

BUT of all the Plenipotentiaries of Publicity, Ambassadors of Advertising, and Bosses of Press Bureaus, none equals Moses, who lived fifteen centuries before Christ. Moses appointed himself ad-writer for Deity, and gave us an account of Creation, from the personal interviews. And although some say these interviews were faked, this account has been accepted for thirty-five centuries

Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible, and this account includes a record of the author's romantic birth and of his serene and dignified death. Moses is the central figure, after Yahweh, in the whole write-up

Egyptian history makes not a single mention of Moses or the Exodus, and no record is found of the flight from Egypt save what Moses wrote

At best it was only a few hundred people who hiked, but the account makes the whole thing seem colossal and magnificent. And best of all, the high standard set has been an inspiration to millions to live up to the dope.

The phrase, "The Chosen People of God," was a catch-phrase unrivaled. Slogans abound in Moses that have been taken up by millions on millions.

When Moses took over the Judaic account, Jehovah was only a tutelary or tribal god. He was simply one of the many. He had at least forty strong competitors, The Egyptians had various gods; the Midianites, Hittites, Philistines, Amorites, Ammonites had at least one god each.

Moses made his god supreme, and all other gods were driven from the skies. What turned the trick?

I'll tell you—the writings of Moses, and nothing else. So able, convincing, direct and inclusive were the claims of Moses that the world was absolutely won by them.

In the Mosaic Code was enough of the saving salt of commonsense to keep it alive. It was a religion for the now and

here. The Mosaic laws are sanitary laws, and work for the positive, present good of those who abide by them.

It is not deeds or acts that last—it is the written record of those deeds and acts. It was not the life and death of Jesus that fixed His place as the central figure of His time—and perhaps of all time—it was what Paul and certain unknown writers who never even saw Him claimed

and had to say in written words

HORATIUS still stands at the bridge, because a poet placed him there

And Paul Revere still rides a-down the night giving his warning cry, because Longfellow set the meters in a gallop

Across the waste of waters the enemy calls upon Paul Jones to surrender, and the voice of Paul Jones echoes back, "Goddam, your souls to Hell—we have not yet begun to fight!" And the sound of the fearless voice has given courage to countless thousands to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

In Brussels there is yet to be heard a sound of revelry by night, only because Byron told of it.

Comodore Perry, that rash and impulsive youth of twenty-six, never sent that message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but a good reporter did, and the reporter's words live, while

EVERY life is its own excuse for being, and to deny or refute the untrue things that are said of you is an error of judgment. All wrong recoils upon the doer, and the man who makes wrong statements about others is himself to be pitied, not the man he vilifies. It is better to be lied about than to lie. At the last no one can harm us but ourselves.