

The Baptist Herald

A DENOMINATIONAL PAPER VOICING THE INTERESTS OF THE
GERMAN BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION

Volume Six

CLEVELAND, O., OCTOBER 15, 1928

Number Twenty

Three Days

JAMES ROBERT GILMORE

So much to do: so little done!
Ah! yesternight I saw the sun
Sink beamless down the vaulted gray,—
The ghastly ghost of YESTERDAY.

So little done: so much to do!
Each morning breaks on conflicts new;
But eager, brave, I'll join the fray,
And fight the battle of TODAY.

So much to do: so little done!
But when it's o'er,—the victory won,—
Oh! then, my soul, this strife and sorrow
Will end in that great, glad TOMORROW.

What's Happening

Rev. Edward Stevener has resigned after a pastorate of two and a half years at the Folsomdale, N. Y., church to accept the call of the Union Baptist Church, Arnold, Pa. He begins work on his new field on December first.

Rev. L. Baier, recently of Stutterheim, Cape Province, So. Africa, who has been in Chicago since the beginning of August, has accepted the call of the South Chicago German Baptist Church. Bro. Baier entered upon his new pastoral duties October first.

Rev. and Mrs. Carl A. Daniel of Chicago celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary at Warren Tavern, Detroit, Mich., on Sept. 25. We extend hearty congratulations to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel and hope they will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary.

Oak St. Church, Burlington, and Walnut St. Church, Muscatine, Iowa, were visited by the Editor of the "Baptist Herald," Rev. A. P. Mihm, recently. He supplied the Oak St. pulpit Sunday, Sept. 30, in the absence of Rev. Chas. F. Zumbach and had a pleasant day with this strong church. On the evening of Oct. 1, he showed a number of reels of motion pictures relating to young people's and denominational work at the Muscatine church to a very well attended meeting. Pastor D. Klein announces revival meetings beginning Oct. 8, conducted by Rev. H. F. Schade of Racine, Wis.

The Cleveland Y. P. & S. S. W. U. met at the First Church for its quarterly get-together on Sept. 27. It was one of the largest held for some time. Each society furnished a musical number. The Rev. Mr. Woodworth, the new pastor of the Nottingham church, gave the message. Some had harbored a fear that the Nottingham people would be lost to the German group since the new pastor did not come from our circle. All are gratified to know that he is so willing to cooperate. The officers of the Union are: Emil Hasse, president; Mrs. R. A. Bartel, vice-president; Miss Clara Birth, secretary, and Carl Merkel, treasurer.

Our Editorial Secretary, Rev. A. P. Mihm, has had no rest from his editorial labors since "The Baptist Herald" was born, nearly six years ago. The "Herald" has grown up to be a vigorous lad. His father very much deserves a four-weeks vacation—not a vacation in deed, only in name, as he will be on duty in his capacity as General Secretary. Rev. O. E. Krueger, who is on the editorial staff, will have the lad in hands for that month. If "Herald" doesn't manifest his accustomed good behavior the reader will know the reason and fix the responsibility. We wish our editor a happy month. Let us give him three cheers for the fine work he has been doing in this capacity.—O. K.

Friends of the Aged, Attention!

Young people have many opportunities in life to render such Christian service, whereby other lives are transformed with happiness and their own characters are molded more perfectly. Young men and boys of this age still love to read Sir Launfal in his search of the Holy Grail and of his experiences in helping the poor, elderly man on the side of the road whom he later recognized as the Christ. There comes to every young person, whether in story or in experience, an understanding of Jesus' message: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The German Baptist Homes for the Aged are Christian centers, to which there go many expressions of good-will and from which there radiate many messages of trustfulness and confidence in God. Knowing that young people cherish the privilege of rendering this service, the appeal has come from the friends in Philadelphia for the German Baptist Home for the Aged in that city. The festival of Donation Day will be observed on Thursday, October 18, at which time gifts from all over the country will be received. Farm products, canned goods, books, and any other kinds of usable material will be welcomed with deep appreciation. Such things may be sent at any time to the German Baptist Home for the Aged, 7023 Rising Sun Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Gifts in money are to be addressed to William Distler, 210 Loney St., Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is hoped that many young people in our churches will avail themselves of this opportunity. The message of Whittier will then become more personal:

*"Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was 'doing good';
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude."*
MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER.

Today Is Fine

What's the use of always weepin',
Making trouble last,
What's the use of always keepin'
Things of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine.
Life 'aint no celebration,
Trouble? I've had mine,
But today is fine.

It's today that I am living,
Not a month ago,
Having, loosing, taking, giving,
As God wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell upon the way.
It may rain again tomorrow
It may rain,
But say, 'aint it fine today?

Bazaar, Chicago Baptist Old People's Home

The Annual Bazaar of the Ladies Aid Societies of the German Baptist Churches of Chicago and vicinity, for the benefit of the Western German Baptist Old People's Home will be held October 18, 1928, at the Home, 1851 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Your hearty co-operation is solicited either in the form of financial or material gifts, which should be delivered to the Home direct, or through your Society or by mail. Make checks payable to Western German Baptist Old People's Home, 1851 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Help make this Bazaar a success by attending and purchasing liberally or sending your gift or money to the Home. Lunch will be served at 12 M. and Dinner at 6 P. M.

MRS. ROSE STEINHAUS, Pres.
MRS. A. P. MIHM Sec.

Get Ahead of Yourself

A great runner, who had broken several of the world's track records, said that all his successes came because he was trying to get ahead of himself.

"I never pay any attention to how fast the other fellow is running," he said. "Whether he wins or loses doesn't make any difference to me. I always try to beat myself."

That is the only right way to go forward in the great race of life. Watching the other fellow and always trying to get around him may seem to bring you success. You may get ahead of him and win out in the end, but you have followed the wrong idea and you are none the bigger for your race. Strive to break your own record, not his. Get ahead of yourself.—The Boys' Friend.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Will Women Vote Against Prohibition?

YES, many of them will.

What sort of women?

In "Current History" for July Mrs. Henry W. Peabody names several classes.

Women who believe the wet propaganda, who think that only fanatics are back of prohibition, who imagine that the Anti-Saloon League controls Congress, the Supreme Court, and various legislatures, and other fantastic propositions, will vote against prohibition.

The women of the underworld, who live by vice and crime, will vote against prohibition.

Many women of the privileged classes, wives and daughters of the rich, will vote against prohibition. They think they are above the law, and no law should inconvenience them or interfere with their habits. They take their opinions ready-made from their husbands.

There is a great class of thoughtless women who will vote against prohibition. They hear men say, or they have read, "More drinking than ever," and like phrases of the wets, and they believe them. They do not stop to think **how many hip-flasks it takes to make a single saloon.**

They know nothing about drinking conditions in the old days, with drunks on every street-car. Yes, the thoughtless will vote for the return of booze.

Prohibition is a women's issue. It vitally affects the home.

A vote for liquor is a vote to ruin homes—perhaps your home. A vote to ruin young people—perhaps your sons and daughters.

The women Mrs. Peabody describes will vote for booze. What are you going to vote for? Are you going to stay home on election day and let every evil influence in the country place the liquor temptation in the way of your husband and children?

Vote! Fight for a booze-free America.—Exchange.

Why I Don't Dance

O. E. KRUEGER

A NUMBER of years ago, I preached a sermon on: "Why I am a teetotaler." I merely gave my reasons for not indulging in any kind of liquor with alcoholic content. In this article I am not laying down a law for anyone but for myself. Some of my reasons may appeal to the reader, others may not.

After giving these very reasons in a sermon some months ago one of the members of my family said: "Dad, you forgot to give the main reason—you don't know how." That is true enough, but it might be possible to acquire the art. Anybody who can drive an auto through the traffic of a big city ought to be able to learn how to dance. In both opera-

tions you use your hands and feet—and your head too to keep clear of other performers.

Now as to the reasons.

The Church Would Not Permit Me to Indulge in Any Form of Modern Dance

Even the churches that allow their members this passtime would not grant the privilege to the pastors. We are still living under a double standard. The old principle, homely expressed in the much quoted words: "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," doesn't hold here. How easy it is to hold higher standards for others than we are willing to hold for ourselves.

In the good old days the deacons of a certain church would not permit the young men to see the girls' home after the service at night. They took charge of this grave responsibility themselves. Arriving at the gate one night on such an errand of "Safety first" the sober old deacon said: "Well, that ought to be worth a kiss." I don't remember whether he got it. I have my doubts, but I have often wondered since why some folks have one standard for others and quite another for themselves.

The Dance Is No Longer a Mere Physical Expression of the Emotion of Joy

While visiting a sick mother one day the twelve-year-old boy came home with the provisions for the evening meal. The pet dog began to race around the dining-room table just as fast as he could go. He would stop for a little rest, only to begin again. I thought he might be chasing his tail, but there was no tail to chase, only a little stump, hardly worth such strenuous effort. I asked: "Why does the dog perform like that?" "He is so glad that William is back," replied William's mother. That was the dog's way of expressing his emotion of joy.

If you have never seen a dozen of calves frisk about in the pasture, or watched a litter of pigs at play, you have missed—well not just half your life—but you have missed a great sight. Children clap their hands for joy.

In its simplest form the dance was merely the physical expression of an emotion of joy. Miriam, the sister of Moses, led the women in a song and dance as an expression of joy upon their marvelous escape from Egypt. You will remember that Moses had seen 80 summers at this time and Miriam had seen more.

David danced with all his might to express his joy when the ark of the covenant was being carried to the tabernacle. The women met him with song and joy-dancing when he returned triumphant from the battlefield. We dignified Europeans and Americans frown upon such expression of joy-dancing and then invent something else and call it dancing

too. And then we are horrified when our little children are taught rhythmic movements at school which too are called dancing. Shall we never learn to discriminate? The modern dance with the sex-emphasis and sex appeal is an entirely different thing.

No Good Thing Comes From the Dance Floor

From the housetops it is proclaimed that the dance develops physical grace and charm. Let us grant that it has brought grace to a few, it also has brought disgrace to many. "Billy" Sunday said, and he did say some things that are hard to refute: "I would rather have my daughter walk to Heaven like a hippopotamus than go gracefully to hell, if the dance floor is the only place where grace can be developed."

Its value as a recreation can be explained by every employer of such girls and young men who seek their recreation at the dance. Without a doubt it is destructive, rather than constructive.

