

# MICHIGAN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

VOL. 57

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, DECEMBER 18, 1930

NUMBER 51

Editor  
WM. H. PHELPS

Published Weekly \$2.00 per Year  
32 ELIZABETH STREET EAST

Business Mgr. and Associate Editor  
ELMER HOUSER

*A Merry Christmas to the World's Children*



*A Sympathetic Member of the  
League of Children's Friends*

*The Methodist Children's Home Society*

*The Children's Village, Detroit, Mich.*

# The Greatest Music House in Michigan

## Christmas Greetings to Our Oldest Advertiser

**I**n the late '80's the writer, desiring a piano for his home, went to Mr. Clayton A. Grinnell, of Grinnell Brothers, and made an arrangement by which he se-



Photo by Bachrach  
IRA L. GRINNELL

cured a piano and they began to advertise in the Michigan Christian Advocate. Ever since, for over forty years, Grinnell Brothers have advertised in this paper. For more than two thousand times, weekly, that house has had publicity through the Advocate, and the name, Grinnell Brothers, has become a household word in all the Methodist homes of Michigan. Reliability, the best of goods and high standards of ethics have gained for the House of Grinnell a reputation for fair dealing, dependable goods and honest representations, and built up a business of vast extent and the highest standing in business circles.

### The Beginnings

Nearly sixty years ago I. L. and C. A. Grinnell entered into partnership under the name of Grinnell Brothers, selling sewing machines, first at Clinton, Mich., then at Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. In 1880 they came to Detroit, where they established a large business in the sewing machine line. Later they added organs, then pianos and other musical equipment. Finally the firm confined itself exclusively to musical goods, in which it became the leading house in Detroit and Michigan. The business steadily grew, necessitating in turn three removals to larger quarters. In 1910 the present location, 1515-21 Woodward avenue, was secured. Here the ever expanding business has found its permanent home, becoming one of the largest and most progressive concerns for sale of musical goods in the entire country.

### Branches Everywhere

In time branches were established in all the principal cities of Michigan, besides eight branches in Detroit and others in Windsor, Ont., and in Toledo, O.

In 1912 the partnership was changed to a corporation, in which employees have

### Elmer Houser

always been encouraged to buy stock and have a share in the business.

Everything in the musical line is carried, floor after floor being filled with pianos and other merchandise. Also, when the talking machine and radio came into vogue, the Victrola, Victor Radio, Electrola—the whole line of Victor goods and records—was added. Indeed, Grinnell Brothers became wholesalers as well as retailers for these goods, in a large separate building at First and State streets.

### Piano Factory Established

A large factory was started in Detroit, for producing the "Grinnell Brothers Own" Piano, which proved very popular and with the Grinnell Piano-Player, also Grinnell-built, took rank with the best of the other makes which the House of Grinnell carries. Later the piano factory was located at Holly, Mich., the Detroit factory being used for repair and rebuilding work.



Photo by Spellman  
ALBERT A. GRINNELL

### The Present Organization

The founders of the business have passed on. I. L. Grinnell died in 1921, C. A. Grinnell in 1927. The management remains chiefly among the relatives of the Grinnell brothers. The present officers are: A. A. Grinnell, President; E. W. Grinnell, Vice-President and Treasurer; S. E. Clark, Vice-President and Secretary; Jay Grinnell, Vice-President and

This write-up was not solicited by the House of Grinnell, but is voluntarily given by the Advocate in appreciation of generous patronage through all the years.

Assistant Secretary; H. W. Rapp, Vice-President and Assistant Treasurer; L. G. Grinnell, Assistant Secretary; L. E. Grinnell, Assistant Treasurer.



Photo by C. M. Hayes & Co.  
CLAYTON A. GRINNELL

### High Standards Maintained

The same standards of probity, knowledge of the musical trade and its requirements, and business acumen and enterprise, which have during the past marked the House of Grinnell, characterizes it now. Patrons are assured of honorable dealing and generous treatment always.

The Michigan Christian Advocate, which has always found the name of Grinnell Brothers a synonym for dependability, integrity and the highest business standards, brings its hearty Christmas greetings and good will, and wishes for the Grinnell Brothers Music House continued prosperity in the years ahead.



The Grinnell-built piano, of Grinnell Brothers' own design and manufacture, is a distinct achievement, of which the house is justly proud. It has stood the test of the critical music-loving public, and is very popular, as is the Grinnell Player-Piano.

# The World Is Waiting for the Sons of God

A Sermon Preached in the Church of The Covenant, Washington, D. C.

Albert Joseph McCartney

ON THE two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard University the students had a great torchlight procession in which they carried many original, amusing, and significant banners. The freshman class of that year which had but recently matriculated in the university, carried at the head of their procession this motto:

"The University Has Been Waiting  
250 Years For Us"

It created much amusement and became the butt of many a wisecrack. But for all the bantering it did convey a profound and solemn truth when you carry that motto over into the campus of the school of life. It is this perduring spirit of the freshman that is the hope of society. These newly arrived recruits at Harvard University, light-hearted boys that they were, felt how the destinies of the future rested upon their conduct and believed that out of the wise use of their lives blessings were to rest upon their Alma Mater.

That, my friends, is the only attitude for us to take toward life with its terrific problems and confusion and threatened disaster to society today. Society is waiting for you. Don't discount your influence. The world, the church, the community cannot get along without you. The earnest expectation of hundreds and thousands of years of Christian civilization is waiting for the revelation of what there is in you. The purpose of Almighty God and all the moving tides of his providence wait for the service which every son of God can render. Perhaps the work of God is halting now just because you withhold your service and are not living up to the great heritage that gathers back of you.

The world is waiting not only for you and me in our humble undramatic way to do our little bit in forwarding the Divine Intentions of society but it is constantly waiting for those who will show the Divine spark of leadership in special ways. In the moral progress of the race this has been true and will be true to the end of time. And let me speak this especially into the heart of youth. The world is waiting, longing, sighing inwardly for the appearance of leadership of the sons of God in many a vast area of life today.

I think, for one thing, the world is waiting just now for someone who will show himself a son of God so swayed by the spirit of God that he will challenge the right of the amusement industry, particularly through the movies, to put the stamp of pagan approval upon life in a country that should boast a Christian heritage. Twenty million people witness daily the films in this country. Fifteen million of these are under twenty-four years of age. One-third of the films, it has been carefully estimated, are striking at the very basic corner stone of American life, delivering their subtle and persistent blows at the sanctity of marriage, the integrity of the family relationship, and are certainly making light of personal purity. From billboard to box office they are subtly, insidiously, and intentionally sensual. Ten million children constitute the daily patronage of the screen houses, where sooner or later they are bound to

see emphasized the vile and suggestive. The picture industry has become the fourth or fifth largest in the country and in spite of the hypocritical camouflage which it maintains through the triumvirate of a censorship composed of men who enjoy the confidence of the country this great industry is responsible for the wilful distortion of life with which we are so constantly familiar.

When I see men of vast wealth expending it either in their lifetime or after their death upon futile, innocuous philanthropies I wonder that some of them don't see the chance to do a great thing for society. For the man who will seek to control this industry in the interests of humanity must be a man rich enough and well informed enough and with political influence enough and who will be willing to take his millions and dedicate them through the purchase in the open market, if need be, of a controlling interest in this industry and save the most popular and influential amusement of all life from becoming the greatest moral foe of childhood.

Out in the advertising world we are waiting for the appearance of some son of God. Commercial advertising has become an open scandal throughout the length and breadth of the land. Not only are we marring America the Beautiful with ugly billboards that obscure the landscape and screech at us of their jazzy wares but from the printed pages of every magazine and placarded in ten thousand shop windows we are obliged to gaze upon immoral innuendos and suggestive insinuations. They are a discredit to the common decency of the country. I believe God is going to raise up some man in the advertising business who will call the American Association of Advertisers to clean house and lift the standard of business advertising out of the mud. It is high time for the voice of America to be lifted in protest not only against this violation of the beauty of the country but against the immolation of the girlhood and womanhood of the land upon the golden altar of advertising.

I think also how just now the world is waiting for people of position and influence in society to show what temperance can really do for a country. Politics and selfishness have got the country into a fearful muddle on this whole subject, but that is all the more reason why those of us who believe in it should rally to the cause of temperance. Science has already done a great deal for the cause in disclosing the evil repercussions of intemperance upon society. Human derelicts on every hand constitute an appalling warning. Education carried us far until we let it drop and it can carry us a long way farther. Agitation has had a conspicuous part to play in the past and will have a great part to play in the future. Legislation can accomplish certain things but it will take more than all these put together.

What the cause of temperance needs most of all is a lot of earnest minded, capable, responsible people actuated by

the spirit of Christ who are willing in season and out of season to make a personal sacrifice to show the world what temperance really means. In a day when the forces of intemperance have had the effrontery to organize under the name that is amongst the most sacred in the lexicon of Christian history, calling themselves crusaders and would use the sacred oriflamme of the cross as the emblem of their society it is high time for the friends of temperance who have fought and bled and died for a hundred years to rally to the cause and be amongst the sons of God for whom the world is waiting.

**CHRIST AND CULTURE.** William Chalmers Covert. Richard R. Smith, \$1.00.

Dr. Covert asks us to behold the spectacle of our sophisticated fiction, the scandal of our materialistic science, the sacrilege of our unholy politics, and the disintegration at work throughout the whole fabric of modern life. In the face of all this he presents a masterly, common-sense interpretation of the standards of Christ and shows how the wide and diverse life of our day can and must be brought under the domination of Christ and made to conform to his ideals.

**THE ADVENTURE OF THE HERE-AFTER.** William E. Biederwolf. Richard R. Smith, Inc. \$1.00.

The sermons presented in this book have aroused exceptional interest throughout the evangelistic campaigns which Dr. Biederwolf has recently conducted. Throughout his discussion the author's purpose has been to present a Gospel in which immortality and redemption play an equal part. A very fine feature of the book is to be found in those chapters in which the author deals with Spiritualism and other vagaries. In its entirety the book will be welcomed by ministers for its fresh and courageous approach and for the variety of its illustrations.

**GIRLS WHO MADE GOOD.** Winifred and Frances Kirkland. Richard R. Smith. \$1.00.

Fifteen stories of the heroism and courage shown in the lives of Florence Nightingale, Lady Astor, Frances E. Willard, Mary Slessor of Calabar, Alice Foote MacDougall, and other women who achieved places of distinction and performed deeds of service. The stories are similar in character to those which Archer Wallace has written for boys.

**CHARLESTON PAPERS.** Harold Adye Prichard. Richard R. Smith, Inc. \$2.50.

There are great minds in the Church today; and when some of those minds, at the bidding of the Church Congress, gather together, the resulting expression of opinion is of necessity striking and progressive.

Those words are the keynote of the essays to be found in this volume of Charleston papers. They are striking and they are progressive. They deal with such widely divergent themes as Marriage, Nationalism and Internationalism, and the Holy Communion.

**GREAT THEMES OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.** Richard R. Smith, \$2.00.

An undercurrent of positive conviction and definite faith runs throughout this book. The men who contribute have something to say to a needy world.

The sermons are presented by G. Campbell Morgan, George A. Buttrick, Ernest F. Tittle, Ralph W. Sockman, John A. W. Haas, William P. Merrill, J. H. Jowett, Clovis G. Chappell, Edwin Holt Hughes, James I. Vance, Charles E. Jefferson, Albert W. Beaven, Edwin H. Byington, Robert G. Lee and Gaius Glenn Atkins.

# For Those Who "Hunger and Thirst"

## A Help to the Family Altar and Personal Religion

### Sunday—

#### May the Church Mean This to Us

"A little church; the settlers come for miles,  
Some few, unhearing, sit in selfish dreams;  
For life is vilely mingled, sweetly mixed,  
Scanty or bounteous in vital force;  
But here the most are really worshippers,  
Seeking in fellowship a sympathy  
With God. Their simple faces plainly show  
What feelings stir the heart, for hard looks melt,  
And thin, worn wretchedness in garb grotesque  
Is eased of ugliness while it feeds  
On love and hope. This meager hour may lift  
Some groveling face to see the blessed sky;  
Master a soul, and yield it back to life  
Tempered against the evil days to be.  
A little thing, this church? Remove its root,  
Ossa upon Pelion would not fill the pit."  
—Edwin Ford Piper.

### Monday—

"I am the vine, ye are the branches.  
He that abideth in me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit."

#### Under the Apple Tree

If Thou canst make so wonderful  
This thrilling thing, a tree,  
I wonder, Lord, what thou couldst make  
If man should yield to Thee;  
If every tiny earth born root  
Drank from the wells of God,  
If all day long his every breath  
Answered Thy slightest nod?  
Bent, twisted, gnarled, time eaten,  
But a glorious thing, this tree,  
With hands and heart uplifted  
Seeking the face of Thee!  
O Thou who made so wondrous fair  
This thrilling thing, my tree,  
Because its every hour is lived  
An offering unto Thee,  
O take me root and branch and all,  
(The years go on apace!)  
Grow up in me that radiant life  
That shines, Lord, from Thy face!  
—Ralph S. Cushman, in Hill Top Verses.

### Tuesday—

So many of our people are good starters but bad stayers. We don't recognize there is a vast difference between setting out and arriving, between longing and achieving, but God wills that I should arrive. He does spur me on by His Spirit to achieve. When He opens His hand and heart to bestow, He expects from me more than an outstretched hand that says "I want it." He desires the outstretched hand that grasps it, and so can say "Here and now, Lord, I take it." Am I too bold and expectant? When Paul said "Not as though I had already attained," did he mean he had not and never would? Nay, it was the language of hope, not of disappointed ambition, the language of an ambition that is realizable to steady aim

and to persistent and energetic faith. And so he says "I press on." Again I say, am I too bold when I expect to attain? Is not Charles Wesley strictly Pauline when he encourages me to sing about

"... the indubitable seal  
That ascertains the kingdom mine,  
The powerful stamp I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine:  
O shed it in my heart abroad,  
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!"

You know he is. God never meant me to sail over life's choppy sea right down in the hold of Romans vii., perpetually groaning "Miserable wretch that I am! Who will rescue me from this body of death?" He means me to breathe the fresh air and bracing atmosphere of Romans vii., with its no condemnation in Christ Jesus and its freedom from the law of sin and death, with the assurance of being more than conqueror. I am to be an over-comer in Christ Jesus, as I face up against principalities and powers and tribulations, and things present and things to come. and exclaim rapturously "Who shall separate me?" and then declare confidently, "I am persuaded nothing can." And it is perfect love that brings me to that glorious port of achievement. O, I would like us all to glorify Christ! Unquestionably there is a rapture of possession in the New Testament that is intended for you and me, and we should be much more rapturous if only we were more heroic.—T. Ferrier Hulme, in Methodist Times.

### Wednesday—

#### Under Conviction of Sin

In spite of certain modern views of the problem of evil, it is easier to find men under conviction of sin than it is to find them under conviction of salvation! It is the latter emphasis which needs expression in the Christian community everywhere. Without it the witness is unreal and incomplete. The early Methodist was vitally convinced that there was a saving faith which was accompanied by a spiritual illumination. In this new light he marched confidently to many a crusade. He had a definite and personal assurance of salvation. If we, as his successors, appear too shy to claim this experience we shall cut sorry figures as crusaders. The fear of being numbered amongst the "unco' guid" should not debar us. The man who is really convinced that Christ's love has burnt him clean has no time to be arrogant. It is his new and real dependence on the everlasting Love which makes him independent. He is pledged to a crusade, not because he is a better man than his fellows, but because he realizes that God's grace extends to all men, even to him!—Leslie F. Church.

### Thursday—

#### Assurance and Faith

Today one recognizes that many faithful souls do not experience personal assurance, but it is none the less true that assurance is a reasonable result of faith. It is, indeed, "the reflex act of faith." As

soon as the inner consciousness is assured the outer life begins to express a new confidence. This experience intensifies the value of 'all Christian witness. Utterly unlike arrogant self-assurance, it makes us "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." It was such an experience which led Sampson Staniforth, and Sammy Hick, and countless others to sing on the brink of death, "My God, I am Thine." The same sense of certainty possessed George Cadbury, of whom his biographer wrote, "He saw the witness of God all about him, but it was the witness of a personal God, and the immortality he believed in was a personal immortality."

The Methodist and the Quaker are no more definite than the fourteenth-century mystic, Julian of Norwich. From the depth of her heart she wrote, "God willeth that we be as assured in hope of the bliss of heaven while we are here, as we shall be in sureness while we are there."—Leslie F. Church.

### Friday—

#### A Habit of the Soul

When faith becomes a habit of the soul one thinks not so much "of God's readiness to pardon, as of pardon actually bestowed and received, communicated and assured to the conscience by God's Holy Spirit." These words, written by T. R. Allan, might well constitute a challenge to the Christian today. The world, with its vague unrest, it not impressed by abstractions. It longs for certainties, and is willing to listen to men and women who are sure of their fellowship with God. Even when they do not speak, it watches them wistfully and sometimes bows the knee in supplication.

Ruskin said that if you cut a square inch out of any of Turner's skies you would find the infinite in it. The Christian who has entered into right relationships with God through Christ may have a patch of over-clouded experience, yet even in a square inch, taken haphazard, you may find the signs of the Eternal Love. The Spirit does not limit His witness to a sunny day. Some men are most sure of God when the fight is hardest. "Our victory does not lie in our not feeling imperfections," said Francis de Sales, "but in our not consenting to them."—Leslie F. Church.

