

# HAWAIIAN STAR.

THIRD SECTION

PAGES 17 TO 20.

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PAGES 17 TO 20

## THE STAR'S TEN MINUTE STORY

WITH BORROWED PLUMES.  
By UNA HUDSON.

It began with an "age party," and concerning that interesting function I've only this to say—that if you've never been roped in for one, then you've missed the opportunity of your life for making a blooming idiot of yourself.

You go in, all unsuspecting, and they give you a list of questions—the number varies in exact proportion to the hostess' greater or less delight in inflicting needless suffering on an inoffensive fellow creature—each and every one of which must be answered by a word ending in "age."

For example, What is the servant girl's age? And the answer is "break-age."

Then there was "sausages" and "cabbage" and "dotage," and a lot more, each one the answer to some fool question that no sane man would bother his brain with. Nice recreation, that, for a man who's worked hard all day in an office!

Of course I was the booby. I'd foreseen it from the start, but I wasn't the only one, and that wasn't the worst of it, either. Jack Wilson was the other, and we were forced to put on ridiculous paper caps—dunce caps, with "Booby" written across them in big letters, if you insist upon entire frankness.

We wore the caps with such show of dignity as we were able to command, which was, I think, after all, but a very poor imitation of the real thing, and we grinned feebly at the witless jokes the other fellows made at our expense.

But we left as soon as, or possibly a little sooner than, we decently could, and went up to Jack's room, where we consoled ourselves with cigars and brandy-and-sodas and other creature comforts, and vowed to get even with our tormentors.

"I'd just like to show them," said I, "that we're not such idiots as we seemed."

Jack surrounded himself with a cloud of smoke and lapsed into a brown study. Now when another man's brain is working I know better than to interrupt the process with ill-timed remarks. I smoked and drank a discreet number of "high-balls," and said nothing.

And I had my reward. For when Jack's cigar had burned down so far that it began to singe his mustache he brought his feet down with a bang that threatened to dislodge the pipes from the rack on the wall and faced me with the air of one who has solved the problem of the ages "whatever that may be."

"You know those smart chaps in books and on the stage," he began

with what seemed to me singular irrelevance, "the ones who're always going about getting off epigrams and scattering bon-mots?"

I nodded.

"Well," Jack went on triumphantly, "I've found out exactly how they do it!"

Clearly he expected be to be impressed.

"No!" I said. You don't mean it.

"It's dead easy," replied Jack, "when once you're on. Most anybody can say clever things if only the right thing's said to bring 'em out."

"Something like a vaudeville sidewalk conversation?" I hazarded.

"That's it exactly," said Jack. "Now, take those writer chaps, it's easy for them to manufacture clever people. They don't have to say things on the spur of the moment. They can think them over for days if they like; and then, too, they can always make the other fellow say just the right thing to lead up to the clever speeches they've been planning."

"That may all be very true," I rejoined, "but, for the life of me, I can't see how it's going to help us establish a reputation for brilliancy."

Jack looked at me with pity for my dense ignorance and began to elucidate his plan.

"You see," said he, "we'll think of a lot of clever things to say, and then the next time we're out together we'll begin firing them at each other."

"Couldn't we buy them somewhere by the yard?" I suggested hopefully.

"I don't believe I could think of anything clever, not even if I tried for a thousand years."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Jack. "A fellow never knows what he can do until he tries. Here," and he shoved a piece of paper towards me, "get your brain to working."

But my brain refused to work. Strange to say, so also did Jack's. At the end of half an hour my paper was still blank, and Jack hadn't a scratch on his.

"Hang it," he exclaimed, "we've smoked too much! And those cigars were bum. I wish I had my half back."

"It isn't everybody," I remarked genially, "who can have a half-back all to himself."

Jack gave a howl of joy and fell to scribbling vigorously.

"Do it again!" he shouted. "Give us another!"

"Now, see here," I expostulated, "you surely don't think that sort of thing will go?"

"Of course it will go," said Jack decidedly. "Think up some more."

"Not until we've perpetrated that," I said firmly.

"All right," Jack finally agreed;

"we'll use it as a sample."

To our great surprise, the "sampler," absurd though it was, was well received—so well, indeed, that we were encouraged to get off a few more.

To make a long story short, we went from bad to worse, and it wasn't a month before we'd established a reputation for repartee that kept us hustling to live up to. Then we came to the front as raconteurs.

One of us would make some trivial remark and the other would say, "Oh, by the way, that reminds me," and then out would come our latest story.

But we didn't reach the zenith of our fame till Laura Travers came into our set. Laura was a visiting girl, and of course we felt in duty bound to spread ourselves for her special benefit.