But why blame youth for "going to the dogs" when we have not provided any other place for them to go to? With the speed-up of machinery and mass-production the hours of labor must be reduced or the problem of the unemployed will destroy our civilization. But reduced hours of labor means increased hours of leisure. People very seldom go wrong when they are at work. What are we going to put into the leisure hours of the rising generation? Blessed is the man and the church that can answer that question.

"Am Doing a Great Work So That I Cannot Come Down"

Nehemiah, one of God's great noblemen, thus answered his enemies and he added: "Why should the work cease while I leave it and come down to you?" The dance floor is on a very low level, even if it is on the 23rd story of a palatial hotel. Why always ask: Is it good or bad, is it sin or not? Why not ask: Is it good, or is it the best? Even the good is the enemy of the better, and the better is the enemy of the best. Wasn't it Livingstone who said: "We are at our worst, when devoted to ourselves, at our best, when devoted to others?"

"For their sakes I sanctify myself." Jesus might have persued wealth, ease, popularity, power and security. He might have entered into the marriage relationship and sought home comforts, and in themselves these were not sinful and yet he detected in them the call of the tempter who didn't come to him with horns and cloven hoofs. He set himself apart for a great work. He could not come down. On the high level of a life set apart for the great tasks of the Kingdom the question of questionable amusements sinks into insignificance.

If Christians still argue in favor of the dance as not a sin, let us put it into another test tube. How does it come out on the question of sanctification? Does not our devotion to the great cause of the Kingdom rule it out? Augustine Thierry, the French historian who lost his sight poring over faded man-

uscripts in research work for his country, said: "I would follow the same course if I had to do it again. There is something that is better than pleasure, fortune and health."

The Expulsive Power of a Great Devotion Will Settle the Amusement Question

Not only for those who are living on the west side of 45 but also for those who are living on the east side of 25. If we are called narrow, well and good. It is better to be narrow and deep than broad and shallow. The great trouble we have with the Mississippi River is in keeping it narrow. It wants to spread all over the low lands and turn them into swamps. Great levees are built along the banks to keep the river narrow and the stream swift. In addition to these, wing dams are built at some places to throw the stream into the channel and keep the silt from filling the river bed thus destroying its usefulness as an artery of commerce. O yes, it is better to be narrow and deep and useful, than to be broad and shallow and swampy!

What Is Man?

PROF. E. E. SLOCUM in his book on: "Sermons of a Chemist" says: "According to present conceptions an atom consists of an inconceivably minute nucleus, charged with positive electricity around which revolve from one (in hydrogen) to 92 (in uranium) satellites of negative electricity at a speed ranging from 1300 to 124,000 miles per second. (There is a vacant space between the nucleus and the satellites just as there is between the sun and the planets. Ed.) The actual amount of matter, if you can still regard it as material, in an apparently solid body occupies only about a millionth part of the bulk. If we could put a big man into a press and squeeze all of the vacant space out of him, he would shrink to pin-head size!" Indeed, what is man? We are ready for the answer. Man is a living soul possessing a body, and we are glad to know that, after all, there is not so very much to that body. How much room for a big soul!

Editorial Jottings

AMUSEMENTS. We are featuring in this number one of the problems of the church—the problem of recreation and amusements. The Central Conference in Kankakee, centered around the general theme: The Church, her Glory, Mission, and Problems. Rev. E. Umbach opened the discussion on amusements. We are happy to present in this number an outline of his argument. Several of those who took part in the discussion were kind enough to permit us to use their sidelights on the question. The closing hour arrived all too soon. Many others would have added the results of their thoughts and experience had there been time.

WITNESSES WANTED. In touring through Iowa we stopped for Sunday morning worship in a prosperous country town, in a prosperous church not of our own denomination. The evidences of Ger-

man thrift were seen everywhere. The young pastor, though preaching English, unmistakably revealed his German ancestry. We hope the burden of his message got across to the 400 listeners as it did to us. (There were no empty pews there even on a hot August Sunday.) The pastor tried to impress upon us the truth that we are witnesses for Christ and his cause—we are not debaters, advocates, but witnesses of the things we have seen, heard, experienced.

WATCH FOR OUR NEXT NUMBER. Among people whose life centers in the church the pastor furnishes the topic for much conversation. When there is no political campaign on, he comes in after the weather or the sports. Recently he has been much discussed in books and papers. Laymen have felt called on to tell him things. Our next number will feature the pastor. You will want to read what such men as Prof. A. J. Ramaker, Rev. F. A. Licht, Prof. H. von Berge, Rev. D. Hamel, Rev. Frank Kaiser, Rev. O. R. Schroeder, Prof. A. Bretschneider have to say about "The Pastor's Greatest Joy." Other brethren such as Rev. W. S. Argow, Rev. J. F. Olthoff, Rev. F. P. Kruse, Mr. Fred Linsz, Rev. Chas. F. Zummach, will discuss other phases of the subject.

DAMAGE AND DEVITALIZATION. Youth must have recreation and amusement. The difficulty lies in the questions: What, where, and how? Our fathers cried out against questionable amusements. But they offered little of a constructive nature. We are all but silent on the question and we too have no constructive program to offer. Our young people get the impression that there is no objection to any kind of amusement. Feeling that to be the case the Second Church of Cleveland gave expression to its attitude by adding a paragraph to its covenant. That paragraph closes with these words: "We engage to avoid all forms of business, amusements, and social contacts which are detrimental to spiritual life and destroy the effectiveness of our witness." These two tests may be applied to every doubtful question: Does it harm my spiritual life, does it destroy, devitalize my witness for Christ?

WET AND WOBBLING. It happened on Washington Boulevard, Chicago. One of the conference delegates was driving in the thick of the traffic swishing by on the right and the left with only three-inch margins. Why doesn't somebody invent rubber fenders! Well, this particular delegate became doubtful in Garfield Park which fork of the road to take and his advisors didn't help matters either. So he turned a little to the right, then to the left, to the right again and finally slowed down considerably. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, but you have not heard of the patience of the modern auto driver. The driver following passed by and yelled at the wobbler: "Vote for Al. Smith!" Just what did he mean? "You are a wet and a wobbler!" We have this to say in defense of a driver who is not accustomed to the traffic on Washington Boulevard: You may be as dry as tinder and yet wobble under such circumstances.

EMPTY PEWS. There is some relationship between empty pews and amusements. The church is in a serious business. Her Lord didn't intend that she should go into the entertainment and amusement business. If she fills her pews with that bait she may boast of crowds and yet accomplish little real Kingdom service. On the other hand we hold no brief for the church that drives the people away with gloom. "Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing." If there is anything that takes the buoyancy out of a preacher and causes his spirit to sink to the bottom of the sea, it's the unresponsive empty pews. Even the oft repeated excuse: "We were with you in spirit" doesn't help him. Spirits occupy no space. They are invisible. The preacher prefers to see flesh and bone occupying the pews, provided, of course, that the bone is well distributed throughout the body and not concentrated above the shoulders.

DID YOU REGISTER? Some people are going to put off the small matter of registering until it is too late and when election day rolls around they will not be able to go to the polls to perform their civic privilege. Someone, we have forgotten the name, wrote a very clever parody on "Sing a song of sixpence." It runs like this:

"Sing a song of politics,
Pockets full of rye,
Four-and-twenty candidates,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie is opened
And these birds begin to sing,
You and I who baked the pie
Will have to eat the thing."

All pies are not a success—especially political pies. Sometimes we have to eat the pies baked by others. What kind of a pie do you wish? Do your share in getting your kind. If you neglect your duty, you'll have to be satisfied even if the pie is a failure.

GOD'S FOUNDATION. Why are so many people nervous about the Ark of God? Paul the prisoner, whose time of departure by means of the Roman sword had arrived, didn't manifest any anxiety about the truth of God. There were many discouraging features about the churches, there were false teachers, there were many who were ashamed of his chains and had forsaken the cause. But his answer to all was: "Yet God's solid foundation stands unmoved." Suppose you should find a man with a 2 by 4, 10 feet long, on a journey to Europe and should ask him why he carried that 2 by 4 along and he would reply: "I have heard that Gibraltar is in danger of toppling into the sea and I am going to prop it up." You would seek the proper officer at once to have him committed to an asylum for the insane. The foundation of God will stand even after the Gibraltar has toppled into the sea. Dismiss your nervous anxiety, only see to it that you are standing on this foundation and be a witness for Him.

Lake States Assembly

The third meeting of the Lake States Assembly took place this year as other years at Linwood Park, Vermilion, Ohio. Although our crowd was not as large this year as other years, a good time was had by all, and I am sure every one went home with a blessing.

The classes which were conducted by Rev. A. P. Mihm, Rev. Frank Kaiser, Rev. Benj. Graf, Prof. H. von Berge and Rev. Arthur A. Schade were all very well attended. Rev. J. Leyboldt made a very able and much loved Dean and Rev. C. Fred Lehr led the singing.

And not the least of all our meetings were our Sunset Meetings, conducted outdoors, when we all had an opportunity to witness for our Lord.

Our recreational leader was Rev. W. L. Schoeffel, who proved a very able leader. He always saw to it that we had something good to eat. Fruit between classes, ice cream in the chapel one evening, and watermelon and a marshmallow roast at different times on the beach, when we all sat around a huge bonfire and sang familiar songs and enjoyed ourselves.

The new officers for 1928-1929 are: Edward Glanz, of Detroit, president; Rowland A. Bartel of Cleveland, vice-president; Rev. C. Fred Lehr of Cleveland, secretary, and Emil Schultz of Detroit, treasurer.

We are planning for the biggest and best Assembly ever for 1929.

MRS. J. E. RUSSEL.

The Atlantic Conference at Baltimore

Baltimore, Md., was the focusing point of the Atlantic Conference, August 22 to 26. The session convened there with the West Baltimore church. The Conference was formally opened Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. After the joint choir, composed of singers from both German Baptist churches of Baltimore, under the able leadership of Mr. S. Bodlien, rendered an anthem of hearty greeting, Rev. Schmidt bade the Conference welcome to the city, the church, and the homes. Rev. Paul Wengel responded with appreciating words in behalf of the Conference.

Earnest, heart-gripping and inspiring were the sermons preached by the following brethren: Rev. F. W. Becker, Rev. John Schmidt, Rev. Emil Berger, Rev. C. W. Koller, Rev. J. G. Draewell and Rev. R. T. Wegner. These messages will long be remembered. Preceding the day's order of business a devotional service was held every morning. These meetings proved to be helpful and instructive and were conducted by the brethren Rev. C. F. Friedenbergh and Rev. L. N. Schoen.