### Saturday—

#### I Am With You Always

Matt. 28:20

William J. Crocker

Why should we for tomorrow pray?  
Why let it's cares disturb today?  
Who gives us life guards all our way,  
And JESUS will be there.

Why should we feel such anxious care?  
Why fear our lot we cannot bear?  
Who gives us life is everywhere,  
And JESUS will be there.

Why should we dread the great unknown?  
Why shrink when death demands his own?

Death can but take us to God's throne,  
And JESUS will be there.

Nagaunee, Michigan.



# The Editor's Own Page

Wm. H. Phelps



## The Christmas Story and the Poor

HAVE you ever noted that the scenes of the Christmas story were laid among the lowly and the poor? The three Wise Men give the only touch of wealth that is anywhere visible.

Just think of the humble scenes that would appear if worked up into a play and of the humble folk who would appear upon the stage.

Mary and Joseph had both lived all their days in humble homes and Zachariah and Elizabeth dwelt in simplicity untouched by luxury.

If we were to go through the homes of the other characters, poverty would be even more in evidence. It is not hard to imagine the homes where lived Simeon, Anna, the shepherds, and their neighbors.

How humble must have been the new home just started by Joseph and Mary. Love was there and fine loyalty and high expectancy. There may have been spiritual hyacinths but there could not have been much on the material side beyond the daily bread.

And yet—these humble homes without davenport and bathrooms and radios were not bare homes. No truly pious Jewish home was bare, it was warm with a patriotism carefully cultivated, and it was aglow with the presence of God. Speaking of the Jewish boy, Theodore G. Soares gives us this picture of the home life:

When his mother took him out of the door, she would stop at the doorpost where there was a little folded parchment. This she touched with great reverence and then kissed her fingers. Some day he would ask, "Why do you do that?" She would explain that the holy name of the God of Israel was written upon that parchment. She would then recite to him the sacred words of the Law which were written within the parchment. Let us turn to those passages, Deut. 6:4-9; 11:13-21, and see what the pious Jew inscribed upon the doorpost of his dwelling. Edersheim tells us that this was the symbol of the wonderful promise, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even forevermore."

When one has finished reading Dr. Soares' completed picture of the simple homes of Nazareth, especially the home of Joseph and Mary, it is easy to accept his conclusion:

The common needs in the carpenter's home were met by careful husbanding of the slim financial resources of the family. Early the child knew that wants must be limited and that luxuries could not be expected. Such rigid economy may make life sordid and bitter or it may induce simplicity and gratitude. Poverty is terrible and tragic, and it is hard to rise out of it into noble character. But the humble home, where wants are few and the simple joys which cost little are cherished, may lead its children into beautiful trust and thankful acceptance of all that comes as from the hand of God. The experience of the Nazareth home produced the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." Jesus was following his life-custom when he took the loaves and the fish and blessed them. He found God in simple daily necessities and also in the beauty of life that does not have to be bought.

It is more difficult in some respects for the rich to train their children than for those of meager means. There is something in the co-operative struggle of a family that the most elaborate educational facilities cannot equal. Sympathy, appreciation, understanding, unselfish service may develop in these humble conditions as they can scarcely be secured where every advantage and luxury is available from infancy. So the child Jesus, in his com-

fortable but very simple home, sufficiently fed and cared for by the labor of Joseph, found life good and thanked God for daily blessings.—American Institute of Sacred Literature.

Just by way of contrast, take a glimpse at modern life, depicted by a modern leader:

Nothing can replace the home in religion. Modern parents in shoals have been abandoning the religious training offered by the churches. Fathers have preferred the automobile or the golf course to the sanctuary and mothers have followed, or, becoming modern on their own account, have espoused some ism, all the way from positive atheism to general indifferentism.

One way or another a large proportion of the children of the United States today are being reared without any religious training worthy of the name.

When, however, the pendulum swings far one way it is time to expect it to swing the other. Things are not going well with the moral character of America on the basis of irreligious family life, and irreligious education.

Many fathers who are not particularly worried about themselves, although probably they ought to be, are deeply worried about their sons.

One hears parents lamenting the lack of something in their children—they are not quite sure what—which they had in their youth, something stabilizing and directive that produced quality in character and purposefulness in life. They vaguely suspect that it may have been the religious influence in their home. They wish that their children had something like it. They are certain that their children need it.—Harry Emerson Fosdick in "Child Study" for November.

The simplicity of their homes is only matched by the simplicity of their faith. Joseph's absolute faith in the dreams that came to him, his confidence that God was directing him, his immediate obedience, all these testify to a childlike faith in God.

Fortunate childlike trust! Suppose Joseph had listened to the village gossips and had gone by the village standards instead of following the divine leading to stand by his covenant with his betrothed. That simple decision put him among the world's undying figures. Never let any man speak slightly of childlike faith.

We may be long on keen analysis and dissection of the Gospel story and short on the simple faith that wins the Father's guiding hand. "Except *we* become as little children!"

The scenes are laid mostly in humble places, "settings" that would be despised by the modern movie producers. Little bare bedrooms where at least four people dreamed of angels; an inn; a hillside at night, with shepherds watching their flocks, there were the scenes destined to change the world.

Soon, the cross and the resurrection will be claiming our thought, but we must never forget that dramatic scene of Joseph and Mary heading for Egypt, in poverty but in high faith, still following the angel of his dream.

The one place of beauty and of glory that figures in the story is the Temple. There these humble folk found the beauty they were denied at home.

And yet it was this humble world that broke forth into song. It rings in the words of Mary and Elizabeth, of Simeon and Anna, as well as in the music of the angel voices. There was music everywhere, not merely a song in the air and that music will never cease.

This will be a hard Christmas for many a man, but we are not as poor as these first people who sang the Christmas music. We are rich—in Christ.

## Christmas Gifts

Sara A. C. Plummer

Last year I sent five handkerchiefs  
To Jane Louisa Warner;  
You'd know them by the clover leaves  
Embroidered in the corner.  
Louisa was hard pressed that year,  
So many friends she owns;  
So, on December twenty-sixth  
She sent to Clara Jones—  
Two of the clover handkerchiefs,  
Which balanced her account;  
And on December twenty-seven  
Sent two to Alice Blount.  
Now Clara Jones and Alice Blount  
Are both good friends of mine;  
And each sent me a handkerchief  
December twenty-nine.  
Two clover leaves; and now this year  
A third has come to me,  
Another that I made myself—  
From Grandma Larabee.  
I know she got that handkerchief  
From Jane Louisa Warner;  
I know it by the clover leaf  
I stitched upon the corner.

## W. F. M. S.

Miss Blanche H. Loucks of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Miss Alice R. Appenzeller, president of Ewha College, Seoul, Korea, sail from San Francisco January 23 on the S. S. President Wilson. They will spend one week in Honolulu with Korean and Chinese friends and then continue their voyage on the S. S. President Lincoln. February 5, they expect to reach Seoul, Korea, in time for commencement activities at the Woman's College early in March.

## It Actually Happened

Alfred F. Way

A BEAUTIFUL picture which this writer has carried in memory from the days of childhood is one which appeared on the cover of a paper called the Ram's Horn. The picture was that of an aged couple who had walked together through the sunshine and the shadow for more than fifty years. They were now walking hand in hand down the gentle slope toward the setting sun. Their faces reflected the eternal peace which had been their possession through the years. Beyond the little valley which skirted the hills was the dim outline of the cemetery tinted with the soft golden light. Our aged friends seemed to be quickening their steps as they neared this quiet place, dreaded by so many.

### The Picture Is Marred

Some months ago I found a man and wife who seemed to be the counterpart of my picture. They had lived together as devoted Christians for many years, giving of their time and money freely for the Kingdom building. Their property which seemed ample for their comfort, had been designated by Will to the various Benevolent Organizations of the Church. Now they are waiting, unafraid in the twilight of an octegenarian afternoon. They told me frankly, as they had no immediate relatives, they wanted their life's earnings to go to the Church. They had a few thousand dollars in cash which they wished to invest. I suggested the church annuities as their age would warrant 8%

return with no worry about loss or re-investment.

My good friends elected to purchase some commercial bonds from which they never received a penny of interest. Their last days were filled with the sorrow of regret. The bonds were found to be of little value when the estate was settled.

I have told this story, thinking perhaps that it might save other persons from making the same mistake. Why take the chance of uncertainty when the Church, through the Methodist Foundation of Michigan, offers a good return in interest with absolute safety?

### A Suggestive Letter

The following letter from one of our devoted friends is good evidence:

"My annuity bond came duly to hand. This is the fifth deposit which I have made with the Methodist Foundation of Michigan and I consider it one of my best investments. I receive my annuity promptly, each six months, without thought on my part or fear of loss. You may feel free to use my name.—W. T. Fry, Ann Arbor.

Write the Methodist Foundation of Michigan, 34 E. Elizabeth Street, Detroit, for information.

## Questions! Questions!!

DR. FRED W. INGVLSTAD, of Central church, Lansing, has a Question Forum every month. Here is one Sunday night's gist:

What influence will the Anglican church pronouncement on birth control have on society?



DR. INGVLSTAD

Do you think "Green Pastures," the great Negro story, in play form, sold out for weeks in New York, is sacrilegious?

What did Peter mean in his Epistle when he reports that Jesus preached to the dead, giving them the opportunities of living men?

You did not preach on "The Methodist Faun." Will you tell us something about it?

What do you believe possible in Divine healing?

Do you consider that David was a good man?

What shall we do with the misfits? If I am a misfit, what shall I do?

Should political and economic subjects be handled from the pulpit? If "Yes," why is it not more widely done? If "No," in what adequate way can people be kept

informed and stirred up to the job of Christian citizenship?

Why is it right to invite a Catholic priest into any Protestant pulpit when there are no possible circumstances under which a Protestant preacher could be invited into a Catholic church?

Does the Methodist Church believe in sanctification?

Will you suggest books best adapted to help us understand ourselves?

What good does it do to pray?

Can an intelligent person accept the Genesis account of creation?

Do we show the true faith and trust in God when we carry life insurance?

What sanction does the Methodist Church give for the marriage of divorced people?

## AFTER PENTECOST WHAT? Cokesbury Press. \$1.50.

How the church and the program of the church can best be benefited by the current observance and study of Pentecost is the burden of the contributors to this timely volume. There are many significant and pertinent suggestions to be had from these chapters. The first chapter is "After Pentecost, What?," by O. E. Goddard, and among the best are "The New Christian Home," by Halford E. Luccock, and "The New Layman After Pentecost," by R. A. Doan.

ELDERLY WOMAN, METHODIST, seeks a home. Would gladly do general housework for the privilege of a home and small remuneration. Address J. P., c/o Michigan Christian Advocate.

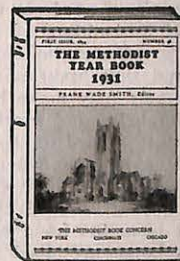
## BIBLE STORIES AND HOW TO TELL THEM. Rev. William J. May. Cokesbury Press, \$1.50.

A popular contributor to the Church School publications of Great Britain and the United States tells a number of Bible stories in a fascinating manner. Each story is prefaced with valuable notes on how to retell it. In addition, Mr. May devotes two sections of his book to "The Art of Story Telling" and "The Craft of the Bible Story."

READY BY JANUARY 15

## The Methodist Year Book for 1931

Frank Wade Smith, Editor



Price, net, 50 cents, postpaid

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN  
(Founded 1789)

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO  
Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco  
Detroit Kansas City Portland, Ore.  
Order from the nearest Address

# Topics of the Times

Elmer Houser

## Racketeering—and Prohibition.

**L**ANGUAGE grows by steady accretions. New words are constantly being coined. Often they begin with newspaper slang or vulgarisms, which presently come into common use. Any dictionary soon lacks the latest words, whether classic, scientific or colloquial. Only the latest revisions have them. Thus the words "hijacker," "racketeer" and "gangster" are not in the 1930 Webster. But they are in daily use and everybody knows their meaning.

Racketeering includes hijacking (preying on those engaged in unlawful activities) but its principal operations are in levying tribute, through terrorism, violence or secret methods, upon legitimate industry. When men combine for racketeering they become gangsters.

The extent of racketeering in this country has become very widespread. We have seen its effects here in Detroit, notably through its operations against the cleaning and dyeing business, and in the slaying of Gerald Buckley by gangsters. In Chicago the building and other trades have suffered severely. These unlawful activities concern every phase of graft and terrorism and tribute upon legitimate undertakings, honest industry and good government. Murder is one of the common instruments of racketeering. The whole underworld, with its scorn for righteousness, law and order, aids and abets all racketeering activities.

The extent of this organized lawlessness, throughout the country, particularly in the large cities, is so vast and widespread, and has become such a menace, it has engaged national attention, and has aroused the conviction that it must be met with a united and determined purpose to stamp it out. President Hoover has publicly given the matter his attention. While rightly insisting that to the local governments belongs the chief task of stamping out racketeering, he says federal aid should and will be given to assist local authorities to stop "the hideous gangster control" of local situations.

To this appeal there is encouraging response. In New York a committee of public safety, of forty distinguished citizens, has tackled the problem. In Chicago an anti-crime organization with a war chest of \$5,000,000 has been formed. The Attorney-General at Washington announces a drive against racketeering at Chicago and elsewhere, and says the whole agency of the federal government will be enlisted.

That it will be a hard fight, everybody understands. At Chicago alone the resources of the racketeers are said to exceed \$25,000,000. Yet no one with a grain of patriotism, or courage, of red blood or "sand," counsels lying down and letting the gangsters have their way and sway. Even the New York World, which advises submission to the lawless liquor traffic, says, "It is possible to put an end to racketeering," and urges that the war be fought to a finish. It is a herculean task, of course, but as the World says, it can be done. Everybody is in favor of wiping out the racketeers.

What has all this to do with prohibition, as indicated by our heading? Just this: If the best citizenry of America is determined that organized crime and violence and corruption, called racketeering, shall be stopped, why shall it not decree that violations of the Eighteenth Amendment and the prohibition laws shall be ended? Why say that racketeering must cease, but let prohibition violation go on, as the wets desire?

The Outlook magazine, which strains itself to show how wet it can be, calls racketeering "prohibition-bred lawlessness." How silly that is! As well say that sin is bred by the Ten Commandments and the injunctions of Jesus. Racketeering of all sorts is bred by the viciousness of those who hate law. If lawlessness is to be stopped, let us make a clean sweep of it, and not imagine that we can end other lawlessness while tolerating the most flagrant of all.

## Something New in Education.

**T**HE University of Chicago has announced a new and radical experiment in education. A merit system, we are told, will replace the old four-years course, and will be subjected to a five-year test.

In place of the present undergraduate courses of four years, with a certain number of credits and degrees at the end, a new type of college is to be created, in which the student will be

able to graduate whenever he can pass a comprehensive examination. "A genius may get through in two months, a brilliant student in a year." One may loaf along for four years; then there is a weeding but no degree. The students upon whom the university thinks it worth while to spend more time and money will then go on in special courses, but still with no time limitations, before degrees are given. The present graduate school is to go and in place of this and the present undergrad courses the nonprofessional training will be divided into five main sections, each with a dean. This reorganization may be extended, if found successful, into the professional schools, shortening courses there.

This is something new, though its groundwork was begun several years ago at Chicago, and has been given attention in several American universities. The experiment at Chicago will be watched with widespread interest.

## The Drys and a Referendum.

**G**ENERALLY speaking, the friends of prohibition have never favored referendums. They determine nothing and get nowhere.

Hence some little surprise was created a few days ago when Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and on the watchtower at Washington, came out with a suggestion that the friends of prohibition might favor a nationwide referendum on the subject. He coupled with the proposal, however, conditions that to be acceptable to the drys, the wets must agree (1) to submit at the same time some definite substitute for prohibition and (2) must agree to abide by the decision of the referendum and obey the laws. Of course the wets could not guarantee either proviso, so Dr. Wilson's proposal remained an academic one.

This referendum suggestion has created some discussion. The wets seem to have steered shy of it; but dry leaders are speaking their minds freely. They do not appear to be very enthusiastic over Dr. Wilson's idea. Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington has expressed himself decidedly against it, and says if the Eighteenth Amendment is to be submitted to a popular referendum, then all other parts of the Constitution should be so submitted.

At the National Temperance Council held in Washington last week, with thirty-one dry organizations represented and every prominent leader in the country present, a resolution disapproving of referendum proposals was unanimously adopted.

## Keep Immigration Down.

**E**VERY thoughtful citizen will approve President Hoover's position, that in these times of unemployment, immigration should be cut to the lowest possible limit. Immigration from Canada is protected by treaty; that from Mexico has practically stopped; entrance of other aliens is being drastically reduced. Secretary Stimson estimates that 135,000 aliens, who would normally come to the United States by June 30 next year, will be barred by strict enforcement of the immigration act. Senator Reed has a proposal in congress to suspend all new immigration until 1933. It seems to be agreed that immigration just now be limited practically to families of those already here.

It may seem hard to shut out people who want to come to this glorious land of opportunity, but Uncle Sam has a duty to protect his own workers just now.

## Standard Oil Prosperous.

**T**HE hard times do not seem to affect Standard Oil. Its group of companies makes the largest dividend disbursements in its history. Receipts this year have been \$286,666,728, or \$17,020,801 more than in 1929. The country isn't so poor yet but it must have its gasoline, and run its motor cars.

## Roosevelt Wants the State to Decide.

**G**OVERNOR FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, like the other wets, says he does not want the saloon back. Yet he plainly declares "each state should have the right to determine for itself whether alcoholic beverages should be made, sold and transported within its borders." Does he imagine, if that were done, wet states would not restore the saloon in all its legalized standing? He knows better.

