

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eight

CLEVELAND, O., NOVEMBER 1, 1930

Number Twenty-one



A family group taken into St. Louis Park Church, St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. Thos. Stoeri, pastor

Grandmother Garrett, three daughters (side of her) and married son (to left in row behind her) by letter and experience. All of the others, except two young people at left, were baptized by Bro. Stoeri, all children and grandchildren of Mother Garrett. Top row left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Garrett. Mrs. and Mr. Clinton Taylor. Middle row: Earl Garrett, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Quinn, Mother Garrett, Mrs. and Mr. Taylor. Bottom row: Mary Garrett, Clyde Quinn, Lloyd Garrett, and Roy Garrett.

What's Happening

Rev. C. H. Edinger has resigned as pastor of the church at Wasco, Cal. He closed his work with the church the end of October.

Rev. Fred. Trautner has closed his work with the church at Tuttle, N. Dak., and becomes the new pastor of the church at Pleasant Ridge, So. Dak. He began his new charge on Oct. 5.

Arthur T. Schade of Pittsburgh, Pa., oldest son of our Field Secretary, Rev. A. A. Schade, has entered the freshman class of the University of Rochester at Rochester, N. Y., this fall.

Rev. Wm. E. Schweitzer, pastor of the Hebron, N. Dak., church, has resigned after a brief pastorate of eight months. He has entered Sioux Falls, S. Dak., college to pursue further studies and is supplying a small English Baptist church.

Rev. C. N. Wiebe, pastor of the Ellinwood, Kans., church, who resigned some months ago, has consented to stay on until next Spring by request of the church. They are endeavoring to reach out into the community with the gospel and praying for a time of refreshing from the Lord.

Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Schlesinger of Lansing, Mich., are happy to report the birth of a daughter, Helen Pauline, who arrived on Oct. 13. Mrs. Schlesinger before her marriage was Miss Pauline Wrook of Lansing. Congratulations from the "Herald" family.

Rally Day was observed on Oct. 2 by the Sunday school of the church at Emery, S. Dak., Rev. Geo. W. Pust, pastor. Rev. J. L. Barton of Sioux Falls, superintendent of the S. Dak. Bapt. State Convention, gave an inspiring address. The offering which was for missions amounted to \$109.65.

Rev. Bruno Luebeck, formerly of the Plum Creek, S. Dak., church, who is pursuing studies at the University of Chicago, has accepted the pastorate of the German Baptist Church of South Chicago. The church has been pastorless since Rev. L. Baier left for South Africa at the beginning of 1930.

Rev. George Geis, our well-known missionary veteran from the Kachin field in Northern Burma, has been speaking in the interest of his work in Chicago and vicinity during October. He addressed the Baptist Minister's Meeting in Chicago, Oct. 20, and spoke at the German Oak Park church on October 13 and 19.

Mr. Willie Dusselmann, a member of the Third Church, New York City, has entered Rochester University, Rochester, N. Y., to take a medical course, looking forward eventually to becoming a medical missionary in the foreign field. Bro. Dusselmann will be missed in his home church where he was active in many ways, especially as teacher in the Sunday school and leader in the Young People's society.

The Young People's Society of the American Falls, Idaho, church at a recent meeting had such topics on the program as these: "What the older members of the church can mean to the young folks" and "What can we learn from other denominations?" The Girls quartet, a mixed quartet and the orchestra rendered selections. Visitors from Paul, Idaho, were present and had a part in the program of the evening.

The "Southern Evangel" furnishes us with a list of Baptist governors. "Ten out of sixteen of the Southern States have Baptist governors. The list is as follows: Florida, Doyle E. Carlton; Georgia, L. G. Hardman; Louisiana, Huey P. Long; Mississippi, Theo. G. Bilbo; North Carolina, O. Max Gardner; New Mexico, R. C. Dillon; Oklahoma, Wm. J. Holloway; Tennessee, Henry H. Horton; Texas, Dan Moody; and Virginia, John G. Pollard."

Mr. Otto C. Braese died at his home in Oak Park, Ill., on Oct. 20 at the age of 42 years. He is survived by his widow and a daughter, Dorothy Jane, 13 years old. Funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church of Oak Park, to which he had transferred his membership several years ago. He had been severely ill for about a year. Bro. Braese was formerly an active member of the German Baptist Church of Oak Park, serving as choir director and teacher of the Mens Baraca Class. He was the first recording secretary of the Council of our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, 1922-23. He served for several terms as recording secretary of the Denominational Finance Committee. Through his original donation and financial help the Braese Loan Library of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union was made possible and perpetuates his name with us. Bro. Braese was president of the Braese Realtors, Inc., at the time of his death. He was prominent and active in community affairs. We deplore his early demise and extend sincere condolence to Mrs. Braese and daughter.

The Philomathia Society (Friends of Knowledge) of the German Department of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School celebrated its 40th anniversary on Wednesday evening, Oct. 8, in the auditorium of the Andrews St. Baptist church. Students and friends filled the church. Mr. John Grygo presided. The Students' Choir rendered several numbers in an impressive manner. Mr. Mittelstedt favored with two excellent violin solos. Mr. Reuben Jeschke recited. Mr. Wilfred Blödw and Werner Riekhoff gave a piano duet. Mr. John Grygo and Werner Riekhoff presented with considerable dramatic ability several scenes from Lessing's "Nathan der Weise." An introduction for this was given by Herman Bothmer. Rev. A. P. Mihm led in the opening prayer. The speaker of the evening was Dr. A.

W. Beaven, president of the Seminary, who spoke on "Building the Home" in his usual masterly way. The School Committee, in session at the time, was present. Rev. A. P. Mihm, the first secretary of the society, and Rev. Frank Kaiser and Rev. W. J. Zirbes, also constituent members, were introduced. Refreshments followed in the Social room at the close of the program. The society was organized as a literary society, has always fostered a progressive spirit and has 26 members at the present time.

New Students at Rochester

The School-committee met at the Student's Home, German Department of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, Oct. 8-9. Among the important business transacted was the examination of ten young men of promise, who were admitted to the school, as is customary, for one year on probation. They are as follows:

1. Otto Ernst Neumann, 24 years of age, First Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
2. Harvey Koester, 21 years, Bethel Church, Detroit, Mich.
3. George A. Kessler, 29 years, Turtle Lake, N. Dak.
4. Fred. M. Lutz, 20 years, Pleasant Valley, N. Dak.
5. Herbert Hiller, 21 years, Olds, Alta., Can.
6. Adolf Kannwischer, 22 years, Rochester, N. Y.
7. Harold L. Manecke, 21 years, Wausau, Wis.
8. Fred. J. Schilling, 23 years, Burns Ave. Church, Detroit, Mich.
9. Jacob Gunst, 24 years, Medina, N. Dak.
10. Otto Patzia, 24 years, Leduc, Alta., Can.

May God bless and use them and prosper them in their studies as they diligently apply themselves to their preparation for their high calling. Altogether there are 51 young men now pursuing studies or connected with our German Department.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Thanksgiving

MILTON R. SCHROEDER

To Thee, O gracious Lord on high,
Our hearts go out in grateful praise,
O'erflowing with deep gratitude
For blessings of the bygone days.

Thy mercies mean so much to us
That very thankless we should be,
If only once in every year
We rendered gratitude to Thee.

So we would show our thankfulness
Not only once or twice a year,
But every passing day;—and then
Thanksgiving Day will be more dear.

Locating the "Miss" in Missions

G. S. DOBBINS

SOME people never get beyond the first four letters in spelling "missions." They "miss" the collection plate, they "miss" the special study course, they "miss" the missionary programs, they "miss" the joy of sharing in the greatest of all Christian enterprises. Why?

Perhaps it is because they lack information. They have never really learned to spell the whole word—to go the whole distance in missions. They do not know what our Baptist mission fields are, how many missionaries we have at work, how many millions are yet to be reached with the gospel, how unspcakably destitute are many sections of the earth where no missionary has ever yet gone. They have never heard the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." They do not know how marvellously God is blessing our missionaries wherever they go, and how hungry the people are for the Word of God and the message of life.

What is the natural consequence when people "miss" knowing about missions? It is that they "miss" caring and giving, and so Christ is forced to "miss" their help in his world-wide program. What a pity that so many who call themselves Christians should miss the greatest joy of the Christian life—the joy of being missionary in purpose and spirit!

Back of It All

"A SHORT time ago," says a newspaper paragraph, "a large organ in one of the city churches failed to work properly and finally experts had to be called in. The occasion of the trouble was found to be a bottle of whisky. Evidently some workman had carelessly left it in the instrument when it had been installed years before. It had

been left there uncorked near one of the big pedal pipes, and the constant vibration had finally upset it. The contents had run out, caused the wood to swell, and so prevented the perfect working of the stops."

There is a whole parable of life in this incident. The rum bottle with its deadly contents has been back of many a jarring note. It has often spoiled the music of the home, of business, of life itself again and again. It has been found back of much of the discord and turbulence of this unhappy world. Its utter elimination will do much toward swelling the harmony that ought to be found in every circle of social and domestic life.—Forward.

Why Christian Education?

W. H. BARSCH

AT this time of the year when our churches open their doors to all children for religious education many parents are raising the question: "Why Christian Education?" Does not the state educate our children? Let us frankly inquire about the schools under distinctively Christian auspices. Among the many answers we have the answer of Dr. George W. Truett: "Christian education is the only complete education. Man is a tripartite being, possessed of a body, mind and soul."

It is apparent that education by the state cannot be complete education. By the very genius of our government,

The State Cannot Teach Religion

What religion would the state teach? What would it say about the person and gospel of Christ? What would the state say about the church, the Bible, and church history? By asking these questions we see immediately that the state has no religious functions at all.