The reading of the reports from the various churches registered the fact that the past year was a successful one, both in the winning of souls and financially. 146 baptisms were reported, and the total contributions for all causes amounted to \$196,876.92. The officers for the ensuing year are: Chairman,

Rev. Paul Wengel; Vice-Chairman, Rev. H. F. Hoops; Recording Secretary, Rev. Frank Orthner.

Five new pastors came into the Conference the past year: Rev. J. G. Draewell, Rev. M. L. Leuschner, Rev. L. N. Schoen, Rev. J. F. Niebuhr, Rev. G. C. Schwandt. A hearty welcome was extended to them by the Moderator.

An instructive and interesting address was given by Rev. Julius Kaaz on "Our Relationship to Politics." This well prepared and timely message was favorably received.

The enlightening message of Rev. M. L. Leuschner on "Portraits of Power," given Sunday afternoon, was a blessing to a large audience of both young and old. The young people of the Atlantic Conference are enthusiastic and eager to do their part in extending the Kingdom of God and plan to go forward in the name of the Lord.

Special mention should be made of the kind hospitality of the West Baltimore folks under the leadership of their pastor; it was bountiful. The meetings were well attended and inspiring. With a vote of thanks to God and to all who helped in making this Conference a success we parted, praying God for richer blessings and a more faithful service in the new Conference year.

THE REPORTER.

Young People at the Southwestern Conference

The young people and Sunday school workers of the Southwestern Conference are still in active service for their Lord. This was evidenced at the Southwestern Conference which convened at Durham, Kans., August 19-23.

Thursday afternoon, Aug. 23, was in complete charge of the Y. P. & S. S. Workers. We gathered at Durham from various parts of the states. The Y. P. S. & S. S. of Ingersoll, Okla., received the banner for largest attendance.

After a short devotional service Bro. A. Sandow took charge of the meeting. It was decided to send to Rochester the balance of our pledge. We are planning to have an assembly in the future and the committee is busy carrying out the plans in regard to the assembly.

As special music we were favored by a ladies trio from Dillon, Kans., and several numbers from the volunteer choirs in the Union.

Rev. G. Lang's address, "Abiding Success of Our Union and How to Obtain It," was very inspiring and encouraging. We thank our Lord for past blessings and look forward to a closer walk with him.

LU ELLA SCHEUFFLER, Sec, pro tem.

Daily Vacation Bible School, Second Church, Detroit

Our Daily Vacation Bible School was held in the basement of our church. It was financed by the Sunday school and was conducted by Rev. R. Bredy, pastor, with the help of thirteen teachers, also of the church.

The school began July 5 and lasted

through to July 27. Opening at 9.30, Bible and missionary stories were told by some of the teachers, hymns were sung by all, passages were learned from the Bible, and 20 minutes were given to the manual training work. School was closed with "America" and the Lord's Prayer at 11.30. Every Tuesday and Thursday was penny day and Wednesdays were game and refreshment days.

The primary department consisted of boys and girls from 2 to 7 years of age. The children sang, played games, drew on paper and blackboard, and cut pictures for posters. 29 posters were made and a prayer and song learned. The teachers were as follows: Miss Myrtle Lemke, Miss Jean Mowat, Miss Florence Lelliott and Bruno Bredy.

In the next department girls 8 years old sewed darning bags under the supervision of Mrs. B. L. Wagner and Miss Katherine Pfaff.

Miss Eleanor Bleich and Miss Ruth Lemke were teachers in the towel department of girls 9 years old. Twelve towels were made.

Twelve aprons and three nightgowns were made by the girls from 10 to 14 years of age under the guidance and help of Mrs. Gabert.

The woodcraft department under Rev. Bredy and Mr. Gabert and with the help of Duard Papinow, Arthur Bredy and Johnson Dickey, made seven end-tables, two book-cases and one book-rack. These were made by the boys over eight.

A contest was held to encourage the children to increase the registration. The prizes were awarded to William Suzinski who brought 11, Mary White who brought 10, and Bernice Morrison who brought 9. It proved to be a very close contest in which everyone was interested.

A number of the pupils started on the 5th of July and had perfect attendance during the month.

The total registration was 138, including the staff of officers, and the average attendance was about 80.

RUTH LEMKE, Sec.

* * *

"Habit is a cable.
Every day we weave a thread
Until at last it is so strong
We cannot break it."

* * *

When perseverance cannot go on any farther, it begins all over again. It looks upon failure as a place of new beginning. So, in the end, it conquers.

* * *

The complaining spirit does not come from the greatness of a man's troubles. It comes from the smallness of his soul. He looks always to himself and never toward God, and so his outlook is bound to be dark and depressing.

* * *

Self-expression surely means that we should express our best. Instead of that, there are many who use it as an excuse for expressing the weakness and worst part of themselves. They show what they ought to fight down and never allow to see the light.

The Sunday School

Saving the Sunday School

Condensed from "The Forum" (Aug. '28)

ROLAND G. E. ULLMAN

("The Readers Digest" is becoming indispensable to many busy people. In a condensed form it gives the substance of thirty-one of the best articles from the best magazines. It appears monthly. The subscription price is \$3 per year. Below we reprint a sample of the kind of work it does.)

When I was a boy my parents did not force me to go to Sunday school. I did not become addicted to the habit of regular attendance, but I did go as often as I could stand it. Every few weeks I'd go with some crony to the Sunday school which he attended, almost invariably from compulsion and in a state of mind from which reverence seemed to have been almost entirely expunged. It seemed the normal attitude to despise Sunday school and go with a determination to retaliate for the uninteresting program. The boys brought sling-shots, stuck pins into each other, scuffled, and generally contributed to the troubles of the teacher, while the girls resorted to giggling, whispering, and diversified forms of inattention.

Perhaps it was this situation which whetted my curiosity to see if the questions of faith had to be handled in a way repugnant to the youthful mind. And I made up my mind that if ever I undertook to teach a Sunday school class, I was going to make it interesting regardless of how unconventional my method or my choice of topics.

Eventually I did have a class—seven alert, lively boys, "the most unruly class in the school." The first Sunday one boy tried my sense of discipline and the class knew my attitude at once. Then I set myself to the task of making the class work as just as interesting as was in my power. To find subjects that would appeal to the boys I had harked back in memory to my own pursuits at their age, and made a list of about 20 topics. The Bible was never a direct subject in this list, because I think boys of ten and eleven are too young to get much benefit from direct study of the Bible; and it is exceedingly easy to give them an overdose and create an enduring apathy to it.

Approving of my suggestion, the class organized itself on a parliamentary basis, electing a president, secretary, and treasurer to serve for a term of three months. The president runs the class, calls it to order and asks the secretary to read the minutes, which then stand approved or are corrected. Then the treasurer reports his collection and the purpose for which the funds are to be used. Then old business and new business.

It is only at this point that I enter the picture. I present the "new business," which is the topic for the day. Very frequently I enter into "old business"

also, because our discussions have a way of lasting over, occasionally for weeks.

Parliamentary procedure brought order with it. The president recognizes each eager, would-be speaker in turn, who then has the floor, addresses the group standing, and gets excellent practice in thinking on his feet. The day the first treasurer made his initial round, one boy shook his head. The treasurer thrust an expectant palm an inch from his nose and demanded: "Come across. I know your mother gives you a dime for Sunday school every week." Boys can say such things to each other.

My first topic was rocks. I came to class with a pocketful of specimens. I laid one on the table. "What kind of stone is this?" and a chorus of voices replied, "Granite." That was correct, but no one knew how it had been made; so I told about igneous rocks, produced by fire, and sedimentary rocks, resulting from deposits of silt and sand. I had specimens of lava, porphyry, basalt, metallic ores, and other igneous rock. The following Sunday, after assembly exercises, I led the boys out of the building to my car and took them to a granite quarry, then to a porphyry dyke, and on to an abandoned asbestos mine. We were gone two and a half hours.

I like to open "new business" with a question. It invites the kind of discussion which draws in everybody. "Where did life begin?" was one of my early questions, and we looked at chalk dust under the microscope and saw the minute shells which became the chalk cliffs of Dover. "What are we made of?" was another question, and we looked at a lump of coal, a lump of lime, a piece of iron, a stick of phosphorus, and so on. Was it fascinating? Did the boys like it?

Then, almost at the end of the season, I brought together these widely different topics into the final mosaic. The pieces fitted into a well-defined pattern, broadly pictured and without detail. That week I gave a carefully prepared talk, the only one of the whole term, on "The Marvel of It All." I felt humble and reverent; I could sense the Power which moves us to religious expression. The boys felt it too. We had an unvoiced but moving kinship as we gazed at my sketchy picture of the Maker's cosmos.

The first Sunday in October came around. My little room was jammed. My little class of seven had grown to 30. What was to be done? The class was too big. It was divided into three groups and two friends agreed to share the divided burden. So began the second year.

I began to turn the program of my group toward human service, morals, and ethics. "What four inventions have made the greatest contribution to the welfare of man?" was one of the early

questions. The debate was vigorous. Unanimously the alphabet and the printing press were placed in the lead. A majority opinion added fire making and paper making to complete the four. And these were the opinions of 11-year-old boys! The question which probably proved the most lasting source of discussion and which was "old business" again and gain for fully two years was: "Is it ever right to do wrong?" and "Is it ever wrong to do right?" This led to the questions: "What are right and wrong? Are they the same as they were 100 years ago; 1900 years ago?" Again the discussion lasted for weeks, during which the moral standards of biblical days were seen for the first time in their proper perspective. Some of the biblical "heroes" had an improved standing thereafter, seen as human characters which were a measure of the civilization of their time.

One of the other teachers brought in a problem which all three classes discussed. He gave his boys a railroad ticket which a conductor had failed to collect on a crowded train, redeemable for \$3.24. The boys could do with it what they wished. It would bring enough money for ice cream for every boy. Some were for returning it with an explanation; some for cashing it; some for tearing it up. The last course was chosen because, as one boy pointed out, returning the ticket with an explanation might bring the conductor an undeserved reprimand; also, as the railroad had the money, and the passenger had the ride, the transaction was complete. Intensely practical ethics!

Today the ages of my boys average 13. Our topics have kept step with their development. This year the question, "What benefit do we derive from religion?" was answered, "Contentment and peace of mind." "Does it matter what we believe?"—a query designed to throw the spotlight on religious tolerance—brought much lively discussion which, after due allowance for a boy's language, might be restated by quoting Henry Van Dyke's "The Story of the Other Wise Man":

*Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.*

* * *

A leader is said to be "one who has a compass in his head and a magnet in his heart." Instruction, fellowship, and counsel all blend in producing such leaders.