# "Show Me Thy Face"

## A Christmas Meditation

AMONG the host of Christmas stories there lingers with me one of the long ago. It recalls a mysterious closed door in the humble home where part of my boyhood was spent. For several days before Christmas that door was always closed. No questions about that door which the children asked were ever given direct answer. My good mother tried to put all possible surprise into Christmas, and it was a long, long time before I knew where the actual Santa Claus lived. I thought about it a few days ago when I stood by her grave in a distant state and planned to have a Christmas wreath placed on the mound beneath which she sleeps. Christmas has never been the same since the days of the closed door in my boyhood.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Christmas eve, so this Christmas story runs. The little lad of six had sent word to Santa Claus that of all the Christmas gifts he could bring none would be so much desired as a pair of skates. That lad had talked skates, dreamed skates, expected skates until it seemed that Santa Claus must bring him those skates. At an early hour our lad of six went to bed and soon was in the land of dreams. He dreamed that Christmas was here and that Christ was coming. In his dream he determined he would find Christ. He would go down stairs and try to find Him in that room at the foot of the stairs where the door was locked. Quietly rising from his bed, so he dreamed, he went down stairs; turned the knob of the door and looked in. There stood a Christmas tree trimmed with tinsel and toys, but Christ was not there. Then said he, "I know where Christ is. He is in the store down the street where all the skates are in the window. I will go and find Him." Softly he hurried to the store but the windows were dark and its doors locked. Christ was not there. Then our lad dreamed that Christ would certainly be in the hospital where the sick were suffering, where children were lonely. "Christ will surely be there," said he. But when he arrived at the hospital, he went in through the front door, saw the lights burning low, passed into the wards where the sick were asleep. Christ was not there. Baffled because of his failure to find Christ, he decided to make one more venture. He knew Christ would be at the church. So up the hill he trudged in his dream to find Christ in the church. But the church was dark; no one was near. Christ was not there. Startled he woke from his dream.

He would now test his dream. Softly he stole out of his room in his night clothes. Daylight was just beginning. He tiptoed down stairs; put his hand on the knob of that mysteriously locked door and it opened. There stood the Christmas tree all covered with Christmas beauty. He looked about for those skates. At last he spied them under the Christmas tree. He quickly grabbed them, pressed their cold steel to his warm heart, and kissed them six times, one for each birthday. Then he put them back in their place. Looking about the room he discovered on the mantel a picture. It was a face unlike any other he had ever seen. He took it tenderly in his hand. It was Jesus. He put the face of Jesus over his heart, then he kissed it fondly six times, once for each year, and said, "Oh! I am so glad You have come! I am so glad You have come!" Then he hurried back to his bed but the face of Christ never lost its power over him.

What would Christmas be without Christ? Are we not glad He has come? Take Him out of Christmas and gifts are shams. Take Him out of Christmas and joy is empty. Take Him out of Christmas and music is jarring discord. Take Him out of Christmas and love has lost its own.

No one can have any knowledge of what God is like until they see Christ. When they see the face of Christ, they see the face of God. LaLaude, the French astronomer, asserted that he had peered through the heavens for sixty years and had never seen God. Certainly not. You cannot see the face of God through the telescope, nor through a microscope. You can see God when you look into the face of Christ.

One of the most renowned astronomers in America was making an address in an eastern college and quoted a hymn which he declared was his favorite hymn. Probably he had seen more in God's universe than most living men. But he loved best of all hymns the one which says:

"Jesus, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of Thine,  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine.  
I hear Thee not, I see Thee not,  
Yet Thou are oft with me  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot  
As when I meet with Thee."

—Theodore S. Henderson.



# The Game and The Candle



## CHAPTER IX.

"WHAT!" cried Dick in astonishment, "surely you don't mean it?"

"I'm afraid I do, old man. It's awfully good of you, and I'm no end grateful. If you had offered it to me a month ago I—I don't know—. But since I had that row with your father I have had time to think of things, and—don't think too badly of me, Dick; but you would be sorry if I said 'yes'."

"What's the trouble?" asked Dick, looking questioning into his cousin's eyes and wondering at their peculiar expression.

"No trouble—at least, not that way," replied Arnold quickly, "but I'm not fit to be a lawyer; I haven't the brains."

"Rot!" cried Dick. "I know you haven't had a fair chance at the office, but I've kept a close eye on you, all the same. You may not be brilliant, but you're intelligent. You've worked jolly hard, too, and even the pater was obliged to admit that you had become valuable."

"It's awfully kind of you," replied Arnold, "but it won't do, old man. I should never be any good as a lawyer. I have felt that for the last two years, while since I left the office I have become sure of it."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I only know that I can't be a lawyer."

"But what will you do?"

For a moment Arnold was on the point of telling his cousin what had come to him, but the words died on his lips. It must be remembered that he was young, sensitive, imaginative. He could not speak of what seemed to him sacred. Years later all would appear different. When he had met with literary men and heard them talk about "sales" and "royalties," and what they made out of their last book, everything might assume a new aspect. But that night he felt that even with Dick he could not discuss his hopes and visions. The gauze on the wings of his youth had not yet been rubbed off by contact with the sordid world.

"Oh, something will come for me," he managed to say; "and really, Dick, I could never make a fist at being a lawyer, I simply could not. I should grow to hate it, I'm sure I should. Not that I don't appreciate what you've offered. It's jolly good of you—splendid, in fact, and I shall never forget your kindness. . . . I need a pal, old man, and I want to be introduced to your Maggie. And I'd love to be best man at your wedding; but I can't be a lawyer. You're not angry with me, are you?"

"No, no, of course not. Why should I be? But I can't understand. The pater has told me all about your financial position. What are you going to do, that's what I want to know. The pater says you've given the rent of Trelyon to Posy. You can't live long on the rest. Money's not easily picked up in the streets of London, you know."

"No, I know; but does that matter?"

"Matter! What are you talking about?"

"I was thinking of my father," replied Arnold, after an awkward silence. "He gave up everything to be an artist. He has often told me about it. He could not help it, he said."

By Joseph Hocking

(All Rights Reserved.)

"But you're not an artist, and even if you were, there's no money in it, except when you're at the top of the tree. A good old-fashioned firm of solicitors with a respectable clientele can always be certain of an income. But an artist! I suppose that over Chelsea way hundreds of them are starving."

"And happy in their starvation," laughed Arnold. "But don't let's talk any more of that now. When are you going to take me to see your Maggie Royston?"

"Is this final, Arnold?" asked Dick.

"I'm afraid it is."

"And you'll not tell me what you're going to do?"

Arnold shook his head. "Everything is too uncertain, too nebulous. When I've seen my way more clearly, perhaps I shall be able to talk with you about it; but forget all that for the present, Dick."

"Of course, if you'll not trust me—" began Dick, who was slightly hurt at Arnold's reticence.

"It's not that," burst in the boy eagerly. "I would tell you everything if I could, but really at present I am unable. I am not ungrateful, old man, and—and I shall never feel thankful enough for your coming tonight. I never really knew you before; never knew what a good chap you are. I don't think I've ever had a friend, a real friend, until now, and you can't tell what it feels like to know that you're my friend—because you are, aren't you?" and again Arnold's lips trembled.

"Of course I am," replied Dick. "And look here, I'm not going to take your refusal seriously. It must stand over for a bit until you've had time to look around. Perhaps you'll think better of it then; and, by the way, about Maggie. Will you be free tomorrow night?"

Arnold had hoped to spend the evening writing, but so rejoiced was he at the result of the interview, that he eagerly accepted Dick's suggestion.

"Of course I'll be free tomorrow night," he cried.

"That's settled then. I'll call for you about eight and we'll go to Taviton Square together. By Jove, I'm not sure I'm doing right, though," laughed the happy young fellow. "You're just the kind of chap girls take to, and you're sure to fall in love with her."

For the next two weeks Arnold devoted his every thought and energy to his book. Day after day he worked almost feverishly. Rapidly as the pages were covered, he could not write fast enough to express the tumult of thoughts that came surging into his brain. He troubled little about form or order. Technique was an unmeaning word to him. It was for him to set down in glowing terms the fancies which filled his brain.

The thing grew and grew with remarkable rapidity, and the joy of writing grew with it. Life was no longer a humdrum existence. His days were not spent in following the monotonous routine of office work, of drawing up uninteresting documents, or searching out long-forgotten Acts of Parliament. No more was he wounded by the fretful and ill-natured

remarks of a querulous uncle, no longer was he irritated by the senseless companionship of those who worked in the office with him. He was living in a world of his own imagination, living with people who were the creations of his own brain. He followed their careers eagerly, breathlessly. Their story became the most vital thing in the world to him.

It was all hectic, feverish, a mad rush. He was young and it was his first literary effort.

He almost forgot the old days in Cornwall, while even the memory of Nellie Osborne receded further and still further into the dim past. Arthur Trudgeon's villainy grew less vivid. He was engulfed in the blissful present.

He thought little of what would happen when his book was finished. He had no day-dreams concerning the eagerness with which publishers would seek to fasten upon his work. The time had not come for that yet. All his thought was to put in writing the dreams and hopes of his youth.

He seldom left his lodgings. During breakfast Mrs. Wilkins cleaned and tidied his bedroom, and when this was done he hurried thither, only to leave it at meal times. He was impatient at the least interference with his work. Newspapers he never saw, books he seldom read. The little, dingy room did not seem "cribbed, cabined or confined." Directly he put his pen to paper the walls of the little place expanded, and scenes of glowing beauty spread themselves before his eyes.

"You must really get out more, Mr. Robartes," said Herbert Wilkins to him one day. "You're looking pale, and you're getting thinner. You can't go on like this; flesh and blood can't stand it. What you want is exercise and fresh air. Get on the top of a 'bus in 'Igh 'Olborn and ride to the Marble Arch. Then take a tramp around 'Ide Park, that's what you want."

But Arnold only laughed. He felt no ill-health, no weakness, no languor. He would take neither rest nor recreation until his story was finished, and then . . . !

Oh, life was a joy to him! To feel the tentacles of his mind stretching out after new thoughts, to be seeing visions from afar, to be translating his hopes and longings into tangible form! That was joy, that was ecstasy!

His visit to Taviton Square in order to see Maggie Royston did not take place on the night his cousin had planned, but a fortnight after Dick's visit he sacrificed an evening with his book in order to fulfil his promise. He found Maggie all Dick had described her. She was one of four sisters, and he admitted, to Dick's delight, that she was the best and sweetest of them all. The house was full of young people, for not only had Doctor Royston four daughters, but two sons, nearly all of whom invited their friends. Arnold found himself in the midst of a scene of wild gaiety. It was just what he needed, for he had been living an unhealthy life. At first he was reserved and somewhat awkward. It was all new and strange to him. The social life he had seen in Cornwall was altogether different from this, while during the two years he had been in London he had been alone, eating his

heart out, and thinking morbid thoughts. Then came that mad night when he had fought with Arthur Trudgeon, to be followed by the quarrel with his uncle. The two weeks which had elapsed since, while they brought infinite joy, were unnatural and unhealthy. Thus, when he was introduced to a scene of noisy gaiety, mostly among those of his own age, he felt himself an outsider, and for a time made rather a bad impression.

But Maggie Royston was a girl not only of charm, but of tact. By that quick intuition which some girls possess, she learnt more about him in a few minutes than his cousin had discovered in nearly two years' acquaintance.

"Dick has told me all about you," she said, when after he had been in the house an hour, she got him alone to herself.

"I'm surprised you found nothing better to talk about," was his reply.

"Don't speak like that," said the girl, laughingly. "You'll forgive me for being quite frank with you, won't you?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, when Dick brought you an hour ago, I don't think I liked you; but I do now."

"Now you're laughing at me."

"No, I'm not. On the whole, I think you're quite interesting. You see, Arnold . . . yes, I'm going to call you Arnold, because you're to be my cousin, and we're going to be great pals . . . there's a sort of mystery about you."

"Mystery about me?"

"Yes."

"You're mistaken. I'm a very humdrum, common sort of fellow."

"No, you're not; you're interesting, and I'll tell you why. When Dick told me of your meeting, and how you refused the offer he made, I was puzzled. I asked Dick why you refused, and I was angry with him for not finding out what was in your mind. Girls are like that; they do love finding out secrets. I've been watching you ever since you came to the house, and at first I thought you were sullen and unfriendly, but after a little I gave up that idea. Tell me what you've been doing this last fortnight?"

"Nothing you'd be interested in."

"Oh, but you have. Do you know you've got wonderful eyes? I didn't notice it at first, but a little time ago I saw something in them which explained to me why you don't want to be a lawyer. I have a friend I was at school with, and she has published a volume of poems. Mary Annesley, have you ever heard of her?"

"Yes, I have. I read some of her poems about a month ago. I thought they were slight, but very beautiful."

"And you're fond of poetry, aren't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Have you ever written any yourself?"

"No."

"But you have written! There, I know now!"

Arnold's tell-tale flush revealed his secret to the girl's quick mind.

"What have you written? Tell me."

In a few minutes he had ceased to be shy, and forgotten to be reserved. He felt that Maggie was a kindred spirit, and in spite of his determination to keep his hopes a secret, he found himself telling her what was in his heart.

"And have you written much?" she asked.

"I think I have done a lot," was his reply. "I have been so excited. It was the day Dick came to see me that I felt that writing was my vocation in life, and

everything flashed before me like lightning. I saw the main lines of my story from beginning to end, and I went back to my room and commenced that very afternoon. I have been at it ever since, almost day and night. I was vexed when Dick brought me here tonight, because, although I wanted to see you very much, I was eager to get on with my work."

"Oh, it's lovely, splendid!" cried Maggie enthusiastically. "Tell me about your story, won't you?"

"But—but you'll not repeat it to anyone?" he besought her.

"No one but Dick. Do you know, we made a pact on the night we became engaged that we'd have no secrets from each other. Don't tell me if you want me to keep it from him, because I really couldn't, you know."

"Oh well, I don't mind Dick knowing through you. He's the best chap in the world."

"Of course he is. Now tell me."

And Arnold found himself talking eagerly, found himself telling her of his plot, of his characters, of the way he was trying to develop them, and of the great last scene with which the story was to close. Arnold was rather disappointed at her lack of enthusiasm. He expected her to be fired with excitement, but although she was not niggardly in her praise, there was something wanting which chilled his heart.

"Of course I have told you badly," he said. "It's all cold as I have spoken it, not a bit like it is as I have written it."

"I want you to promise me something," she said presently.

"Yes, what is it?"

"That for the future you'll only write three hours a day, say from nine to twelve; that you'll spend your afternoons walking or taking other exercise; and that in the evenings you'll take reasonable recreation."

"No, I can't do that," he replied. "I'm going to work every possible minute until I've finished. It's burning in me like fire, and I shan't be able to rest until it's all written down. Most probably I shall spend a couple of hours at it tonight before I go to bed."

Three weeks later Arnold wrote the last page, and as he did so a strange lassitude came over him. He could not understand it. He did not realize that he had been sapping his strength, and overdrawing at the bank of health. For five weeks he had been writing at the rate of twenty thousand words a week, concentrating all his energy, all his thought and imagination on his work. He had felt no worries, no lassitude. They were five weeks of hectic happiness, five weeks of ecstatic joy! All the glamor of literary composition had been upon him, and the travail which had ended in the birth of his first literary child, while it had brought him pain, had been accompanied by such exhilaration that even the thought of weariness seemed a mockery.

But now his book was completed, and as he laid down his pen his head swam, his muscles relaxed, his brain seemed incapable of further effort.

"Yes, he said to himself, "I'm beaten, done up; but I've finished it! Thank heaven I've finished it!"

It was late at night. He heard the boom of Big Ben as it reached him across the sea of houses, while the clocks of a hundred churches rang out the hour.

He had meant to read through the whole manuscript before going to sleep, but exhausted nature refused him. Then,

without taking off his clothes, he turned out the light and threw himself upon the bed.

He felt very ill. Strange phantoms haunted his brain. His head ached, his pulses throbbled violently. For more than an hour he lay, fearful lest, after having accomplished his work, he would not live to see the full harvest of it. Then Mother Nature took him into her kindly arms, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was to find Mrs. Wilkins standing by his bedside.

"I hope you'll forgive me, Mr. Robartes," she excused herself, "but I got anxious when you didn't come down to breakfast at eight o'clock as usual. I came up and knocked at the door, but got no reply. At ten o'clock I came again, and still you didn't reply, and then, when it was past midday, I could not keep away any longer. Are you ill, sir?"

"Middy, Mrs. Wilkins!" cried Arnold, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes, sir, half-past twelve."

"Then I must have slept the clock round. No, I'm not ill, Mrs. Wilkins."

He felt nervous and depressed, and ate but little of the meal which Mrs. Wilkins had prepared. When he returned to his room, with the intention of reading his manuscript, the old lassitude came back to him, and the words he had written swam before his eyes.

"I must be careful, or I shall be really ill," he reflected.

A few minutes later he was again asleep, and did not wake until Mr. Wilkins came back from the office.

"Yes, I've had a good long rest," he explained to that gentleman. "I've been overdoing it a bit, but I've put in sixteen hours sleep, and now feel my own man again."

The kindly cockney looked at him anxiously. He had a pretty shrewd idea of how Arnold had been spending his time, although he had made no remarks.

"Look here, Mr. Robartes," he said, "you're suffering from brain fag, that's what you're suffering from. I ain't said nothing, but I know how you've been burning the midnight oil. You just come down and have a cup of tea with me, and then we'll go for a good long tramp. 'Ide Park air is the finest in the world, and that's what you want. We'll just take a bus to the Marble Arch and then we'll tramp through the park to Kensington."

