt-cod and pelts all of a century ago, and unsmirched by a day's work since, and then! why, then the marriages, of course. But no, along comes a pair of real aristocrats from Europe, and straightway you throw over the half-breeds. It was awfully discouraging, Aleck! Since then, what a procession! You turned down the baronets for a pair of barons; you turned down the barons for a pair of viscounts; the viscounts for a pair of earls; the earls for a pair of marquises; the marquises for a

(continued on page 28)

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# Quotes From Around the World

The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched - they must be felt with the heart.

**Helen Keller**

Let us remember: One book, one pen, one child, and one teacher can change the world.

**Malala Yousafzai**

Whenever you argue with another wiser than yourself in order that others may admire your wisdom, they will discover your ignorance.

Read more at: <https://www.brainyquote.com/authors/saadi>

**Saadi**

Your good thoughts, good words and good deeds alone will be your intercessors. Nothing more will be wanted. They alone will serve you as a safe pilot to the harbour of Heaven, as a safe guide to the gates of paradise.

**Zoroaster**

Happiness comes to them who bring happiness to others.

**Zoroaster**

One need not scale the heights of the heavens, nor travel along the highways of the world to find Ahura Mazda. With purity of mind and holiness of heart one can find Him in one's own heart.

**Zoroaster**

That which is good for all and any one,  
For whomsoever- that is good for me. . .  
What I hold good for self, I should for all.  
Only Law Universal is true law.

**Zoroaster**

He who abhors and shuns the light of the Sun,He who refuses to behold with respect the living creation of

God,He who leads the good to wickedness,He who makes the meadows waterless and the pastures desolate,He who lets fly his weapon against the innocent,An enemy of my faith, a destroyer of Thy principles is he, O Lord!

**Zoroaster**

In the beginning there were two primal spirits, Twins spontaneously active, These are the Good and the Evil, in thought, and in word, and in deed.

**Zoroaster**

If we don't believe in freedom of expression for people we despise, we don't believe in it at all.

**Noam Chomsky**

The wound is the place where the Light enters you.

**Rumi**

*Your task is not to seek for love, but merely to seek and find all the barriers within yourself that you have built against it.*

**Rumi**

Let the beauty of what you love be what you do.

Read more at: <https://www.brainyquote.com/authors/rumi>

**Rumi**

We are born of love; Love is our mother.

Read more at: <https://www.brainyquote.com/authors/rumi>

**Rumi**

I am supposing, or perhaps only hoping, that our future may be found in the past's fugitive moments of compassion rather than in its solid centuries of warfare.

**Howard Zinn**



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## Up-Coming Events

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TOPS #567 meet every Thursday at 10am 433 N Mississippi in Nowata.

TOPS #506 in Miami Heavenly Winds Worship Center meet every 6pm Monday evening. For more info call Susan Walls at 918-540-0570

Every 4th Saturday of the month Veteran's Support Group: Veterans for Veterans. Have you served in the military? Are you struggling with readjustment? Anxious about the future? Struggling to connect with friends and family? Struggling with school? WE CAN HELP! Free veterans support group at 10am every 4th Saturday of the month. The Landing 502 West Corner Fairland, Ok. For more information call Larry Boyd (918) 541-7592 or Cindy (918) 676-3228.

Apr 28, 2018 to Jun 03, 2018 Oklahoma Renaissance Festival Step back in time to 1569 Elizabethan England to celebrate with the Royal Court of Casetleton. Held at the Castle of Muskogee, this Renaissance festival will feature a royal court, full-contact jousting, birds of prey exhibitions and traveling acrobats. Queen Elizabeth has invited nobles, merchants, pirates and, of course, you to participate, so come join the fun. The Castle of Muskogee 3400 W Fern Mountain Rd Muskogee, OK 74401 Phone: 918-687-3625 Toll Free: 800-439-0658

May 09, 2018 Tulsa Roughnecks FC vs Reno 1868 FC Support the Tulsa Roughnecks FC professional soccer team as they take on Reno 1868 FC at ONEOK Field in Tulsa. Since its reformation in 2015, this historic Tulsa team has taken on an array of worthy opponents, like rival team the OKC Energy FC. Don orange and navy blue gear, and cheer on the Tulsa Roughnecks as they perform fast-paced feats, swiftly passing the soccer ball up the field until it lands in the net. ONEOK Field 201 N Elgin Ave Tulsa, OK 74120 Phone: 918-744-5998, 918-744-5901 Fax: 918-747-3267

May 10, 2018 Modest Mouse in Concert "Float On" over to Tulsa's Brady Theater and catch Modest Mouse performing live. For over two decades, Modest Mouse has been performing across the country and making indie rock records demonstrating their unique vocal style and interesting instrumentation. Located in downtown Tulsa, the historic Tower Theater is conveniently located near other attractions, restaurants and lodging. Brady Theater 105 W Brady St Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-582-7239

May 10, 2018 Dr. Dog in Concert Experimental indie-pop darlings Dr. Dog bring their unique stylings to the historic Cain's Ballroom in Tulsa for a show you won't want to miss. This Philadelphia-based band has been charming audiences around the

world since their self-released debut album Toothbrush dropped in 2002. Dr. Dog has spent the years since refining and re-working their sound, drawing from lo-fi pop, soulful psych-rock and all points in between. Whether you're a die-hard Dr. Dog fan, or you're just looking for a fun night out in the Tulsa Arts District, you won't want to miss this show at Cain's Ballroom. Cain's Ballroom 423 N Main St Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-584-2306

May 10, 2018 to May 13, 2018 Rooster Days Festival Make your way to the annual Rooster Days Festival in Broken Arrow, one of the oldest continually running festivals in Oklahoma, for a large carnival, a parade, live entertainment and more. Visitors to this fun festival will also enjoy a children's area and 20,000 sq. ft. of arts and crafts. Rooster Days has something for everyone including twirling amusement rides. Enjoy live music throughout Rooster Days Festival, and check out the on-site food vendors for a corn dog, fried ice cream, cotton candy and more tasty treats. Enjoy live music in the entertainment pavilion and the opening of the Rooster Days market and carnival rides on Thursday and Friday. On Saturday morning, the streets of downtown Broken Arrow will flood with spectators of all ages waiting for the parade. Kids will line the streets with goody bags ready to gather candy and celebrate this annual Rooster Days tradition. Central Park 1500 S Main St Broken Arrow, OK 74012 Phone: 918-251-1518 Fax: 918-251-1777

May 11, 2018 ORU Golden Eagles vs Omaha Mavericks Support the ORU Golden Eagles baseball team with tickets to their action-packed games. Grab a snack from the concession stand, and take a seat at the J.L. Johnson Stadium in Tulsa to see the fierce competition unfold. Founded in 1963, the Golden Eagles team has taken on opponents across the country, decked out in Vegas gold, navy blue and white. Watch the Golden Eagles battle the Omaha Mavericks on their home turf this season. J.L. Johnson Stadium Tulsa, OK 74136 Phone: 918-495-6000