Through the long centuries the Protestant people have been the consistent and historic advocates of absolute liberty of conscience in the realm of religion and of its inevitable corollary, namely, the separation of church and state. Our Baptist forefathers in Holland thus stated the principle in 1611: "The magistrate is not to meddle with religion or matters of conscience, nor compel men to this or that form of religion, because Christ is king and lawgiver of the conscience." The state has appreciated this attitude and upon that view it has opened its doors permitting the children to attend Christian instruction in the churches of the various cities.

We certainly would hasten to show our unre-served sympathy and co-operation in this matter. We are the unfaltering friends of state education, from its primary grades in the little red schoolhouse

to its senior classes in the highly developed state university. We respect the agencies of state education.

Christian Schools Must Be Maintained

But when all is said and done, we must in all conscience as Christians build and maintain schools that shall be fundamentally and aggressively Christian. The supremely essential element of human life is the spiritual element. All the mechanical knowledge of the Egyptians could not save their civilization. All the culture of Greece couldn't save its civilization. Roman statesmanship, philosophy and mighty armies carried its civilization to the grave. In the face of collapsing civilization is there any other door of hope to the American people? To answer this question let us listen to the convictions of world leaders.

Some Famous Advocates Speak

The late Henry Watterson said: "The paramount question underlying democracy is the religion of Jesus Christ. Eliminate Christ and you leave the world to eternal war." Earl Haig said: "The church of Christ is the world's only social hope and the sole promise of world peace." Lloyd George says: "Now it is either Christ or chaos; either the Kingdom of God or world revolution." Listen to these challenging words from George Bernard Shaw: "Why not give Christianity a trial?" A noted leader among the laboring people says: "This world must come back to Christ, the greatest revolutionary that history has known, a revolutionary who carries out the revolution not by strikes, mobs, and lawless slaughter, but by dying himself upon a cross." The far-famed statistician Robert Babson says: "The need of the hour is not more factories or materials, not more railroads or steamships, not more armies or navies, rather more education based on the plain teaching of Jesus." These men seek to

Put a Soul Under the Ribs of American Civilization and they realize it cannot be done without the spiritual element of Christian religion.

In the face of such testimonies, one can readily understand why the leaders of great institutions of learning would approve and urge the maintenance of Christian education. Mark these words from President Thompson, of the State University of Ohio: "I am in no way untrue to state institutions when I say that in our day a boy might become a bachelor or master in almost any one of the best of them and be as ignorant of the Bible, the moral and spiritual truths which it represents and the fundamental principles of religion, their nature and value to society, as if he had been educated in a non-Christian country. Who is to supply this lack if it is not the Christian church?"

Think of these telling words of President James, of the University of Illinois: "Education without religion is unnatural, abnormal and dangerous. Our people ought to take this matter of Christian education to heart and support it with a liberal generosity as we have never known it before."

Let us also note these discriminating words from

Dr. J. J. Tigert, United States commissioner of education: "We have got to do something to develop character in our educational system. We have wisely separated the function of church and state, but in avoiding the Scylla of political interference with religion we have steered upon a Charybdis of state education without religion. It is doubtful if we can introduce religious instruction in the public school without interfering with religious freedom, but we must find a way to produce character effectively."

Let the contention be made for Christian education that

Such Education Is Grounded in Christ's Authority and Teaching

In the method of Jesus, preaching and teaching went hand in hand. He was more frequently called "teacher" than anything else. The absolute necessity for Christian education in carrying out Christ's great commission is overwhelmingly attested by our entire denominational history. Christianity has been the mother of all modern education. Well did President Wilson say: "Scholarship has never so far as I can recall, been associated with any religion, except the religion of Jesus Christ."

The chief work of Carey in India was that of Bible translation. Judson became a Baptist by reading the Greek New Testament. Luther Rice gave his mighty strength to the establishment of Columbia University for the special training of workers for the worldwide mission work. Practically every one of our denominational schools has come in response to the poignant need for better trained preachers and Christian workers.

Of the first 119 colleges built in America east of the Mississippi River, 104 were built for religious needs. Take Harvard University; its very name commemorates the life and sacrificial labors of a preacher, John Harvard. He lived but a little while in America, but he gave his library and half his estate to the founding of the institution that bears his honored name. Over the gateway of this world-famed institution of learning you still read these words: "That a learned ministry may not perish from the earth."

The Record of Leadership

furnished by these schools is to the last degree revelatory and challenging. Eight of our country's chief justices were college graduates, seven of these were from Christian schools. Eighteen of our nation's presidents are college graduates, 16 of these were from Christian colleges. Eighteen of the twenty-five masters of American letters were college men, while seventeen of the eighteen were from Christian colleges. Of the members of our national congress, whose efforts or prominence have secured them a place in "Who's Who," two-thirds of them were graduates of Christian colleges. Keep on looking into this deeply significant matter and you will find that numbers of small Christian colleges in our country have furnished many times the number of leaders furnished by state and pri-

vately controlled institutions. This stands out as one of the most revealing and challenging facts in the world of Christian education.

Carlyle spoke correctly when he declared that

Religion Is the Determining Factor

of any country's civilization. Surely, all discerning minds must now discern that irreligion is the world's supreme peril, that disobedience unto God is the way of defeat, decay, and death.

It is not surprising therefore that McCauley wrote: "Whoever does anything to deprecate Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind." All history confirms the truth that the last line of defense for a people is not material but spiritual. We must remember that the vast majority of leaders come from Christian schools. The doors of our churches are open to youth for Christian education.

You Can Bank On It

Who does God's work will get God's pay,
However long may seem the day,
However weary be the way.

Though powers and princes thunder "Nay!"
No human hand God's hand can stay;
Who does his work will get his pay.

He does not pay as others pay
In gold or land or raiment gay,
In goods that perish and decay.

But God's high wisdom knows a way;
And that is sure, let come what may,
Who does God's work will get God's pay.

—The Herald of Gospel Liberty.

Foolish Notion No. 1: That Prohibition Has "Failed to Prohibit"

Which of our laws has 100% observance?

HOWEVER, here are some facts which bear upon the case: Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics at Yale University, states that present beverage consumption is "certainly less than 16%, probably less than 10% of pre-Prohibition consumption." This conclusion is based upon a careful study of United States Treasury and other statistics.

"As a result of my personal observation in the past few years, covering many thousands of examinations for insurance * * * the use of alcohol as a beverage has certainly markedly declined."—Warren C. Batroff, M. D., Director Health Preservation Service of Provident Mutual Life Insurance Co.

The report of the Congressional Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic states that arrests for drunkenness have decreased 500,000 per year, and that commitments to prison for drunkenness have decreased 55.3% since prohibition went into effect.

Dr. George O'Hanlon, superintendent of the Bellevue and allied hospitals in New York City, states that from the wide experience he has had with cases of chronic alcoholism, he can see such cases **virtually disappearing** under the beneficial influence of national prohibition.

Thus is Prohibition prohibiting even when so inadequately enforced.

Hands Off!

HUGH THOMSON KERR, D. D.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE has a story entitled "Hands Off." It represents Joseph as given the opportunity of escaping from his envious brothers and thus escaping slavery, imprisonment, temptation, slander, and the hardships of life through which he passed. In the end, however, Joseph sank back into the ordinary life of his community and when the famine came there was no corn, no statesman, no savior of his own people. This is the story, and it is told in order to suggest the fact that hardships and handicaps may become helpful in the way of God's providence to men. Joseph himself, years afterwards, toward the close of his life, in interpreting his life to his own brethren said, "It was not you that sent me hither, but God." The story of Joseph's life may be called "Success Through Failure," or "Triumph over Hindrances," or "From Prison to Palace." It is a very thrilling story, and makes clear to us that opportunities come to those who triumph over obstacles. In the words of Longfellow:

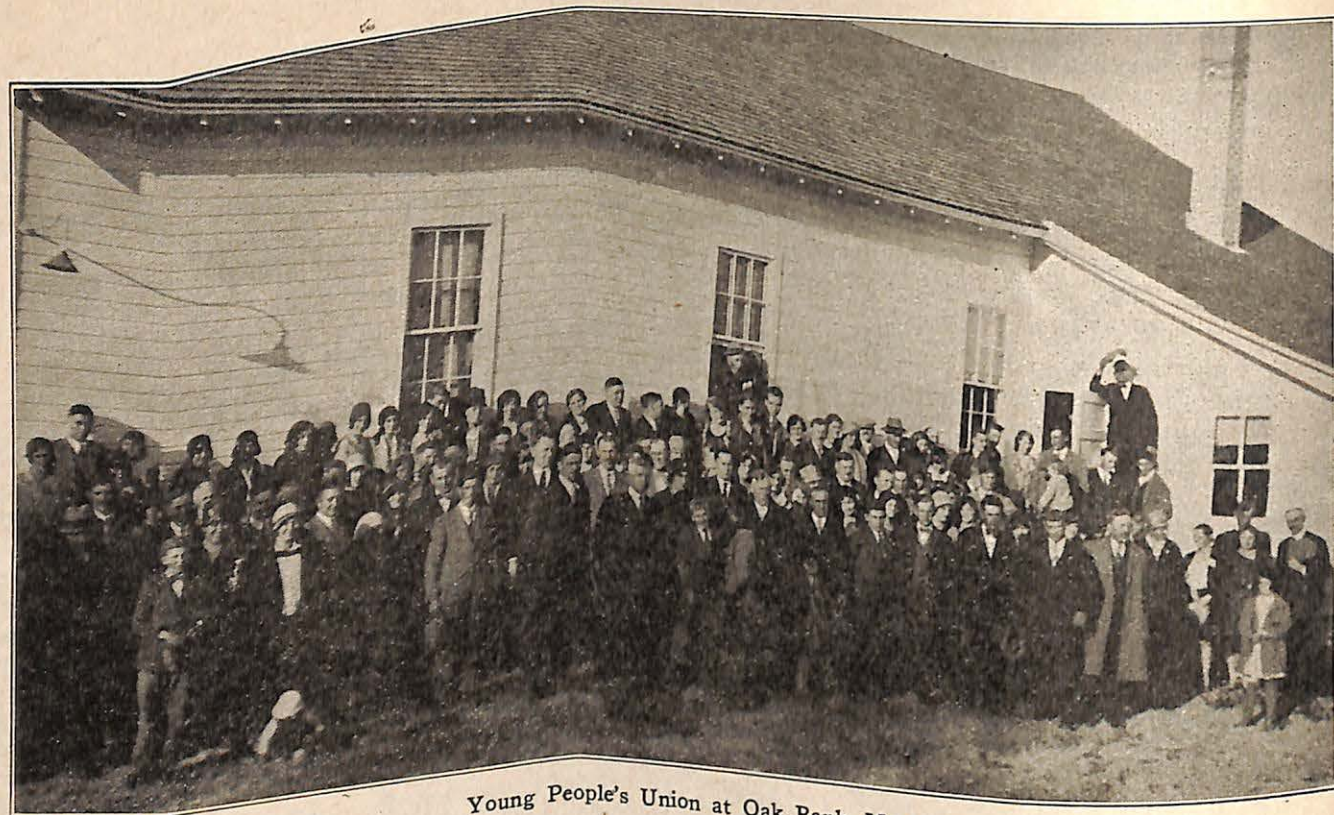
Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Editorial Jottings