The long walk did him good, but he felt so tired on returning that he willingly consented to Mr. Wilkins's suggestion that he should spend the evening in the bosom of his family. The following day he felt better, and eagerly turned to his manuscript. For the first time since the idea of the story had come into his mind he felt doubt about it. Perhaps it was because he was suffering from brain fag, and his mind refused to respond to his will. Be that as it may, what seemed to him at the time of writing to be glowing with life and beauty was now stale and worthless. Surely he had never written this hysterical nonsense. Everything was hackneyed, commonplace.

At the end of the day he was nearly heartbroken. He seemed as one who had been laboring in vain and spending his strength for nought. It was true his interest had become a little aroused as he drew towards the end of the book, but oh, how different it was from what he thought! There was such a tremendous gulf between what he had done and what

(Continued on Page 16.)

# THE MICHIGAN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

PUBLISHED BY  
THE MICHIGAN CHRISTIAN  
ADVOCATE PUBLISHING  
COMPANY

FOR THE  
MICHIGAN AND DETROIT  
ANNUAL CONFERENCES

AT  
32 ELIZABETH STREET, EAST  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

## BOARD OF TRUSTEES MICHIGAN CONFERENCE

HUGH KENNEDY WM. F. KENDRICK  
MARTIN L. FOX ALFRED F. WAY

## DETROIT CONFERENCE

J. E. JACKLIN HOWARD A. FIELD  
CHARLES B. ALLEN H. G. PEARCE

HUGH KENNEDY, PRESIDENT  
HOWARD A. FIELD, VICE-PRESIDENT

WILLIAM H. PHELPS - - EDITOR  
ELMER HOUSER - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Subscription Price Two Dollars Per Year.  
Payable in Advance. To Canada, \$2.50.  
Foreign Countries, \$3.00.

Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to The Michigan Christian Advocate.

### Our Pastors Are Our Agents

Do not send money loose in a letter. The Advocate cannot be responsible for money so sent.

In ordering address changed, give name of old postoffice as well as new.

WATCH THE DATE on your colored tab or name label. That date is intended to be a receipt, after the custom of all well-regulated periodicals, and to show the date to which your paper is paid. If it does not read correctly one month after payment, write us.

Please note that "1 Jan. 30" means that your paper is paid to January 1, 1930. Each subscription begins with the first of the month. The last figures indicate the year.

DISCONTINUANCES: It is important that the publishers be notified when a subscriber wishes the paper discontinued. In all such cases the subscription must be paid up to the date of cancellation.

Advertising rates given on application to the Manager.

## Rev. George Carter, Obituary

REV. GEORGE CARTER was born in England, March 12, 1873; passed away at his home at 138 S. Foster street, Lansing, Nov. 24. He came to America when about seventeen years of age. Early in life he was converted and united with the United Brethren church. As he grew in experience as a Christian, he felt called of God to enter the ministry. In due time he was ordained as Elder in that church and served them as a pastor until 1911.

At that time, feeling in some ways the Methodist Episcopal church would afford him larger opportunities for service, he joined our church.

For fourteen years he served as a supply pastor in the Michigan Conference, serving at Empire, Williamsburg, Alba, Pentwater, Waldron, Palo, Crystal Valley, Sunfield, Frontier and Athens. Methodism can never repay or even measure its debt to noble supply pastors who, like this faithful man of God, have rendered heroic service in many of our most difficult fields.

Brother Carter retired from active service as a minister, in September, 1926, and since that time has made his home in Lansing. After his retirement, he be-

came a member of the Michigan Avenue church, where he was held in great respect and love. His last few months were characterized by growing weakness and suffering which he bore with much patience and fortitude. His wife preceeded him to the glory land about two years ago.

In his declining years he received loving care from his children who were with him and ministered to him during his last hours. A good father, a manly man, a faithful minister, a trusting Christian, his will be a glorious reward.

He is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Dorothy Adams, Lansing; Mrs. Ruth Tweedy, Detroit; Miss Grace Carter, Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Joyce Holmes, Albany, N. Y.; two sons, Horace D. Carter, Detroit, and Richard H. Carter, Lansing; three brothers, Joe, Detroit; John of St. Helens, and Dr. William of New York, and three sisters, Miss Marie Carter, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Polly Stanton, California, and Mrs. Emma Staples, Gillespie, Ill.

Funeral services were held at the Neller Funeral Home in Lansing Friday, Nov. 28. The services were conducted by the Rev. S. W. Large, assisted by Rev. A. W. Simmons, who offered prayer. Among his brother ministers who were present were M. L. Fox, Geo. Plews, Glenn Frye, Louis DeLamarter, J. G. Biery and J. W. Vickers.

Rest, brother and beloved, thy work well done, thine is the crown.—S. W. Large.

## Gaylord

Sunday, Dec. 7, was a splendid day in our church at Gaylord. The Spracklins from Midland paid us a visit at the request of the W. H. M. S. Brother Spracklin preached for us in the morning and revealed that the vigor of the past is still available although he is listed as a detached preacher. Mrs. Spracklin spoke in the evening, which was the society's thank offering service. Her message was very fine and enjoyed very much.

Special music was provided by Miss Morrison, music teacher in the public schools, Mrs. John H. Spurr, of Midland, who is Mrs. Shugg's sister, and the Gaylord male quartette. The W. H. M. S. had a very good offering and are feeling that their efforts were fruitful in many ways.—David Shugg.

## Sid Says That Bishop Nicholson Says

That the Methodist Children's Home Society is one of the worthiest among all our benevolences, and is dependent in a large degree for its current income upon the proceeds of the White Gift Christmas offering. He also commends the Methodist Children's Home Society to the generosity of our Methodist constituency in Michigan. The worthy Bishop having said that, we say that the Methodist Children's Home Society has no priority claim upon the church's beneficence, but merely suggest that the practice of the years be sustained, as far as possible, in presenting the claim of the dependent child and the work of the church in his behalf at Christmas as the time selected for this important mission.

Up to this hour in 1930 a monthly family of 243 tots of all ages and sizes have been the responsibility and task of the

Society. This does not mean merely meals, clothes and housing, but the high adventure of rehabilitating of minds, bodies and souls. Such a job calls for skill and consecration, to say nothing of the cash.

Dependency brings with it a set of problems, some pitiful, others tragical and most of them baffling. But they must be solved if these children are to meet life unafraid, and unhandicapped. So the Society is hard at work correcting defects, stabilizing emotions, building bodies, setting foundations and making sure that rebuilding is made complete and adequate. It is with regret that this year 165 up-turned faces were turned away with appeals unmet because of a limited budget.

Now comes a new way to give support to the work of the Methodist Children's Home Society—a dollar down and—write L. C. F. after your name.

The League of Children's Friends, it is hoped, will become the sustaining body of the Children's work by the Methodist Church. It means Michigan's men and women, and children too, are bound and bonded in a fellowship of love and service to little children who need them.

The sharing of Christmas beneficence will make possible the continuance, and it is hoped, the expansion of the work for little children by the Methodist Children's Home Society.

# The Church Library

ALL READERS need constantly the inspiration and refreshment of vision which books can give, if the work of the church is to be a vital, growing achievement.

Have you a CHURCH LIBRARY containing the latest books and standard works that will be of general service to yourself, the Church School Superintendent, Director of Religious Education, heads of the Epworth League, Women's Organizations, and of all other activities in your church? The books in this library would be accessible to members of your charge generally.

Write The Methodist Book Concern for particulars about organizing or renewing a CHURCH LIBRARY.

## The Methodist Book Concern

(Founded 1789)

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco

Detroit Kansas City Portland, Ore.

Order from the nearest Address

PEWS Globe crafts men  
make a complete line of Church Furniture to fit any pocketbook.  
Before you buy—compare!  
GLOBE FURNITURE & MFG. CO.  
20 Park Place Northville, Michigan

J. J. CARGILL  
WISHES TO ANNOUNCE THE REMOVAL  
OF HIS OPTICAL PARLORS  
FROM 9551 GRAND RIVER AVENUE TO  
9652 GRAND RIVER AVENUE  
PHONE EUCLID 5686

# The Christchild

Translation from the German of  
W. Loeff by A. C. Loeff.

CHRISTMAS, the happy time of peace and goodwill was very near. . . .

The post office was already humming with increased activity, and the stack of packages had mounted to a staggering height. The letter division, too, had noticed a marked increase in business. All day the Clerk, Falgenbach, had busily assorted letters, and now his work was almost finished. Only one little heap of mail still needed attention. Suddenly he reached for the blue pencil to mark a letter that bore no stamp, but in the next moment he laid the pencil aside. Falgenbach was annoyed.

"To the dear little Cristchild in Hevn" was the ridiculous address on the guilty letter, and the penmanship obviously infantile.

"That's probably one of those ill-bred children who are always wanting thousands of things," Falgenbach muttered as he put the letter aside.

The remaining mail was soon stamped and assorted, and the desk quite in order . . . except for the little white square with the difficult address. Falgenbach took it into his hand once more. "Now, what should I do with that thing?" he debated, "The stove would really be the best place for it. Well, perhaps I'll just peck and see what that child wants anyhow."

The letter was not sealed. He pulled out a scrap of school notebook paper.

"Dear Cristchild—

Mommy sews and cries all the time. Please, little Cristchild make Mommy happy again. And bring us something to eat. That's all I want and I promise to be good too. We live at 26 Frederick street.

"Elfriede Roeder."

Falgenbach shrugged his shoulders and put the little note into his coat pocket.

"Christmas surely will be here soon," his landlady commented as she opened the door for him.

"Indeed," he retorted, "can notice it at the post office." "The tiresome old festival," he added to himself. Now, what should he do on that Christmas holiday? He was content just to work at his mail every day. He had no relatives, no close friends. His associates called him "The Unapproachable." Thirty-eight years old, a bachelor, and no social contacts. Toward women he felt only an unexplainable aversion. His greatest delight on this lovely earth was to add the largest possible portion of his salary to his savings deposit at the City Bank.

Even then he wasn't truly happy. . . .

This evening before he retired, he took Elfriede Roeder's letter out of his pocket again. He reread the whimsical little note. Somehow it bothered him. He slept very restlessly. Quite suddenly he seemed to see the bare little room of Mrs. Roeder's. It was dimly lighted. The sewing was lying in her lap and her tears flowed and flowed. Elfriede was sitting on a low stool with her arms clasped around her mother's knees. The door opened and the room was filled with light. The little Christchild was entering, and with it, beautiful tall angels. Very quietly they placed numerous packages on the table. Elfriede stared with shining eyes at the glimmering Christmas tree. The angels were singing, "Glory to God in the highest,

peace on earth, good will toward men." . . .

Falgenbach awoke. The letter and the dream would not let him sleep. All night he tossed fitfully on his bed. Something was going on in his soul. By morning he had made a mighty resolve. That same day he called Postman Schulze to him. 26 Frederick street was on his route. From him Falgenbach learned more detailed information regarding the Roeders:

Mrs. Roeder was the widow of a railroad assistant who had been fatally injured in an accident over two years ago. His long illness and death had not only drained all their savings, but had also compelled Mrs. Roeder to incur further debts. She had sold nearly all her furniture, and had moved into the little attic room on Frederick street. With much difficulty she had secured some orders for sewing and embroidery, but this type of work progressed more slowly when her sewing machine had to be pawned. These small earnings and the meager pension barely sufficed to keep herself and her daughter alive, even though the poor woman worked almost night and day.

Falgenbach saw the miserable situation in a glance. Silently he had listened to the postman's report. For a while he sat quietly musing, then he slipped a bill into Schulze's hand and said, "I thank you for your trouble. Use this for a Merry Christmas. Perhaps you would accompany me on a little errand on Christmas eve?" Schulze acquiesced and left gratefully.

Christmas Eve: White angels of love and mercy were moving silently and invisibly among mankind. Happy faces reflecting a joy that only Christmas can bring. People rushing and hustling on the streets. Already an occasional flicker of candlelight could be seen in the windows.

Schulze was hurrying to Falgenbach's home. When he entered, he started with astonishment. On the table he saw a beautiful little Christmas tree, most delicately trimmed, and beside it a huge basket full of wholesome, tempting food. But Schulze couldn't see that among these things lay a little envelope containing a gold piece and Elfriede's letter. To the latter Falgenbach had added in a large, vigorous hand, "Here is the answer to your wish. The Christchild."

When Falgenbach asked Schulze to take the basket to 26 Frederick street, the latter found it rather difficult to conceal his bewilderment. Falgenbach himself carried the tree. On the way he confided the whole situation to Schulze, and gave him further instructions.

In the bare little room of Mrs. Roeder everything was clean and neat. The supper table was set, but there was no Christmas tree on it.

The bells in a nearby tower were solemnly pealing. . . . A knock . . . The door opened and the gleaming candlelight penetrated the room. Elfriede jumped up and stared. She could hardly believe the apparition. Schulze now entered the room with the gifts. Falgenbach had tiptoed noiselessly away.

Mrs. Roeder, at first quite speechless, finally managed to say in a low startled voice: "There must be some mistake."

"Indeed not, my dear lady," smiled Schulze. "I was instructed to bring these things to you, and I am to tell you not to lose courage, but to be happy once more."

"Please do tell me who the kind donor might be," begged the widow.

"I'm sorry, but I can't tell you his name," Schulze replied adding, "but he is quite capable of making such gifts, and he asks me to wish you a most happy Christmas. In the basket you will find a letter which might explain things a little better."

Schulze now retreated hastily in order to escape further questioning.

A streaming rain, the cold April wind blowing, and a lady with a happy face out in the storm. But Mrs. Roeder had reasons to be happy. She was on the way to the Post Office to write out a money order to pay the last debt to her creditors.

Shortly after Christmas she had been able to redeem her sewing machine. Now she could work more rapidly and easily. Orders had steadily increased for her neat and careful work.

She not as yet had discovered the donor of those saving Christmas gifts, for Schulze would wrap himself in absolute silence whenever she questioned him.

A woman stepped to the post office window and asked for a money order. The clerk filled out the blanks, took her money, and gave her the order. During this routine procedure Mrs. Roeder's cheeks had flushed a faint red when she had seen the clerk writing with huge, vigorous letters, as he signed his name "Falgenbach." Oh, this writing was indeed familiar. How often she had read the words, "Here is the answer to your wish. The Christchild." Now she understood the whole situation, especially why it was Postman Schulze who had brought the gifts. With a glance she memorized Falgenbach's features; then she took her money order and quietly left.

On the way home that evening, Falgenbach started when a lady addressed him. She immediately introduced herself as Mrs. Roeder and thanked him most warmly for his help Christmas.

That evening Falgenbach was a half-hour late for supper. Furthermore, he couldn't sleep that night. He had used his money to make someone happy and the act had curiously given him much pleasure. Besides, he experienced a new feeling whenever he thought of Mrs. Roeder. He had imagined her to be an elderly person and instead she was young and attractive. He, who had never before noticed a woman's face, now couldn't put a certain one out of his mind. After all, those eyes shining with tears of gratitude and the soft cheeks radiant with excitement were most captivating. The result was that on the days that followed Falgenbach was frequently seen waiting at a certain corner and then "accidentally" meeting a lady who was wont to come out of a needlework shop at that time.

Christmas again: Bells were ringing in the Holy Night.

(Continued on Page 14.)

# The House of Bread, a Christmas Story

Eva A. Moore

ANDREA was beautiful, or rather she was almost beautiful. Her eyes were dark, darker than her hair, that shone burnished brown beneath the edge of her cap. But her mouth spoiled the otherwise perfect features. Its mobility had tightened into fine lines that turned the corners down. Her mouth told the rebellion that Andrea felt, a rebellion, not open, but smouldering, and all the more dangerous for that.

Andrea had once been just like other Greek girls living in Jerusalem. Her father was a vase seller in the mart beyond the temple. Never, in Andrea's childhood nor even now when she had left his household, had Laerchles owned the vases that he bought and sold. But Manelaus, for whom he toiled, valued him highly. Laerchles could tell by the briefest of glances whether a huge vessel had the proper dye tone to harmonize with the color of some rich patron's courtyard. He could tell by a touch if some tall shapely urn had a lustre that would last. Laerchles was valuable to Manelaus, Laerchles received a handful of shekels on the night before the Sabbath, but Laerchles was poor. He had few friends. The wealthy Greeks exiled in Jerusalem, he could not know. The Hebrews, alien to him in religion and philosophy, he would not associate with. And to make his sojourn these long thirty years in Jerusalem an especial tragedy, Juno had cursed him with seven daughters. Seven daughters to buy mantles and veils for—not a son to learn the curious cunning of Laerchles' touch. With his meagre wages he could never hope to send his daughters back to Greece to marry, nor could he dowry them, even if some stroke of the gods favored their return.

He had felt a quick wave of shame and anger when Nathaniel, the marriage maker, had approached him. He knew where Nathaniel had seen Andrea, his eldest daughter. Sometimes she had come to meet her father at sunset to help him carry home the more precious of the vases. Her long slender fingers handled the pottery as lovingly as his own. She had the same unconscious instinct for the genuine which is the perfect beauty. When she held some tapering vase high on her hand, she and the creation of the ceramic complemented each other.

No wonder Nathaniel had seen her; she was beautiful, beautiful with an unconscious beauty that made Laerchles' beauty-sick heart twist. And he had acceded to Nathaniel's request. He had let his oldest and his most dearly beloved be taken away to Beth-le-hem, a little shabby village, eight stadia from Jerusalem.