* * *

"Why the strange expression on your face, old man?"

"O, I was just thinking."—Pathfinder.

Cherry Square

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

"Jo, you look simply lovely. I've never seen you in white before—such artful white, my dear!"

"Do you like it, Mrs. Chase? I'm so glad. I knew I must have one or two such frocks to use for college dinners and other social functions! So I bought this in the twinkling of an eye, yesterday, as I came through town. And it's so nice to wear it on my very last evening with you, and at this dinner for Doctor Chase."

"Don't mention it's being your last evening, Josephine Jenney." Sally shook her head with a gesture of keen regret. "What are we to do without you—"

"But we're going to be very gay tonight, aren't we? And here's Doctor Chase, looking like a *beau cavalier*! It's such fun for us all to be so festive, after having lived in fustian, so to speak, all summer."

Both young women turned to meet the tall, slim, black-clad figure which had come into the room. Schuyler's shoulders, in the dinner coat, were straighter than usual; his head was up, a smile was on his lips. Except for the black glasses he looked to Sally more like his old self than she had seen him for many months. She knew the excitement sustained him, lent a hint of color to his pale face, so that he didn't seem the invalid he was. A wave of inconsistent hope—the sudden feeling that a miracle might happen and he might recover after all, if not his eyesight at least his general health—surged into her loyal heart. Anyhow, let her take this evening as a gift of the gods—no, as a gift of the God. Not "let us eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die," as she had been feeling it. "For tomorrow we live" was a better counter-sign. She would keep it in her heart, and be as gay as Jo had said.

"Yes—away with fustian for tonight!" Schuyler agreed. "If I'd known how getting into a dress-shirt would inspire me with a desire for going out to dinner I'd have worn one under my dressing gown all summer. Where's Mackay? He ought to be here. Sally, you look like an angel in that peach-blown gown. Miss Jenney, hasn't my wife the most beautiful neck and shoulders you ever saw?"

"Oh, hush!" But Sally smiled as Schuyler came over to her and stooped to kiss her. She could feel his eyes straining through the black glasses to see clearly the beauty which the charming dinner gown exquisitely set off.

"She has. You're a picturesque pair, and I'm proud to be in your company tonight. And here's Mr. Mackay—that's his knock of course."

Gordon Mackay came in, and here was a mild sensation for these people, who had been living the life of recluses for

stood his wife, a tiny figure, gorgeously dressed and pleasantly smiling, but quite overshadowed by her husband.

"Here we are—here we are! Delighted to see you! Mrs. Chase, may I say you're looking marvelous tonight? That color is my favorite... Miss Jenney—my eyes are positively blinded—youth and beauty always have that effect upon them, but never more devastatingly than this evening.... Doctor Chase, this is an extraordinary pleasure—and I hope with all my heart we sha'n't tire you too much—we sha'n't permit ourselves to do so.... Mr. Mackay—his sharp eyes dwelt with unconcealed gratification upon the punctiliousness of his especial guest's attire, which somehow he hadn't quite ventured to expect—"we consider ourselves fortunate to have you with us—indeed we do."

He proceeded to present the other occupants of the room, such as required presenting, to this group who accompanied the guest of honor. There were six of the most prominent men in Schuyler's church—if it could still be called his, as it technically could. Their wives were there—a daughter or two, some younger men who had deeply admired Schuyler in his hey-day—twenty-four in all.

When it was possible Pierpont took Schuyler aside. "Just in," he whispered. "I've sent a trusty messenger, since it was out of the question for me to be in two places at once. May not be here at the beginning, but, I'm positive, in time for your purpose. Don't be anxious, will you?—it would be so bad for you."

Schuyler winced at this last phrase, but he put aside as negligible this second tactful if not intentional stab at his own incapacities. His will was set on the thing he had to accomplish. Literally to him for the time being nothing else mattered.

Presently they went out to dinner. It was such a dinner as the Pierponts of this world order, thoroughly enjoying their power to offer to their guests nothing but the choicest and most costly food, served upon a table whose appointments and decorations are of themselves a display of wealth. Schuyler and Sally Chase had often before dined here, but they noted tonight a lavishness of entertainment which suggested that Pierpont was attempting to outdo himself.

Schuyler found himself glancing appraisingly at Gordon Mackay. "Will this dazzle him—unsettle him? I hope so—for his own good. Yet—somehow I wonder why I once thought it so important to be in this rich man's good graces!"

The thought steadied him. He felt, for the first time in the years he had known him, independent of Pierpont. Though he was conspiring with him, at the same time he was nearer to despising him. He realized that this was no mood for a conspirator, and shrugged his thin shoulders, smiling whimsically to himself. There could be no question of his own purpose, of that he was sure. If ever he had been whole-heartedly attempting to do the big and generous

thing, it was now. And if he knew his new self, he was not "dramatizing the situation," as he had confessed to Jo Jenney he had feared he might do, more than was necessary to carry his point. Certainly, as through the fog of his own vision he had viewed himself in his own mirror, while dressing that night, he had looked to himself a sorry figure. Could he dominate the scene, as once he could have been sure of doing? If he could, he understood that it would be partly through that very sorriness.

The dinner proceeded. It was noted by the guests that at Pierpont's right there remained an empty chair, and it remained empty while elaborate courses came and went. No explanation was given of the failure of this belated guest to arrive. But Schuyler Chase often glanced toward that chair—it seemed to him to denote a great and disturbing gap in his plans and their possible handicap if it were not soon filled.

"We're not going to permit the ladies to leave us yet," declared the host, smiling broadly as the table was finally cleared of all but its decorations. "I've set my heart on a little speechmaking, and I've appointed myself a sort of impromptu toastmaster—if a thing can be impromptu which has been thought of beforehand. First of all, I'm going to propose a toast to our beloved friend and minister, Dr. Schuyler Chase, whom he are wishing to honor tonight."

He went on speaking. His praise to cover his whole face. What had happened of Doctor Chase was extreme and so nearly fulsome that its object felt himself for once thankful to be behind the dark glasses which were a screen for his eyes, and wishing ardently that the glasses might temporarily be enlarged to cover his white face. What had happened to him, he wondered, that such words—he had heard their like many times before—could now seem to him so empty and untrue? What had he been before, that he should have enjoyed such panegyrics—for unquestionably he had enjoyed them, and had with modest deprecation of manner accepted them. Now he sat waiting impatiently for their end, longing to be upon his feet ignoring that introductory speech and proceeding eagerly to his task. And at last it ended with a terrific flourish of rhetoric, and the company was rising to its feet.

Sally, rising to hers, looked across the table at her husband and saw such an expression upon his face as she never had seen there before at such a moment. She, too, had hated the too adulatory speech—from the man who had been obviously not reluctant to see the subject of it down and out. But to see that Schuyler hated it—who had never before shown, even in his veiled way which perhaps only she could read, distaste for any praise of himself or his works—her heart beat not only pitifully but triumphantly as she watched him. What would he say in answer to it? She was suddenly as sure as she could be that he would be equal to disowning it in a way so gracious yet so skilful that he would actu-

ally deserve all that and more as he never had before!

It was at this moment that two figures appeared in the doorway of the room. Pierpont, who had been watching that doorway even through his own speech-making, rose again and hurried toward them. One was that of his butler, the other that of the belated guest who was now being ushered in, according to the master's orders: "At any minute, no matter what's going on—only the quicker the better, Downs."

Gordon Mackay, his gaze shifting from Schuyler whom he was expecting to rise and reply, and who instead was sitting still and eagerly trying to watch the arrival, turned his own glance toward the advancing figure. Staring amazedly at it, he started up in his seat. Then he put his chair aside, and was off down the long room after his host. The guests turned of one accord to see what was the interruption which could delay the guest of honor in replying to a toast to himself. They beheld Mackay greeting and being greeted by an imposing-looking man with a rugged, weather-reddened face, heavy iron-gray hair, and a strong Scottish accent, wearing the gray tweeds in which he had travelled.

"Father!"

"Gordie, lad, it's a peety I should distairb ye and your friends at your feasting. But a father will not be waiting outside when his son's within, eh?... Mr. Pierpont, we ask your pardon—and know it's granted."

"Granted? I should say so, Doctor Mackay—when we've cabled for you to be here tonight, and have only been waiting for you—the few of us who knew. For the rest—including your son—it's a delightful surprise. Ladies and gentlemen"—Pierpont could do nothing on this occasion without a flourish—"allow me the honor and pleasure of presenting to you Dr. Carmichael Mackay of Edinburgh."

They greeted him with a friendly round of applause, genuinely interested in this distinguished stranger, who included them all in his bow of acknowledgment. He sat down in the empty place, waved aside all offer of food with the statement that he had been eating his way across the Atlantic, and could take no more. His steel-blue eyes seemed to see everything. A personality indeed was Doctor Mackay. For a little there might have been nobody else in the room to look at, so attractively dominant was the mere presence of this more than middle-aged Scotsman. Everybody faced him, intent upon him.

Gordon Mackay's place was opposite that of his father. Those who before had thought him self-contained, now saw that he had much ado to contain himself with joy. As for the elder man, though he paid courteous attention to every word said to him, and played his part with due heed to propriety, it was evident that there was no one really present for him except his son.

"It was a peety to distairb the proceedings at this point," said Dr. Carmichael Mackay again to his host. "I remember as I came in ye were all risen to a toast. Should that toast not be responded to?"

"You're right, Doctor Mackay, it should. I was only waiting till we'd calmed down a bit after the excitement and pleasure at your arrival. We had just began toasting Dr. Schuyler Chase, the minister of our—I may say—great church. He has been ill, but by the grace of his physician is allowed to be present tonight, that we may do him honor. I'm delighted that you came in time to hear this master of pulpit oratory respond to my all-too-inadequate words of praise of him.... Doctor Chase, will you consider the interruption only an added and fortunate introduction to your reply?"

Schuyler rose from his place at one end of the enormously wide table, beside his hostess. Carmichael Mackay, at the opposite end, fixed upon him the gaze of those piercing steel-blue eyes. Gordon Mackay, forced to give at least a seeming attention, though his thoughts were still upon the astonishing physical nearness of the man dearest to him in the world, looked with a sudden rush of pity upon the slender figure holding itself so unwontedly erect. He had hardly seen Schuyler without a stoop since his illness began. As for Sally Chase, her heart seemed about to suffocate her. What a difficult, dangerous place it was, she thought, for her poor invalid! If he could only come through the ordeal without injury!