May 11, 2018 to May 12, 2018 Rooster Days Rodeo Looking to celebrate Oklahoma's rich western heritage? Come check out the Rooster Days Rodeo, an annual event coinciding with the Rooster Days Festival in downtown Broken Arrow. Spectators will enjoy bareback bronc riding, calf roping, steer wrestling, bull riding, team roping, ladies breakaway roping, calf scramble, and both open and junior barrel racing. Watch some of the state's finest ropers and riders compete for money and prizes at this fun rodeo event in Broken Arrow. Don't miss a second of the action at Rooster Days Rodeo. Round-Up Club Arena 10505 S 241st E Ave Broken Arrow, OK 74014 Phone: 918-557-6307

May 11, 2018 to May 13, 2018 Germanfest Dine on authentic German fare, listen to live polka music and watch as skilled folk dancers grace the stage at the 15th annual Germanfest in Tulsa. Held at the German-American Society of Tulsa (GAST) Event Center, Germanfest is a fun-filled, family-friendly festival that invites all ages out to celebrate and learn about German culture. Entertainment will include polka band and folk dancers. Snack on polish or smoked bratwurst piled high with sauerkraut on a bun or try the savory schnitzel sandwich. The three-day event will also feature numerous children's activities and the traditional crowning of the May Queen, a German ritual dating back to pagan times. There is plenty of on-site parking, and everyone is invited to have a great time at Germanfest. You won't want to miss this fun cultural extravaganza in Tulsa. GAST Event Center 2301 E 15th St Tulsa, OK 74104 Phone: 918-744-6997 Fax: 918-743-4106

May 12, 2018 to May 13, 2018 Festival of Kites The Tulsa Wind Riders host an annual Festival of Kites to share their kite flying enthusiasm and know-how with newcomers and national friends. Gather in Tulsa with the Tulsa Wind Riders, and watch colorful colors and interesting shapes catch some serious air. All ages are invited to learn new techniques and tricks with practice sticks, bring their own kites by or purchase a new one at the Festival of Kites. Tulsa Wind Riders 43rd St & E Garnett Rd Tulsa, OK 74146

May 12, 2018 ORU Golden Eagles vs Omaha Mavericks Support the ORU Golden Eagles baseball team with tickets to their action-packed games. Grab a snack from the concession stand, and take a seat at the J.L. Johnson Stadium in Tulsa to see the fierce competition unfold. Founded in 1963, the Golden Eagles team has taken on opponents across the country, decked out in Vegas gold, navy blue and white. Watch the Golden Eagles battle the Omaha Mavericks on their home turf this season. J.L Johnson Stadium Tulsa, OK 74136 Phone: 918-495-6000

May 12, 2018 Historic Downtown Walking Tour Join local historian Jonita Mullins and Okie Heritage Tours for guided, custom walking tours in and around historic Muskogee. Muskogee Civic Center 425 Boston St Muskogee, OK 74401 Phone: 918-682-0312, 918-348-6648

May 12, 2018 to May 26, 2018 Breeder's Invitational The Breeder's Invitational at Tulsa Expo Square is a can't miss event for equestrian lovers everywhere. During fifteen days of intense competition with high steaks, cowboys and cowgirls come together and give some of the best cutting performances in the country and take their abilities to the limit. Don't miss these athletes putting everything on the line to be named a

Breeder's Invitational Champion and get a cut of the prize money. This fast-paced action is sure to keep you on the edge of your seat until the very end. Conveniently located near downtown Tulsa, this event also includes shopping from on site vendors and plenty of delicious dining in the area. Tulsa Expo Square 4145 E 21st St Tulsa, OK 74114 Phone: 661-327-7511 Toll Free: 877-781-2660

May 12, 2018 Oldies 'N Goodies Car Show & Festival Head to downtown Bartlesville for an exciting event that showcases classic muscle cars like you've never seen before. The Oldies 'N Goodies Car Show & Festival is a family-friendly event that will feature classic and custom cars of all types. Enjoy a live DJ, food vendors, t-shirts and more. The Oldies 'N Goodies Car Club has more than 85 members who restore and show classic cars in the Oklahoma and Kansas region. Don't miss this opportunity to see all the hard work these Oklahomans have put into their cars. Tri-County Technology Center Bartlesville, OK 74003 Phone: 918-440-2677

May 12, 2018 Come and celebrate Bristow's Lebanese heritage with a day of festivities for the entire family. Tabouleh Fest celebrates Bristow's Middle Eastern ancestors that arrived in Oklahoma during the late 1800s. These immigrants brought with them tabouleh, also spelled tabouli, a fresh salad dish made with bulgur wheat, fresh vegetables, parsley, mint, olive oil and lemon juice. Today, this unique festival highlights Bristow's roots with food, music, traditional belly dancers and more. Main Street Bristow, OK 74010 Phone: 918-367-3324, 918-367-9301 Fax: 918-367-9301

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By Steven Burdick

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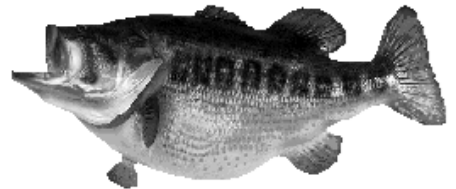
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## THE \$30,000 BEQUEST (Continued from page 19)

brace of dukes. Now, Aleck, cash in!—you've played the limit. You've got a job lot of four dukes under the hammer; of four nationalities; all sound in the wind and limb and pedigree, all bankrupt and in debt up to the ears. They come high, but we can afford it. Come, Aleck, don't delay any longer, don't keep up the suspense: take the whole lay-out, and leave the girls to choose!”

Aleck had been smiling blandly and contentedly all through this arraignment of her marriage policy, a pleasant light, as of triumph with perhaps a nice surprise peeping out through it, rose in her eyes, and she said, as calmly as she could: “Sally, what would you say to—royalty?”

Prodigious! Poor man, it knocked him silly, and he fell over the garboard-strake and barked his shin on the cat-heads. He was dizzy for a moment, then he gathered himself up and limped over and sat down by his wife and beamed his old-time admiration and affection upon her in floods, out of his bleary eyes.

“By George!” he said, fervently, “Aleck, you are great—the greatest woman in the whole earth! I can't ever learn the whole size of you. I can't ever learn the immeasurable deeps of you. Here I've been considering myself qualified to criticize your game. I! Why, if I had stopped to think, I'd have known you had a lone hand up your sleeve. Now, dear heart, I'm all red-hot impatience—tell me about it!”

The flattered and happy woman put her lips to his ear and whispered a princely name. It made him catch his breath, it lit his face with exultation.

“Land!” he said, “it's a stunning catch! He's got a gambling-hall, and a graveyard, and a bishop, and a cathedral—all his very own. And all gilt-edged five-hundred-per-cent. stock, every detail of it; the tidiest little property in Europe; and that graveyard—it's the selectest in the world: none but suicides admitted; yes, sir, and the free-list suspended, too, all the time. There isn't much land in the principality, but there's enough: eight hundred acres in the graveyard and forty-two outside. It's a sovereignty—that's the main thing; land's nothing. There's plenty land, Sahara's drugged with it.”