How much she had dreaded going, Laerchles could only surmise. There was something proud about Andrea, something essentially Greek, that would keep her always inviolable. Andrea without doubt knew as well as he that there was no choice. Better it was that she be the second wife of Abraham, the Hebrew inn-keeper of Beth-le-hem, than become the slave of some rich Greek.

Laerchles was right. It had needed no telling for Andrea to realize why her father, who loved beauty so passionately and had given her that rare secret, had sent her away from him to the little hill town.

All day as she did the rough tasks of an inn-keeper's wife and urged on the slow servant, she thought. The work she did not mind. Always there had been rough work to do, and here at least there was not the haunting fear of hunger. Sometimes she hated the very comforts because the walls that held them were so bare, so ugly. All in the inn was ugly. Squat and square it faced the dusty road. Its clay brick walls were rough and uneven. Even the name of the town she hated—Beth-le-hem—house of bread. That was what it would always be to her, the place of the inn.

In the morning she went with Reborah to carry the water from the well to replenish the huge earthen vessels. Together they carried the water-skin, slung on a short stick laced through its mouth. Then she must fill the baskets with the flat bread cakes and set to prepare the meat in the parur on the hearth. Even the oil cruse in her inn home lacked the beauty that it should have had. The oil ran freely, quickly, instead of gurgling from a long graceful neck.

She hated the shut-in feeling she had as she worked. The windows, according to Mishna, were high above her head, and if she went to the door to escape that suffocating feeling of imprisonment, only the cluttered inn-yard met her gaze. Broken yokes littered the ground. A sick lamb lay on an old tunic. Only over her head the blue sky blazed infinitely deep, stretching so far it lifted her from the crowded present.

Abruptly she was brought back to herself. In the room behind her, she heard stumbling, clumsy steps. Myrrha was hunting her. Hunchbacked, homely, twelve year old Myrrha. Her ungainly, awkward body was a constant thwarting of Andrea's need for the aesthetic. Such ugliness seemed a contaminating curse. When she had been long in the room with Myrrha, she felt herself dwarfed, stunted. Away from her, she stretched her arms above her head, luxuriating in the pull of muscles along her straight back and upper arm. Yet even in that exultation lurked a dread, lest this curse of crookedness should lie deeper than the body. Distort Andrea's body Myrrha could not, but might not constant association with her lessen Andrea's need for beauty? That was always her fear. Myrrha asked nothing beyond the care she saw her mother give to casual folk who stopped at the inn. She seemed to feel herself no more than old Reborah, the servant. Yet always Myrrha followed her; she seemed never content unless in the room with her stepmother.

As dull a drag was Abraham her husband. Stolidly he did the work in the fields and the inn. He demanded little, but like Myrrha, he begged silently for some intangible thing. His demand Andrea could not grant, and she was glad that she could not. Her Greek sense of fairness demanded that she make secure the material well-being of her household, and be a loyal wife, but it did not demand that she neglect her spiritual allegiance to Apollo.

Only in one other way did she feel herself a failure. From earliest girlhood she had dreamed of bearing a son, a son to take the weakling woman curse from the line of Laerchles. When she had first seen Myrrha, a fear struck her. Even if her son were to be souled of beauty like his grandsire, a little cause would she have for joy, if his feet stumbled and his back curved like Myrrha's. But as the years of her wifehood dragged on, a fear greater than that came to dwell with her. She was to have no child. Abraham's hulking strength, her own firm resilience were not sufficient to bring the miracle. Olympus had surely frowned on the household of Laerchles.

Yet in material ways, she and Abraham prospered. Lentils and unleavened bread served at the inn had a particularly fine flavor and texture. Those passing on the high road to Jerusalem stopped there for food and to sleep on the clean, hard-baked earth, wrapped in their long simlahs.

As Andrea grew older, the lines at her mouth deepened, her silence grew more sombre, less rebellious. It was in the days of her maturity two moons after The Feast of the Passover, that the call came for all the Hebrews to journey with their families to Jerusalem for the numbering of Caesar Augustus. All day the slow procession had walked past in clouds of dust. On the morrow, she and Myrrha and Abraham would have to wend their way with the rest.

In imagination she tasted the indignity of her position, she a Greek, of a free race, dominated and controlled by the hated Romans.

The inn was crowded. The room for the men and the one for the women were filled to overflowing. She and Myrrha and Abraham had stretched a tent on the low roof, giving their room to travelers worn from their long journey on foot. Abraham was a little dazed from all the demand and confusion. Although he had been strangely determined that these sojourners for the night should be taxed only the usual fee, he seemed unable to turn anyone away, even after every available space had been planned for. Andrea it was who firmly refused to take in others.

All of the crowd, close quartered for the night as they were, felt in this long journey a lessening of the monotony of their daily life. The inn was noisy; the inn-yard, crowded with asses, and with doves and lambs for the sacrifice, was raucous and odoriferous.

Stifed by her surroundings and by longing for her old Greek home, Andrea climbed up to the narrow roof with its low parapet. Already Myrrha, exhausted from the exciting day, was asleep under the tent roof. Andrea tucked the old simlah in more closely before she gave herself up to the night. Then the blackness of the oriental sky closed in. The same huge stars that she had loved since childhood blazed down; the same breeze caressed her.

Into this content Abraham's heavy step came, and his rough hand touched her shoulder.

"Andrea, at the door is a man and his espoused wife. She is great with child and her hour has come. Where can she lie?"

The disappointment, the self-shame, lulled by the warm night, flared out. What a mockery! That she, the sterile, the cursed, must wait on a stranger, glorified!

All her violence found words, "There is no room." Aghast she heard herself in open rebellion against her husband. She would not take the strangers in. Abraham might return her disgraced, penniless, to her father; and if he did, not even Laerchles, much as he loved her, would forgive the insult to his name. Yet she could not overcome her hatred, she could not humble herself to another woman's victory. Abraham left her there, defeated by her own bitterness.

Dimly she saw him cross the yard, guiding with his flickering torch, the indistinct figures of a man and a led-ass on which a woman drooped. When she could see them no longer, she turned back to the sky for comfort, but the stars were too bright, the black night too huge.

Some underlying instinct of sisterhood, too deep for reason or emotion, taunted her for hours. At last a need to gain, at least vicariously, some of this glory of womanhood, forced her out of the inn, out to the low stable built into the hillside.

There, bent beneath the low rafters stood a tall, awkward man, swaddling a child, but neither the child nor the man's clumsy handling held her. Her eyes swept on to the woman lying on the straw of the empty stall. On her forehead the damp hair clung beneath the edge of her disordered coil; faint new lines etched distinctly the weariness of the mouth; the fingers lay limp, worn from clenching,—but the eyes. They met hers and in a flash there leaped from Mary to Andrea the incomparable message, that pain, disappointment, the poorest natal room, can be forgotten in creation.

Suddenly Andrea heard the sound of voices singing,—voices in music like the beautiful choruses of her own country that she had dreamed of but never heard. Her hands braced on the lintels of the cave doorway, she listened. No traveling troop of singers was passing, yet from the air, clear and sweet, with that cadence that lifts the listener in a grand exultation, came the music and the words:

Glory to God in the highest and on earth good-will toward men,  
and then with a tenderness more terrible than exultation,

Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born, this day, a child.

Forgotten were the child and the mother in the stable. Only the music remained—"Glory—in the highest—a child." Beauty and glory in the highest did not mean alabaster vases and old lustre jars, glory in the highest was motherhood, giving till naught was left of the giver—giving all of the store of beauty, to an ugly crooked child, and a man who knew only, that part of life was being denied him.

For unto Andrea is born this day, in the city of David,—not a child, but two children, Myrrha and Abraham.

Royal Oak, Mich.

Just as the Advocate goes to press word comes that Professor Robert W. Rogers, of Drew, who retired this year, died on Friday, Dec. 12. He was the greatest Babylonian scholar in the world.

## Christmas in the Old Home Town

D. M. Robins

When scenes of other days return,  
Like frosts that glisten in the sun,  
And through the dead years I discern,  
The pathways where I used to run—  
The day that I remember best,  
When winter snows were sifting down,  
The day with mirth and pleasure blessed,  
Was Christmas in the old home town.

The city windows are ablaze,  
In mistletoe and holly dress,  
And city streets a cheerful maze,  
Where faces reflect happiness.  
But memory's hills are snowy white—  
The fields are frosted sere and brown,  
And backlogs burned with mystic light,  
On Christmas in the old home town.

Folks did not hurry to and fro,  
In that bright realm of yesterdays;  
Life rolled in even, joyous flow,  
Along the good old-fashioned ways.  
I dream away the city street,  
Where men are pacing up and down,  
And with those vanished loved ones meet,  
On Christmas in the old home town.

## His Birthday

Manda L. Crocker

City of David: "House of Bread,"

They named it Bethlehem,

When star-fire rained overhead

It seemed a heavenly gem

In love's bright diadem;

O Bethlehem!

House of the Living Bread.

Angels sang it into fame,

With music right from heaven.

Because, for us, King Jesus came,

His life to mortals given.

A King by birth,

Stranger to earth—

And "Wonderful" His name.

We worship Him and celebrate

'Till praise-notes touch the skies,

Until the angels, robed in state,

Swing the gates of Paradise

And bear His love

From courts above

To earth while anthems rise.

Richland, Mich.

## Detroit Women to President Hoover

MRS. THOMAS NICHOLSON spoke on Friday afternoon last on "Women and the Present Political Situation," at the meeting of the Detroit Council of Church Women. Following the address they ordered the following telegram sent to President Hoover, and a telegram incorporating the same also to each of our Senators.

To President Hoover, White House, Washington, D. C.:

The Detroit Council of Church Women, representing the women of the Evangelical and Protestant churches of metropolitan Detroit, in annual session assembled, are grateful that in the Providence of God, our country has as chief executive a man of such courage, conviction and far-visions statesmanship, without regard to partisanship we pledge our loyalty to his program of law enforcement, his plans for economic readjustment and his desires for American adherence to the World Court.

Northern Spain is in the hands of troops who have revolted.

## Methodism United in Korea

A CABLEGRAM received by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church from Bishop James C. Baker of Korea, gives the information that the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, were united into an independent Korea Methodist Church on Monday, Dec. 8. The Rev. Ju Sam Ryang, a Korean pastor who has for six years served as superintendent of the Siberian-Korea Mission, the organization of the Church, South, carrying on Christian work among Koreans resident in Siberia, was elected the first bishop of the new church. Bishop Ryang is a graduate of Vanderbilt University and of Yale University. He is also chairman of the Korea National Christian Council, and was a delegate to the Jerusalem meeting of the International Christian Council in 1928.

The new Methodist Church in Korea will have a total membership of about 25,000; an ordained Korean ministry of 125; and will have some 800 churches and chapels.

Therefore, Bishop Nicholson is homeward bound, leaving Yokohama on Dec. 18th. He will have a great story to tell.

## The Christchild

Continued from Page 12.)

Mrs. Falgenbach was quietly musing in her comfortable living room. Elfriede was busily unpacking the gifts her father had sent to her. Footsteps approached. . . . The woman arose. When Falgenbach entered she threw her arms about his neck and whispered as she blushed and smiled: "I was just thinking of last Christmas, dear." Tenderly he took her radiant face in both his hands and kissed her. "I am happy too, darling, the Christ-child has made it so," he told her very softly.

Spring—warm and mild. Snow and ice had gone and flowers were blooming instead.

"The Unapproachable" had singularly changed. The hard surface around his heart had been penetrated with the power of love. Noble thoughts that had slumbered under the hard cover had appeared as loving deeds. Falgenbach and his wife were popular. He had indeed changed to a most loveable and pleasant fellow.

Some time ago, in a happy moment, he told his friends the story of the letter to the Christchild. After that he lost forever his name "The Unapproachable" and from then on was only known as "The Christchild."

(Copyright 1930 by A. C. Loeff.)

## Invited—at Last!

The district superintendents of the Detroit Conference, having had committed to them the task of deciding where the next session of the Annual Conference shall be held, felt that the city of Detroit was the logical place for the next Conference and suggested to the officials of Central church that the Conference would be glad to come to their church.

Only a suggestion was needed. Unanimously and enthusiastically the Official Board at their December meeting invited the Conference to hold its next session in Central church, Detroit. We'll all be there.

# Sunday School Lesson

Isaiah S. Morris, M.D.

Lesson XIII

December 28, 1930

## Character Studies of Some Prominent New Testament People

I. **Zacharias**, one of the twenty-thousand priests, who were eligible to service in the temple, and who with his wife Elizabeth being childless had grown old and almost despairing of his ever having the much coveted turn to serve, was at last rewarded. At that time an angel visited him and prophesied that he should have a son. **God sometimes delays, but never disappoints.**

II. **Mary**, the mother of Jesus, a peasant girl from a godly home in a village of central Galilee, having been brought up to hope for the high privilege of being the mother of the Messiah, was visited by an angel who promised the fulfillment of her ambition. Every Christian girl is the potential mother of a great character. **God will not bestow such honor upon one who is unworthy.**

III. **Simeon and Anna**, saintly souls, were so close to their Heavenly Father that they enjoyed the hope, and anticipated the joy, of having a glimpse of the babe of promise and power. Their physical powers were declining but their spiritual vision was undimmed. Their church was their life. They attended the daily prayers. **Intimate communion with God and his people is always rewarded with a vision of Christ.**

IV. **Temperance Lesson**—"The Lord giveth the word: The women that publish the tidings are a great host" (Psa. 68:11).

V. **The Apostle Peter**—fisherman—capitalist—convert at the revival conducted by John the Baptist—disciple of Jesus—erratic—emotional—traitor to his Lord—duly penitent—is restored—and becomes the premier preacher of the early church. **The spiritual baptism at Pentecost was the stabilizing power.**

VI. **Thomas** the honest doubter is worthy of respectful consideration. Some people are natural born question marks and they can't help it. They must have logical and legitimate proofs for their convictions and for their lives. Thomas was as thorough as he was slow in making up his mind. **We should be thankful for men that do not decide important matters on snap judgment but give mature deliberation on things of consequence.**

VII. **The Centurion** whose respect for the Jewish theology had gripped his soul, built a synagogue for the Jews in Capernaum. Yet he did not mention that to Jesus as a reason for his claim upon his power to heal his servant. His only argument was his breaking heart for the slave whom he loved. **Love will cure the world's woes. It was love that gave Jesus to die.**

VIII. **The Rich Young Ruler** groveled in the things of earth while Jesus suspended a bejeweled diadem above his head. He went away. **He went away. HE WENT AWAY.** The sharpest arrow that can ever pierce the lost soul is that of neglect to comply with the wishes of our Lord. **We cannot recall the past but we can embrace the moment we have.**

\*IX. **Zacchaeus** grasped what proved to be his only opportunity to get a glimpse of Jesus. One week from that day Jesus was crucified. We are treading every day on the edge of a precipice. Golden opportunities cross our pathway. The day that you read this will never be duplicated. The kaleidoscope of life is constantly changing. What a happy moment it was when he discovered that Jesus wished to dine with him in his own home. Business men would like to see Jesus in action in real life, but they don't want to be caught at it. **Jesus should be the unseen guest at every business engagement.**

X. **Stephen**, the chairman of the board of Stewards of the Christian Church, apparently thought it was his duty to visit the homes where want, and sickness and suffering was, and minister to their need. God honored his faith by miraculous power and a great revival followed. They stoned Stephen to death. **Evidence of spiritual activity upon the part of the Church always draws the fire of Satan and his emissaries.**

XI. **Saul (Paul)** who gazed with glee upon dying Stephen, was haunted by the vision of his face as of an angel. God uses the wrath of men to praise him.

The very bitterness of Saul the persecutor, became a beckoning beacon of light which dazzled him blind on his way to Damascus only to regain his sight at the hands of him whom he sought to persecute. **The Talisman that broke the spell was "Brother Saul."**

XII. **Jesus** is designated in the Bible as the "Prince of Peace." That symbolism covers not only Peace of Mind, Family Peace, Community Peace, and World Peace but the "Peace that passeth all understanding."

Every war that ever was fought, was fought with the ultimate objective of Peace. The Human Method—The Cave-man Method—is to have wars and then sue for peace. Jesus' plan was to have Peace, then settle your difficulties on a peace basis.

## Despite War Conditions

**A** VIVID picture of conditions in war-torn China, especially as they affect the work of the Christian church, is given by Bishop C. P. Wang in a recent letter to Dr. Frank D. Gamewell of New York. Bishop Wang had just returned to Peiping (Peking) from holding sessions of the North China Conference and of the Shantung Conference when he wrote:

"We had a very good conference in North China. . . . Then I went to Taian to hold the Shantung Conference. Transportation facilities were very poor. I had to make four changes before I reached Taian; that is, from Peiping to Tientsin, Tientsin to Tsingtao, Tsingtao to Tsinan and then from Tsinan to Taian. When we got there the ruins and signs of war were still evident although the city was open and the war had ceased three weeks before. The west gate of Taian City was entirely blown up and many places of our mission property had been destroyed, the repairing of which will require two or three thousand dollars. So many soldiers

and civilians were killed during the war but fortunately none of our Christian people were injured or killed. Our missionary friends and Christian workers had to sleep down in the cellar for several days and for a time they had to live in one of the villages before they were able to get back.

"However, the Annual Conference was a very good one. The Conference members were all present except from one place. Wenshang had no representative. That city was still besieged by the South and the Shansi troops were still holding that place though the whole province had been taken. Our Conference was a very prayerful one and a co-operative spirit was shown in every way and now our work is going on as usual. The boys' school and also the girls' school are both open and the evangelistic program is to lay special emphasis on personal work.