"He's all right," murmured the voice of Richard Fiske in her ear. "Haven't seen him look so competent in months. We're going to hear something."

If Schuyler had needed one more reaction to warn him against an attempt to do this thing in any but the simplest and most direct way, it would have been that from the obnoxious phrase of Sage Pierpont—"master of pulpit oratory." As if to confound such a characterization of his ability as a public speaker, he began and proceeded in a quiet manner so unassuming and so free of all apparent effort to produce an effect that it of itself did produce an effect—that of extreme surprise upon these people who had been accustomed to his presence in the pulpit. At the first it might have given all but a discerning few the notion that they were listening to a man broken not only in body but in spirit. But as he went on with clear brevity from phase to phase of his subject, it was impossible not to feel that here was one who, for the hour at least, was in a new way rising above anything that he had done in the past. For, unquestionably, the thing which Schuyler Chase was doing was attempting to efface himself and to put forward the qualification of another for the place which he was about to leave vacant. He was doing it, equally unquestionably, with all the power that was in him to make that

other see that here lay his duty, and that Schuyler himself wanted to see him do it. And in the end, he came to addressing Gordon Mackay himself, as man to man, as if there were no others present.

"This is a star-chamber session, Mr. Mackay," he said. "We are all sworn to secrecy—or will be. You shall supply this pulpit for the coming months, and there will be no intimation that the church will call you. But those of us who have heard you preach (and I am one—you didn't know that, did you?) know that you will inevitably be called. This people will recognize the right man when it sees him, and it will offer him this pulpit."

"Yes, I heard you preach, Mackay. Last Sunday, after the service had reached sermon-time, I came into the ante-room of the church in Cherry Square, and shamelessly listened through the door which I set ajar by a crack. Not even my wife—who knows everything about me—knows this. As I listened I became convinced that all I had heard from others about you was true. To put it in a plain phrase—you can preach, Gordon Mackay, son of your father!"

"I know that for the present you have set your will upon a special work, in a much humbler place. I honor that plan of yours, and your intention to carry it out. I know that the Scotsman has a fearful reputation for never changing when he has set his will and his purpose upon a thing. I can only hope that when, though he has set his will and his purpose upon that thing, he can be believed not yet to have set his heart, that heart can be moved to change his plan, as the rudder the ship. I said to a Scotsman once: 'The men of your nationality are popularly conceived to be like the granite of Scotland's hills—hard and unyielding. I've often wondered what there might be underneath the granite of the Scotsman's will.' He answered: 'The fires of his heart.' Mackay—to change the metaphor—I'm counting on the fires burning in your heart to light the fire of your influence as it will burn in the pulpit of this church—a flame which rising from such a hill cannot be hid."

Then quickly, as if he feared that "oratory"—though he was speaking so restrainedly—would after all creep into his method, he turned to the elder Scotsman. "Doctor Mackay," he said, "can you tell your son that you would like to see him in this place? I'm counting on that, you know. I think he must care very much to do what you would want him to do."

Across the table Gordon Mackay's eyes met his father's. In those of the younger man showed the others knew not what of deep feeling, which no Scottish blood could wholly conceal. In those of the elder, though they were glowing brightly, could not be discovered a sterner control. His lips throughout Schuyler's

speech had been tightly compressed; his firm chin, of which his son's was a replica, seemed to thrust itself farther and farther forward. "Scotch granite," he looked, and yet no man or woman there could doubt but that the fires were burning underneath.

At this putting of the question directly to himself he was silent for a long minute. Then, half rising, he said, with extreme simplicity: "It is a matter which no one but my son can decide. He knows pairfectly that I wish to see him do his duty, wherever it may lead him. More than that I canna' say to influence him." And he sat down again.

Schuyler said: "I rest my case, Mackay," smiled at him, and took his seat. A hush followed during which it seemed that no one adequately breathed—unless it was Doctor Mackay, whose unconscious deep respirations could be recognized by those nearest him. Then slowly the younger Mackay rose. He looked for an instant at Jo Jenney, who sat beside his father. Then he turned to Schuyler Chase, to whom he spoke. But again and again, as he made his reply to Schuyler's appeal, his eyes returned to rest upon that rugged Scottish face, as if, no matter what courtesy demanded, or who else was listening, it was to Carmichael Mackay that he spoke.

"I can only tell you something that happened to me last night," he said. He seemed to forget or ignore what might naturally be expected to introduce whatever he was to say—appreciation of Doctor Chase's speech, acknowledgment of the honor done him—all those polite and well-nigh useless preliminaries which pave the way for the real words to come. Instead, he plunged into the answer to the grave question which had been put to him.

"I had a classmate in the Edinburgh schools, James Macpherson. He was a wonderful lad, and we were great friends. Even in his youth, Jamie had a burning and consuming passion to be of service. When he graduated from the University, he went almost at once as a missionary to South Africa. I had letters from him off and on for years. When the Great War came he was back on leave in Edinburgh, and we managed to get into the same regiment. We both came through somehow, though he was left with a wound which made trouble for him later. But he would go back to his post. In hospitals he told me, hour after hour, stories of his work. His hairt was in it, as never man's hairt that I have seen.

"A year ago he became so ill he could hardly keep on, but he would stay where he was. He spent his time trying to find somebody who would carry on there, if only for a while, till a certain crisis he felt was coming should pass. I didn't know of this. I hadn't heard from him for a long while, until just yesterday when I had a long letter from his wife. From that I learned that previous letters telling me of his condition had miscarried. I had changed my address more

than once during the year—the letters hadn't been forwarded. Janet Macpherson had brought Jamie back to Scotland to die.... But he hadn't been able to give it up that he should find another man to take his place at his South African station. He was praying with every breath that before he went he should have the joy of knowing that somebody would carry on there. It was only a two-year term he was begging for. At the end of two years a man he knew was planning to go, but couldn't be released from his present task earlier. 'Only for two years,' begged Jamie McPherson of me. 'Won't you give that much of your life? Gordie, won't you pick up the torch I have to drop, while it's still blazing?'"

Mackay looked down at his plate for an instant. The room was so still that more than those nearest Doctor Mackay could hear the intake of the father's breath.

"That letter had been two months finding me. Meanwhile, I'd agreed to go to a church in this city—in the slums.... You know"—here a little smile touched his lips as his eyes again met his father's piercing gaze—"I was always wanting to be in the slums. Last night while I was going over and over the contents of that letter, someone called me on the telephone to say that in the early morning that old church where I was to go had burned down. Rebuilding it couldn't be thought of.... Such coincidences in a man's life don't happen.... Last night at midnight I sent a cable to Edinburgh to tell Jamie Macpherson I would go to South Africa for the two years. This noon I had the answer from his wife. 'Cable reached Jamie hour before passing.'"

He sat down, and his lowered eyes refused to meet those of the silent, moved people about him who were watching him. A strong color glowed in his face, and—as if it were a reflection—in that of Jo Jenney, opposite him. Her eyes were twin lights, brilliant, dazzling.

A Tug of War

If a thousand women should take part in a tug of war, pulling against a thousand men, which set would be victorious? Tests that have been made on 4336 British women would seem to have settled the matter, showing that women on the average are only a little more than half as strong as men. Of course some women are much stronger than the average man, and women, I am glad to know, are all the time growing stronger, because they are dressing more sensibly, paying more attention to physical development, and eating and sleeping more wisely. But on the average, as it is at present, women are only half as strong as man.

But that means muscles. Nervously, women are generally agreed to be stronger than men. Mentally, they are equal. And spiritually—why, they are so much stronger that if a tug of souls were possible, they would pull the men all over the lot.—C. C. World

Discussion on Recreation and Amusement at the Central Conference, Kankakee, Ill.

Rev. E. Umbach

opened the discussion in dealing with the following subject: "How is the Amusement Problem to be Solved in Our Churches?"

He said: There can be no question whatever but that our churches are face to face with this problem and that it is their duty to find a solution to it. To find the right kind of amusement for the young people has been more or less a problem in all ages, but it is more of a problem than ever in our modern times. People want to be amused and it is just as natural for young people to crave for amusement as it is for a kitten to play or for a dog to chase himself around trying to catch his tail. God has put this play instinct into their natures. It is not of the devil; just as little as the craving for food or the desire after knowledge. But while amusement has its place in our lives, we are not here on earth for amusement's sake. And the problem of this modern age is that amusement threatens to take an ever larger place in our lives and that in a large measure it seems to be out of control.

The Joyhunger

There are some obvious reasons for the modern hunger after amusement. One of the causes is the fact that we are living in an age that makes much greater demands on our nervous system than any preceding age ever did. The wear and tear of the body and mind in our machine driven civilization is much greater. The speeding-up processes in our factories are straining every nerve of our workers, so that when the day's work is done it can not surprise us that there is a natural craving for relaxation and recreation. This accounts for the comparatively small amount of serious reading, for the loss of interest in intelligently sustained conversations and discussions, for the difficulty of drawing people into any work during their leisure hours that taxes their minds or their bodies. It is the exhaustion of human nature that is back of the demands for amusement.

Then, too, people have more leisure for them than formerly. The working day has been steadily cut shorter. People can devote more time to pleasure and recreation. The work of former ages was less strenuous, but there were longer working hours. More leisure is a good thing if wisely used, but it may become very serious if spent only in play and pleasure.

Another reason that brings amusement in our age so prominently into the foreground is the fact that in consequence of modern technical achievements and inventions we have been enabled to bring many amusements within the means of the poorest, the like of which was formerly only possible for the well-to-do to enjoy. Among these the movies deserve special mention. The theaters of former days could cater only to an incomparably

smaller percentage of the population while the movie-houses found in every section of the city and country towns are making their appeals to us right where we live.

Now taking this all into consideration we need not wonder that amusement with its possibilities as well as its dangers has become the problem of the age. And it has naturally become that to our churches especially. And the question confronts us how to meet it.

"Thou Shalt Not" Didn't Stop Eve and Adam

There are people who would want us to apply the law. They want the church to forbid the attendance of the movies, the playing of cards, smoking, etc. But the forbidden things are the most attractive things. "Stolen waters are sweet" we read in Proverbs, and many a man and woman has found out already that and healthy boy and girl has a thousand muscles to respond to a "Do," but only a few to react on a "Don't." A school-teacher once said to his boys, pointing to a woodshed near the country school-house: "I don't want any of you boys ever try to climb on the roof of that shed." Well, the next morning, when he unexpectedly came, he found three of them on the roof. The boys had not even thought before of climbing up there. But it was the law that was laid down that made it tempting to do it. There is only one law that has any place in the Christian's life, and that is the law of Christ as it is wrought in us by the Holy Spirit. Some years ago a young lady came to me asking me whether it was right for her to go to a movie show. I told her that that was a matter for her own conscience to decide. I said, if after prayer to the Lord Jesus you feel that he would want you to be there, I have nothing to say in the matter; he will make it clear to you. When I asked her a few weeks after that whether she had been there, she answered, "No," that she had not been able to get away from the impression that the Lord would not have liked to see her go.