Aleck glowed; she was profoundly happy. She said: “Think of it, Sally—it is a family that has never married outside the Royal and Imperial Houses of Europe: our grandchildren will sit upon thrones!”

“True as you live, Aleck—and bear scepters, too; and handle them as naturally and nonchalantly as I handle a yardstick. It's a grand catch, Aleck. He's corralled, is he? Can't get away? You didn't take him on a margin?”

“No. Trust me for that. He's not a liability, he's an asset. So is the other one.”

“Who is it, Aleck?”

“His Royal Highness Sigismund-Siegfried-Lauenfeld -Dinkelspiel-Schwartzberg Blutwurst, Hereditary Grand Duke of Katzenyammer.”  
(Continued on page 30)

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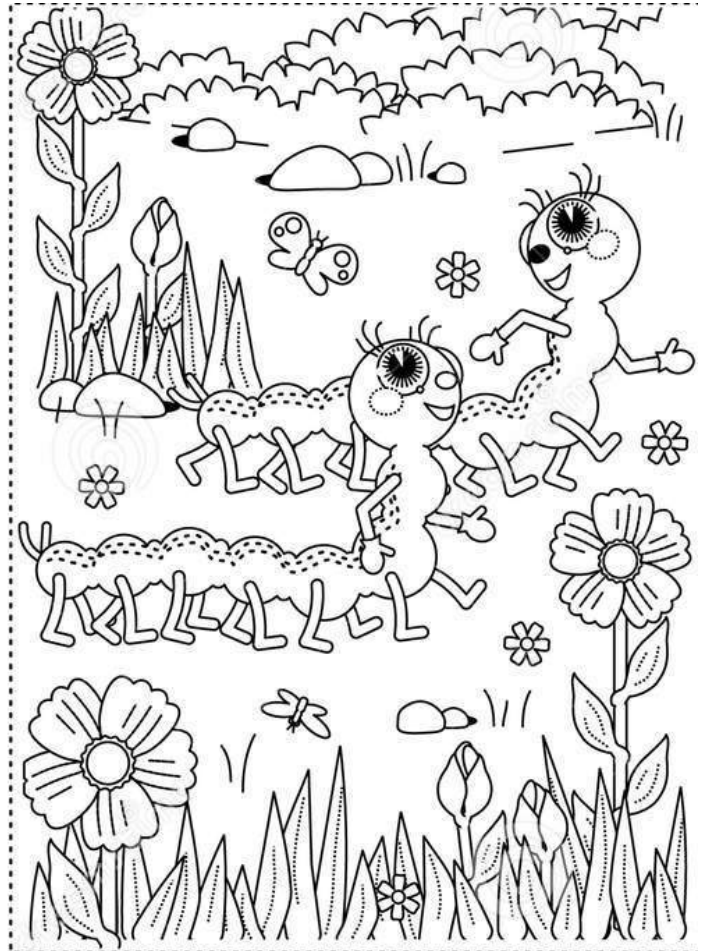
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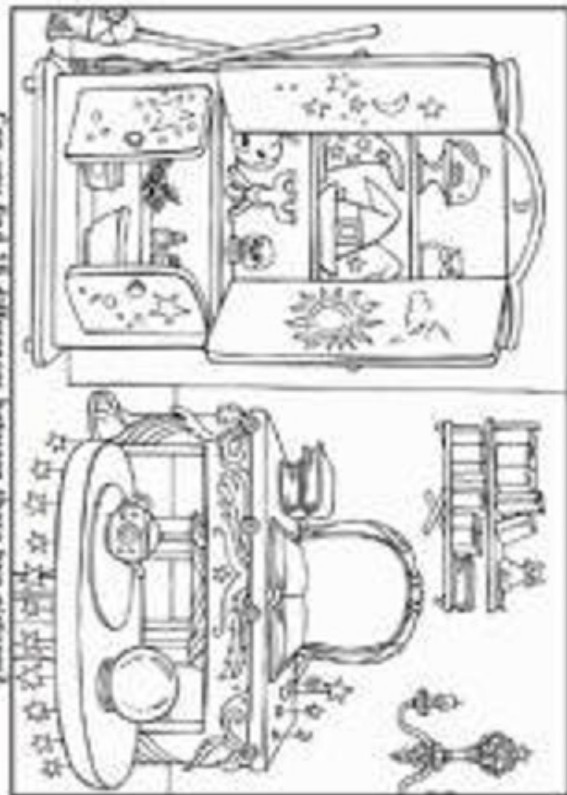
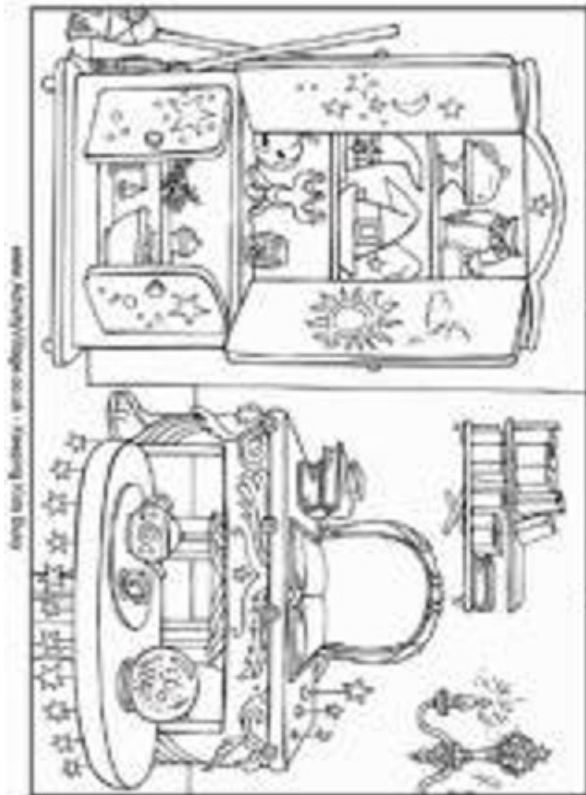
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Can you find 15 differences between these two pictures?

## THE \$30,000 BEQUEST (Continued from page 28)

"No! You can't mean it!"

"It's as true as I'm sitting here, I give you my word," she answered.

His cup was full, and he hugged her to his heart with rapture, saying:

"How wonderful it all seems, and how beautiful! It's one of the oldest and noblest of the three hundred and sixty-four ancient German principalities, and one of the few that was allowed to retain its royal estate when Bismarck got done trimming them. I know that farm, I've been there. It's got a rope-walk and a candle-factory and an army. Standing army. Infantry and cavalry. Three soldier and a horse. Aleck, it's been a long wait, and full of heartbreak and hope deferred, but God knows I am happy now. Happy, and grateful to you, my own, who have done it all. When is it to be?"