"Shantung Province is just filled with bandits but they are quite friendly toward our churches. Very often the bandits come to the church services on Sunday. This summer there were four of our boy students captured by the bandits and these boys had their prayers every day and the bandits were touched by their good spirit and several of the bandits were even converted through the efforts of these boys. These boys have now been released and have returned to school this term. They tell me that these boys have a new spirit and have become a spiritual power in the school because of their experiences and the way God supported them during this time of danger."

## SOLVING LIFE'S EVERYDAY PROBLEMS. James Gordon Gilkey. The Macmillan Co., \$1.75.

The twelve problems here discussed are familiar to us all, and in the case of many people the task of discovering how to live a happier and more effective life involves the task of solving one or more of them. The suggestions here offered for their solution have grown out of many contacts in a city parish and a near-by college, out of advice given by other speakers and writers, and out of my own personal experience. If any readers are interested to inquire whether God helps us as we try to solve these problems they will find my answer to that question in another volume.

## MARY BAKER EDDY. Lyman P. Powell. Macmillan. \$5.00.

When it comes to buying a life of Mrs. Eddy, you pay your money and take your choice. The last life raised a furore among the Scientists and many booksellers banished it from their shelves.

As an offset, a friend of the court has written the other kind of a story, making out Mrs. Eddy to be a 100% saint and genius and maintaining a discreet silence on several interesting points.

But, one can't please everybody, and the former Scientists who have left the Mother Church brand the book as mere propaganda. So there you are. —W. H. P.

## HE IS BECOME MY SONG. The story of Christ in poetic form. Edith Anne Stewart Robertson. Macmillan. \$2.25.

The poet is bold who tries to cast the Gospel story into verse, but it has been well done here. It is an interpretation with songs and "as dos" worked in by the author. Here is a good sample: Then we sang the Paschal Psalms, but Jesus Could not sing. "What ails Thee, Lord? What ails Thee?"

Cr'ed we, for we marked the beads of anguish Stud His brow; yet hating still to find them; Seeking words, yet hating still to find them:

"Verily . . . I say . . . I say  
One sits here who shall betray  
Me to-night . . . to-night, and he . . .  
Suppeth in this room with Me . . ."

## The Game and the Candle

(Continued from Page 10.)

meant to do! He could never dare send it to a publisher.

The next day he turned to it again, and as if by some magic process the thing changed. He became enthusiastic once more. His work was glowing with life. It was not what he had meant to do, but it was good. Yes, he felt sure he had possessed the divine fire which was the true secret of literary work!

All doubt had now gone, and the next day he would take it to a publisher. He did not trouble about the business side of the question. Money made no appeal to him. What he wanted was to see his work in print, to behold the loose pages which lay before him in volume form, to give his creation to the world.

The next morning he bought a literary journal and examined the list of publishers who advertised their wares for sale. He was utterly ignorant of what steps to take. He had heard that young authors generally sent their manuscripts by post, and then often had to wait weeks, perhaps months before getting a reply. He felt he could not wait. He would want to know at once.

How cold and forbidding the names of the publishing firms seemed. Macmillan, John Murray, Constable, Cassels, Hodder & Stoughton, and many more. He felt frightened and utterly bewildered.

Locking his manuscript securely in a drawer, he found his way into the busy streets. By and by he reached the Strand and then made his way eastward. When he got into Fleet street he saw the golden cross of St. Paul's lifted high into the heavens. It became a kind of magnet to him, and before long he entered the great cathedral. He had no reason for doing so, but he wandered round the stupendous building like one fascinated. He became absorbed in its architectural proportions. He stood beneath the dome and became solemnized. The church represented a tremendous idea. It stood for faith, faith in the spiritual, faith in the infinite. It stood for something tremendous, the most tremendous thing in life, and although he did not know it, he was absorbing something of the great Spirit for which the church stood.

When he got outside and stood upon the steps facing Ludgate Hill, he knew that in some mysterious way his outlook on life had changed. What he had written in his book had only touched the fringe of things. Almost unconsciously he wandered westward again, and when he had reached the middle of Ludgate Hill he stopped suddenly.

The names of two publishers flashed into his mind, and he knew that it must be to one of these that he must take his manuscript. Which, he did not know. He took a penny from his pocket and threw it into the air, unconscious of the people who were watching him. "Heads I go to Cox & Margate," he found himself saying, "tails I take it to Quill & Steel." The penny turned up tails, and without waiting a second he hurried back to his lodgings, found his manuscript, and made his way to the well-known publishing house.

"Yes, sir?" questioned a kind of hall porter at the door, "who do you want to see?"

"I want to see the manager," was his reply. He had not the slightest idea whether this was the right term to use, but it was the first that came to him.

"The manager of what department?" asked the man.

"I want this manuscript published," was his stammering reply.

"Oh, then you'd better see Mr. Royston."

It seemed to him a happy augury. He wondered whether Mr. Royston was in some way related to his cousin's fiancée.

After waiting a few minutes he was taken into the presence of a kindly, middle-aged gentleman, who looked at him scrutinizingly.

"I have wondered whether you would consider this manuscript," he ventured.

"Certainly we'll consider it," was the reply, with the emphasis on the "consider."

Five minutes later he left the publishing house, at one second feeling assured of success, the next, certain that his effort was doomed to failure.

There was nothing now for him but to wait.

(Continued Next Week.)

## What We May Learn from the Roman Catholics

Bishop Joseph F. Berry

THE Roman Catholic church is more compactly and strongly organized than any other religious body in the world. There are some things in its teachings and policies to which, as a Protestant, I decidedly object. But there are other features which Protestants would do well to imitate. I make a brief summary of these:

1. Its remarkable *esprit de corps*.
2. The vigilant care it gives to the religious training of its children.
3. The extraordinary loyalty of its membership to the church, and its respect for constituted authority.
4. Its democracy. There are no lines in the church differentiating the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned as, of course, there should not be.
5. The wise insistence of its leaders that every member shall share in the financial support of the church, and the almost universal response of the people to that demand.
6. The wisdom shown in handling, within its own precincts, cases of wrongdoing. Misconduct of priests and people is subject to discipline and punishment. But the matter seldom becomes public property, and is not allowed to be a subject of newspaper sensation.
7. The property interests of the church are centered in the bishop. He is trained to deal with financial problems, and his word is law. Hence the business affairs of the church are usually managed with consummate skill. In the one matter of church locations the Roman Catholic church has heavily discounted every Protestant communion.
8. The organized charities of the church. Her hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged and other beneficent institutions stand out prominently in every considerable community.
9. The parish system. The membership of the church is zoned, and every

one is required to support the church nearest his residence, even though he does not regularly attend it. This secures equalization, and provides for the adequate support of the weaker churches.

10. Loyalty to the historic doctrines of the Roman Catholic church. Its bishops and priests are men of broad culture, and that culture is used to propagate the truths of the Scriptures as they interpret them, rather than to raise in the minds of the people misgivings concerning their authority and value. It has been charged that the Roman Catholic church is wholly traditional, that it allows no intellectual liberty, and that it takes no forward look. But, honestly, would you not prefer to be regarded as a bit conservative rather than to consent that the Gospel message shall be emasculated by the vague speculations of ultra modernism?

Binghamton, N. Y.

**BEDS OF PEARLS.** Robert G. Lee. Richard R. Smith, Inc. \$1.25.

This volume is a clear, vigorous, thorough, beautiful expression of the text, "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." It is done by a master in the fields of spiritual understanding and literary expression. Its message is calculated to bring light to those who know not God, to strengthen the faith and assurance of all believers, and to put iron into the work of men and women everywhere who are trying to teach or preach the Word.

**THE PARALLEL NEW TESTAMENT.** Prof. James Moffatt, Litt.D. Richard R. Smith, \$1.00.

This book contains the New Testament as translated by one of the leading Greek scholars of the modern world and in parallel columns the King James version. The differences between the two translations are immediately apparent and the one throws new light upon the other. New points for emphasis at once emerge and the Moffatt translation will help you at all times to interpret the meaning of the older version for our day.

### Does Your Church Need Money?

Over 8500 Church Organizations have raised much-needed funds by the sale of—  
**GOTTSCHALK'S METAL SPONGE**

It cleans and scours everything. Does not siver, rust or scratch. Keeps hands dainty. Write for information on this Money-Making Plan.

**METAL SPONGE SALES CORPORATION**  
Dept. 116 Lehigh & Mascher St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## IT IS A BURNING SHAME

that so many churches are without sufficient insurance and not properly safeguarded against fire.

**NATIONAL MUTUAL CHURCH INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO**

has continuously since 1898 been furnishing protection AT COST.

**FIRE, LIGHTNING AND WINDSTORM**

No assessments; easy payments; profits to policyholders; legal reserve for protection of policyholders same as stock companies.

Parsonages, Homes and Personal Effects of Church Members also insured.

No agents. Deal direct. Address HENRY P. MAGILL, Sec. & Mgr., 1509 Ins. Exchange Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

# NELSON

At Your Booksellers

**Thomas Nelson & Sons**  
Publishers Since 1798

American Standard and King James Versions  
Guaranteed Bindings

# BIBLES

New York

**Notice**

Anyone having rugs or carpet to donate to our Italian Mission for use in the Community House, kindly write the office of the Methodist Union of Greater Detroit, 2847 Grand River Avenue, or telephone Glendale 6025.

**Personals**

Milan is in the midst of a union evangelistic campaign under the leadership of Evangelist E. J. Rollings.

Mrs. George G. Hicks is in the Laurium hospital with a serious infection that will probably mean an operation.

Bishop Joseph F. Berry has left his summer home, Binghamton, N. Y., for Winter Park, Fla., where he will spend the cold months.

The Advocate makes its share of the world's mistakes. It is Mrs. Thomas Scott, the widow of our pastor, who is ill at Pontiac with a cancer.

Bishop and Mrs. F. D. Leete, of Omaha, Neb., sailed from San Francisco November 29th on a Dollar Line steamer for a cruise around the world. They will spend Christmas in Japan.

A note from his brother reminds us that Dr. Arthur W. Stalker was five years pastor of Preston church at Detroit, not three as stated. Also that Dr. and Mrs. Stalker were married in 1884.

A recent article in one of the magazines on "Prohibition and the Preacher" was written by A. G. Larkey, a member of the chaplain's staff at Jackson prison, not by our pastor at Bath, who is S. LaVerne Finch.

Potterville and West Benton have recently had a real every member canvass and Rev. Karl Keefer writes: "There would be no dead country churches if the folks would work together as at West Benton."

Last Thursday night the editor spoke to 400 unemployed men at one of the new missions, 444 Howard street, Detroit. We have asked Mr. Harry Russell to tell the story of this new work that has sprung up over night.

Detroit's best sellers for November: "Humane Religion," Kingdon; "Personology," Fisher; "I Wonder," Munkres; "Wind Blown Stories," Ethel and Frank Owen; "Mrs. Humming Bird's Double," Farnsworth; "A Discontented Optimist," Rice.

A Seminar for personal study and life enrichment is planned for the week of January 12 to 17 for Michigan preachers. All who would be interested in joining should communicate with Stanley B. Niles, Eaton Rapids. The Seminar will have its sessions in the Knickerbocker Hotel in Chicago.

The twenty-sixth annual men's social was held in Millington Dec. 5th. This affair, planned by the men of the church, is unique in that no charge is made for the meals and the program is also free. Each person gives what he likes. When the books were balanced the booths and the free will gifts had brought in over \$500 for the day's effort. This is a considerable increase over last year's returns.

The Methodist folk at Inkster are rejoicing in the building of a new church. For several years these people have wrought great hardship in a store building, but in

great hardship in a store building, but in November the ground was broken and the erection of a church building started. The work has gone forward very rapidly and the people and pastor, Rev. R. R. Feuell, are expecting to have the dedicatory services early in the New Year.

Edward P. Holmes, son of the late Rev. A. J. Holmes, died at his winter home in Gulfport, Miss., November 16th, after an illness of several weeks. Burial was in Memphis, Mich. Services were held in the Memphis Methodist church. Mr. Holmes is survived by his widow and son, Clare; also three brothers: Charles of Detroit, Howard and Emerson of Mt. Pleasant, and two sisters: Mary of Evanston, Ill., and Mrs. Edith Dowsell of Detroit.

Anna Marie was born July 21, 1851, at Erie, Pa., and died at Battle Creek at the age of 79 years. She came to Climax, Mich., with her foster-parents when she was 13 years of age. She resided near this village until she was 28 years old, when she married James Green. The couple lived on a farm near Dowling for 45 years. To this union were born five children: Charles and Mary, who died in infancy; George died at the age of 27; Fred, of Willmett, Ill., and Jennie Moody, of Battle Creek, at whose home she died Dec. 5, 1930. She had been a life-long member of the Methodist church.

Rev. William Richards writes from Northville: "We are feeling more and more the sad loss in the passing of Charles Filkins, one of the oldest members of our church. Never, at any time, did he let anything interfere with his worship. His place was always in the same pew during the nine years of my ministry. We will miss this lovable man. I would the younger generation of our church would assume the responsibility that this godly man never failed in doing. He became a victim of the epidemic of typhoid, in the milk that was contaminated. Many people of our church were infected, resulting in the death of another of our young people."

Mary White Thompson Bibbins was born at the home of her father, Amander Thompson, at Moscow, Mich., Sept. 15, 1853. Died at Galesburg, Mich., Nov. 26, 1930. She is survived by her son, Robert Bibbins of Galesburg, a granddaughter, Mrs. Shilling, a grandson, Charles Bibbins, grandnieces Edwina Levy and Mildred Van Schoick, and a cousin, Ralph Seeley. The Hanover community has lost one of its most splendid characters in the death of Mrs. Bibbins. She was loved by all who had the privilege of contact with her. Although she had been seriously ill for some time, the news of her death came as a shock to the community. The Bibbins family is one of the pioneer groups of that section of Michigan. It was in the Bibbins' home that the first Methodist services were conducted in the early days of the development of Hanover.

The news of the death of Thoburn E. Gibson, 33 years of age, was a severe shock to everyone in Crystal Falls. Mr. Gibson had been ill only five days, death coming Nov. 21 due to pneumonia. He was born in Amasa, Feb. 1, 1897, and grew to manhood in that locality. He attended Michigan State College, at Lansing, graduating there with a degree of Bachelor of Science. Following his graduation he taught school at Amasa for two years and for the past eight years has



**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling  
Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair  
Sole and S. Co. at Druggists.  
Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

**CHURCH FURNITURE**  
Everything for Church and Sunday School use. From Factory to You. Fine catalog free.  
**DeMoulin Bros. & Co.**  
1185 South 4th St., Greenville, Illinois




**MADISON AND LENOX**  
MADISON AVE.  
RESTAURANT  
DOLLAR DINNERS

**Along the Years**  
A Pageant of Methodism

In Prologue, Three Episodes,  
Two Interludes and Finale

**BY HELEN L. WILLCOX**

Octavo. Stiff paper cover. Price, net, 50 cents each, postpaid, in any quantity.

**The Methodist Book Concern**

**Thorough Training**  
in Bookkeeping, Typewriting,  
Accounting, Comptometer, Gregg,  
Graham or Pitman Shorthand,  
Stenotypy, or Dictaphone.

**DAY OR EVENING SCHOOL**

Branch schools at 5040 Joy Road,  
at 4709 Woodward, and at  
3240 Gratiot, Detroit; and  
in Pontiac and Saginaw

**The Business Institute**

Main School, Entire Institute Building  
1333 Cass Avenue, Detroit

"Michigan's Largest Business  
and Secretarial School"

Return this ad with your name and  
address for new prospectus, or phone  
Randolph 6534.

Name.....

Address.....



**Insurance for Church Members—  
Clergymen or Laymen**  
Organized 1912

Incorporated under Indiana Laws of Indiana. (Full legal reserve maintained. We issue a Single, Double, or Triple Accident and Health Policy. Sickness Benefits, \$5.00 to \$31.50 per week. Accident Benefits, \$5.25 to \$41.25 per week. Burial Benefits, \$100 to \$500. Life Insurance, \$500 to \$5,000. Accident Insurance, \$200 to \$7,500. The Membership fee, \$3.00 Single Policy, \$5.00 Double, \$7.00 Triple, with or without Burial Insurance, pays cost to April 1, 1931. Terms to Clergymen. For full particulars write us, giving date of birth. Address

**Church Members Relief Association**  
J. K. AKE, Pres.

827-30 Occidental Building Indianapolis, Indiana

been an honored and respected instructor as head of the science department in the Crystal Falls high school. He also took several courses at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. Mr. Gibson was in the service during the World War, engaged in the naval aviation division. He was a member of the Masonic order as well as a Legionaire. He was active in church work, while living in Amasa, and was known as a man of excellent Christian character. He was married to Pearl Kilmer on June 2nd, 1923. He is survived by his widow, Pearl, and his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thoburn Gibson, pioneer residents of Amasa and among Iron county's most prized citizens.

### Folks and Facts

The John D. Rockefellers, father and son, have given \$1,000,000 to the emergency unemployment fund.

Bishop R. J. Cooke, of Athens, Tenn., has presented his large and valuable library to Tennessee Wesleyan College.

Bishop McConnell arrived in Calcutta from New York on Dec. 3. Mrs. McConnell and Miss Dorothy McConnell are with him.

More than two billion dollars in interest, dividends, Christmas club and employee bonuses will be distributed in this country over the holidays.