Poison May Enter Through Eyes and Ears

As far as the movies are concerned, the censorship that has been established in most States probably keeps them morally clean. But there are some features that are very dangerous. There is a subtle suggestive power in many of them that may play havoc with immature minds. Some years ago three boys were arrested in Rhineland, Wis., because they had tried to wreck a train. It might have brought on a very disastrous wreck right near a culvert, if the engineer of the train had not seen the obstruction in time. Taken to task the boys, who were found hiding behind a bush nearby, confessed that they had conceived the idea after they had seen something like it in a movie show. It is this suggestive power that ought to influence parents to be very careful in the selection of any show they allow their children to attend.

But the danger is not confined to the movie. An opera may be much more dangerous than a movie show. Years ago a member of one of my former churches told me that she had seen an opera on the evening before and that she had spend some wonderful hours. The music had been so entrancing that half of the people had been on their feet at times under the spell of it. That it seemed the very air had been vibrant with the most exquisite airs. People had simply been carried away with it. But the remarkable thing was that while these people had been enchanted by what they heard their eyes had seen what was probably one of the most immoral scenes that was ever brought before the eyes of an American public. Art has not only led them to take it in without any protest but had made them seemingly absolutely oblivious of the disgusting and immoral scenes they had witnessed. It is this that constitutes the great danger. And one seeing that can well understand Jennie Lind, when she was asked why she had left the stage and answered: "It is because I felt that something was coming between me and this book (the Bible) and my God."

Dancing vs. Hard Labor

I have often been asked whether dancing was wrong. My answer is that I have nothing against dancing if two men or two women will engage in it. But any form of amusement which by the close contact of the young men and the young women of our age will contribute to the rousing of sexual desires as the dance does is not of God and ought not be indulged in by anyone who wants to remain pure and noble. In regard to dancing the remark of a Japanese may not be without interest. When he saw people of an exclusive set of society dance on a hot summer day, he said, he wondered why these rich people did not let their servants do this piece of hard work for them. In regard to all amusements of any kind, of which one is not sure we may probably apply the rule once laid down by a good wife to her husband who was innerly debating the question whether he ought to wear a collar still another day. She decided, if it is doubtful, it is dirty. Use that principle for your amusements.

Meat, Wine, and Rocking Chairs

And then, don't forget another principle regulating Christian conduct. I may perhaps feel no compunction of conscience whatever in the indulgence of a certain amusement. But a weaker brother or sister of mine may not only take offence and may by my example be led astray and to destruction; and their blood in that case will be required at my hands. Paul says: "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend" (Rom. 8:13). And what he so states as a principle of his own life, he declares as a general principle of Christian living in Rom. 14:22 when he says: "It is good

neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." But the question may be justly raised, where is the end of this thing? People may take offense at almost anything. Father Ehrlich of Marion told me once that when he came to this country one of the Mennonite brothers bought himself a rocking chair, and as a consequence a committee of the brethren visited him and admonished him because he was getting "too sinfully lazy." And the poor brother had to take off the rockers and put the chair back on its four feet in order not to give further offence and live in peace with his church. Now, I would not have done that. If any of the offended brethren would have learned from me to take a little comfort in life too, it would not have endangered his soul in the least. So this principle of the great apostle does not mean that we should give in to every whim and notion another may have in regard to our conduct. But it certainly means that I ought to abstain from anything by which the spiritual life of my fellowman may be actually placed in jeopardy.

In conclusion I want to point out also that the church ought to solve the amusement problem of our age by fostering the social life of the young people in its own midst. The planning for a good social time for the B. Y. P. U. and other organizations is just as much a piece of true Kingdom work as the fulfilling of other Christian duties. A church that does not pay any attention to the social nature of its young people will soon see itself minus any young people and has only itself to blame if its future looks dark. Some years ago I was in a church in Canada where even the most innocent games and pleasures of the young people in the homes much less in the church were taboo. It was pitiful to see how the young folks had become estranged from their own parents and shunned the church. God have pity on the old folks who are so blind and so stubborn in their make-up not to see the damage they are doing by such an attitude!

Rev. Arthur A. Schade

threw much light on the subject by viewing it from an unusual and striking angle. His remarks were as follows:

Young people's craving for amusement is the natural transition of the play interests of the little child to the industry of the mature man or woman. It is as essential to their social development as the play is to the physical and mental development of the child. It is the vehicle of their development. It is a sort of a school through which they find their proper setting among their fellows.

And as the play instincts of the child are gradually outgrown, so the craving for amusement among people is gradually outgrown. It is common to hear people wail that they do not have the good times which were in vogue when they were young. They do not realize that the change is in themselves and not

in the nature of the diversions which are offered. They have outgrown their desire for amusement and are now wrapped up in the serious business of finding their place in the business and economic world.

But this stage of life, though somewhat longer than that of the play and amusement period, also becomes spent with the passing years. Life receives a new mission. It is the careful custodian of "the pile" which has been accumulated. We can add no more to it. We only take from it. And it hurts to see it diminish. We do not know how long we will be here, and we wonder if it will last, or if anything will be left for John, or Mary. Hence we guard it with a zeal which boards on miserliness. A new temptation has crept upon us quite unawares which has claimed many an "old war horse" as its victim.

Thus temptation comes to us through the channels of our natural interests. And these interests go through three stages during the course of the natural life. The first is the craving for amusement among young people. That is the channel through which the adversary of their soul seeks their destruction. They therefore need careful guidance, that they may learn to carefully discriminate, and to satisfy this craving with the wholesome amusements of which the world is full. There are three types of amusements. Some are good, wholesome. The world is full of such. Let them not be brought under suspicion. Let not an overactive conscience condemn that which is right and good. Other amusements are dangerous. They may not in themselves be wrong, but they are liable to lead to wrong-doing. Indulgence in these entails a real risk. Still other amusements are bad, harmful, and can be indulged in only at the cost of character, which price is too high.

But temptations are not confined to the period of life in which amusement holds such central position. They are as active and far more subtle in the second stage of life interest, in the serious business life of prime manhood and womanhood while we are seeking to find our place in the economic order. More people are kept from the church and paralyzed in their spiritual interest through over-application to their business ambitions than through all the amusements in the world. And the pitiable thing is that during those years we are altogether unaware of our temptations and, forgetting ourselves, are spending all our concern upon those who are still in the amusement stage of interest. The temptations to unfair competition, exploitation, business trickery and dishonesty, which in the sight of God are far more abominable and through which our fellows suffer far more than from amusement indulgence, belong to this period of life. Yet how little time is devoted to the discussion of these temptations at our conferences and associations? While we are so concerned about our young people, let us not forget our own struggle for spiritual life and character.

Likewise the temptation of old age which accompanies its natural interest of guarding "the pile," has claimed its share of victims. This zeal for the material things often leads to opposition to every Kingdom enterprise which might make inroads on this precious earthly treasure. Thus each stage of life has its temptations. It is good to give youth the benefit of our experience as long as we do not forget that we too are still in the world.

Rev. Paul Zoschke

took part in the discussion and quoted in his own words from Mrs. Sloane Overton. All questions pertaining to amusements can be solved by applying the following fourfold test:

a) *Are they physiologically possible?* Can you indulge and remain physically as pure and undisturbed as though you had not indulged? Do dancing, smoking, theater-going, other amusements effect any or all parts of your body?

b) *Are they psychologically possible?* Will you be able to think straight during and after the indulgence? Will your mind be poisoned or possibly dwarfed?

c) *Are they sociologically possible?* Are you infringing upon the rights of others and must they suffer for your deeds?

d) *Are they religiously or spiritually possible?* Are you faithful as a steward of God over the God-given gifts? Can you honestly give answer to your heavenly Father for all deeds done and hours spent?

Anything, whether in the sport life, or business life, or any other phase of life that will endure these four tests, is safe. If it does not pass it will bear evil results.

Reception at Bethel, Buffalo, N. Y.

After being without a pastor for three months the Lord has heard our prayer and sent to us Rev. P. Geissler, formerly of the German Baptist Church, Sheffield, Iowa. Bro. Geissler started his pastorate here the second Sunday in September. During these months the pulpit was supplied by the Rev. R. A. Schmidt and Dr. F. A. Licht.

On September 19 the members arranged for a reception for our new pastor and his family. The church was appropriately decorated for the occasion. Dr. D. B. Stumpf had charge of the meeting. Scripture was read by Bro. J. Distler and Bro. F. Roehl led in prayer, after which the Church Choir sang their "Welcome." Bro. E. C. Smith extended a hearty greeting to the new pastor and his family in behalf of the church. The various organizations of the church brought their welcome in song and prose. Then followed short and hearty addresses from Dr. F. A. Licht, Bro. C. E. Cramer from the Spruce St. Church, Bro. Wm. Mueller from the High St. Church and Dr. Dutton in behalf of the Baptist Union. Bro. Geissler was then given an opportunity to say a few words and heartily thanked the members for

the warm reception accorded them. He stated that he had the assurance that it was the Lord's will that he came here and that by working together souls will be won for the Kingdom. All were invited to repair to the basement for refreshments and to become better acquainted with the new pastor and his family. May the Lord continue to bless us and make us a blessing to others!

ANNA TRESCH.

Mother's and Daughter's Banquet, Los Angeles

On Sept. 11 the King's Daughters class of the First German Baptist Church in Los Angeles, Cal., were so happy because every one of our mothers were present at the Mother's and Daughter's banquet.

We carried out our class colors, green and white. The four tables were placed in a diamond shape and decorated in green and white. There was one very large bouquet of white Larkspurs and ferns in the center of the tables and smaller bouquets about the room.

Our "eats" were very good and we are very proud to say we girls did it all alone with the help of our teacher. Not one of our mothers was allowed in the kitchen.

Throughout the meal we entertained our mothers with a vocal solo, "Mother," violin solo; a reading, "Great Mothers." One girl gave a Toast to Mothers; another to Grandmothers. We had a chorus to the music of the well known hymn, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," with words which applied to our own dear mothers.