OUR "BAPTIST HERALD" Subscription Campaign will soon be under way and every church needs to have an active booster for our paper on the job. Let every young people's society see that the best person most fitted and suitable for the job is appointed in good time so that plans can be made and effectively carried out to win a larger list from every church for 1931.

THE BUSINESS SLOW-DOWN and economic depression is being keenly felt in some sections of our country, and the low prices for farm products are working hardship in the rural sections, especially in the Northwest States and in Western Canada. Quite a number of churches are pastorless in North Dakota and the present situation makes it difficult for them to call and support pastors. It is a critical time for many of our churches. May we remember them in prayer and commend them at this time to the Great Head of the Church!



Young People's Union at Oak Bank, Man.

Manitoba Young People's Union

On Sunday morning, September 21, we woke up to a wonderful sunshine and a clear sky, after days of dark clouds and cool weather.

This day was a special one for us as the Manitoba Young People's Union was celebrating its second birthday in Oak Bank, a little town about 20 miles from Winnipeg.

It was a special privilege to have with us our Field Secretary, Rev. A. A. Schade. From the early morning at Sunday school and during the rest of the day we had a great blessing through his messages. He spoke about the different kinds of vessels Paul wrote about in 2 Tim 2, and how we can be the best, the honored vessels, if we keep ourselves clean and fit instead of the discarded and of no account ones, if we live unclean lives.

The forenoon passed all too quickly, but we were quite ready for the good dinner to which our Oak Bank friends had invited us.

Our afternoon meeting was opened with an address by Rev. Fehlberg. Following this we turned to our business meeting. First we had the roll call of the different societies who answered by scripture and song. Those present were, Whitemouth, Morris, Oak Bank and Winnipeg. Reports of the standing of the different societies showed that Winnipeg won the banner from Morris, which held it since last year. The election of officers was as follows: Rev. H. P. Kayser, Winnipeg, president; Rev. G. Itterman, Morris, vice-president; Milly Raabe, Winnipeg, secretary; Mr. Grapentine, Oak Bank, treasurer.

At the close of our business meeting Rev. Itterman gave us a talk on "Stewardship." Rev. Schade spoke to us on, "Ob-work." The meeting came to a close and lunch was served by the Oak Bank women.

During the evening a good program was rendered by the different societies in solos, duets, quartets, recitations and dialogues. The orchestras and male voice choir also rendered numbers.

A full day and a blessed one was enjoyed by all, and we went home rejoicing. We look forward to meeting again next year at Morris, Man.

RUTH BLOEDOW.

Teachers and Officers' Banquet, Evangel Bible School, Newark, N. J.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers," was the music that summoned us to the banquet prepared for us on the evening of September 25.

Yes, we were 62 strong, who feasted on the delectable food prepared for us by members of the Mother's Society of our church. The Intermediate girls, under the direction of one of the mothers, very ably served us at the tables.

After enjoying the splendid meal and good fellowship with one another, our acting pastor, Rev. F. Niebuhr, led us in a short devotional service which was followed by a violin solo and several selections by the male quartet.

We should never think of our corps of workers complete at such an occasion if we did not have with us our friend, Mr. H. Theodore Sorg. He brought us a mes-

sage of encouragement to continue in the work that we have carried on thus far in the Master's name.

The Rev. Charles F. Mayhew, Field Secretary of the New Jersey Baptist State Convention, brought us a challenging message on the subject, "What Are You Worth?" His ready wit brought forth peals of laughter, and his earnest message challenged us to be our very best, for, as he said, "No one can fill your place in the world, they can only take it. God has a purpose in placing you just where you are."

We went home with a more earnest desire in our hearts to live our lives wholly for Him.

As we look forward to the work in our Sunday school for the ensuing year and realize anew the greatness of our task, we would enter into it with the spirit of Paul when he said, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me."

Immortalizing Anna

A university student, when sitting for an examination, was asked to compose one verse of poetry, including the words "analyze" and "anatomy."

He wrote:

"My analyze over the ocean,
My analyze over the sea,
O, who will go over the ocean,
And bring back my anatomy."
—Glasgow Record.

A. H. writes: "The mosquito is like a child; the moment he stops making a noise we know he is getting into something."—Boston Transcript.

The Sunday School

The Heart of a Child

CLARENCE E. FLYNN

Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
No waters can wash it away;
The sands may be shifted when billows are wild
And the efforts of time may decay,
Some stories may perish, some songs be forgot;
But this engraven record, time changes it not.

Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
A story of sadness or care
That heaven has blessed, or that earth has defiled,
Will linger unchangeably there.
Who writes it has sealed it forever and aye,
He must answer to God on the great Judgment Day.

The Appeal to Interest in Teaching Religion

Gregory's Second Law of Teaching says, "The learner must attend with interest to the material to be learned." Attention is the key to success; in fact, absolutely necessary, if the pupil is to learn the lesson; and the attention that arises from interest is the basis on which all true learning and education must be founded. But the never-ending problem of the Sunday school teacher is how to get boys and girls interested in the Bible and Christian truth. This presents to us a very different problem, but a very interesting and challenging one.

"Interest" is derived from a Latin word which means "it concerns." A boy is interested in that which concerns him, that is, has meaning and value for him. He is interested in the immediate, the concrete, that which will make a difference, and therefore has worth in his eyes. Surprise your class by saying, "Tomorrow will be a holiday, and we will go on a picnic," and at once every boy will be wide-awake with interest. He sees the meaning and value of that. Or tell a man that he is to receive a large increase in salary today, and at once he is interested.

What then is our problem in teaching the Christian religion? We must find a way to make a boy or girl see that religion has value and meaning for every life, and for his life in particular. To do this the teacher must know in his own heart and life the infinite worth of being a Christian, so that it grips him and fills him with enthusiasm; and he must know the Bible and Christian truth so that he can teach it with earnestness and enthusiasm to others. Interest is contagious.

Too, the teacher must stay close to the life and heart of those whom he would teach, so that he can know their real needs and problems, and thus put what he teaches within their grasp and understanding, and so meet their life needs. Our graded literature and our well-written lesson helps will aid him there. Salvation, in and through Christ, is the one Pearl of Great Price for every person, and we must be able to demonstrate that this is true.

But we cannot reach this high and ultimate goal at one leap. The children whom we teach, and even the men and women of the older classes, are interested already in many things, and, if we would guide them into the interesting fields of Christian truth and experience, we must begin with them *where they are*. This is the well-known and useful educational principle known as *the point of contact*. This suggests that we study the psychology of human beings and learn how to adapt our lessons to their understanding and needs. We will use stories, objects, pictures, projects illustrations of many kinds, according to the needs of the age-group or the subject-matter, but in it all with the ultimate goal in mind to lead our pupils to become interested in the fundamentals of our religion.

We must find a way to give our pupils things to learn and things to do that seem worth while to us, and that at the same time will seem so much worth while to them that other things will be crowded out of mind. Then we shall get attention that is really worth something, that which grows out of the fact that the lesson itself, and the methods used in teaching it, are vitally related to the pupil's interests and needs,—so that he cannot help paying attention. This means that we must so grade our literature that we shall be sure to get before our boys and girls subject matter that will be within their grasp and understanding, and which will best meet their real life-needs. Then we shall have the fascinating and challenging task of leading them to discover for themselves the infinite worth of the fundamental truths and experiences of the Christian religion. There is nothing more interesting than that. A well-trained and consecrated Sunday school teacher has one of the greatest and most fascinating tasks in the world.—The Teacher.

Getting New Pupils

"What are the best plans for getting in new pupils? In looking over our records I find we have had very few additions to the Primary Department during the past year."

I do not know what the "best plan" for getting new pupils is, but I do know a good plan. Have the children express their opinion of the Sunday school,—



Intermediate Class, Salt Creek church, Dallas, Oreg.

what it means to them. Then ask how they should like to be without a school. Suggest that there may be boys and girls in their neighborhood who are not enjoying the privilege of a Sunday school, and who would be glad to come if some one would invite them. Stress the importance of not only inviting a playmate to come, but of going after him on Sunday morning and bringing him. You might use in this connection the song "Bring Them In." The words of the chorus and the rhythm of the music will stick and be brought to mind when a prospective member is found.