I nearly quarreled with Jack when somebody quoted her as having said, "How very clever Mr. Wilson is." And Jack went around looking like a thunder cloud the night she laughed at one of my stories till the tears ran down her cheeks.

We were both dead in love with her, but as neither of us could shine save in the company of the other, we were forced to hunt always in couples. Either of us would have been glad to shake the other, but as a matter of fact we didn't dare, for Laura "adored clever men" and "loved a good story," and our only chance of impressing her was to stick together.

Of course either of us could have spoiled the other's joke, but that was a game two could play at, so we played fair, and the things we said were the talk of our set.

Two months went by, and Laura's visit was drawing to a close. So far as any one could see, she had never favored one of us above the other; as a matter of fact, she'd never had the chance to do so, even had she possessed the inclination.

I don't mind confessing that, for my part, I'd sooner have faced a loaded cannon than that girl without Jack to help me out, and I've reason to believe that he felt the same.

It was fate and an opportune thunderstorm that thrust me the tete-a-tete I'd been too cowardly to seek for myself.

There was not much doing, and I'd left my office an hour earlier than usual. Just as I stepped into the sidewalk it began to sprinkle, and I hadn't gone a block before I saw that we were in for a regular downpour.

Fortunately I had my umbrella, so to me it was a matter of the utmost indifference whether it rained or not.

But there were others less fortunate than I. Just ahead of me the matinee crowd was streaming out of the theater, and it was a moving spectacle to

see all those women gather their skirts about them and scuffle for the street cars.

But when I saw among them a slim girl in a long pongee coat and a big black picture hat my interest changed from the abstract to the concrete. I lowered my umbrella, the better to dodge all that scurrying femininity, and turned myself into a rescue party of one, whose sole object was to reach the slim girl in the pongee coat before the rain should have ruined the feathers in her hat and taken all the curl out of her hair.

Girls, I've observed, are apt to be rather particular, not to say fussy, about those little matters.

I reached her side, moist and breathless, and though I realized that I had a reputation for brilliancy to sustain, and that the occasion was one calling for a neat epigram, all I could find to say was, "I do hope I'm in time to save your hat."

"It was awfully dear of you to think of my hat," she said, smiling up at me, and for some unaccountable reason I was glad my mask of cleverness had slipped from me.

I tucked her under my arm and turned toward the car.

"Oh," she said, "are you in a hurry? Because if you're not, let's walk. I rather like to be out in the rain."

And only two days before I'd heard her state positively that she "hated rain like a cat."

Now, I may be pretty dull, but before we'd walked more than three blocks I'd done some serious thinking, and I came to the conclusion that my chances with her were quite as good as Jack Wilson's or anybody else's.

Then, too, the way she snuggled up to me was distinctly encouraging, but I simply didn't dare to make the tender avowal I longed to. I might bully Jack Wilson into helping me sustain my reputation as a wit during the period of my engagement, but Laura would be sure to find me out before the honeymoon was half over, and what would the poor, dear girl think and say when she found she'd married a man dull as ditch water?

Then, all at once, I began to feel as I imagine must those interesting animals or Mr. Aesop, which went about in borrowed plumes. It was all so abhorrent to me that I determined to rid myself of it at any cost.

Laura probably wouldn't have any further use for me, but at least I'd have the satisfaction of knowing I'd been perfectly honest with her.

But Laura wasn't one bit shocked or indignant; on the contrary, she seemed to regard it as a great joke.

"How you must have worked," she

## HELL IS NOTHING BUT GREEK FOR THE GRAVE

### Some Ideas in Biblical Interpretation by Pastor Russell of the Brooklyn Tabernacle--David Won't Go To Heaven.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 24.—Pastor Russell preached here twice today to great audiences. Both addresses were out of the ordinary and well calculated to make the hearers sit up and take notice. We report one of these discourses from a text we never before heard treated and did not even know was in the Bible (Acts ii, 34): "For David is not ascended into the heavens."

The Old Testament Scriptures we accept as of equal authority with the New Testament, said Pastor Russell, because Jesus and the Apostles so accepted them, and indeed based all of their teachings upon them. The false impression which has gone abroad amongst Christian people, that the Old Testament Scriptures are obsolete—that their predictions have all been fulfilled, is very erroneous. This has greatly hindered Bible study, and has paved the way to grievous errors. It should be remembered that the Old Testament represents the only Divine revelation made to man during the 4158 years from the creation to the time when Jesus was proclaimed "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

In all the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, not a single suggestion is offered of a change of nature from human to spiritual, nor of any other heaven than that which God had originally provided for man—the Garden of Eden. The hopes inspired in Israel by the Divine Promises pointed them forward to the time when God's blessing would obliterate the curse of sin and death and uplift mankind from present degradation, back to the original perfection. The Seed of the woman, it was promised, should ultimately "crush the Serpent's head" destroying the evil that is in the world; and establishing a reign of righteousness instead of the reign of sin and death.