After the meal was over, our beloved pastor's wife spoke to us and thanked us girls in behalf of the mothers. We enjoyed her talk very much.

Our teacher than spoke to our mothers, grandmothers and foster mothers in behalf of the class in which she thanked them for coming and cheering us with their presence and that every girl in King's Daughters class thanks God for their mothers who are so good, kind and above all who love God the Father and Jesus Christ and that they have instilled that same blessed faith in us. In closing she remarked that she hoped later we can hear it said of us, "Isn't she just like her sainted mother?" or "Isn't she following in the footsteps of her mother?"

May God bless our mothers here and spare them to us for many years to come and that we girls may help to bring happiness and much joy to them. That is our prayer for our mothers, all mothers everywhere throughout this world of ours.

The evening passed altogether too fast but memories linger.

After we all sang one German hymn we departed.

May God bless our mother, your mother, all mothers!

Love from the King's Daughters of Los Angeles, Cal. . . . A. W.

We can always get along better with the other fellow if we remember that he is very much like ourselves.



Young People's Society, Startup, Wash.

Startup, Wash., Young People's Society

When old friends meet after long absence, they usually ask: "How is everything?" Startup Young People's Society has been absent from the pages of our beloved "Baptist Herald" for a long time, and many may have asked: "Is the Startup Young People's Society still in existence?" Yes, we are in existence, or still on the map, as above photograph, which shows but half of our number, will tell you. At the present time we are scattered, owing to conditions peculiar to Startup. But we hope to be gathered again soon. In the past we tried to be active along the following lines: Regular devotional every Sunday evening before preaching service. Biblical and missionary topics were the order. Our business meetings were held regularly every first Tuesday in the months, with a good attendance and lively interest. Our social gatherings were far apart, but always enjoyed by all.

In what we are perhaps somewhat weak is in soul winning and missionary spirit. But we are striving to improve also along these lines. Our motto is: "God glorified in Jesus Christ."

SAM LANGNER, Sec.

Book Review

(Order all books through German Baptist Publication Society, Cleveland, O.)

Peace and Joy on Earth. A Christmas Pageant by Prof. Herman von Berge. Lorenz Publishing Co., Dayton, O. 30 cts. per copy; \$3.24 per dozen.

Many of our Sunday schools are desirous of getting away from the traditional Christmas entertainment, consisting merely of a long string of recitations and shortlived songs, that are published for that occasion, learned for that occasion and then forgotten. In place of this, pageants are coming to the front and are being used more and more. But not all pageants are good and effective. Prof. von Berge, however, has here produced an excellent pageant that embodies and portrays in a meaningful manner and in

a reverent spirit the great and glorious facts and results of the Christmas story. The musical numbers in the pageant are made up of well known carols and those learning them will stock their mind with songs worth while. The different scenes give sufficient opportunity for the display of dramatic action which young people love. The pageant is not too long and consists of two parts, 1) the coming of the king, and 2) the coming of the kingdom. The scene in the second part in which Mars, the war-god of the world, is dethroned is especially effective. Prof. von Berge has performed a real service for our young people in composing this pageant. Young people's committees and Sunday school workers arranging for an impressive and attractive Christmas entertainment should send for a copy of this pageant for examination.

A. P. M.

The Value of Little Things

Andrew did not wait for a great opportunity to present itself. He began by bringing his brother to Jesus, and his brother on the day of Pentecost preached a sermon that resulted in the conversion of three thousand people.

Andrew brought the boy with his lunch to Jesus and Jesus multiplied the lunch to feed five thousand people. Andrew brought the Greeks to Jesus, and who knows how much influence those unknown Greeks may have had when Paul carried the gospel throughout the Greek provinces. There are several very influential Greek Christians mentioned in Paul's letters.

We can never measure the extent of some very insignificant appearing acts. Recognizing the little opportunities close at hand and acting with decision proves our worth.

A Poor Prophet

"You have just six months to live," said a doctor to a sick man. For many years after this death sentence had been passed that very man greeted that very doctor every morning thus: "Good morning, doctor, how is *your* health this morning?"

Be Strong!

(1 Cor. 16:13)

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil,—Who's to blame?

And fold the hands and acquiesce—Oh, shame!

Stand up, and speak out bravely in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,

How hard the battle goes, the day how long.

Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

The Keepsake Coin

EDWARD S. LEWIS

One day, in Chicago, a minister became the victim of a pickpocket. This sort of thing is not at all unusual in Chicago, nor in any other city, we much regret to say. The pickpockets are numerous; but if the pickpockets should attempt to hold a convention they would have to hold it out of doors.

This thief got a \$2.50 gold piece, which closed a long and very interesting story. Dr. William S. Marquis, the victim, has told it many a time. Here is part of it:

His congregation had made its regular offering for home missions. Then came a call for a ten-per-cent advance, which was duly given. Afterward came another for an emergency case somewhere in the territory. The good pastor was a little shaken by this. He knew that his congregation was generous, but there was a limit, of course. After thinking it over he decided to lay the case before the people, with a plan for raising this special fund. He asked them to bring in whatever idle silver and gold they might have in their homes and he would have it turned into cash for the needy congregation. The people responded generously, as aforesaid.

A blacksmith's wife brought to him two old rings and a broken earring, for which he obtained \$3.65. The next Sunday a widow called to him as he was going to church and gave him a \$2.50 gold piece, saying: "Here is my offering of gold. My husband gave it to me just as he was leaving for the Civil War. His last words were, 'Take this, Anne, and keep it to remember me by, if I never come back.' He came home severely wounded. I nursed him back to health. One day I showed him the coin and said: 'Here is your coin. Many a time I have sorely needed it, but I would never spend it.' I have carried it for more than thirty years."

Then the minister broke in: "Yes, and you are going to carry it back home. I

cannot take it." The woman said: "Do you know that you are just tempting me from the devil? I had to stay on my knees for an hour last night before I could give it up. You must take it, for it does not belong to me any more, but to Christ. It has been idle too long already."

The minister made his appeal, telling the story of the two contributions already made. The baskets showed more than enough to meet the demand. At the close of the service one of the elders came up with a five-dollar bill, asking the pastor to exchange it for the keepsake coin and use the latter for subsequent appeals. He did so, with astonishing results. He told its story in many missionary meetings far and near. He was asked to write it out for a missionary magazine, and did so. A woman in another State wrote him a letter, saying that her husband had given her three hundred dollars when he went to war and she had never spent it. She withdrew it from the safety-deposit drawer and gave it to her missionary society.

The minister then prepared a sermon on this coin, which he preached many times, with rich results. Out in Nebraska he preached it at one time, and a woman came up with ten dollars. She said, weeping, that her only son, dying, had given her this, asking her to buy with it something to remember him by. She could not bear to do this, but would be satisfied to give it to Christ for his work.

A missionary leader once borrowed the coin to use in a financial campaign, and reported the largest contributions that she had ever secured. Colonel W. J. Bryan said to Doctor Marquis, "May I handle the keepsake coin?" Then he said: "That is as near as I ever expect to get to the widow's mite. What a precious coin! How wonderful its power!" Later he said, "I have used that story scores of times in missionary audiences when I wanted to illustrate the fundamental elements of the missionary work: love, sacrifice, and the coin that gives expression to them both."

The widow who gave the coin had a son. He said: "Mother, why didn't you tell me that you needed money? I would have given you all you wanted." This led to the founding of two important schools by him.

Doubtless the full story of the keepsake coin can never be told. Every generous deed is not only useful, but fruitful—The Classmate.

Do Church Programs Succeed? What Is True of Society Programs?

"It is a wonderful program, but it doesn't work," is the comment one is apt to hear when preachers get together, says "Church Management" editorially. It raises the very timely question of just why programs do work, anyway. Perhaps these suggestions will add something to the subject.

1. Programs work because they are adapted to the local problems and situations. It would be an unusual program

which would work while ignoring the local situation. When the writer was a pastor in a rural village, he used to protest against the denominational secretaries who would insist on an every-member canvass at the time when country roads were well-nigh impassable. It was easier to get good roads from the county, however, than it was to persuade the denominational officers to change their program.

2. The program which works does so because some one wants it to. I do not mean that he wishes it to, but that he wants it enough to get down and dig to put the thing through. He mixes sweat with his prayers. This has always been a winning combination. That is a mighty good story told of the Sunday school superintendent who brought fifty people to the convention.

"Well, well," said the county leader, "how did this happen?"

"This didn't happen," replied the local worker as he wiped his brow. "This came to pass."

Programs which succeed do not just happen. They come to pass.

3. The program which works is usually one with definite rather than general goals. I heard a minister pray the other day something like this: "O Lord, may something happen to awaken this church to its opportunities." To my mind the minister is God's representative in that community. He is there to survey the ground. Of course something ought to happen, but this minister of God ought to be definite on two points. First, just what ought to happen, and second, just what are the necessary steps to make it happen.

The difference between a good executive and a poor one will very likely be found right there. One visualizes in a general way; the other has the faculty of thinking and acting in definite terms. The first is good for the platform speaker, but the second is absolutely necessary for putting across a program. Paul had the remarkable faculty of putting people at work on definite tasks. He did not think that it was beneath the dignity of the profession to explain how money should be raised and taken care of. When our programs fail, it may be because we threw our suggestions hoping they would catch somewhere, but we failed to make definite our dreams and visions.

4. Programs succeed because they are worth while. The day of programs just for the sake of action belongs to the past. It is not enough that we are moving; we pragmatic people today want to know why we are moving. Our lives will of necessity be busy ones, but we want them to be purposeful. If a program is worth while, we are with it. If it is merely a smoke screen interpreting the St. Vitus's dance as progress, we will have none of it.

This is the acid test of modern-day church programs. It is the test made by the people of your community, and it is the same test you use in judging your denomination. I find ministers asking it in

their gatherings. It is no longer sufficient that the program has the indorsement of the highest body. They want to know what it is for and what it is going to do. If it is worth while, they are for it; if they feel it is not, they will probably reject it. We have a feeling that that is the intelligent thing to do.

Holding Attention to the Story

The ability to win and to hold the attention of the children to a story is an important and not always appreciated qualification of the teacher.

Because it is absolutely essential to hold the attention before one can succeed as a story-teller or teacher let us note a few principles.

Before beginning the story or lesson see to it that so far as is possible the physical conditions are conducive to attention. Poor ventilation and uncomfortable seats have spoiled many a good story.

The story-teller should not begin her story until both she and her children are ready. A glance into the eyes of the children, a smile and possibly a light touch of the hand upon the restless child is often all that is necessary to quiet a class and show you that you are ready to begin the story.