When a new scholar is brought, have the one bringing him come to the front and be introduced as a successful scout who has brought in another boy or girl to be a part of the Sunday school.

A contest between the boys and the girls would work satisfactorily. Prepare a chart headed "New Members." In one column write the names of the girls in the department, the boys in another. When one brings in a new scholar place a little gold star opposite his name. Of course no child must be brought in who is attending some other Sunday school. This must be emphasized.

Intermediate Class, Salt Creek Sunday School

This smiling group of boys and girls represents the intermediate class of the Salt Creek Sunday school, Dallas, Oreg. They can boast of a cozy little class room all their own with everything in it to make it an ideal one even to the interesting pictures on the wall.

This class is interested in missions too. Even now a large box containing tablets, pencils and everything a school child needs, is on the way to Miss Frieda Appel, missionary in the Philippine Islands. We hope Miss Appel will receive her package without delay and wish her God's richest blessing.

Their teacher,
LYDIA TILGNER.

GINGER ELLA

By ETHEL HUESTON

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(Continuation) CHAPTER XIII

A stricken silence prevailed in the sturdy little touring car that Eddy Jackson guided carefully along the country roads from Red Thrush to Pay Dirt. Not one word was spoken. But in the rear seat, Miriam, the sensible twin, sat with one of her father's hands crushed tightly between both of hers, and now and then she pressed it against her cheeks in a wordless passion of sympathy, longing to comfort. It was not until the car stood before the side porch of the big white house, and Miriam, with firm, light hand, had led her father up the steps, that Eddy spoke.

"Mr. Tolliver," he said awkwardly, "don't worry. It's a raw deal, all the way round, but honestly—they mean all right. We'll do something about it, that's all."

"There's nothing to do, Eddy. And they not only mean all right, they are all right."

"And if it goes through the way they have planned, we'll start something on our own account. We're right in the midst of the farming district here, and a lot of these people don't bother to go so far to church. Pay Dirt is big. We'll build a little chapel of our own, and run it to suit ourselves. I—don't want you to leave Red Thrush."

"You're a good friend, and a good man, Eddy," said the other gratefully. "But don't have me too much on your mind. It's all right. I will never do anything that does not completely accord with the policy of our church, you understand.—Good night, my dear boy, and to repeat your own words, don't worry."

Silently, up the stairs to the right wing, Miriam guided his steps. She turned back the covers of his bed, carefully spread out the things he would need for the night, placed a fresh towel on his rack.

"Father, shan't I read to you a while?" she offered. "Until you feel tired enough to sleep."

"No, thanks, dear, not tonight. I will go to bed—and think."

"Don't think, father. Just go to sleep, and tomorrow—we will feel more sure of ourselves."

He kissed her gently. "Good night, my child."

For two hours complete silence brooded over the big white farmhouse. Then there was a soft, barely perceptible movement among the shadows of his room.

"Miriam, is it you?"

"Oh, father, you aren't sleeping," she protested sadly. "And the doctors said you must sleep. Do let me read to you. The Bible—Psalms—or something."

Softly she crossed the room, and crouched on the bed beside him.

"You're a nice girl, Miriam, but I don't want to be read to. Not tonight. I have many things to think of."

"But, darling—they aren't nice things." "Well, some of them are. You, for instance."

"Father," her voice was low, almost apologetic, "father, you know we are so used to each other, you, and we girls, living together all the time, and arguing, and quarreling, and making up. We—never say the real things that are in our minds. But father, in our hearts, we—all of us—think you are just wonderful, father."

His arms tightened about her shoulders. "And I tease you girls, and laugh at your little tricks, and your vanities, and what Ellen calls your man-madness. But all the time I know you are the very best girls in the world."

"Oh, father, we aren't.—Well, Helen, she is awfully good. And Ginger is good, too, in her funny way.—But Marjory and I are not much."

There was silence between them, as each smiled tenderly into the darkness, thinking of the thousand sweet, ridiculous, whimsical, pathetic happenings of the shabby old parsonage. But after a little while, he sent her back to bed, and to sleep. But Wesley Tolliver himself lay awake all night, thinking of many things.

When Miriam entered his room the next morning she found him standing by the window, fully dressed.

"Oh, father, you're getting too smart for me," she said regretfully. But when he turned to look at her, the expression on his face sent a swift glad brightening over her own.

"Oh, father," she cried again. "You've thought of something! Everything is all right again, isn't it?"

He laughed quite merrily at her young eagerness. "Perfectly all right again," he assured her.

"Oh, tell me all about it," she begged. But this was denied her. "You must wait to share it with the rest of the family. How impetuous you are getting,—why, you are quite another Ginger!"

So Miriam was obliged to content herself by straightening his tie, and giving a careful brush to his hair, before she led him down to breakfast. Here, apologetically, he asked an additional favor at the hands of Eddy Jackson.

"You have done so much, Eddy, and you are always so kind that I really hate to ask anything more of you. But I must go in right after breakfast to speak to my daughters. I shan't be gone long, but I must go. Now if you can't take me, or

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send one of the men, suppose I just telephone in for a taxi."

"Of course I can take you. Why, I haven't a thing to do," lied Eddy Jackson stoutly.

"Father!" ejaculated Miriam. "The way you talk of ordering taxis one would think you were a doctor or a lawyer at the very least."

So Eddy Jackson relinquished his experiments for another day, and after a few brisk instructions to the men, turned his small car toward town again. But he would not accompany the minister and his daughter into the house, said he had an errand up-town and would be back for them in an hour, realizing that this hour was to be a sacred one, and that even the presence of a friend as faithful as himself would be an intrusion.

It was Ginger who first caught sight of the touring-car unloading its passengers at the end of the flagstone path, and her voice sent its summons ringing over the house.

"Margie, quit primping this minute. Come down. It's father! Father's come! Take off your curlers, Jenky. It's father!"

And their eager feet brought them swiftly, each in something of dishabille, to receive the one who had left them so sadly the night before. He was no longer sad. He greeted them brightly, smiling warm affection upon them.

"What a glum and gloomy old parent I was last night," he began at once. "What a hopeless and sour old curmudgeon you had to put up with!"

"Father, no!"

Then his voice deepened. "Girls, forgive me. I was surprised, and I lost my bearings. But just for a little while."

"You've got them again," crowed Ginger triumphantly.

He smiled at her. "Yes, I've got them again. But I shouldn't have lost them. Sit down, girls—Miss Jenkins,—let's talk it over together. You see, it is like this. Years ago, before even Helen was born, I dedicated my life to the Lord's work. I dedicated my service, my time, my money,—even my family.—Well, what then? He used me—a blunt and stubborn instrument many times—for all these years. If he has finished with me, what of it? Nothing.—See how foolish I was."

"Father," gasped Ginger in a shocked low voice, "do you mean that you are not going to try—even to try—to get well any more? Are you just going to give up—and let go?"

"Most certainly not, my dear child. I am going to stay at Pay Dirt as long as I can, and get just as strong as I can. I shall go to Chicago for all the care we can possibly afford. And I shall pray without ceasing for God to bless the means we use.—But the outcome—what difference does that make? None. If I am not to be used in Red Thrush any longer, what difference? Perhaps I shall be of service some place else. If I have completed my labor entirely, that is entirely satisfactory to me. I am perfectly

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content, I have no fears,—not even for my dear daughters, for whom I wished to do so much. Foolish of me! Did I not dedicate my family cares along with the rest of my life?"

"And if they don't want you to preach any more," said Ginger excitedly, "perhaps you can be a district superintendent. Or even a bishop. And they do say, father, that the less a bishop sees, the better bishop he makes."

Her father laughed without affectation at her sally. "To be sure Ginger is always right.—How foolish it was for me to worry."

"Of course it was. For I told you I would take care of you.—Don't laugh!—I mean it."

"I am not laughing, Ellen, I believe you. When the time comes, I know that you will truly take care of me. And I am glad to have it to be sure of."

Ginger wanted to tell him,—again the words fairly tripped on her tongue in their eagerness,—but something closed the confidence upon her lips, shut up the secret of her home for the blind within her own tumultuous heart, and her excited stammerings lapsed into an exultant, passionate bobbing of her little head.

They did not try to plan for the future, they simply contented themselves with the knowledge that whatever came to them must be good. They did not look ahead to the winter—without a church, without a parsonage, with a meager twenty-five dollars a month to provide food and clothes and a roof over their heads. They merely accepted the present that was given them, and smiled at each other, and strove in every way possible to impress upon themselves the sublimity of their faith, the boundlessness of their possibilities in divine love.

As they went out to the car answering the call of Eddy Jackson's siren, they met the postman coming in.

Ginger ran ahead of the others, and took the mail from his hand.

"Three for father, one for Marjory,—mine, mine, mine,—the rest is for me."

"Such a lot!" exclaimed Miriam. "Look again. I expected a letter. Let me look."

Ginger put them behind her. "No, I did look. It is all for me. Are you E. Tolliver?"

"Are there any free samples?" demanded Marjory covetously. "You are getting very stingy, Ginger, you never pass anything to me any more."

"This is something different," protested the badgered girl. "It isn't samples—that is—not exactly."

"I hope it isn't love letters," put in Eddy Jackson, joining the chorus as they reached the gate. "In my day, all mail addressed to the age of you was strictly censored."

But Ginger only frowned at him, and a little later, as the car merged into a cloud of dust, she and Marjory turned back to the parsonage alone, their arms around each other's waists.

"Ginger, what kind of ads are you answering?" inquired Marjory. "You get ever so many letters—without samples—and I know you're excited about something. Why don't you tell me about it? I get lonesome with Helen married, and Miriam in the country, and you never confiding in me."

Ginger wavered. The desire for a confidante was strong upon her. She studied Marjory shrewdly.