Dr. Albert Einstein, the famous mathematician and philosopher, arrived in New York last week, and is being received with honors everywhere.

The navy department has sent a bill to congress for appropriation of \$134,635,000, to be expended next year toward building the fleet up to parity with England's.

Senator Robinson of Arkansas, who was Al Smith's running mate in 1928, thinks the Democratic platform in 1932 will not call for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Dr. Wm. E. Huntington, president emeritus of Boston University, died on Dec. 6, at his home in Newton Centre, aged 86. He was for 35 years a teacher in Boston University and was president from 1904 to 1911.

Rev. Ernest F. Tittle, D.D., pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church at Evanston, Ill., will be one of the Yale University chapel preachers during this school year.

Senator Reed of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill to bar immigration for two years. This would not affect immigration from Canada, which is protected by the Jay treaty.

President Hoover asks congress to appropriate an additional \$150,000,000 for the

farm board, out of the \$500,000,000 authorized. Congress has already appropriated \$250,000,000.

Here is what Sir Gilbert Parker of England says: "Prohibition alone is responsible for the leading industrial position of the United States in the world." Make a note of that.

An autographed manuscript of Kipling's famous "Recessional" was acquired Nov. 11 by Gabriel Wells, the New York collector, for \$3,150. The poem was written

## WE PAY 4% ON SAVINGS

### Compounded Quarterly

This big, Strong Bank, with Capital and Surplus Three Million Two Hundred Thousand Dollars and Resources of over Twenty Million Dollars, is a Safe Place to Deposit your Savings. Established in 1851—this reliable old institution has a record of Sound, Safe Banking for 79 years.

*A New Interest Quarter  
Begins January 1*

*You Can Bank With Us By Mail.  
Write Us for Full Information.*

## Old-Merchants National Bank and Trust Company

Battle Creek, Michigan

### THE CHURCH SCHOOL JOURNAL



## For 1931 Increase the efficiency of your Church School by means of THE CHURCH SCHOOL JOURNAL

Provide it for your Pastor, for your Director of Religious Education, for your Church School Superintendent and for each of his assistants, for every other general officer of your school, for every Department Superintendent, and for every Teacher.

Let all of these become habitual students of the Journal and the results will far more than justify the cost.

The price of The Church School Journal is but 23 cents a quarter or 90 cents a year to schools. Sent to individual addresses it is 25 cents a quarter or \$1.00 a year.

Ask at once for a sample copy. Address

### THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

(Founded 1789)

CINCINNATI NEW YORK CHICAGO  
Boston Detroit Pittsburgh Kansas City San Francisco Portland, Oreg.  
Order from the nearest Address

on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1897.

Edith Wharton, the novelist, has been elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. She is the second woman to receive this honor, the other being the late Julia Ward Howe.

Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, the great Japanese evangelist, is coming to America next year, and is to speak at the World Young Men's Christian Association Conference to be held in Cleveland in August.

Rev. Samuel Hayman Wainwright, M.D., D.D., for forty-three years a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Japan, has been decorated with the Order of the Rising Sun by the Japanese emperor.

President Hoover on Wednesday of last week sent to the senate the protocols for American adherence to the World Court, asking consideration as soon as emergency relief and the appropriations have been enacted.

Daily air passenger service between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington has, in three months' trial, been so successful that new rate schedules have been adopted actually reducing fares below those now charged by rail and Pullmans.

President Hoover has appointed William N. Doak as secretary of labor, to succeed James J. Davis, who has resigned and taken his seat as senator from Pennsylvania. Mr. Doak has been counsel for the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

Dr. John R. Mott has had the Order of the White Lion conferred upon him by President Thomas G. Masaryk of Czechoslovakia. This honor is given in recognition of Dr. Mott's work as chairman of the World's Student Christian Federation.

Dr. W. E. Barton, noted author of Lincoln biographies and other books, died at a New York hospital Nov. 7, aged 68. He was the author of the choice "Parables of Safed the Sage" in the Congregationalist and other papers. Bruce Barton was a son.

Last Saturday nearly threescore federal prohibition agents recruited at Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus and Indianapolis, made a raid in Toledo on bootleggers and vice resort operators, alleged to be paying annual tribute of \$1,000,000 to Toledo and Lucas county officials.

Statistics compiled semi-officially but considered by the Vatican as substantially correct show that at the end of 1929 Catholics in the world numbered 341,430,000. Of these 109,097,000 were in North, Central and South America. European Catholics numbered 208,882,000.

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kan., widely known Congregational clergyman, author of "In His Steps" and many other volumes, is at present engaged in a nation-wide program of lectures on international peace and the movement for the abolition of war.

Dedication of the \$275,000 addition to Sibley Hospital, Washington, D. C., which gives two more floors and increases the facilities of the institution by seven operating rooms and nineteen private rooms, took place on Friday evening, Nov. 7, Bishop William F. McDowell officiating.

President Hoover, in a statement to the press, charges "the playing of politics at the expense of human misery," in unwarranted appropriations proposed in congress. He says measures already introduced would swell the amounts beyond

what he has recommended, for the present and next fiscal year, to \$4,500,000,000.

In order to give the Bible a plainer interpretation to its present day readers, the American Standard Bible Committee is compiling a new version of the Holy Scriptures. As chairman of the Old Testament section of the new Bible, Dr. Frederick Carl Eiselen, president of Garrett Biblical Institute, has been selected to direct a major share of the revision.

J. Lincoln Hall, of Philadelphia, Pa., composer and publisher of music for churches and Sunday Schools, died Nov. 29, aged 64. He was head of the Hall-Mack Publishing Company, and was active in Methodist Church affairs, being president of the Pittman Grove (N. J.) Camp Meeting Association, and lay delegate to the General Conferences of 1912, 1916, and 1920.

Because they happen to have been born with similar names, Miss Martha Tarbell and Miss Ida Tarbell are repeatedly being mistaken for each other. Miss Martha Tarbell, an experienced Sunday School worker, has limited her interests solely to matters of a religious nature, and especially to the preparation of Tarbell's Teachers' Guide, the twenty-sixth edition of which is recently off the press.

Dean Charles W. Gilkey, of the Chicago University chapel, delivered the first of a series of sermons by notable American ministers at Garrett Biblical Institute on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 4. The sermons will be delivered throughout the winter exclusively for the benefit of Garrett student pastors, who find it impossible to hear Sunday pulpit messages because of their employment in near-by churches on the Sabbath.

The national meeting at Washington last week of organizations supporting the Eighteenth Amendment appointed a "combined committee on unified strategy," composed of twelve dry leaders, for the purpose of aiding prohibition in preparation for the 1932 presidential campaign. Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the W. C. T. U., heads this committee, other members being Ernest H. Cherrington, F. Scott McBride, Oliver Stewart, Clinton Howard, and Daniel A. Poling.

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, who died recently in Chicago at the age of ninety years, was widely known for her work in medicine, woman's suffrage, and for the amelioration of conditions among the poor. She was a student at Boston University School of Medicine from 1873 to 1875, and received her medical degree from the Chicago Homeopathic College in 1877. She was the mother of Dr. Willis J. Abbot, member\* of the editorial board of the Christian Science Monitor.

Lantern slides were among many other things destroyed by the hurricane in Santo Domingo. The Dominican Evangelical church at San Pedro de Macoris would be grateful for slides, especially on the life of Christ or similar subjects, for use in their stereopticon machine. Any church or individual willing to contribute used or new slides may send them to the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and they will be forwarded to the Dominican church.

The sixth Michigan is the most populous congressional district in the United States. The recent census gave it 1,398,801 population.

## BOOKS FOR Church School Workers

### Teaching Primaries in the Church School

BY ETHEL L. SMITHER

A help to religious teachers of Primaries to learn better how to guide the growing Christian experience of children six, seven, and eight years of age. Parents who are interested in the religious education of their children will find the book peculiarly helpful, and it will guide and supplement the efforts of teachers in the church school most effectively.

Net, \$1.25, postpaid.

### Week-Day Church Schools

Their Organization and Administration  
BY NATHANIEL F. FORSYTH

"The work is historical, constructive, explanatory, and practical. It is an excellent textbook on the subject, having questions for discussion at the end of each chapter. In every sense it is one of the best works published on the subject, and will be found of inestimable value to all who have such schools or have them in contemplation."—*Reformed Church Messenger*.

Net, \$1.25; by mail, \$1.35.

### The Pastor and Religious Education

BY HARRY C. MUNRO

"This is a suggestive book if wisely read and judiciously used by the religious leader mature enough in years, ripe enough in scholarship and rich enough in experience to apprise what is worthy of praise and to condemn what needs condemning. The author has said many of the things that have needed saying with a boldness and a clearness that challenge attention. Every chapter abounds with them and there are enough of them to more than repay the reader for a careful study of the book."—*Watchman-Examiner*.

Net, \$2.00, postpaid.

### Our Pupils: Psychology for Church School Teachers

BY E. LEIGH MUDGE

"A study of the native endowment of the boys and girls who attend our church schools, including their physical, mental, and emotional tendencies and their interrelationships. The laws of learning as they apply to thinking, to the appreciation of beauty and goodness, to the differences among individuals, to growth on the moral and religious levels, are set forth in understandable and yet scientifically accurate phraseology."—*The Congregationalist*.

Illustrated. Net, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10.

### THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

(Founded 1789)

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO  
Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco  
Detroit Kansas City Portland, Ore.

Order from the nearest Address

# BRONZE TABLETS

JNO. WILLIAMS, Inc., BRONZE FOUNDRY  
Dept. A 342 W. 27th Street, New York City

## Gist of the Lesson 1931

by R. A. TORREY

Insist on the ORIGINAL. Thirty-one Years' Supremacy. Never Equaled. Condensed Thought. Digest and Text of Lesson. Attendance Record. Other Features. Flexible Binding. 35c. Postpaid.

F. H. REVELL CO., 158 Fifth Ave., New York; 851 Cass St., Chicago



LOWER CHIMES PLAYED FROM ELECTRIC KEYBOARD AT ORGAN CHURCH BELLS - PEALS

McShane Bell Foundry Co. BALTIMORE MD

## THE LESSON HANDBOOK, 1931

Prepared by ALPHEUS B. AUSTIN  
LUCIUS H. BUGBEE, Editor

A concise commentary on the International Uniform Church School Lessons. Compact in matter and form. Contains list of the topics for Young People and Adults for the entire year, with maps, a yearly calendar, the Lord's Prayer, Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments.

VEST-POCKET SIZE  
PRICE, NET, 35 CENTS, POSTPAID.

### THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

(Founded 1789)

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO  
Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco  
Detroit Kansas City Portland, Ore.

Order from the nearest Address

## HOLY LAND

Twentieth Palestine Tour—April 11 to July 6, 1931—Shorter if desired—conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Ray Allen—\$49 to \$1125, complete—England, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Cyprus, Lebanon, Palestine, Egypt, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium—Fine accommodations—Modest rates—Register without delay.



**That Wonderful Man**—Commonly called the Gospel of Mark, translated by Dr. Allen—Third edition, revised—Vivid, accurate, independent, often startling—Beautiful booklet—10 cts. a copy, \$1 a dozen.

postpaid—Eminently suitable for study classes, and for Christmas greetings.

Rev. Ray Allen, D.D.  
Kenmore Buffalo, N. Y.

"The Biggest Business in the World is the Business of Building Men and Women"

## THE METHODIST CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY

The Children's Village

Six-Mile Road West  
Redford - Michigan

Visiting Hours 3:00 to 5:00 P.M.,  
Saturdays and Sundays

## Michigan News Items

The Detroit Edison Company will expend \$13,000,000 next year on new construction work.

Henry Ford wins in the supreme court the \$6,000,000 suit with Henry M. Leland over the affairs of the Lincoln Motor Company.

The Chevrolet Motor Company in November set a new high record, producing 47,257 cars, and expects to make it 60,000 this month.

The Detroit unemployment fund received \$45,053.73 from the charity football game between the University of Michigan and the University of Chicago.

Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd, of South Pole exploration fame, arrived in Detroit last Saturday by airplane, and gave lectures here at 2:30 and 8:30.

The Fisher brothers have offered their body plant at Fort and Twenty-third streets, Detroit, to provide dormitory quarters for 2,500 men who are in need.

An ordinance to prohibit the sale of real estate on Sunday has been drawn by Assistant Corporation Counsel Vance G. Ingalls and submitted to the Detroit City Council for adoption.

The head of the army engineer corps recommends for next year expenditure of \$1,816,000 for Michigan harbor and rivers improvement, and \$5,462,500 for the Great Lakes system as a whole.

The state supreme court reverses its former decision that so-called "relicted" lands on water fronts in Michigan belong to the state, and rules that they belong to the owners of frontage.

The Charles Goodwin Jennings Hospital, at Jefferson avenue east and Seyburn, Detroit, has been formally opened. It cost \$800,000 and is the gift of friends and patients of Dr. C. G. Jennings, who practiced medicine in Detroit for fifty years.

Razing of the present postoffice building in Detroit will begin within two months, preparatory to erecting a new nine-story federal building, to cost \$5,600,000. Three of the floors will be given to postoffice use, the other six for courtrooms and other federal uses.

With land all over the state, especially thousands of subdivision lots in Wayne and other counties, reverting to the state for nonpayment of taxes, Auditor-General Fuller calls attention to the new law under which properties delinquent for five years or more and forfeited to the state cannot be recovered by the former owners.

State Senator Cass Jankowski, of the Hamtramck district, was fatally injured while on his way to Washington with Congressman McLeod, dying in a hospital at Warren, Ohio. McLeod was also injured, but not seriously, and proceeded to the opening of congress. Both were going to Washington to further measures against prohibition.

A new sensation involving border patrol guards of the prohibition enforcement unit and rum-runners at Detroit has developed. Definite charges were made against 16 rum-runners and 7 suspected and 30 more officers are said to be involved. The officers, it is alleged, received liberal bribes for winking at the smuggling of liquor from Canada.

## LINER ADS

MINISTER'S DAUGHTER wants position in Christian home, house work and care of children. Will start at \$5.00 a week. Write P. K., care of Advocate.

POSITION WANTED—as nursemaid or for general housework. Best of references. Address 2656 Sampson Avenue, Detroit; or telephone Lafayette 2082-R, ask for Mrs. Thompson.

WANTED—A teaching position in mathematics or science in high school by a teacher of considerable experience capable of meeting North Central requirements. Address, "Teacher," care of Advocate.

GENERAL OFFICE POSITION wanted by experienced accountant, bookkeeper, credit manager, and assistant cashier. Address Box 132, Grand Blanc, Michigan.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN would like a position to assist with housework. No washing. Am willing to work for \$5.00 a week. Address Nettie Hancock, 2556 Philadelphia Avenue W., Detroit, Michigan.

WANTED—A position as Church Caretaker of church or other building in or near Pontiac or Detroit. Earl M. Wythe, 95 Virginia, Pontiac.

GENERAL OFFICE MAN desires position with reliable firm—can qualify in accounting, cost accounting. Has had sales training and experience; also considerable experience in radio work, announcing and broadcasting. At present has charge of choir in one of State's largest churches. Not a "job hunter." Write c/o Advocate, "General Office Man."

PRESSMAN of 20 years experience on 2-color and single color presses, seeks position in shop where ability, sobriety, and honesty are essential; married; has general printing experience. Address Color Pressman, c/o Michigan Christian Advocate, 32 E. Elizabeth St., Detroit, Mich.

FOR THE PANCAKE AND WAFFLE SEASON! Some more of that Stonehouse Farmstead brand Pure Maple Syrup. Delivered postpaid, \$2.65 per gallon. C. S. Langdon, Hubbardston, Mich.

MAN with Five Children is in need of work. Experienced janitor, driver, boiler operator, watchman, caretaker; will not refuse any kind of work. F. Fisher, 2754 Grand River Ave.

YOUNG MAN, age thirty-five, desires sales connection or clerical purchasing and follow-up position; six years' experience at each. Best of character and commercial references. Address Box K, care of Advocate.

HONEY—NORTHERN MICHIGAN HONEY—The best of all honey. Dear Advocate reader: May I deliver to your address postpaid. One 5-pound pail, net weight, \$1.00 to any address in Michigan. Apiarist Geo. H. Kirkpatrick, Kalkaska, Michigan.



PIPE - TONE FOLDING ORGANS  
21 Styles, School, Chapel, Chautauqua and Folding Organs. Send for catalogue and prices.