**David's Soul in Hell.**

As the Old Testament tells nothing about a heavenly condition, likewise it tells nothing about a hell of fire or torment. Such devilish theories were invented by the heathen, from whom many Christians have since absorbed more or less of the false doctrines. The Law and the Prophets do refer to hell some sixty-six times, but the

hell which they teach is the grave, the tomb, the state of death. From first to last all mankind, both good and bad, go to hell, sheol, the tomb. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets died without giving the slightest intimation of Purgatorial suffering for anybody, or a hell of eternal torture.

The writers of the New Testament also were Jews, and it might here be noted that nowhere did they describe the Hell and Purgatory which we Protestants and Catholics conjured up during the Dark Ages. The New Testament, written in Greek, is in full accord with the Old Testament, written in Hebrew; the sheol of the latter is the hades of the former.

Pastor Russell quoted the Scripture, "Abraham slept with his fathers," and declared that Abraham's fathers were heathen. He called attention to the fact that good and bad, kings and princes and others are in the Scriptures, declared to have fallen asleep. So it was with David. These all sleep in the Bible hell—in the tomb. They are all unconscious; as the Scriptures declare, "The dead know not any thing; their sons come to honor and they know it not; they come to dishonor and they perceive it not of them." "There is neither wisdom nor knowledge nor device in sheol, hell, the grave, whither thou goest"—whither all go (Job xiv, 21; Ecclesiastes ix, 10).

"Thou Wilt Not Leave My Soul in Sheol."

The Prophet David declared his faith in a resurrection of the dead when he wrote, "Thou wilt not leave My Soul in hell (sheol, the grave), nor suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption" (Psalm xvi, 10). St. Peter (Acts ii, 25-31) calls our attention to the fact that the Prophet David did see corruption, and hence that this statement was not in regard to himself but Jesus—that the soul of Jesus was not left in sheol (Greek, hades); and, additionally, that the flesh of Jesus was not allowed to corrupt.

St. Peter was pointing out the fulfillment of this prophecy of the resurrection of Jesus from the dead on the third day, when he made use of our text, "David is not ascended into the

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## Happenings In England And On Continent In Paragraphs

**Shaw Trounces John Bull.**

Napoleon derisively called the English, "a nation of shopkeepers," but that was mild compared to the latest fulmination of George Bernard Shaw against his countrymen.

In a recent review of "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, he takes occasion to remark, "The enemy who confronts \* \* \* at every election is not a mongrel, a Basque or a Hebrew, but a British greengrocer, in whose short, round skull all the superstitions of Egypt, all the national conceit and lust for universal domination of the English, and all the militarism and fanaticism of Ignatius Loyola find a comfortable lodging. What are Immanuel Kant and Richard Wagner to do with this respectable man but vote against him in a continual minority."

Mr. Shaw recommends the two volumes to politicians and sociologists as stimulating.

**King Grants Boy's Wish.**

Some time ago two brothers wrote the King suggesting that a week's holiday would make the coronation more memorable to schoolboys. Whether a result of their appeal, or a coincidence, the King, having expressed his desire that school children should have a week's holiday, the boys' wish was gratified.

**Circulation of National Pictures.**

Steps are being taken to enlarge the powers of the trustees of the British National Gallery for lending pictures to other galleries throughout the country "in a way that the increasing interest in art demands." This is

governed by statute and pictures given or bequeathed to it cannot be loaned for fifteen years and in some cases the period is twenty-five years.

**Dog Saves Colonel's Life.**

In his highly interesting autobiography, recently published, Sir William Butler—the gallant soldier, who was in command of the British troops at the outbreak of the South African war, and for a time unjustly in the shade, owing to his pessimistic view of the military situation and his warnings to the government which were ignored—tells how Colonel Gordon's life was saved by a Newfoundland dog's self-sacrifice. The colonel was bathing and the dog lay by his master's clothes. Suddenly the dog began to bark violently, and getting more excited ran to the water's edge. At last the colonel saw ominous indications. A large crocodile was already between him and the shore, making in his direction. The dog ceased barking, plunged into the water, taking an oblique course to intercept the enemy. All at once he disappeared, dragged down by the huge reptile cunningly swimming below the surface.

**Mrs. Annie Besant in London.**

Although Mrs. Besant's main object in making periodical journeys from her home in India to Europe is to give addresses in the great centers, as president of the Theosophical Society, she contrives to give some attention to the friends of her former Socialist and agitator days. Among those favored is the Fabian Society, of which she was one of the founders; and as one of the authors of the famous Fabian

Essays, which created a stir at the time, she evidently feels it her duty from time to time to explain her attitude toward social and economic questions from her new standpoint.