"Next Sunday."

"Good. And we'll want to do these weddings up in the very regalest style that's going. It's properly due to the royal quality of the parties of the first part. Now as I understand it, there is only one kind of marriage that is sacred to royalty, exclusive to royalty: it's the morganatic."

"What do they call it that for, Sally?"

"I don't know; but anyway it's royal, and royal only."

"Then we will insist upon it. More—I will compel it. It is morganatic marriage or none."

"That settles it!" said Sally, rubbing his hands with delight. "And it will be the very first in America. Aleck, it will make Newport sick."

Then they fell silent, and drifted away upon their dream wings to the far regions of the earth to invite all the crowned heads and their families and provide gratis transportation to them.

### CHAPTER VIII

During three days the couple walked upon air, with their heads in the clouds. They were but vaguely conscious of their surroundings; they saw all things dimly, as through a veil; they were steeped in dreams, often they did not hear when they were spoken to; they often did not understand when they heard; they answered confusedly or at random; Sally sold molasses by weight, sugar by the yard, and furnished soap when asked for candles, and Aleck put the cat in the wash and fed milk to the soiled linen. Everybody was stunned and amazed, and went about muttering, "What can be the matter with the Fosters?"

Three days. Then came events! Things had taken a happy turn, and for forty-eight hours Aleck's imaginary corner had been booming. Up—up—still up! Cost point was passed. Still up—and up—and up! Five points above cost—then ten—fifteen—twenty! Twenty points cold profit on the vast venture, now, and Aleck's imaginary brokers were shouting frantically by imaginary long-distance, "Sell! sell! for Heaven's sake sell!"

She broke the splendid news to Sally, and he, too, said, "Sell! sell—oh, don't make a blunder, now, you own the earth!—sell, sell!" But she set her iron will and lashed it amidships, and said she would hold on for five points more if she died for it.

It was a fatal resolve. The very next day came the historic crash, the record crash, the devastating crash, when the bottom fell out of Wall Street, and the whole body of gilt-edged stocks dropped ninety-five points in five hours, and the multimillionaire was seen begging his bread in the Bowery. Aleck sternly held her grip and "put up" as long as she could, but at last there

came a call which she was powerless to meet, and her imaginary brokers sold her out. Then, and not till then, the man in her was vanished, and the woman in her resumed sway. She put her arms about her husband's neck and wept, saying:

"I am to blame, do not forgive me, I cannot bear it. We are paupers! Paupers, and I am so miserable. The weddings will never come off; all that is past; we could not even buy the dentist, now."

A bitter reproach was on Sally's tongue: "I begged you to sell, but you—" He did not say it; he had not the heart to add a hurt to that broken and repentant spirit. A nobler thought came to him and he said:

"Bear up, my Aleck, all is not lost! You really never invested a penny of my uncle's bequest, but only its unmaterialized future; what we have lost was only the incremented harvest from that future by your incomparable financial judgment and sagacity. Cheer up, banish these griefs; we still have the thirty thousand untouched; and with the experience which you have acquired, think what you will be able to do with it in a couple years! The marriages are not off, they are only postponed."

These were blessed words. Aleck saw how true they were, and their influence was electric; her tears ceased to flow, and her great spirit rose to its full stature again. With flashing eye and grateful heart, and with hand uplifted in pledge and prophecy, she said:

"Now and here I proclaim—"

But she was interrupted by a visitor. It was the editor and proprietor of the *Sagamore*. He had happened into Lakeside to pay a du-call upon an obscure grandmother of his who was nearing the end of her pilgrimage, and with the idea of combining business with grief he had looked up the Fosters, who had been so absorbed in other things for the past four years that they neglected to pay up their subscription. Six dollars due. No visitor could have been more welcome. He would know all about Uncle Tilbury and what his chances might be getting to be, cemeterywards. They could, of course, ask no questions, for that would squelch the bequest, but they could nibble around on the edge of the subject and hope for results. The scheme did not work. The obtuse editor did not know he was being nibbled at; but at last, chance accomplished what art had failed in. In illustration of something under discussion which required the help of metaphor, the editor said:

"Land, it's as tough as Tilbury Foster!—as we say."

It was sudden, and it made the Fosters jump. The editor noticed, and said, apologetically:

"No harm intended, I assure you. It's just a saying; just a joke, you know—nothing in it. Relation of yours?"

Sally crowded his burning eagerness down, and answered with all the indifference he could assume:

"I—well, not that I know of, but we've heard of him." The editor was thankful, and resumed his composure. Sally added: "Is he—is he—well?"

"Is he well? Why, bless you he's in Sheol these five years!"

The Fosters were trembling with grief, though it felt like joy. Sally said, non-committally—and tentatively:

"Ah, well, such is life, and none can escape—not even the rich are spared."

The editor laughed.

"If you are including Tilbury," said he, "it don't apply. He hadn't a cent; the town had to bury him."

The Fosters sat petrified for two minutes; petrified and cold. Then, white-faced and weak-voiced, Sally asked:

"Is it true? Do you know it to be true?"

"Well, I should say! I was one of the executors. He hadn't anything to leave but a wheelbarrow, and he left that to me. It hadn't any wheel, and wasn't any good. Still, it was something, and so, to square up, I scribbled off a sort of a little obituarial send-off for him, but it got crowded out."

The Fosters were not listening—their cup was full, it could contain no more. They sat with bowed heads, dead to all things but the ache at their hearts.

An hour later. Still they sat there, bowed, motionless, silent, the visitor long ago gone, they unaware.

Then they stirred, and lifted their heads wearily, and gazed at each other wistfully, dreamily, dazed; then presently began to twaddle to each other in a wandering and childish way. At intervals they lapsed into silences, leaving a sentence unfinished, seemingly either unaware of it or losing their way. Sometimes, when they woke out of these silences they had a dim and transient consciousness that something had happened to their minds; then with a dumb and yearning solicitude they would softly caress each other's hands in mutual compassion and support, as if they would say: "I am near you, I will not forsake you, we will bear it together; somewhere there is release and forgetfulness, somewhere there is a grave and peace; be patient, it will not be long."

They lived yet two years, in mental night, always brooding, steeped in vague regrets and melancholy dreams, never speaking; then release came to both on the same day.

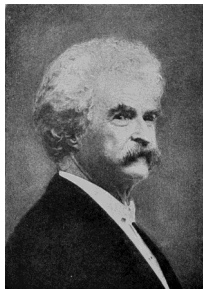
Toward the end the darkness lifted from Sally's ruined mind for a moment, and he said:

"Vast wealth, acquired by sudden and unwholesome means, is a snare. It did us no good, transient were its feverish pleasures; yet for its sake we threw away our sweet and simple and happy life—let others take warning by us."

