

GOD OR CAESAR

NINETEEN hundred years ago civilization had to make a choice of allegiance. Were men to bow the knee to God, the Creator of the Universe, or to Caesars who claimed the divinity of supreme beings?

Mankind again faces this issue, and the conflict between God and Caesar is as wide as the world.

Civilization embraces many religions and no religion. But when Pope Pius XI departed this life, the peoples of the world were unanimous. They poured forth gratitude for his services to mankind. For he had the courage to uphold the goodness and mercy of God.

The dictators are very much alike. They wield power and exult in conquest. But they awaken no gratitude. They are obeyed only because they are dreaded, and vast communities are arming to resist their aggression.

Nineteen hundred years ago the struggle between God and Caesar seemed to be unequal. On the one side were humble men and women, often reduced to the status of slavery and the Colosseum was a con-

centration camp for the martyrs. On the other side were the wealth and aristocracy of the Roman Empire, backed by mobilized legions with their faces—rods for scourging the people, bound around axes for cutting off their heads.

Amid pain and poverty and what is sometimes ridiculed as superstition, the weaker side won against the stronger. The communities of people who believed in God grew into the civilization of the future. The paganism of imperial Rome collapsed in ruins.

The Pope was only a secular sovereign by symbolism. His kingdom, his army, his post office, his courts of law, his coinage—all were token alone of the power that is abroad in the world. Within an hour, the Caesars could obliterate Vatican City—with its traditions and its treasures—from the face of the earth.

Yet the Pope, murmuring "Peace" with his dying breath, meant more to mankind than all of the dictators put together as they breathed forth fire and slaughter over land and sea. For

the Pope was serving God who is the author of Life, and the Dictators are angels of Death.

The issue between God and Caesar is a duel between Life and

Death, and Man's instinct for survival has always been victorious over the impulse to suicide. That victory may be hard to win. But it is assured.—*Condensed from The Commentator.*

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TO PLEASE WOMEN

GIRL students of an American university have compiled the following "Dont's" which men are advised to observe if they want to be on the best terms with Eve:

If you are a man, then DON'T:

Be late for appointments.

Boast.

Walk on the inside of the pavement when accompanying a woman.

Consider the opinions of your sex superior to those of the fair sex.

Talk continually of the wonderful things you can do.

Blow your motor-horn instead of coming to the door for your girl friend.

Be so conceited that you think every woman is on your trail, their object being matrimony.

Domineer. Rather conceal the fact that you're master in your own home.

Be careless about personal grooming.

Be stingy.

Argue with your wife or hold her up to ridicule.

Talk about business all the time.

Leave ashes except in ashtrays.

Feel inferior if you have to help with the housework.

Talk about other women with whom you used to go out.

Use a potent-smelling hair cream.

Attribute all bad driving to women.—*Parade.*