"But this is a secret. And the trouble with you, Marjory, is that every time you fall in love you tell everything you know."

"Why, I never fell in love before in all my life," protested Marjory hotly, so hotly that the significance of the mere adverb escaped the usually sharp ears of her sister. "Do tell me, Ginger. We're all alone in this great big barn of a house and I'm so lonesome for Miriam, and everybody."

"Well, come up to the attic."

"Oh, no.—I always scratch myself."

"Then I can't tell you. For this is really a tremendous secret, and I shan't breathe a word of it outside of the attic."

Marjory loathed the attic, she loathed the wobbly ladder, the trap-door, the unfloored beams, the cobwebs and the dust, but her curiosity was great. She stifled her aversion, and followed Ginger to her sanctuary under the dormer-window.

"First, you've got to promise upon your word of honor, and in the presence of God and these witnesses, never to breathe the one single word of this until I give you permission."

A trifle awed by the solemnity of this oath, Marjory gave the desired promise. Ginger unlocked the doll's trunk, and shoved it toward her sister.

"Look!"

Marjory held her breath, extended trembling hands, and took the trunk. It was half full of dimes.

"Money!—Why, it's real money. Oh, Ginger, you clever little thing! Where in the world did you get it? Did it come in the letters? Are there more dimes in the letters you got today?"

"Yes. A dime in every letter. At first I only got one or two, now I get seven or eight. And yesterday—eleven."

"But Ginger, how do you do it? Are you selling something?"

"No. It's philanthropy. A home for the blind."

"A—what?"

"A home for the blind."

"What blind?"

"Father.—Blind ministers, you see.—In the singular."

"Ellen Tolliver, you tell me this very minute," Marjory demanded.

So Ginger, with pardonable pride, told her, told her from the very birth of the idea, when she had first seen the little chain vanity that sold for twenty-five cents. And Marjory listened spellbound.

"But Ginger—in a way—it's just like begging."

"Well—in a way—so are the collections at church."

"Yes. So they are.—Ginger, I think it is the most wonderful thing I ever heard. I don't see how you ever thought of it! I don't see why I never think of clever things like that! How long will it keep up?"

"For ever. For ever and ever, thousands upon thousands upon thousands, all over the world,—I'm saving it for father's operation."

Marjory's eyes narrowed. "Oh, precious, you'll have too much," she protested. "Why, you'll have enough for a dozen operations. Ginger—you've got so much—they have the most adorable little compact sets at Westbury's—two dollars and a half—rouge, powder, cream and lip-stick—only two-fifty. I've been saving—simply months—and I've only got a dollar. Oh, Ginger, you've got such a lot."

Ginger considered. After all, Marjory needed only fifteen dimes to complete the amount. Fifteen dimes represented but two day's income. And besides, it was really lonely for the two girls—Helen married, Miriam in the country—Ginger's heart warmed to her sister. Moreover, the toilet preparations would serve to enhance and cherish the Tolliver's greatest asset. She counted fifteen dimes into Marjory's itching pink palm.

"You darling," exulted the family beauty, embracing her in rapture. "You dear, sweet, clever, little darling. You're just the smartest thing that ever lived, and I'm so proud of you. Won't father be pleased?"

"Now you mustn't keep begging dimes away from me all the time," cautioned Ginger, who well understood the nature of her sister, "because that operation is going to cost a lot of money, and we'll need all the contributions we can get." She set to opening the day's correspondence, deftly turning the dimes from the envelopes into the doll's trunk, as she cast a pursuing eye over the contents of the letter.

"Are the letters nice?"

"Beautiful. Some of them bring tears to my eyes, they are so full of good thoughts. These aren't so much. When I get a real sad one, I'll read it to you. I burn the letters. They pile up so."

Ginger locked the doll's trunk, replaced the key in the drawer of her desk, and led the way across the beams toward the ladder.

"You remember your promise now, Marjory Tolliver, and don't give it away to the first beau you come across.—And don't you keep coaxing me for dimes, either."

"Oh, darling, I wouldn't. I'm so glad nobody knows but me. I won't breathe a word of it until we have enough for the whole operation. I won't even tell it then," she cried, and in a great burst of self-abnegation she added, "I shall let you tell it yourself. I don't see how in the world you ever thought of it."

"Oh, I'm not so dumb," said Ginger modestly.

(To be continued)



Boys and Girls from Children's Home, St. Joseph, visit Oak Park Sunday School. September 28

Harlem Happenings

On Friday, August 22, a large number of members and friends of our Young People's Society gathered in the lower room of our church for a summer social. An unexpected, but highly honored guest was the Rev. R. T. Wegner, a former pastor of our church, but now of Boston, Mass., who recently returned from an extended trip to South America and was now on his way to the Atlantic Conference in Newark, N. J. The evening was spent with many interesting and amusing games under the able guidance of Miss Goldie Sedelmeyer.

Mrs. J. F. Maeder, the president of our Young People's Society and Supt. of our Sunday school, took this opportunity to address Miss Adelaide Orthner with words of deep appreciation of her faithfulness and devotion in the work of our Master as connected with our church and Sunday school and in the name of the several young people's organizations of our church presented her with a beautiful and serviceable "Bulova" wrist watch. Miss Orthner replied feelingly. Rev. R. T. Wegner led in closing prayer. The arrangements of this social were planned by Miss Ethel Ehrenstein. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

Leipzig B. Y. P. U.

Although we have been silent until now, we have been very much alive here in North Dakota. We can truly say, the Lord has blessed our society. We organized April 21, 1929, with 39 members. In 17 months our membership has grown to 62. We held our first anniversary Sept. 21. We meet every first and third Sunday in the month. Our program committee outlines the program for the whole year, and we have different groups with their leaders to take charge of the meetings.

For our anniversary program the society presented a pageant entitled: "The Lost Words," in which 37 members participated. Under the leadership of our

much beloved Bro. Koschel we will go onward in the Lord's work. May the Lord bless all other B. Y. P. U.'s as he has blessed us!

CARL E. OKKEN, Sec.

Lansing Enjoys a Visit

Seventy-five young people of the Benton Harbor and St. Joseph churches, Rev. H. W. Wedel and Rev. E. Umbach, pastors, visited the church at Lansing, Mich., on Sunday evening, Sept. 21, and gave a program before an audience that packed the church auditorium and overflowed into the Sunday school rooms. There were about 300 people, or more, present to enjoy the fine program. A large ladies chorus, quartets and duets brought songs and music. May the Lord bless the young people in our churches!

The officers of the B. Y. P. U. at the Lansing church for this year are: A. Zolz, president; Fred Pletz, vice-pres.; Elsie Jeschke, secretary; Harold Pletz, treasurer. We are looking forward to a busy year of great activities for our Lord and Master. Since our pastor, Rev. A. G. Schlesinger, has been back from his vacation, he has outlined the fall work for the church and especially expects the young people to do their bit in our church.

Rev. E. Roloff has supplied the pulpit during our pastor's absence. The four choirs of our church have given two religious concerts in other churches last summer, and aim to give one musical program in our church once a month. These concerts draw large crowds in our church.

The Sunday school and the Ladies Aid are also doing their part in the upbuilding of God's Kingdom in our church program. All the societies of our church are helping in the paying off of the debts on the new church plant.

MARGARETE MANN, Reporter.

Aim high; do not set your goal this side of the stars, for you are a son of the Eternal.

The Y. P. Society of Passaic N. J.

In looking over the past year of our work as a Young People's Society, we find that eleven meetings were held in the church. During this time we heard the following speakers: Mr. Stam from the Star of Hope Mission in Paterson, N. J.; Mr. J. A. Conrad, who showed us pictures of his trip to Germany, Poland and Switzerland; and Mr. and Mrs. Peters, missionaries, who told us of their work among the Armenians. We had the pleasure of hearing the Student's Quartet of the Rochester Seminary. We visited the Second Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and entertained the Clinton Hill Church of Newark, N. J.

The outstanding meetings of the year were the group programs. The society was divided into two groups and under the able leadership of Miss Florence Alnor and Mr. William Beyer four programs were rendered. It was decided that the group who could give the best programs should be entertained by the other group. Mrs. B. W. Rumminger, judge of the contest, decided in favor of Miss Alnor's group. These programs were very helpful to all in as much as they brought out a great deal of the hidden talents of the members.

Several outings were held at some of the nearby lakes. The society went to Pompton Lake, Lake Hapatcong and Lake Mombasia. A Straw Ride was held which was followed by a social in the garage of the Conrad Hosiery Company. When the church was being redecorated on the inside, the young people thought of decorating it on the outside. They erected a beautiful electric cross which can be seen several blocks away.

We are very grateful for the blessings of the past year and feel assured that the Lord will bless us in the coming year.

The Winning Spirit

The winning spirit has no time for resentment or anger. It is too busy getting the big worth-while things done, to stoop for personal slights or insults. This is well illustrated by the following incident which Booker Washington tells of himself:

One evening after an engagement he was in a hurry to catch a train. So he hailed the first cabman whom he saw. The cabman happened to be white, and refused to haul a Negro.

Booker T. Washington did not resent the insult. Instead he said at once, "Very well, you ride in the cab and I'll drive you."

The winning spirit always acts like that. It does not consider a personal slight or affront of sufficient importance to become ruffled about. That is one of the reasons it can't be beat.

Little Mary had been taught politeness. One day the minister called, and Mary, awaiting a pause in the conversation, remarked:

"I hear we soon are to have the pleasure of losing you."—Exchange.

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Make of My Heart

Make of my heart an upper room, I pray,
Swept clean of pride; let self be but a door
Through which young lives may come to thee this day
To know thee as they have not known before.
Speak through my voice that they may hear thine own;
Shine through my life in beauty and in truth,
That they may see the Comrade Christ alone
And in the glad impulsiveness of youth
Rise up as did those fisher lads of thine
Who left their boats and nets to follow thee;
So may they walk beside thee, these of mine
Whom out of all the world "thou gavest me."