He lay silent awhile, with closed eyes; then as the chill of death crept upward toward his heart, and consciousness was fading from his brain, he muttered:

"Money had brought him misery, and he took his revenge upon us, who had done him no harm. He had his desire: with base and cunning calculation he left us but thirty thousand, knowing we would try to increase it, and ruin our life and break our hearts. Without added expense he could have left us far above desire of increase, far above the temptation to speculate, and a kinder soul would have done it; but in him was no generous spirit, no pity, no—"

**DATA MASTER:** Cody Welch



## IRISH FAIRY TALES THE STORY OF TUAN MAC CAIRILL

By James Stephens

Part One



### CHAPTER I

Finnian, the Abbott of Moville, went southwards and eastwards in great haste. News had come to him in Donegal that there were yet people in his own province who believed in gods that he did not approve of, and the gods that we do not approve of are treated scurvily, even by saintly men.

He was told of a powerful gentleman who observed neither Saint's day nor Sunday.

"A powerful person!" said Finnian.

"All that," was the reply.

"We shall try this person's power," said Finnian.

"He is reputed to be a wise and hardy man," said his informant.

"We shall test his wisdom and his hardihood."

"He is," that gossip whispered—"he is a magician."

"I will magic him," cried Finnian angrily. "Where does that man live?"

He was informed, and he proceeded to that direction without delay.

In no great time he came to the stronghold of the gentleman who followed ancient ways, and he demanded admittance in order that he might preach and prove the new God, and exorcise and terrify and banish even the memory of the old one; for to a god grown old Time is as ruthless as to a beggarman grown old.

But the Ulster gentleman refused Finnian admittance. He barricaded his house, he shuttered his windows, and in a gloom of indignation and protest he continued the practices of ten thousand years, and would not hearken to Finnian calling at the window or to Time knocking at his door.

But of those adversaries it was the first he redoubted.

Finnian loomed on him as a portent and a terror; but he had no fear of Time. Indeed he was the foster-brother of Time, and so disdainful of the bitter god that he did not even disdain him; he leaped over the scythe, he dodged under it, and the sole occasions on which Time laughs is when he chances on Tuan, the son of Cairill, the son of Muredac Red-neck.

### CHAPTER II

Now Finnian could not abide that any person should resist both the Gospel and himself, and he proceeded to force the stronghold by peaceful but powerful methods. He fasted on the gentleman, and he did so to such purpose that he was admitted to the house; for to a hospitable heart the idea that a stranger may expire on your doorstep from sheer famine cannot be tolerated. The gentleman, however, did not give in without a struggle: he thought that when Finnian had grown sufficiently hungry he

(continued on page 36)



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## Goetz von Berlichingen

By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

### Persons in the Drama

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN	THE BISHOP OF BAMBERG
GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN	FRANZ LERSE
ADELBERT VON WEISLINGEN	ELIZABETH, <i>wife to Goetz</i>
FRANZ VON SICKINGEN	MARIE, <i>his sister</i>
HANS VON SELBITZ	ADELHEID VON WALLDORF
FRANZ, <i>page to Weislingen</i>	IMPERIAL COUNCILLOR
GEORGE, <i>page to Goetz</i>	USHER
FAUD	

In this issue we have printed Acts I through III. Acts IV and V the last two acts will be printed in the next issue.

**MAX STUMPF,  
 SIEVERS,  
 METZLER,  
 LINK, KOHL,  
 Leaders of the  
 rebel peasants**

#### NOTE:

The story of "Goetz von Berlichingen" was founded on the life of a German soldier of fortune who flourished between 1480 and 1562. The possibilities of his biography inspired Goethe (Vol. IV, p. 253) with the idea of doing for Germany what Shakespeare had done for mediæval England. In a few weeks he had turned the life into a series of vivid dramatic pictures, which so engrossed him that he "forgot Homer, Shakespeare, and everything." For the next two years the manuscript lay untouched. In 1773 he made a careful revision and published it anonymously under the title of "Goetz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand"; it is in this form we possess the work now. At a still later period, in 1804, Goethe prepared another version of the play for the stage. The subject-matter of "Goetz" is purely revolutionary. Goetz, the hero himself, is a champion of a good cause—the cause of freedom and self-reliance. He is the embodiment of sturdy German virtues, the Empire and the Church playing the unenviable role of intrigue and oppression. As a stage play, "Goetz" is ill-constructed, but otherwise it stands a veritable literary triumph, and a worthy predecessor to "Faust." This epitome has been prepared from the German text.

#### ACT I

Scene I.—Forest; a poor hut in the background. Goetz and George.

Goetz: Where can my men be? Up and down I have to walk, lest sleep should overcome me. Five days and nights already in ambush. But when I get thee, Weislingen, I shall make up for it! You priests may send round your obliging Weislingen to decry me—I am awake. You escaped me, bishop! So your dear Weislingen may pay the piper. George! George! (Enter George.) Tell Hans to get ready. My scouts may be back any moment. And give me some more wine!

George: Hark! I hear some horses galloping—two—it must be your men!

Goetz: My horse, quick! Tell Hans to arm!

[Enter Faud, who reports to Goetz that Weislingen is approaching. Exit Goetz and his men.]

George: Oh, St. George! Make me strong and brave! And give me spear, armour, and horse!

[Exit.]

Scene II.—Hall at Jaxthausen. Elizabeth and Marie.

Marie: If I had a husband who always exposed himself to danger, I should die the first year.

Elizabeth: Thank God, I am made of harder stuff! God grant that my boy may take after his father, and not become a treacherous hypocrite, like Weislingen.

Marie: You are very bitter against him. Yet report speaks well of him. Your own husband loved him, when they were pages together to the margrave.

[The gay tune of a wind-instrument is heard.]

Elizabeth: There he returns with his spoil! I must get the meal ready. Here, take the cellar keys and let them have of the best





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wine! They have deserved it.

[Exeunt. Enter Goetz, Weislingen, and men-at-arms.

Goetz (taking off his helmet and sword): Unstrap my cuirass and give me my doublet! Weislingen, you've given us hard work! Be of good cheer. Where are your clothes? I could lend you some of mine—a neat, clean suit, which I wore at the wedding of my gracious lord the Count Palatine, when your bishop got so vexed with me, because I made him shake hands with me, unknown, after having taken two of his ships a fortnight before on the Main.

Weislingen: I beg you to leave me alone.

Goetz: Why? Pray, be cheerful. You are in my power, and I shall not abuse it. You know my knight's duty is sacred to me. And now I must go to see my wife.

[Exit.

Weislingen: Oh, that it were all a dream! In Berlichingen's power—and he, the old true-hearted Goetz! Back again in the hall, where we played as boys, where I loved him with all my heart! How strangely past and present seem to intermingle here.

[Enter Goetz, and a man with jug and goblet.

Goetz: Let us drink, until the meal is ready. Come, you are at home. It is a long time since we last shared a bottle. (Raising his goblet) A gay heart!

Weislingen: Those times are past.