Primary children are physically unable to keep perfectly still and give complete attention to one thing for more than a very few minutes. It is difficult even for adults to fix their attention. All about are things which distract. Even when listening to a lecture, or sermon, or song, the adult's thoughts wander to the dress or hat of the person in front, to the sound of a passing train or the fire whistle or to some home condition, and by sheer force of will the attention is brought back to the speaker or singer. Children under nine, unless very precocious, cannot do this. They are capable of giving only involuntary or spontaneous attention. Children as a rule can do but one thing at a time and do it well. They often attempt more than one thing at a time but the result is not satisfactory.

The story must have a greater attraction than anything else if it is to hold the attention of the class and the story-teller must have at her command various devices for winning back attention should it wander, for the sake of the inattentive child as well as for the other children.

Speaking the name of the inattentive child is one of the best ways of winning back the attention. Do not say, "Harry, you are not paying attention, now listen to what I am saying," but, "And, Harry, what do you think happened then?" or, "And, Harry, the princess took the little baby right up in her arms."

Often a picture produced at just the right time tends to hold or to win back the attention.

Perhaps the greatest aid in holding the attention is the eye. Therefore it is of the utmost importance that the class be seated so that each child can see the story-teller and so that she can look into the eyes of each child. A circle or semi-

circle is the best arrangement for seating. A quiet, well-modulated voice is another essential. Loud speaking never gains attention. If the story-teller is quiet and speaks quietly she will usually have a quiet and attentive class.

The way in which the story is begun frequently determines the attitude of the children. It should arouse interest and attention at the start. If with the first words the attention of the group is won, success is almost assured.

When the attention wanders it may sometimes be regained by the introduction of something unexpected or by a slight pause.

These are what may be called "tricks of the trade."

While the children can give involuntary attention only, the teacher or story-teller must herself give both voluntary and involuntary attention. If only voluntary attention is given she loses much that is transpiring in the group before her because of her concentration upon the story. On the other hand if her attention is entirely involuntary she will not tell her story well. The success of the story is dependent upon the attention of both the story-teller and the listener.—The Westminster Teacher.

You Can Write a News Story

"If a dog bites a man," you know, "that is not news, because it is commonplace. But if a man bites a dog—"

The unusual happening is news. The usual happening, presented in an unusual way, is also news. The letters in the word "news," it has been said, come from the initials of "north," "east," "west," and "south." News is to be found everywhere. It can be found in the weekly meeting.

For example, one publicity-director advertised a recent meeting to discuss the topic, "Ideals for Choosing a Life-Partner," by circulating questionnaires to all young people in his church, getting them on to a newspaper-editor to show what the young people of the community most desired in their future life-partners. It made a splendid news story.

Each event offers at least two possible stories, one before and one after. Too many church news stories are merely "before."

In gathering material for your story be careful to learn your five W's—Who, What, Where, When, and Why.

Accuracy must be your law. Never take a chance on facts. Get the correct spelling, the correct address. Use correct grammar.

Promptness! Stale news is no news. Be ahead of time, always.

Neatness! An editor likes neat copy, carefully edited, typed.

In writing the story tell it all in the first sentence, and make that sentence as short as possible. Then elaborate; the most important facts first; the least important last, so that if the editor is forced to "cut" your story, he can do so without leaving out essential facts.

Make it interesting. Short sentences. Short paragraphs. Told in a way that will interest every newspaper-reader.—Exchange.

"Bad Little Boy"

MIRIAM TEICHNER

"Bad little boy," when he asked for an penny;

"Bad little boy," when he wanted to play;

"Bad little boy,"—oh, the times were so many!

"Bad little boy," all the time, every day.

"Bad little boy" when he teased his small kitten;

"Bad little boy" when he climbed up a tree;

"Bad little boy" when he mislaid his mitten;

"Bad little boy" when he came late to tea.

"Bad little boy" if in school he just wiggled;

"Bad little boy" if he looked off his book;

"Bad little boy" if he whispered or giggled;

"Bad little boy" if his memory forsook.

"Bad little boy" just for once oversleeping;

"Bad little boy" if he made sister cry;

"Bad little boy" just for running and leaping;

"Bad little boy" just for asking, "Well, why?"

"Bad little boy" if his fingers were sticky;

"Bad little boy" if he tracked in the dust;

"Bad little boy" if he spotted his dickey;

"Bad little boy" if his hair would get mussed.

"Bad little boy" if he talked a bit wildish;

"Bad little boy" if he laughed, sang, or danced;

"Bad little boy" at each act that was childish;

"Bad little boy" if he shouted or pranced.

"Bad little boy!" All the time it was shaming him;

"Bad little boy!" It was all that he heard.

If he grew up a failure, well, who would be blaming him?

He took all the grown-ups, at least, at their word.

A Nicolaitan?

Rev. H. Koch, Chicago, is responsible for this story which bears repetition. A father gave his lad a quarter and a nickel, to use either for the mission offering and keep the other. That was rather a cruel test. Being asked how he had decided the matter the lad replied: "The speaker said that God loves a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give the nickel more cheerfully than the quarter, so I gave the nickel."

Weak Props for Wet Propaganda

LUCY W. PEABODY

(Extracts from speech made in Columbus, Ohio)

1. *The Eighteenth Amendment was put over.*

So were the Ten Commandments, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights.

2. *It interferes with personal liberty.*

This is the argument of a four-year-old mentality found in some college presidents. Purely masculine claim; women never had any. When Father's personal liberty meant personal slavery for Mother and the children, the Eighteenth Amendment came.

3. *The amendment cannot be enforced.*

Men are failing for various serious reasons. Men are not law-enforcers by nature. Who enforces the law in your family?

4. *It does not belong in the Constitution.*

The people put it there, the Supreme Court confirmed it, and the Nineteenth Amendment will keep it there;—women form half the electorate.

5. *It interfereferes with States' rights.*

Quite the contrary, it provides for every State to carry out its policy of enforcement under the concurrent clause. Do not ask the Federal Government to do the States' work.

6. *The law has failed.*

Certain politicians and traitors to our government have failed in loyalty to their oath of office. It is not the law but men who have failed. This can be corrected at the election.

7. *We should have government control or modification.*

We had government control under the old license system—177,000 saloons with numberless speak-easies. We can watch it fail in Canada.

8. *It is sustained by the Anti-Saloon League and fanatics.*

These are contrasted with the white-souled wet politicians and machines. Are Ford, Edison, Firestone, Rockefeller, heads of railroads, colleges, great industrial plants fanatics, or under the domination of the Anti-Saloon League?

9. *There is more drinking than ever.*

"It takes a great many hip-flasks to make a saloon." "Use your heads, not head-lines."

10. *How will reformation in politics come?*

By a revival of the Ten Commandments; by electing good men who believe in the law and keep the law, who will stop the frightful system of corrupt patronage, which is to blame, in large measure, for the situation in wet States. Reformation in certain courts.

11. *What can women do?*

Women will still put their faith in prayer, and add to their prayers their votes. We used to sing, "Father, dear Father, come home" at doors of saloons. As Father did not come, the saloons were

taken away. A new song is, "Mother, dear Mother, come down to the polls." Send for our literature, and sow your community and county and State with facts to meet the flood of false propaganda.

(Copies of this article may be had from the *Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement*, 1 Arsenal Square, Cambridge, Mass.)

Suitable Church Plays

Our Young People's Societies are often perplexed to find suitable dialogue and play material for their entertainment evenings. We receive many inquiries for such material at our office in Forest Park and are always glad and ready to put our inquirers in touch with the publishers of such material. It is evident that many of the dialogues and plays on the market are not fitting or suitable for our church young people or for our church audiences. The difficulty often has been in securing the right kind of play. The old style of church play with its crude far-fetched, so-called wit, which often pictured the minister and church people as weak-minded and lacking in character and brain, is useless, unbearable and out of date.

Plays that are both refined and humorous, wholesome and clean and mirth-provoking and that convey lessons in morality are desired for our young people. We have examined a number of the "Canadian Church and Community Plays," written by Clara Rothwell Anderson of Ottawa, Canada, and believe they in general meet the requirements mentioned. Her plays have been given with great success by hundreds of church organizations in Canada and the United States. We have examined three of the plays, viz—The Young Village Doctor,—Wanted—A Wife, and Aunt Susan's Visit, and can cheerfully recommend them to our young people's groups seeking good material of this nature.

We would advise writing to *Clara Rothwell Anderson, 255 MacKay Street, Ottawa, Canada*, for a complete list of her plays with prices for same and further particulars, mentioning the "Baptist Herald." There is a royalty charge of \$5 for producing the play, which includes a copy of the book. Additional copies can be obtained at 35 cts. Payment of the royalty charge can be paid before or after as per arrangement.

A. P. MIHM.

"Things Are Not What They Seem"

Mose arrived at his cabin one night, dead tired, for he had covered miles of ground to get the one opossum that would soon fill the hungry cavity below his heart. The fire and the victim were both speedily prepared. Lying on the floor in happy anticipation the famishing Negro soon fell into a deep sleep. How sweet were his dreams of that juicy opossum passing through the ivory gates right down to the hunger spot.

Another darky with equal hunger but without the prospect of satisfying it chanced by. The savor of that sizzling opossum smote his nostrils—if ever a mouth began to water it was his. Everything being quiet he stealthily entered the cabin and found Mose dead to the world. Was ever a hungry darky in greater luck! He lost no time in getting on the outside of that opossum. After smearing some of the grease on the lips of poor Mose and placing the leg bones in his hands he silently made his departure.

At about 3 o'clock in the morning Mose awoke. The last embers of the fire had died out. The cabin had become chilly. Mose remembering his dream began to philosophise thus: "De grease am still on de lips, and de bones am in my hands, I sho done eet dat 'possum, but he sho am de mostest unfulling 'possum I ebber did eat." Now everything would have been all right if Mose had been a Christian Scientist. Unfortunately he was not.

Roosevelt on the Church

Theodore Roosevelt made the following statement regarding the church: "The church may not be the only place where men may profitably spend Sunday. Nevertheless, it is one of the very best places. It has been well tried. It has been knocked about badly by slackers and enemies. It is a target for every fellow with a chip on his shoulder or a grouch in his system. It is too narrow for some and too broad for others. In spite of all this, the church is a mighty force in the nation for keeping people toned up to high levels of thinking and acting. It has kept the affairs of the Moral Governor before the attention of his people. It has been the force behind the building of homes for orphans' unfortunates, deficient, demented, and aged."

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