Molly Anderson Haley,
in "The Churchman."

Farewell to Rev. and Mrs. Hirsch

The Baptist church of North Freedom gave a farewell to Rev. and Mrs. H. Hirsch and family on Sunday afternoon, September 14, 1930, which was the last Sunday they were with us.

After the morning worship service, the congregation and pastor and family gathered in the dining room for a church dinner. Following the dinner, everyone returned to the auditorium where the program in their behalf was given. The program was in charge of our deacon, Mr. John Seils. Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch and the two deacons were seated on the platform. Reuben Black led the song service, choosing songs that were favorites of Mr. Hirsch. The following people spoke representing the various organizations of the church: Mr. John Voeck for the church, Mr. Max Pawlisch for the Sunday school, Mrs. Charles Grosinske for the Ladies Missionary Society and Miss Edna Voeck for the Young People's Society. Rev. Hanley of Reedsburg and Rev. Henke of Baraboo spoke in behalf of the Baraboo Ministerial Association, of which Mr. Hirsch was a member. They all expressed their regret of losing the pastor and family and spoke of the great help they have been to the church.

The following musical numbers were given: Ladies duet, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Lange; Ladies quartet, Mrs. Gosser, Mrs. Koch and the Misses Seils; Junior Choir male quartet, Max Pawlisch, Reuben und Evan Black und Herman Jahnke.

The church presented Rev. and Mrs. Hirsch with a beautiful floor lamp and a framed picture of Devil's Lake, and a bouquet of golden dahlias with pieces of money hidden among them. We hope that whenever they switch on the floor lamp or gaze on the picture of the scenic Wisconsin Lake they will think of the host of friends in North Freedom.

May they be richly blessed in their new field in Minneapolis!

Atheism

RUTH DEHLINGER

*Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live,
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.*

The Christian believer is truly sad to find the predominance of the Atheistic Cult over all religion in many foreign countries. More and more as the days go by people are turning down their best friend for the worldly pleasures which can never satisfy. Denying the One altogether lovely, they are putting Him at naught. The very birds and trees, and all nature in general proclaim the sweet fact that He lives and will live forever.

In Soviet Russia today, the children are taught Atheism practically from the cradle. As soon as they are able to comprehend it they receive it in all forms. The large churches have ceased to be of use as courts of religion. The people in authority have turned these churches into museums of Evolution. There are guides to take the people through and explain each phase of Evolution to them.

In the schools each child is compelled to take a course in Evolution. In each community a prize is given to the home which puts on the best display of godlessness. It is therefore no wonder that the Atheism Cult is gaining headway.

Though we may never have the opportunity to help the Christian Cause in Soviet Russia, we can do our bit in our own corners. There are teachers in our own public schools, who, though not as openly as those in Soviet Russia, are teaching Atheism.

Shall not we therefore as the Sunday school teachers of our boys and girls, give ourselves wholeheartedly to our task of impressing on their minds the great love of the Father? Why use half-hearted measures? If there is some personal pleasure we want very badly we are willing enough to work for it. Let us therefore be more serious about the Lord's work and be just as willing to work for him.

Pedestrians know that they are safe from the motorist driving a brand-new car. The motorist doesn't care to dent his fenders the first thousand miles or so.—Desert Wolf.

Help when you can, even if it is only a little. We all need practice in helpfulness. In that, as in everything else, we grow by exercise.

Thoughtfulness of the rights and pleasures of others is the outward and visible sign of inward soul-growth that it a joy to see and recognize.

"When sacrifice ceases, life goes stale, the fire dies on the hearth of former enthusiasm and worthy undertakings."

There is only one entrance to the city of success and that is the gateway of endeavor.



William Adam, president of the Minnesota Y. P. and S. S. W. Union. Bro. Adam is a member of the Minneapolis Church

What We Need in This Country

What this country needs is not a new birth of freedom, but the old-fashioned two-dollar berth.

What this country needs isn't more liberty, but less people who take liberties that don't belong to them.

What this country needs is not a job for every man, but a real man for every job.

What this country needs isn't to get more taxes from the people, but for the people to get more from the taxes.

What this country needs is more tractors and less detractors.

What this country needs is not more miles of territory, but more miles to the gallon.

What this country needs isn't more young men making speed, but more young men planting spuds.

What this country needs is more paint on the old place and less paint on the young face.

What this country needs isn't a lower rate of interest on money, but a higher interest in work.

What this country needs is to follow the footsteps of the fathers instead of the footsteps of the dancing-master.—Crescent Magazine.

Baby's Answer

"Oh, tell us, what does kitty say?"

I asked my dimpled darling.

"Mee-ow! mee-ow!" she said straightway,
No hesitation showing.

"And what does grandpa's bossy say?"

I asked the darling baby.

"Moo-oo! moo-oo!" she said in answer gay,
The happy little lady.

"Now tell us, what does mamma say?"

She looked at me demurely;

"No, don't! no, don't!" in a saucy way,
Went like a dagger through me.

N. Y. McKowen.

If we would win the high prizes of life, we must enter the contest and do our best.



Class in "Y. P. Methods," taught by Rev. A. A. Schade

Echoes of Young People's Assemblies and Conventions

ARTHUR A. SCHADE

The summer heat has yielded to the refreshing autumn breezes. The wheat is in the garner; the frost is on the pumpkin vine and the fodder's in the shock. The woodland is clothed in riotous colors. The birds have finished their summer toil of building nests, hatching and nourishing their feathery children and are all aflutter in preparation for their journey into the Southland. Highways and trains seem deserted, for "vacationists" have returned to their work and children make their daily pilgrimage with book under the arm to the little red school house. Young folk are back teaching school or pursuing their college studies. The summer is a memory of yesterday.

But What Kind of a Memory Is It?

Is it one of gnawing regrets, bitter self-reproach and a stained conscience resulting from indulgences? Or is it one of happy, wholesome experiences through which life has been truly enriched? Let us turn the question over a few times in our mind and make sure.

The summer vacation is rather a new institution of society. It used to be the privilege of the wealthy few; now it is the annual delight of the large middle class, to say the least. Our sympathy goes out to those who still cannot share in the annual frolic, but are compelled by circumstance to continue the monotonous grind of business or industry year in year out without any relaxation. Nevertheless, vacations also bring their perils, and unless properly planned and wisely spent, may be a liability rather than an asset. For some people it is a time of riot and utter abandon to their instinctive drives. It is the time when "they may do as they please." That seems heaven to the mind of some. They will chase over the country in high-powered cars, endangering life and limb by the way, in quest of a secluded place at the seashore, or elsewhere, where they can live fast, forgetting that the other side of fast living is fast dying. They return to their desk or their shop "flat,"

not only with flat pneumatic tires and flat billfolds, but also flat dispositions. Instead of life being spiced with new visions, a broader horizon, enriched with added knowledge, ennobled with higher ideals, life is "flat;" its flavor is vanished. They have no exhilarating thoughts or ideals on which to feed their mind and to throw a radiant cast over the tedium of their daily toil. Thus the institution of vacations brings its social problems which dare not be ignored by the guardians of the better things in life.

The spiritually minded young people of our churches have themselves taken a hand in the solution of these problems. They do not desire a vacation as the one described above. They are interested not only in physical recreation, but also in social, intellectual and spiritual enrichment. They have taken the initiative in planning summer vacations which take these spiritual factors into account. From coast to coast they have gathered in Summer Camps, Educational Institutes, Churches, or elsewhere, where they might meet with those of kindred mind from other churches, play, study and pray together. These Conventions and Assemblies have kept the Young People's Secretaries on the jump from Memorial Day till Labor Day and even beyond. Literally thousands of our finest young people in this manner were brought into closer fellowship with one another and with their Christ.

What Benefits?

Is a more detailed evaluation of this work necessary? What benefits did they derive from these gatherings?

Certainly the fact that they could spend these weeks in a Christian environment rather than in the midst of the debauching influence of commercialized resorts deserves to be mentioned. If they had not been here, where would they have been, and what would they possibly have imbibed?

Then, again, they learned to know one another, thus extending their friendships among those of kindred mind, of their own spiritual ideals and convictions. The cultivation of this inner cohesion among the coming leadership in our churches is absolutely essential to the

further existence of the denomination. Every device which serves to bring our churches into closer fellowship is a vital factor in the prolongation of the life of the denomination.

But there were some more personal and positive ends in these Summer Assemblies and Conventions. Our young people are interested in the Christian religion. If they were not they would not have been present. They seek to enter a deeper understanding and a fuller appreciation, that which Christ has to offer to the individual and to society. They also feel divinely commissioned to propagate the message of Christ in the world after their seniors have gone the way of all flesh. This great concern of the soul was, consciously or unconsciously, the chief motive behind these gatherings. Hence they also invited teachers to be present and to instruct them in these things which pertain to Christian life and work.

The Teachers and the Study Courses

It would not be wise to attempt to list all the subjects which came up for consideration and all the teachers which partook in this blessed service. The presence of such men as Prof. Ramaker, Prof. Kaiser, the choicest of the ministers from East to West, Rev. H. Gezork, Miss Alethea Kose, Mrs. Emma Meier, Mrs. Rauscher, Miss Baudisch and many other efficient missionaries, church workers, lecturers and recreational leaders along with the Secretaries ought to give assurance of good intellectual and spiritual food. The courses dealt first and most fundamentally with God's Word as a source of devotional uplift and edification. Christian experience or history was drawn upon for our enlightenment. Comparative Religions, Methods of Church work, Teacher Training, Music—all came in for their consideration.