Goetz: Heaven forbid! Though merrier days we may not find. If you had only followed me to Brabant, instead of taking to that miserable life at court! Are you not as free and nobly born as anyone in Germany? Independent, subject only to the emperor? And you submit to vassals, who poison the emperor's ear against me! They want to get rid of me. And you, Weislingen, are their tool!

Weislingen: Berlichingen!

Goetz: No more of it! I hate explanations. They only lead to deceiving one or the other, or both.

[They stand apart, their backs turned to each other. Enter Marie.

Marie (to Weislingen): I come to greet and to invite you in my sister's name. What is it? Why are you silent both? You are host and guest. Be guided by a woman's voice.

Goetz: You remind me of my duty.

Weislingen: Who could resist so heavenly a hint?

Marie: Draw near each other, be reconciled! (The men shake hands.) The union of brave men is the most ardent wish of all good women.

## ACT II

Scene I.—A room at . Marie and Weislingen.

Marie: You say you love me. I willingly believe it, and hope to be happy with you and to make you happy.

Weislingen: Blessed be your brother and the day he rode out to capture me!

[Enter Goetz.

Goetz: Your page is back. Whatever his news, Adelbert, you are free! All I ask is your word that you will not aid and abet my enemies.

Weislingen: I take your hand. And may I at the same time take the hand of this noblest of all women?

Goetz: May I say "yes" for you, Marie? You need not blush—your eyes have answered clearly. Well, then, Weislingen, take her hand, and I say Amen, friend and brother! I must call my wife. Elizabeth! (Enter Elizabeth.) Join your hand in theirs and say "God bless you!" They are a pair. Adelbert is going back to Bamberg to detach himself openly from the bishop, and then to his estates to settle his affairs. And now we'll leave him undisturbed to hear his boy's report.

[Exit with Marie and Elizabeth.

Weislingen: Such bliss for one so unworthy!

[Enter Franz.

Franz: God save you, noble sir! I bring you greetings [Pg 5] from everybody in Bamberg—from the bishop down to the jester. How they are distressed at your mishap! I am to tell you to be patient—they will think the more impatiently of your deliverance; for they cannot spare you.

Weislingen: They will have to. I'll return, but not to stay long.

Franz: Not to stay? My lord, if you but knew what I know! If you had but seen her—the angel in the shape of woman, who makes Bamberg a forecourt of heaven—Adelheid von Walldorf!

Weislingen: I have heard much of her beauty. Is her husband at court?

Franz: She has been widowed for four months, and is at Bamberg for amusement. If she looks upon you, it is as though you were basking in spring sunshine.

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Weislingen: Her charms would be lost on me. I am betrothed. Marie will be the happiness of my life. And now pack up. First to Bamberg, and then to my castle.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II.—A forest. Some Nuremberg merchants, who, attacked on their way to the Frankfurt Fair by Goetz and his men, have escaped, leaving their goods in the hands of the knights. The page George has, however, recaptured two of the merchants as Goetz and his men enter.

Goetz: Search the forest! Let none escape!

George (stepping forward): I've done some preparatory work. Here they are.

Goetz: Welcome, good lad! Keep them well guarded! (Exit his men with the merchants.) And now, what news of Weislingen?

George: Bad news! He looked confused when I said to him, "A few words from your Berlichingen." He tried to put me off with empty words, but when I pressed him he said he was under no obligation to you, and would have nothing to do with you.

Goetz: Enough! I shall not forget this infamous treachery. Whoever gets into my power shall feel it. (Exit George.) I'll revel in their agony, deride their fear. And how, Goetz, are you thus changed? Should other people's faults and vices make you renounce your chivalry, and abandon yourself to vulgar cruelty? I'll drag him back in chains, if I can't get him any other way. And there's an end of it, Goetz; think of your duty!

[Enter George with a casket.]

George: Now let your joke be ended, they are frightened enough. One of them, a handsome young man, gave me this casket, and said, "Take this as ransom! The jewels I meant to take to my betrothed. Take them, and let me escape."

Goetz (examining the jewels): This time, Marie, I shall not be tempted to bring it to you as a birthday gift. Even in your misfortune you would rejoice in the happiness of others. Take it, George. Give it back to the lad. Let him take it to his bride, with greeting from Goetz! And let all the prisoners free at sunset.

**ACT III**

Scene I.—Pleasure-garden at Augsburg. The Emperor, the Bishop of Bamberg, Weislingen, the Lady Adelheid, Courtiers.

Emperor: I am tired of these merchants with their eternal complaints! Every shopkeeper wants help, and no one will stir against the common enemy of the empire and of Christianity.

Weislingen: Who would be active abroad while he is threatened at home?

Bishop: If we could only remove that proud Sickingen and Berlichingen, the others would soon fall asunder.

Emperor: Brave, noble men at heart, who must be spared and used against the Turks.

Weislingen: The consequences may be dangerous. Better to capture them and leave them quietly upon their knightly parole in their castles.

Emperor: If they then abide by the law, they might again be honourably and usefully employed. I shall open the session of the Diet to-morrow with this proposal.

Weislingen: A clamour of joyful assent will spare your majesty the end of the speech.

[Exit Emperor, Bishop, and Courtiers.]

Weislingen: And so you mean to go—to leave the festive scenes for which you longed with all your heart, to leave a friend to whom you are indispensable, to delay our union?

Adelheid: The gayer, the freer shall I return to you.

Weislingen: Will you be content if we proceed against Berlichingen?

Adelheid: You deserve a kiss! My uncle, Von Wanzenau, must be captain!

Weislingen: Impossible! An incompetent old dreamer!

Adelheid: Let the fiery Werdenhagen, his sister's stepson, go with him.

Weislingen: He is thoughtless and foolhardy, and will not im-

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prove matters.

Adelheid: We have to think of our relatives. For love of me, you must do it! And I want some exemptions for the convent of St. Emmerarar; you can work the chancellor. Then the cup-bearer's post is vacant at the Hessian Court, and the high stewardship of the Palatinate. I want them for our friends Braimau and Mirsing.

Weislingen: How shall I remember it all?

Adelheid: I shall train a starling to repeat the names to you, and to add, "Please, please." (Exit Weislingen. To Franz, whom she stops as he crosses to follow his master): Franz, could you get me a starling, or would you yourself be my starling? You would learn more rapidly.

Franz: If you would teach me. Try. Take me with you.

Adelheid: No, you must serve me here. Have you a good memory?

Franz: For your words. I remember every syllable you spoke to me that first day at Bamberg.

Adelheid: Now, listen, Franz. I shall tell you the names which I want you to repeat to your master, always adding, "Please, please."

Franz (seizing her hand passionately): Please, please!

Adelheid (stepping back): Hands are not wanted. You must lose such bad manners. But you must not be so upset at a little rebuke.

One punishes the children one loves.

Franz: You love me, then?

Adelheid: I might love you as a child, but you are getting too tall and violent.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—Hall at Jaxthausen. Sickingen and Goetz.

Goetz: So you want to marry a jilted woman?

Sickingen: To be deceived by him is an honour for you both. I want a mistress for my castles and gardens. In the field, at court, I want to stand alone.

