

A Plea for Universal Brotherhood — by Percy L. Crosby

A Famous Cartoonist, in a Crisis of Civilization, States His Belief in God

By PERCY L. CROSBY.

WHEN interviewed at the time of my son's birth, I said in regard to his future that I would rather he be a brother to the Catholic, Jew, Buddhist and Mohammedan than be President of the United States. Throughout this nation barriers have been erected, walls of misunderstanding, until one group of religious followers cannot sympathize with another group believing in a different gospel. The various groups have kept strictly within the boundaries of their religious faiths, the followers of each creed positive that their particular belief is the only sure road to salvation. It will take years perhaps before these false ramparts disappear, but it is my hope that my son will work shoulder to shoulder with his fellow men in the interests of a cause that will benefit humanity. As Seth Parker puts it: "You go to your church and I'll go to mine, but let's walk along together."

Civilization has been foundering. Self-righteousness has had its day and it shall always be remembered as one of total eclipse; in its wake were prison rebellions, high school children indulging themselves in vice and gin, criminals rising to power, citizens smothered with lethargy, until, as a mass, they faced financial ruin and nation-wide unemployment. Uproar throughout the civilized world confronted the average man, when, opening his paper he turned to its pages for some ray of hope. It was hardly the time, I should say, for a few ambitious college professors and frigid scientists, seizing humanity at its lowest ebb, to make statements to the effect that the chief obstacle to progress in the world today was God.

Wisdom Is Simple

To the rational thinker, such expressions are the mere backfires from vacuous mentalities. Anybody can kick a dog traveling on three legs. However, I advise the reader not to take these vacuum darts seriously, nor to be misled by long words. Wisdom comes dressed in simplicity's garments. The virtue of Priscilla cannot be enhanced by adorning her with jewels.

No great mind of the past, with the possible exception of Nietzsche, ever denied the existence of God. Nietzsche, as the reader knows, lapsed into the abyss of insanity. Even so, it is to this creator's great credit that he not only tore down, but he attempted to erect a superman in the place of God. Whether this was a success or not, the reader may judge, for in speaking of himself, Nietzsche wrote: "What a Man!"

A Painter's Hoax

In the dim past of the year nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, there was a painter who, unable to gain recognition through the channels of creation, adopted a course most likely to bring his name before the public. He decided to paint only when under the influence of liquor, and to insure the success of the work and make each canvas a masterpiece, the painter took the added precaution of blindfolding his eyes. The exhibition of this artist's paintings was such a success that every one was sold. Some simple souls had the effrontery to ask the artist what his art was about, but the artist merely surveyed the questioner from toes to eyes as he inquired, "Have you never seen a gull?" American society dowagers sympathizing with genius, laughed the simple questioners out of existence. Famous and wealthy, the artist sought the seclusion

of his home, where, suddenly confronted with his reflection in the mirror, he asked, "Have you never seen a gull?"

Present day scientists can be gathered in the shadow cast by that great scientist and philosopher, Isaac Newton, to whom they, as well as all humanity, are indebted. I dare say a man capable of formulating the laws of gravitation, besides constructing the first reflecting telescope, is worthy of profound consideration. Newton did not shout that there was no God but rather worked for the good of humanity, believing in the existence of a God so earnestly, in fact, that he even went to church. In an essay Voltaire said, "Catechists announce a God to children, whilst a Newton is demonstrating its existence to the sages of the world."

The reader is no doubt acquainted with the waddling beetle-back of the lecture halls, who, in order to overwhelm his listeners, smothered



Drawn especially for this page by Percy L. Crosby.

ers them with ponderous phrases sprinkled with Latin. Sir Francis Bacon deemed it wiser to use simple language when he said, "Undoubtedly a superficial tincture of philosophy may incline the mind to atheism, yet a further knowledge brings it back to religion." Voltaire not only quoted this extract but added, "What Chancellor Bacon said has been fulfilled to a tittle." Voltaire also said that if there were no God, it would be necessary to invent one.

A World Without God

On the hypothesis that scientists, in order to benefit the human race, have absolutely removed the last lingering illusion that there is a God, may I ask what kind of scientific thought would be born of utter hopelessness and human despair? Is not the mind of science nourished by the ego? If all humanity's hearts were crushed, would not that involve the ego and destroy the



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scientist? Was he not a sagacious philosopher who uttered the words: "Nature abhors a vacuum?"

If science seized the world, the stars and all the space between the planets, would it seem presumptuous of God if he erected a kingdom in an ubiquitous atom? But then, present day scientists will first have to tear down the walls of profound thought built up by the geniuses of the past, or for that matter, even dent them. These scientists trying to undermine the religious faith of humanity, sealed to their proper proportion, are little more than the ants gnawing at the foundations of a lighthouse. In the words of Schopenhauer: "Great minds, of which there is scarcely one in a hundred million, are thus the lighthouses of humanity; and without them mankind would lose itself in the boundless sea of monstrous error and bewilderment."