We recognize that we must not only live Christ, but also give Christ to the world. Which of these is more difficult is hard to say. They certainly belong together. And both of them must be learned. We are disciples, learners, in the truest sense. We must live for him and give him the world. And this latter we must do primarily through the Christian Church. The Church must be made strong in its inner life and extensive in its outward reach. The services of worship, teaching and preaching his Word, the cultivation of Christian fellowship must be maintained. What the Christian missionary's home is in the midst of heathendom, that the Church of Christ must be in the midst of the perverse and sinful world, a real foretaste of heavenly delight.

Such a Garden of God

must be carefully cultivated. Each tender plant therein must be of spiritual generation. The spiritual work calls for careful training. We must know not only the seed, but also the soil, not only the Word of God but also the mind of man, in order to bring the two together in the most effective manner. Hence we have courses dealing with Child and Adoles-

cent Psychology, that we may understand childhood and youth. We seek to learn the "Seasons of the Soul" that we may work in harmony with God in enriching lives with the things of God. We would make sure that we recognize the soul hunger of the little child and feed it with that spiritual food which its particular stage of development calls for. Otherwise we shall find ourselves straining the memory of a Beginner or Primary child to memorize what he could do so much easier as a Junior, or begin answering adolescent doubts during the Junior period before they have yet awakened, or press for a permanent, momentous decision during the superficial, changeable years of childhood before the life problems really come up for permanent settlement. Each stage calls for a handling of its own. To disregard that fact may bring great harm to the tender plant of God.

Training Necessary

"But," some will say, "does that not make Christian work very complex?" Should not a good heart and a good will be sufficient to guarantee success in Christian work? The good heart and the good will is an essential presupposition. These, of course, are fundamental. But where they are present, we still need to be trained for Christian workmanship. We would not permit a doctor to operate on our child unless he had thoroughly mastered the art. We would not ride over a bridge unless the engineer who designed the same knew what strength of beam was required to carry the load. Are, then, the things of the soul deserving of less scientific precision than those of the body? At any rate, in these assemblies our young people are seeking to train themselves for the great work of God. When they return home and seek to put some of the things they learned into practice, may they find an encouraging response on the part of others who did not have the chance for this study. And may we all pray, that God may abundantly bless these labors for the advancement of his Kingdom.

The Story Teller

MARK VAN DOREN

He talked, and as he talked
Wallpaper came alive;
Suddenly ghosts walked,
And four doors were five;

Calendars ran backward,
And maps had mouths;
Ships went backward
In a great drowse;

Trains climbed trees,
And soon dripped down
Like honey of bees
On the cold brick town.

He had awakened a worm
In the world's brain,
And nothing stood firm
Until day again.

New Republic.



Class in "Training Y. P. in Worship," taught by Rev. Wm. Graf

Complete This Sentence

A new biography of John Wanamaker, America's great merchant pioneer, informs us that the Philadelphia brick-maker's son was born a Methodist, was early an attendant at a Lutheran Sunday school, and that at the age of twelve he joined the Presbyterian Church. All the rest of his life he was an eager, active, joyous sharer in Church life. His interest in the Y. M. C. A. was lifelong, as also his interest in Bethany Presbyterian Church.

When he was in his seventies he wrote in his own private diary:

"Why people think my Bethany work is either virtue or pose I can't imagine. I have always been happy in Bethany. It was the earliest habit I formed. It has been a blessing.... I might have done other things with greater effect. But if you are happy—"

There is a world of meaning in this unfinished sentence. Can you complete it?—Forward.

Texts for the Family Altar

The Family Altar League proposing a family worship day in the churches has suggested a number of Bible texts worthy of emphasis during the service.

Here is the word of the Lord concerning the father of the chosen people: "For I know Abraham that he will command his household after him."

Here is a line from Isaac's biography: "And Isaac digged the well of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father."

Here is the plea of Judah in Egypt: "How shall I go up to my father and the lad not with me?"

Here is the decision of Joshua, conqueror of Canaan: "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

Here is the prophetic inquiry of one of the Hebrew kings: "What have they seen in thy house?"

Here is the strategy of Nehemiah in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem: "Everyone over against his house."

And here is the plea of the preacher at Pentecost: "For the promise is to you and to your children."

His Best Tool

A story says that once the Devil announced that he was going out of business and would offer all tools for sale to whoever would pay the price. On the night of the sale, the tools were all attractively displayed, and a bad looking lot they were—malice, hatred, envy, jealousy, sensuality, deceit. Each was marked with its price. Apart from the rest lay a harmless-looking, wedge-shaped tool, much worn and priced higher than any of them.

Some one asked the Devil what it was. "That's discouragement," was the reply. "Why is it priced so high?" "Because," returned the Devil, "it is more useful to me than any of the others. I can pry open and get inside a man's consciousness with that, when I could never get near him with any of the others, and, once inside, I can use him in whatever way suits me best. It is so worn because I use it with nearly everybody, as very few people yet know that it belongs to me."

Perhaps it is not necessary to add that the Devil's price for this tool was so high that there were no bidders. He is still using it.

Competition

Harold was late to Sunday school and he explained to the minister that he had planned to go fishing, but his father wouldn't let him.

Minister: "That's the kind of father to have. I dare say he gave you his reason."

Harold: "Yes, he said there wasn't enough bait for two."—*Rexall Magazine.*

Danger!

They had only been married a month, and he had left her for a few minutes while she prepared a salad in the kitchen.

Suddenly a piercing scream rang out, and he rushed to the kitchen, prepared to face he knew not what.

"Whatever is the matter, darling?" he panted.

"It's a—a caterpillar!" she said, with an effort. "O, Herbert, what if I had been in the house alone?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

November 9, 1930

What Does Brotherhood Mean?

Matt. 23:8; 1 John 3:17.

We hear and read quite a bit in our day about the universal brotherhood of man. It is a favorite topic with many ministers, writers and lecturers. It is a beautiful and interesting thought, and one needn't be a modernist or a socialist in order to be taken up with the idea. It is based on certain indisputable facts. The foremost of these was already recognized by the apostle Paul and stated in his address on Mars Hill when he said that God had made of *one blood* all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. (Acts 17:26.)

The human race has had a single source; the same blood courses through the veins of all men. It is true that we speak of five different races and that we distinguish between the various nationalities, but these are only surface differences. All men, whether white, black, brown, yellow or red have the same anatomy, and there is a marked similarity between all languages, proving that they are but the developments of an original language. The human race is a great family, and there is a bond of bloodrelationship that links them all together.

But real brotherhood must mean much more than that. In spite of this blood-relationship some do not act at all like brothers. Instead of loving and helping one another, they hate and devour one another. Real brotherhood should bridge all differences between races, nationalities and social classes. Can you look upon the Negro or the Chinaman as your brother? Can you treat the ignorant and depraved as though they belonged to your family? Human brotherhood should manifest itself above all in a spirit of love and helpfulness, and it must be based on the Fatherhood of God. All who acknowledge God as their Father and possess the Spirit of God in their hearts are real brothers. Before God they are equal and share alike in the love and grace of God and feel themselves duty bound to love and help one another.

November 16, 1930

Jesus, an Example of Stewardship

John 17:1-7; Luke 2:49.

In this meeting we should try to take the *stew* out of stewardship. To some it seems to be a bugbear, and they fight against it; but if we practice stewardship we soon find that it enables us to live a better and far more useful life. If we want to know its real meaning and how it should be practiced, then we should look at Jesus as our example. He taught us, first of all, that life has a purpose.

When 12 years old he said, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He knew that he had a definite work to do. And that truth applies with equal force to each and all of us. As far as we are concerned, our task is just as important as the work was that Jesus came to do.

Then a little further reflection convinces us that we have also received the necessary gifts and abilities to do our work. We have personal aptitudes or talents which qualify us for our work. We may cultivate and develop them, but in the last resort, we must admit that they were given us, implanted by God in our souls. So God has given us a task and the tools with which to accomplish the task.

Then it is also evident that some day we will have to answer as to the use we have made of our gifts and whether or not we have always seized the opportunities as they came to us. How will we fare in that day of reckoning? Will we be able to say as Jesus did when he stood at the end of his earthly life, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me?"

But the thing that we should get at in this study is the spirit in which we should do our work. Jesus was about his Father's business, and because it was his Father's business, it was his own. We, too, have been assigned some definite tasks, we are stewards managing certain affairs. But let us learn the lesson that we are managing our Father's business, and because it is our Father's business, we have an interest in it, it is really our own business. We are not working for some far away master, but we are workers together with God. If you are not faithful as a steward, you are just neglecting your own business. Who wouldn't be eager and glad to do his best in managing his own affairs?

November 23, 1930

Things for Which We Should Be Thankful

Ps. 103:1-13.

The psalmist did not have to enumerate all these blessings in order to force his sluggish soul to praise the Lord. Perhaps he wrote this psalm to justify himself before others. They may have wondered how it came about that he could be so glad and grateful. It seemed strange to them that he should be constantly singing. What has that man got to be so happy over? What good fortune has come to him that he should be so elated? He has his share of trouble and enough misfortune to crush all joy out of his life, and still he sings. If he had just won a great victory or come into possession of some great wealth, then we could

understand his gratitude, but as it is, nothing unusual has happened, and still he is so thrilled with joy that he hardly knows how to express his feelings. What has happened to this man that he should be so thankful?

So in order that others might not think that he is beside himself, he enumerates the blessings he has received. And the strange thing is that he mentions mostly spiritual things, the redemption of his soul. He is also thankful because of what God has done for others. "He made known his ways unto Moses," etc. Do we thank God enough for the manifestation of his love, mercy and righteousness in the past? Once more, the thought of God's nature fills him with uncontrollable joy, so that a song just bursts from his lips. "He doesn't deal with us after our sins," etc. Who wouldn't thank a God like that?