[Enter Selbitz.

Selbitz: Bad news! The emperor has put you under the ban, and has sent troops to seize you.

Goetz: Sickingen, you hear. Take back your offer, and leave me!

Sickingen: I shall not turn from you in trouble. No better wooing than in time of war and danger.

Goetz: On one condition. You must publicly detach yourself from me. The emperor loves and esteems you, and your intercession may save me in the hour of need.

Sickingen: But I can secretly send you twenty horsemen.

Goetz: That offer I accept.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.—A hill with a view over a fertile country. George and Goetz's men cross the stage, chasing the imperial troops. Then Selbitz is carried on, wounded, accompanied by Faud.

Selbitz: Let me rest here!—and back to your master; back to Goetz!

Faud: Let me stay with you. I am no good below; they have hammered my old bones till I can scarcely move. (Exit soldiers.) Here from the wall I can watch the fight.

Selbitz: What do you see?

Faud: Your horsemen are turning tail. I can see Goetz's three black feathers in the midst of the turmoil. Woe, he has fallen! And George's blue plume has disappeared! Sickingen's horsemen in flight! Ha! I see Goetz again! And George! Victory! Victory! They are routed! Goetz is after them—he has seized their flag! The fugitives are coming here! Oh! what will they do with you?

Selbitz: Come down and draw! My sword is ready. I'll make it hot for them, even sitting or lying down!

[Enter imperial troops. Selbitz and Faud defend themselves until Lerse comes to their rescue, attacking the soldiers furiously, killing some and putting the rest to flight. Enter Goetz, George, a troop of armed men.

Selbitz: Good luck, Goetz! Victory! Victory!

How did you fare?

Goetz: To George and Lerse I owe my life; I was off my horse

when they came to the rescue. I have their flag and a few prisoners.

Selbitz: Lerse saved me, too. See what work he has done here!

Goetz: Good luck, Lerse! And God bless my George's first brave deed! Now back to the castle, and let us gather our scattered men.

**Data Master:** Alyssa Hollingsworth

## KEVIN OWENS

**Kevin Yanick Steen** (born May 7, 1984) is

a French Canadian professional wrestler, who is signed to WWE performing on the Raw brand under the ring name Kevin Owens.

Owens began his career in 2000 at the age of 16. Prior to joining WWE in late 2014, from 2007 Steen wrestled under his birth name for Ring of Honor (ROH), where he held the ROH World Championship and ROH World Tag Team Championship. Steen also wrestled extensively on the independent circuit for 14 years, most notably in Pro Wrestling Guerrilla (PWG), where he held the PWG World Championship a record three times, as well as the PWG World Tag Team Championship on three occasions.[9][10] Steen also competed for International Wrestling Syndicate (IWS), where he held three times the IWS World Heavyweight Championship, All American Wrestling (AAW), where he held the AAW Heavyweight Championship; and Combat Zone Wrestling (CZW), where he held the CZW Iron Man Championship. Owens wrestled in WWE's developmental branch NXT, where he was a one-time NXT Champion, before debuting on the main roster in May 2015. He has since held the Universal Championship once, the Intercontinental Championship twice and the United States Championship three times.

### Pro Wrestling Guerrilla

While wrestling in CZW, Steen also began working for Pro Wrestling Guerrilla (PWG). On May 13, 2005, at Jason Takes PWG, Steen was entered into his first feud in PWG, when he helped Excalibur defeat Super Dragon in a Guerrilla Warfare match, in the process revealing himself as the fake Super Dragon, who had been attacking the real one the past few months. On August 6, 2005, Steen won the PWG Championship after defeating A.J. Styles at Zombies [Shouldn't Run]. Steen held the title for nearly four months before losing the championship to Joey Ryan at Chanukah Chaos (The C's Are Silent), following interference from Super Dragon. Steen's feud with Super Dragon ended on December 16, 2005, at Astonishing X-Max, where he was defeated in a Guerrilla Warfare match.

In 2006, Steen began teaming with El Generico and they began to pursue the PWG World Tag Team Championship. On July 29, 2007, at Giant Size Annual #4, Steen and Generico defeated the reigning champions PAC and Roderick Strong to become the PWG World Tag Team Champions. They successfully defeated the belts for almost three months before ultimately losing them to the team of Davey Richards and Super Dragon on October 27 in England as part of PWG's "European Vacation II" tour. The next night, Steen teamed with PAC in an attempt to regain the belts from Dragon and Richards, announcing before the match that if he lost, he'd leave the company indefinitely. Steen and PAC lost, leading to Steen leaving PWG.

**Data Master:** Eric Peachey

# THE STORY OF TUAN MAC CAIRILL

Continued from page 31

would lift the siege and take himself off to some place where he might get food. But he did not know Finnian. The great abbot sat down on a spot just beyond the door, and composed himself to all that might follow from his action. He bent his gaze on the ground between his feet, and entered into a meditation from which he would Only be released by admission or death.

The first day passed quietly.

Often the gentleman would send a servitor to spy if that deserter of the gods was still before his door, and each time the servant replied that he was still there.

"He will be gone in the morning," said the hopeful master.

On the morrow the state of siege continued, and through that day the servants were sent many times to observe through spy-holes.

"Go," he would say, "and find out if the worshipper of new gods has taken himself away."

But the servants returned each time with the same information.

"The new druid is still there," they said.

All through that day no one could leave the stronghold. And the enforced seclusion wrought on the minds of the servants, while the cessation of all work banded them together in small groups that whispered and discussed and disputed. Then these groups would disperse to peep through the spy-hole at the patient, immobile figure seated before the door, wrapped in a meditation that was timeless and unconcerned. They took fright at the spectacle, and once or twice a woman screamed hysterically, and was bundled away with a companion's hand clapped on her mouth, so that the ear of their master should not be affronted.

"He has his own troubles," they said. "It is a combat of the gods that is taking place."

So much for the women; but the men also were uneasy. They prowled up and down, tramping from the spy-hole to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the turreted roof. And from the roof they would look down on the motionless figure below, and speculate on many things, including the staunchness of man, the qualities of their master, and even the possibility that the new gods might be as powerful as the old. From these peepings and discussions they would return languid and discouraged.

"If," said one irritable guard, "if we buzzed a spear at the persistent stranger, or if one slung at him with a jagged pebble!"

"What!" his master demanded wrathfully, "is a spear to be thrown at an unarmed stranger? And from this house!" And he soundly cuffed that indelicate servant.

"Be at peace all of you," he said, "for hunger has a whip, and he will drive the stranger away in the night."

The household retired to wretched beds; but for the master of the house there was no sleep. He marched his halls all night, going often to the spy-hole to see if that shadow was still sitting in the shade, and pacing thence, tormented, preoccupied, refusing even the nose of his favourite dog as it pressed lovingly into his closed palm.

On the morrow he gave in.