Christ's Parable

"And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying: God be

merciful to me, a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other, for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The sceptre which Christ extended to Christianity was a malleable one, and it was not his aim to have it turned into a rigid rod of iron.

Let us rise to the clear realms of understanding and, soaring in these heights, observe the land below. The fields are green and rolling, and the harvest will soon be here when all will be fed. How small two swamps appear as God's fields surround them, stretching far and wide. In this lofty altitude, the eagle with his gaze fixed on mountain peaks, never screams to drown the croaking of the frogs. Above us is the endless space. Out of this, scientists will stimulate mentality; exercising the same privilege, we will also go into pure space with the hope that we may succeed

in stimulating the hearts of our fellow men. Let us imagine that a higher Voice speaks.

The Voice: "Be patient a while longer. Blame no one for existing conditions on earth, as civilization's change is taking place, even as day into night; its success depends upon cooperation, for each and every one of you is a part of the life stream. You are all comparable to the cells that make up the human body, the change of which occurs every seven years. Humanity as a whole goes through the same transfiguration, extricating outer tissues and replacing them in order to clarify the system so that harmony may flow unimpeded through universal consciousness. During this metamorphosis many will be oppressed, but remember that the angry bull cannot escape after goring the lamb, for the blood shall be on his head."

Unseen Realities

"Mankind ever wants to gaze upon God. And yet, if

The Man, Crosby.
Of all subjects to occupy the mind of Man, the one of which he has thought most and knows least is God. Religion—the goal to which all things tend, which gives to time all its importance, to eternity all its glory; apart from which man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle—was never a greater world issue than it is today. In Russia and in Mexico, in African jungles and the boiling cities of America, the origin and future of Man—and the way in which he should live upon this Earth—are vital to nations and to individuals.
 On this page today is one man's thought of Man, of God, of Life. He is neither preacher nor professor, partisan nor fanatic, but a plain man, native-born, native-bred, a husband and father, a World War veteran, allied to no sect, speaking for no creed, a worker in two non-religious professions, in many ways an American typical of his time. For that very reason—because he is merely one man like millions more—what he has to say is interesting, important and significant.
 Percy L. Crosby is famous as the creator of "Skippy," child of the comic strips, and "Skippy," hero of an unusual novel. He comes to you today, not as an artist, or even as a writer—though the accompanying article will be part of a new Crosby book, "We Ramble"—but as a man among men, stating his belief in God, his theory of living and his hope and wish for mankind at a time when civilization stands with humanity at the brink of unpredictable possibilities.

man will pause to reflect, he realizes that he accepts patriotism as something beyond flag, government officials and territorial possessions. Patriotism cannot be seen, still men have sacrificed their lives because of it. People go to a concert; the orchestra is composed of men, instruments and notes. These are the symbols through which an intangible inspiration envelops the audience, still music cannot be seen. The wind gently stirs the foliage of a landscape, or crashes through a forest; the evidences of wind are apparent, still the wind cannot be seen. If mankind, without thought of analysis, can accept these poetic emotions for their divine qualities alone, can he not in a like manner cherish God as an invisible Sovereign?

Where God Is

"Purify yourselves and behold my presence, for my throne room is in the lonely heart where suffering projects my image. I am he who vanishes with the coming of hate, though if I am sought I melt, hate as the sun melts the ice. I am he to whom the mighty crash of thunder is as the tinkle of a bell, while the whirl of a gnat's wing is as the crash of mighty thunder. And I am he who safeguards the fears of my children as a rajah treasures his pearls.

A Picture

"Would not all mankind benefit by contemplating and eventually adopting the principle as outlined in the following cartoon? In the first panel there are two men facing each other; dots connect their eyes, and at intervals along the dotted line are daggers. In the second panel another man joins the two men, and as the second man observes him, the dots and daggers travel along his glaring line of vision. In the third panel the newcomer turns his stare toward the first man. The circuit of dots and daggers is complete as each man is held by their power. The fourth panel shows a merry fellow approaching, playing a harmonica. The dots waver and vibrate into notes of music while the daggers fall to the ground. In the last picture all are singing. Does this not suggest that what humanity needs today is just a little harmony?"

Hear the Truth!

"I urge those drifting in the sea of doubt to weigh logic and fasten it to the ship that it may serve as an anchor. What does the fish gain by speeding through the ocean; though he swim a thousand miles, would he not still be in the ocean? Would it not be wiser for the fish to give way before opposing power, when, in truth, the ocean will come to him? Sea, land and sky are the pages perused by the sage, and meditation turns them. Does not the vulture clash against the background of sky in striking contrast to

God in Everything

"Divine law exercises its judgment through insects whose span of life is but a day, and through the paths of planets whose existence is for eternity. All humanity cannot erase tomorrow nor change a planet from its course, for cause and effect rule the universe. In the crisis of the world I dissolve into the scientist, the philosopher, the poet, the artist, the statesman, the virtuous and the sinner, and become the power behind every living breath in order that my world may be saved.

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