This year many may not feel very much like giving thanks unto God. We have had the worst drouth in 35 years, many are out of work, business is at a standstill. So if they think it strange that we should have a Thanksgiving day under such circumstances, then let us give them a reason for the gratitude that fills our hearts. It is primarily because of what God has done for our souls, and also because we have learned to know something of the real character of God.

November 30, 1930

Our Responsibilities to Spread the Gospel

1 Cor. 9:16; Rom. 1:14-16.

Have we as young people any responsibilities toward the spread of the gospel? Isn't that the duty of the church? Wasn't the church founded for that very purpose? And some specially gifted men within the church may be responsible for the spread of the gospel—those who have been called of God as missionaries and ministers, the Sunday school teachers and perhaps the wealthy people among our church members who can easily support missionary work. But small groups of young people can't be held responsible for the spread of the gospel.

However, let us not be so sure about that. We can't very well roll all the responsibility upon others. It may be that we are just as responsible for the spread of the gospel as anybody else. How can we find out whether or not we have any such responsibilities? A little reflection may enlighten us on this subject.

What does the word *responsibility* really mean? It is compound of two words, *response* and *ability*, and so it means the ability to respond. Are we able to respond in any way to the call

of God to spread his Gospel? I think we are. We have the Gospel, we possess the knowledge that others need. We know something of what the Gospel can do for men, and we have countless opportunities to acquaint others with the Gospel.

Above all we have Christ's command. When he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," he didn't intend that to be the duty of the apostles only, but it was meant for every one of his disciples whether old or young, rich or poor, cultured or ignorant, everyone has a definite part in the great enterprise. As young people of today we have a better training and greater opportunities than anyone has ever had, so our responsibility must be all the greater. Are you discharging or neglecting your responsibilities?

December 7, 1930

The Best Christmas Gifts

2 Cor. 8:1-5.

We are again entering the Christmas season. This season has its joys and thrilling experiences, but also its worries and anxious cares. Perhaps the thing that worries us most at this time is the gift question. If we always knew just what to give and whom to remember with our gifts, and if we weren't always so short of funds, it wouldn't be much of a problem for us, but as it is we hardly know what to do in the matter.

In the first place, we ought to avoid all useless gifts. Christmas gifts should not only express a sentiment, but serve a purpose as well. It would be a mistake to give a book on some scientific subject to a boy who isn't at all interested in reading, far less in science. It would be just as useless to give a set of tools to a boy whose one ambition is to read. The best gifts are those that answer to some need our friends may have.

Then again the best gifts are those that are given with a glad and willing heart. If you give just because it is customary to exchange gifts at this time of the year, or if you give merely because you received a gift last year or in order to win the favor of some one, then your gifts have lost all their value. The motive determines the worth of a Christmas gift.

Once more the best gifts are those that you give to the neediest people. Look about you and find some one who has been neglected by others and who is in actual want, then send him some food or money or something he needs, and your gifts will be remembered in heaven. Think of the sick, the shut-ins, the poor and all who serve you in any way, your teacher, your pastor and your most faithful friends. A little token of love and esteem will fill their hearts with cheer for many a day to come.

Then there is the very best gift that you can give. You can give your heart to the service of the Master. Such a gift will bear fruit in all eternity.

A Quiet Talk With God Each Day Daily Bible Readers' Course

- | | | |
|------|--------|---|
| Nov. | 3-9. | What Does Brotherhood Mean? Matt. 23:8; 1 John 3:17. |
| " | 3. | Of One Family. Eph. 3:14-21. |
| " | 4. | Of One Nature. Acts 17:24-28. |
| " | 5. | Of One Standing. Matt. 23:8-12. |
| " | 6. | Of One Need. 1 John 3:14-18. |
| " | 7. | Of One Desire. Isa. 2:2-4. |
| " | 8. | Of One Opportunity. Isa. 54:1-3. |
| " | 9. | Of One Hope. Matt. 6:9-15. |
| " | 10-16. | Jesus an Example of Stewardship. John 17:1-7; Luke 2:49. |
| " | 10. | A Divine Business. Luke 2:41-51. |
| " | 11. | A Divine Work. Matt. 17:24-27. |
| " | 12. | A Divine Purpose. Matt. 20:20-28. |
| " | 13. | A Divine Opportunity. Matt. 25:14-29. |
| " | 14. | A Divine Privilege. John 12:20-28. |
| " | 15. | A Divine Obligation. John 9:1-5. |
| " | 16. | A Divine Reward. John 17:1-7. |
| " | 17-23. | Things for Which We Should Be Thankful. Ps. 103:1-13. |
| " | 17. | Gratitude for Forgiveness. Luke 7:36-50. |
| " | 18. | Thankfulness for Health. 2 Sam. 22:29-36. |
| " | 19. | Gladness for Youth. Eccl. 11:9 to 12:7. |
| " | 20. | Knowing the Way of Life. John 6:66-69. |
| " | 21. | Appreciating a Just Government. Luke 1:46-55. |
| " | 22. | Divine Care. Ps. 23:1-6. |
| " | 23. | Eternal Life. John 3:1-17. |
| " | 24-30. | Our Responsibility to Spread the Gospel. 1 Cor. 9:16; Rom. 1:14-16. |
| " | 24. | God's Plan. 1 Cor. 1:18-25. |
| " | 25. | Christ's Command. Matt. 28:16-20. |
| " | 26. | The World's Need. Rom. 1:18-25. |
| " | 27. | The World's Call. Acts 16:6-10. |
| " | 28. | The Good News Can Save. Rom. 1:14-17. |
| " | 29. | Compelled by Conscience. 1 Cor. 9:16-19. |
| " | 30. | We Can Do It. Matt. 5:13-16. |
| Dec. | 1-7. | The Best Christmas Gift. 2 Cor. 8:1-5. |
| " | 1. | Gifts that Help. 2 Cor. 9:8-11. |
| " | 2. | Gifts that Please. Gen. 37:1-3. |
| " | 3. | Gifts that Cheer. Matt. 2:1-11. |
| " | 4. | Gifts that Are Not Burdensome. 2 Cor. 9:1-5. |

The man who tries to do something and fails is infinitely better off than the one who tries to do nothing and succeeds.

The fellow who watches the clock is likely to remain one of the "hands."

What Is a Boy?

What is a boy?

He is a person who is going to carry on what you have started. He is to sit right where you are sitting and—when you are gone—attend to those things you now think are so important.

You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will be carried out depends upon him. Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them. He will assume control of your cities, states, and nation.

He is going to move in and take over your churches, schools, universities, and commercial undertakings. All your work is going to be judged and passed on or condemned by him. Your reputation and your future is in his hands.

All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and humanity is in his hands. So it might be as well to pay him some attention.—Boy's Club Magazine.

Saying Words

There are some truths so self-evident that we are likely to miss their pointedness. Therefore we ought to be grateful to those persons who have the insight and wisdom to make such truths stand out. For instance, in a book called "Training Young People in Worship," the authors declare, "The ability to say words is in no sense a gauge of one's religion."

We may envy the individual who can stand up in a meeting and make a talk or who can couch a prayer in well-chosen words. But we should not mistake skill in speaking for consecration of life to high ideals. Conduct speaks louder than words.

Coming Events

Little Jim: "I knew you were coming tonight!"

Sister's Beau: "Who told you?"

Little Jim: "Nobody told me, but I saw my sister take your picture out of the bureau drawer and put it on the piano!"

* * *

When the rain falls, does it ever get up again? Yes, in dew time.

* * *

Was George Washington ever licked? Yes, on a postage stamp. Well, they had to do that behind his back.

* * *

A child defined a lie as an abomination to the Lord and a very present help in time of trouble.

* * *

The summer resort is said to be a place where mother gets rested, sister gets courted, brother gets tutored, and father gets busted.

* * *

A Diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday but forgets her age.

* * *

Praising yourself to the skies is not going to get you there.

The Come-Back Par Excellence

"Honey, I'm knee-deep in love with you."

"All right, I'll put you on my wading list."—Ohio State Sun Dial.

Bill: "What is the hardest thing you ever did?"

Will: "Make ten easy payments."—Jeweler's Magazine.

Professor: "Do you know why I flunked you?"

Student: "I haven't an idea."

Professor: "Correct."—Kansas Wesleyan Advance.

Lo, the Poor Indian!

Let's pause long enough to shed a tear for the American Indian.

The white man copped his lands.

The college boy his yells, and

The flapper his paint!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Produce the Goods

"How much does the chemistry professor get?"

"Oh, about three thousand dollars a year."

"And the football coach?"

"About twelve thousand dollars."

"Quite a difference. 'Tisn't right!"

"No? Did you ever hear eighty thousand people cheering a recitation in chemistry?"

"Mummy, do you say, 'It is me,' or 'It is I'?"

"Always remember the rhyme: 'It is I, said the spider to the fly.'"

"I see—but couldn't you say, 'It is me, said the spider to the flea?'"—The Congregationalist.

A man, walking into a restaurant, left the door open.

"Shut that door!" yelled a big man eating lunch. "Were you reared in a barn?"

The man closed the door, and, dropping into a seat, began to cry. The big man looked uncomfortable, and tapped the weeper on the shoulder.

"My friend, I didn't intend to hurt your feelings," he said. "I just wanted you to shut the door."

"I'm not crying because you hurt my feelings," was the reply, "but the sad fact is I was reared in a barn, and every time I hear an ass bray it makes me feel homesick."—Witness and Canadian Homestead.

Interviewer: "Are you one of those girls who watch the clock?"

Applicant (with dignity): "No, sir; I have a wrist-watch."

Picking friends is a good deal the same as selecting a radio—you can't get any distance with a cheap set.

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The Baptist Herald 1931

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