The great door was swung wide, and two of his servants carried Finnian into the house, for the saint could no longer walk or stand upright by reason of the hunger and exposure to which he had submitted. But his frame was tough as the unconquerable spirit that dwelt within it, and in no long time he was ready for whatever might come of dispute or anathema.

Being quite re-established he undertook the conversion

of the master of the house, and the siege he laid against that notable intelligence was long spoken of among those who are interested in such things.

He had beaten the disease of Mugain; he had beaten his own pupil the great Colm Cille; he beat Tuan also, and just as the latter's door had opened to the persistent stranger, so his heart opened, and Finnian marched there to do the will of God, and his own will.

## CHAPTER III

One day they were talking together about the majesty of God and His love, for although Tuan had now received much instruction on this subject he yet needed more, and he laid as close a siege on Finnian as Finnian had before that laid on him. But man works outwardly and inwardly. After rest he has energy, after energy he needs repose; so, when we have given instruction for a time, we need instruction, and must receive it or the spirit faints and wisdom herself grows bitter.

Therefore Finnian said: "Tell me now about yourself, dear heart."

But Tuan was avid of information about the True God. "No, no," he said, "the past has nothing more of interest for me, and I do not wish anything to come between my soul and its instruction; continue to teach me, dear friend and saintly father."

"I will do that," Finnian replied, "but I must first meditate deeply on you, and must know you well. Tell me your past, my beloved, for a man is his past, and is to be known by it."

But Tuan pleaded: "Let the past be content with itself, for man needs forgetfulness as well as memory."

"My son," said Finnian, "all that has ever been done has been done for the glory of God, and to confess our good and evil deeds is part of instruction; for the soul must recall its acts and abide by them, or renounce them by confession and penitence. Tell me your genealogy first, and by what descent you occupy these lands and stronghold, and then I will examine your acts and your conscience."

Tuan replied obediently: "I am known as Tuan, son of Cairill, son of Muredac Red-neck, and these are the hereditary lands of my father."

The saint nodded.

"I am not as well acquainted with Ulster genealogies as I should be, yet I know something of them. I am by blood a Leinsterman," he continued.

"Mine is a long pedigree," Tuan murmured. Finnian received that information with respect and interest.

"I also," he said, "have an honourable record."

His host continued: "I am indeed Tuan, the son of Starn, the son of Sera, who was brother to Partholon."

"But," said Finnian in bewilderment, "there is an error here, for you have recited two different genealogies."

"Different genealogies, indeed," replied Tuan thoughtfully, "but they are my genealogies."

"I do not understand this," Finnian declared roundly.

"I am now known as Tuan mac Cairill," the other replied, "but in the days of old I was known as Tuan mac Starn, mac Sera."

"The brother of Partholon," the saint gasped.

"That is my pedigree," Tuan said.

"But," Finnian objected in bewilderment, "Partholon came to Ireland not long after the Flood."

"I came with him," said Tuan mildly.

The saint pushed his chair back hastily, and sat staring at his host, and as he stared the blood grew chill in his veins, and his hair crept along his scalp and stood on end.

## CHAPTER IV

But Finnian was not one who remained long in bewilderment. He thought on the might of God and he became that might, and was tranquil.

He was one who loved God and Ireland, and to the person who could instruct him in these great themes he gave all the interest of his mind and the sympathy of his heart.

"It is a wonder you tell me, my beloved," he said. "And now you must tell me more."

"What must I tell?" asked Tuan resignedly.

"Tell me of the beginning of time in Ireland, and of the bearing of Partholon, the son of Noah's son."

"I have almost forgotten him," said Tuan. "A greatly bearded, greatly shouldered man he was. A man of sweet deeds and sweet ways."

"Continue, my love," said Finnian.

"He came to Ireland in a ship. Twenty-four men and twenty-four women came with him. But before that time no man had come to Ireland, and in the western parts of the world no human being lived or moved. As we drew on Ireland from the sea the country seemed like an unending forest. Far as the eye could reach, and in whatever direction, there were trees; and from these there came the unceasing singing of birds. Over all that land the sun shone warm and beautiful, so that to our sea-weary eyes, our wind-tormented ears, it seemed as if we were driving on Paradise.

"We landed and we heard the rumble of water going gloomily through the darkness of the forest. Following the water we came to a glade where the sun shone and where the earth was warmed, and there Partholon rested with his twenty-four couples, and made a city and a livelihood.

"There were fish in the rivers of Eire', there were animals in her coverts. Wild and shy and monstrous creatures ranged in her plains and forests. Creatures that one could see through and walk through. Long we lived in ease, and we saw new animals grow,—the bear, the wolf, the badger, the deer, and the boar.

"Partholon's people increased until from twenty-four couples there came five thousand people, who lived in amity and contentment although they had no wits."

"They had no wits!" Finnian commented.

"They had no need of wits," Tuan said.

"I have heard that the first-born were mindless," said Finnian.

"Continue your story, my beloved."

"Then, sudden as a rising wind, between one night and a morning, there came a sickness that bloated the stomach and purpled the skin, and on the seventh day all of the race of Partholon were dead, save one man only." "There always escapes one man," said Finnian thoughtfully.

"And I am that man," his companion affirmed.



Tuan shaded his brow with his hand, and he remembered backwards through incredible ages to the beginning of the world and the first days of Eire'. And Finnian, with his blood again running chill and his scalp crawling uneasily, stared backwards with him.

**Data Master:** Alyssa Hollingsworth

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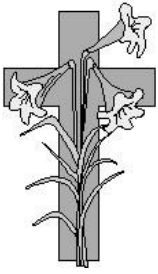
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# JEWELS FROM THE WORD

## THE WORD OF GOD

Mama had an answer for any situation that came up. She based everything on the Word of God, so every time something came up, she called on her vast resources of the scriptures and spoke out with the wisdom God had given her.

She said, "It's always good to have lots of friends." Then to make more friends, the word of God says, "A man who has friends must himself be friendly." Proverbs 18:24 NKJV.

Mama believed in having many friends. To do it, she always obeyed the scripture, and was friendly. She had friends in many different areas, such as in the church, at school, at work, in PTA and other clubs. She loved to say that she had belonged to every club in town.

Mother believed in the value of hard work. She lived by the scripture which says, "Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might." Ecclesiastes 9:10. Whatever she assigned us to do, she expected us to do it with everything within us. If we did the dishes,

we were taught to do it correctly and well. If we took piano lessons, we were expected to practice until we could do each lesson well. Everything was to be done to the best of our ability, but she didn't expect perfection, unless of course we were capable of perfection.

God spoke and the worlds were formed. He spoke every word into this world for a reason, for us, to bring us to Himself. He spoke the plan of salvation into existence and then told us all about it.. He gave us the Word as the blueprint and the key.

We read in the Bible God's word which says, "If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved," Romans 10:10.

God sent His word not only to lead us to Him, but also to enable us to live for Him. The Word of God is our foundation.

**Data Master:** Doug Stone

**Lavon Hightower Lewis** To read more devotional, go to:

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