Her recent address to this society was on "English and India," and during June and July she will give a series of public Sunday lectures in the Queen's Hall dealing with social, religious and mystical problems.

"Would-be Martyrs."

Under this heading the London "Abolitionist," the leading organ of the Anti-vivisection movement in England, quotes the cables of May 6 regarding the Baltimore students who offered themselves for "cancer" inoculation, and remarks: "We have no wish to deny the fact that enthusiasm for investigation of all kinds leads to a carelessness of one's own life but we cannot feel convinced that the seventeen students who offered their bodies for cancer research anticipated the acceptance of their offer, seeing this would be practically impossible in any civilized state. The confidence expressed by it would seem to have been a confidence that cancer would not really be inoculated—which, indeed, would be fully justified if Dr. Simon intended to use a 'germ' which has not yet been discovered."

**United Irish Women.**

This new movement in Ireland has for its motto "Back to the Home." While Ireland has been making progress in agriculture and commerce, the standard of living still lags behind, and the object of the association is to promote efficient housekeeping, intel-

ligent cookery, thrifty habits and more attractive homes.

Sir Horace Plunket is a warm supporter of the "United Irishwomen's" programme, which is quite apart from party politics.

**The Rand Prosperous.**

Reports of the majority of the companies for the year 1910 indicate a healthy state of affairs in the Witwatersand. A noteworthy fact is the vast accumulation of ore opened out ready for stopping. Altogether 80,000,000 tons are in reserve and the calculation is made that the prospective profit in this ore is eight in the Rand mines is \$140,000,000.

**British Banking.**

Edward R. Pease, of London, an authority on finance, in a recent lecture to the Fabian Society, asserted that in England "No government could allow a first-class bank to stop payment" and that "commercial panics in London ceased half a century ago and are only matters of historical interest."

"In ten years, from 1898 to 1908, the number of banks doing home trade in the United Kingdom fell from 120 to 79, and at present there are less than 60. At the rate of four amalgamations a year, there will be only one bank in 1926." This Mr. Pease concludes will lead to the unification of banking in Britain under State control; and as a further consequence, money will be had at 1 1/2 or less per cent, driving good securities up till they yield about the same rate.

**G. B. S. Taken to Task.**

Prof. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, is having an interesting bout with Bernard

Shaw over certain alleged inaccuracies and discrepancies in the professor's recent biography of the witty and paradoxical Irishman.

Professor Henderson, who writes from Paris to the London Morning Post rebutting Mr. Shaw's charges, feels naturally pained that his best endeavors to introduce and interpret G. B. S. to the American public should get him into hot water, in spite of the fact that he consulted Mr. Shaw on all matters of fact and submitted the manuscript for his correction and suggestions.

The matters in dispute are not really of importance, but both the biographer and the biographed are sticklers for accuracy, and the controversy will doubtless supply some gaiety for the nations.

One funny item in the dispute is that a photograph presented in the book as one of Mr. Shaw's former residences in London is a ginger beer shop, and he sarcastically repudiated the fact. Professor Henderson, after stating Shaw saw the photograph in question, replies in Shavian style, "The paucity of the number of Shavian devotees in the United States is explained by the fact that they are all burning candles at the ginger-beer shop."

**German Sanatoriums.**

Perhaps the most interesting section of the International Hygiene Exhibition, at Dresden, is that given up to models of hospitals, sanatoriums and convalescent homes, built out of the State insurance funds or by voluntary organizations. Instead of dismal, barracks-like erections, situated in

noisy or depressing surroundings, they are attractive and homely and situated in parks, forests or on mountain sides, surrounded by gardens, trees or meadows. They are fitted with every known appliance for the natural treatment of disease, in which the Germans excel, and some of them specialists in certain ailments.

**Beer Condemned.**

In the Dresden exhibition the national beverage of the Fatherland comes under strong condemnation, and is an indication of the growth of the anti-alcohol movement in Germany. It is represented that the cost of a glass of beer would purchase three glasses of milk, 500 grammes of bread, 200 grammes of sugar, or 55 grammes of lard. One table shows that 29 per cent of the weak-minded children of Berlin are cases due to parental intemperate habits.

In Leipzig every 100 drinkers have 123 illnesses a year, while the temperance workers have only 30, or a proportion of five to two.

**Troubled Turkey.**

The best friends of Turkey are not very happy at the present condition of affairs and trouble seems to be brewing at Constantinople. But those among the liberals there, like Djahid, deputy for Constantinople and editor of an influential journal, believe that it is but the inevitable prelude to real constitutional government and the end of the control of the Secret Committee. The forces of reaction are also at work and accusations of foreign intrigue have been made. Everything depends on the army, and its attitude seems to be a doubtful quantity.