A. L. WHITE MFG. CO., Dept. M  
215 Englewood Ave., Chicago, U.S.A.

PHONE  
LENOX 0780

Day and Night  
Service

JOHN S. DAVIS  
Funeral Director

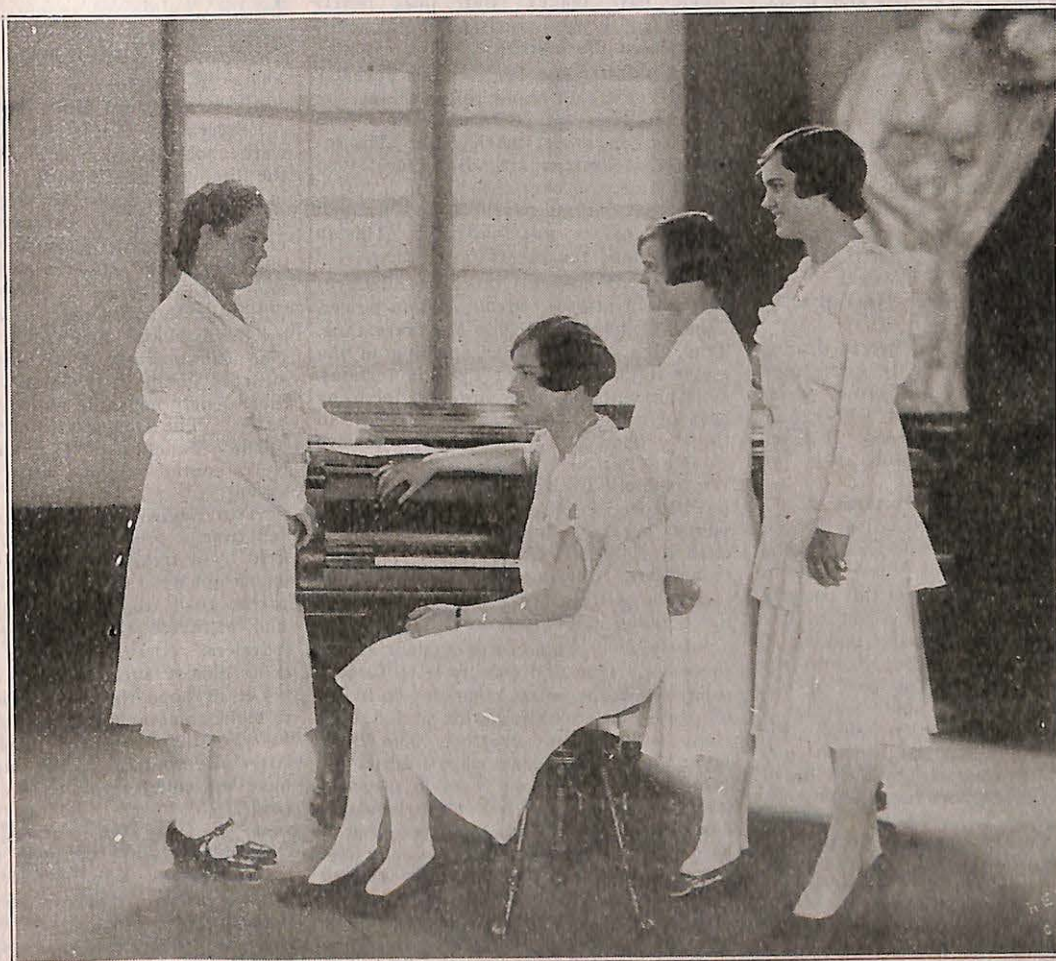
14723 Mack Avenue

Detroit

VERNOR BROTHERS  
GENERAL INSURANCE  
AGENTS

Established 1832  
Room 903, Guarantee Trust Bldg.  
606 Woodward Avenue - Detroit, Mich.

ART GLASS  
Detroit Stained Glass Works  
4831-3 Fort Street, West



### The Hicks Sisters

Daughters of Rev. and Mrs. G. G. Hicks  
Laurium, Mich.

Miss Gertrude, the leader, is a trained singer of talent, taste, and experience, having been the contralto soloist in several choirs and quartettes in Albion, Saginaw, and Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Wakefield, Massachusetts. She is likewise an accomplished reader.

Miss Harriet, accompanist and alto, has been a member of many musical organizations through-

out the state. She has taken considerable work in music at Albion College.

Miss Dorothy, soprano, is a popular student at Albion College and has been heard several times there and elsewhere with pleasure. She has also sung many times over the radio to the delight of the great "unseen audience."

Miss Marjory, alto, is also a natural musician of considerable promise.

### What They Write

#### The Dream City

We have a good residential community. Our public school system is one of the very best and while Marysville is still the "Dream City" it has a glorious hope of becoming all that has ever been said of it. The coming of the Pittsburgh Glass factory is assured.

We have the great Edison plant and the Morton Salt Block, besides which there are none better in the land.

Our church only numbers 38 members but we have 24 Advocate subscriptions

paid up, and a Sunday school with a very unique attendance record.

The pastor is greatly helped by the Berean Bible class that meets monthly and provides all of the advantages of the ordinary Ladies' Aid.

A larger proportion of the people of Marysville are receiving religious education now than ever before in its history.—John E. Mealley.

#### Another Prodigal Reports

We have moved, assigned to two towns that couldn't go it alone any longer, Center Point and Urbana. We are only 18

miles from Cedar Rapids and the Lincoln Highway; we are north on No. 11, a state highway. It may be that some Michigan friends will call on us here. Our boys are both in high school, one a junior and the other a freshman.

We certainly have walked into a large and a needy field. Watch and work, fast and pray, will be a good motto for this preacher for the next nine months. We expect to have Conference again in June, changing from September to June, our regular time of meeting.—Floyd R. Maynard, Center Point, Iowa.

## Whose Money Was It?

Hugh Kennedy

SOME four years ago we had in our area headquarters a little girl, a college graduate, with a keen mind and pure soul, who came into the office one day and asked if she could have a few moments of my time.

She said: "I have my church obligations all paid, also my World Service pledge, but you know I am a tither, and my tithe money has been accumulating until I have about seventy dollars of the Lord's money (I dare say that I would have forgotten the incident had she not said 'the Lord's money'), and I thought I would like to ask you where I had better place it, to do the most good."

Having had some experience in dealing with young people, I readily understood that a girl of that makeup did not desire very much information, but rather that I listen to what she had to say. I asked what she would like to do with the money.

### Heart Goes With Treasure

She said, "You know sometime I hope to go into the Southland, and teach among the mountain whites, and I have thought that it might be wise to take this seventy dollars of the Lord's money, put in five dollars of my own money, making it seventy-five dollars, and put it into the education of some girl in one of the schools, who would go out and be a teacher among her own people." She sent the money and this last June the girl that she has been thus assisting graduated and today is a teacher among her own people.

About a year later the same young lady came into the office again. She said she had a little more of the Lord's money, but not so much this time. She had only twenty-five dollars. She said she had a friend who would give twenty-five dollars too, and that she had been looking around and decided she would like to put that money toward the support of a native missionary in India. The money was sent, and every year since the money has gone.

The thing that interested me most was her conception of the tithe money as the Lord's money. Others talk about their own money; she talked about the Lord's money.—Stewardship Spokesman.

## Our Speed Age

Eugene Allen

EVERY age has considered itself fast. Primitive man thought it a marvel to harness the horse. There are people now living who witnessed the beginnings of modern speed. They saw the transition from the ox-cart to the locomotive and then to the airship. Now one may go across the continent in a day. And we are thinking of rocketing to the moon. All our thought is to get somewhere else as quickly as we can and, as Ruskin says, we are as big fools when we get there as when we started.

### Ox-Cart Man Deliberate

All this has its moral bearings. Your ox-cart man thinks and acts deliberately. Your air-minded man is impetuous by nature. It is unduly exhilarating to auto 60 miles an hour. It reacts upon our whole nature. Consider what auto speed has done for us. Pedestrianism has been turned into artful dexterity. I make a terrible indictment of our age. Last year

30,000 people were killed in the United States by automobiles. Suppose it had been hydrophobia that took these lives, or poisoned liquor. What an uproar it would have made! But, since nearly everyone drives, there is no moral sentiment about the killings.

And industry has been unduly speeded. Much of the talk about this machine age is mere pessimism. The value of a man like Ford is almost incalculable. His industry has become art. But there is no question of rash over-speeding in industry which has glutted markets and brought on some of our unemployment. This in part explains the present hard times.

Our speed has cost much in effectiveness. Gain in speed means loss in power. When God builds worlds He takes time. True, light is the speediest thing in the material universe. But light is tenuous. God's mountains were brought forth by ages of travail. Now, we live too fast to think properly. I believe that intensive thinking has become almost a lost art. We have our Fords, but no Shakespeares or Platons. I plead especially for the young people. They have no proper chance. They are whirled from one thing to another. Our home life is speeded almost out of existence. Our speedy age is not building moral fiber as it should.

Surely, every age owes a debt to its successor. One of its debts is to furnish solid foundation work. Our day is like a toboggan: a breathless whiz and a long climb to where we started. The Bible says: "Be still and know that I am God." Moses was still for 40 years in preparation as a leader of Israel out of bondage. I once heard an educated man say that if he had but ten years to live he would spend seven of them in college getting ready to make the ten years effective. Truly, God reveals Himself most to quiet souls. Our spiritually-wandering age owes much of its confusion to our rapidity and lack of meditation. We cannot revert to the ways of our ancestors and go back to the ox-cart, but we can imitate their spirit of soundness and thoughtfulness.

### Imitate Spirit of Ancestors

We have had two civilizations on this continent: the Puritan and the hurry-up civilizations. The former brought forth reformers, poets, and statesmen. The latter brings autos and airships. In the long run, the statesmen are worth more than the autos.

Owosso, Michigan.

## Garrett Makes a Social Study

"One needs go no farther than the nearest large American city to study international racial differences," according to Professor Murray H. Leiffer, of the sociology department at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. In order that ministers studying at the Methodist seminary (and there are more than a score of Michigan men there) may come into personal contact with the many peoples of the world, 150 Garrett men are making reconciliation trips in the city of Chicago. The first of the trips led through the heart of the business section of the city. The second was confined to the region of the famous Hull House, where Jews, Mexicans, Lithuanians, and some negroes live in thickly populated tenements. While at Hull House the Garrett men were addressed by Jane Addams. Other trips are scheduled.

## Boys and Girls

### Just Dogs

(From Our Dumb Animals.)  
Faithful Unto Death

Readers of Massachusetts newspapers were shocked last August in reading of the discovery of the body of a young wife in the woods, near Norwood. Her husband had been her destroyer. The discovery was made because her little pet dog "Snowball," standing beside her dead body, had kept up a persistent barking until a passerby on the highway, attracted by the barking, sought the cause of it. One can scarcely help wondering what went on in the little fellow's brain during those lonely hours he kept his sad vigil.

### The Dog to the Rescue

The Manchester (England) Evening News contained some time ago the following:

"Two English tourists whose motor car fell over a precipice in France and was held by a tree, owe their lives to a dog which got out of the car window, climbed to the road from which they had fallen, and attracted the attention of passing travelers. After the rescue the dog became almost uncontrollable with joy."

Let us hope that that story will serve to make some motorists a little more careful when they meet with dogs on the road. After all, motorists, dogs, and pedestrians have an equal right to the use of the roads.

### The Dog in the Car

Complaints have come to us this summer of people who have left their dog shut up in a closed car for hours at a time during some of our hottest days. One enthusiastic dog lover pried open the window of such a car and took the panting dog out for a good breath of fresh air. She further notified a police officer who found the name of the owner, a man who was comfortably listening to the music on the Esplanade.

**THE MONASTERY BY THE RIVER.**  
G. Stanley Russell, M.A., Minister Deer Park United Church, Toronto. Richard R. Smith, \$1.25.

A quaint and delightful story of an old English monastery. It is woven about the heartaches and joys of the monks, and the daily routine of their existence is enlivened and enriched by the deft touches of the author. It sets forth no obvious moral but rather offers the true picture of a colony of interesting and beautiful characters whose fellowship with the reader casts a spell of warm and friendly feeling and leaves the impression that the monks' life of self-denial is worthy of respect and emulation. In impact, the story is surprisingly modern.

**JOSEPHUS AND THE JEWS.** F. J. Foakes Jackson, M.A., D.D. Richard R. Smith, \$3.00.

The works of Josephus are a veritable mine of information concerning the religious and political history of Israel during the turbulent first century of the Common era. For over thirty years Dr. Foakes Jackson's specialty has been the study of the period on which the writings of Josephus throw such splendid light. In the preparation of this work he has ransacked the record and the culmination of his studies presents many a new and original contribution to the understanding of Josephus. By rough sketch maps he enables the reader to visualize the later history of Jewish Palestine and to check the incredible numbers Josephus declares to have been engaged in battles and sieges.

## Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hutchins

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hutchins of Hanover, Michigan, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary November 24th last, having given fifty years of service to the community of Hanover through the church, the school, the grange, the legislature and every other worthy institution and enterprise of those years.

Over 200 friends came to the Hanover church to celebrate with them. The ladies of the church served a chicken dinner to all guests. Scholars of the public school brought beautifully worded greetings signed by each scholar. Letters of congratulation from all over the United States were sent by men and women, some of whom occupy high positions in the nation, expressing appreciation of the helpful influence received years ago from Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins. At the close of the evening's festivities Mrs. W. W. Dew, of Jackson, Michigan, read an original poem written for the occasion, that fittingly expressed the appreciation of the company of the rich service of fifty years given by these good people. A purse of gold was then presented to close a high moment of inspiration and joy in the history of Hanover village.

The wedding of fifty years ago occurred on Thanksgiving Day, and so again now. The following Thursday, November 27th, the members of the family and their near relations, to the number of 38, gathered at the Hutchins farm home and celebrated as a family. To Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins belongs the well earned satisfaction of knowing that without one exception every resident of a large section of Jackson and Hillsdale counties rejoices with them in this event and appreciates with gratitude fifty years of uninterrupted service. As state senator and as state secretary of the grange they have found in Mr. Hutchins a true representative of their larger interests as well as friend and companion in every local enterprise. May God send our nation many more homes like that of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hutchins of Hanover.

### We'll See Them Again

Blanche Taylor Cooney

Where are the flowers that bloomed in the spring?

Where are the roses of June?

Where are the lilies—the bright golden-rod?

All, left us only too soon.

Gone from our sight, and like spirits, away!

Only sweet mem'ries remain;

But when the spring comes and earth speaks of life—

We know we'll see them again.

Where are the friends time has borne from us, too,

Who next to kin were most dear?

Where are the faces that brightened our home?

Only in dreams, that are here?

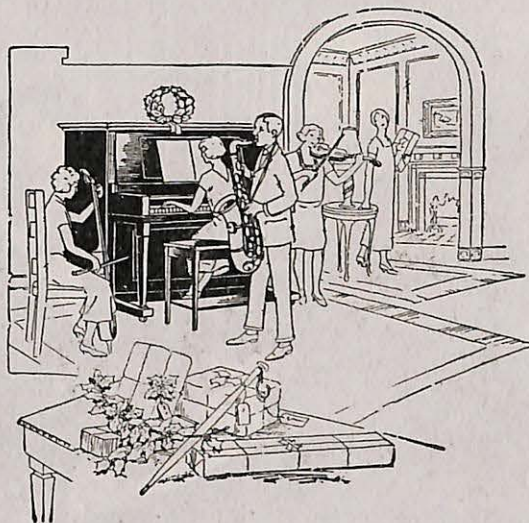
Gone from our sight like the beautiful flowers;

Only sweet mem'ries remain;

And like the flowers, tho' lost for awhile—

We know we'll see them again.

Frank T. Lodge, prominent attorney, and active in Masonic circles, died on Dec. 10.



*No Other Gift Brings the Keen Joy,  
The Lasting Happiness Afforded by*

## A Musical Gift

—a famous Piano of our line, a Victor Radio, a small Musical Instrument, Sheet Music, Records, etc.

**NEW**  
**Grand Pianos**  
**\$395 UP**  
New Uprights \$268 Up

GIVE musical gifts this Christmas—they're most certain to please, and be the right gift! All our stores (you'll find one near you) are filled to overflowing with the finest musical instruments—the choice of the leading manufacturers. Come in NOW—and inspect our Christmas stocks. You'll find it easy to select musical gifts here.

**A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY**

### Victor Radio

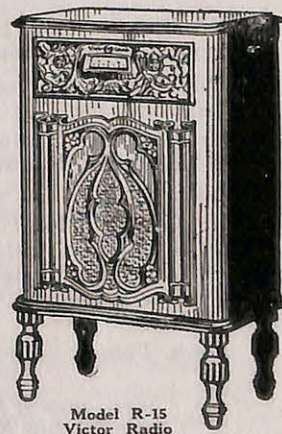
Model R-15

Priced at Only **\$112.50** Less Tubes

Other Models, \$152.50, \$185 and \$285, Less Tubes

The VICTOR is a model of efficiency and perfection of TONE! Deferred payments arranged. Come in TODAY!

Victor Records      Player Rolls  
Sheet Music, etc.



Model R-15  
Victor Radio

"Michigan's Leading Music House"

# Grinnell Bros

STEINWAY REPRESENTATIVES

Hdqrs., 1515-21 Woodward Avenue  
DETROIT

Michigan, Ohio, Ontario and Detroit Branches



## Edgar A. Guest Is the First Member of THE LEAGUE OF CHILDREN'S FRIENDS

He Bought  
a membership  
for himself  
and every member  
of his family  
from Judge Robert  
M. Toms,  
President of the  
Methodist  
Children's Home  
Society

*Mr. Guest:* "Bob, I want mother and Bud and Janet and Jean and yours truly to be the very first members of your League of Children's Friends. Here's five dollars for our memberships."

*Judge Toms:* "That's mighty fine, Eddie. You know what we're trying to do out at the Children's Village, don't you?"

*Mr. Guest:* "Of course I do. Everybody does—or should. I was present when the Methodist Children's Home was dedicated and I've watched you grow ever since. Keep up the good work."

*Judge Toms:* "But we can't keep it up without a lot of help, Eddie. And how are we going to get it?"

*Mr. Guest:* "How? Why it's simple. Just give every Methodist in Michigan an invitation to join the League of Children's Friends. Most of 'em will jump at the chance. Methodists aren't going to abandon the job of helping homeless, deserted and neglected kids. They've set their hands to it and of course they're going to see it through. Shucks, Bob! Methodists don't quit on a job—especially the job of caring for little children."

*Judge Toms:* "I hope you're right, Eddie."

*Well, now it's up to you. Is Eddie Guest right? Prove that he is by sending in your membership NOW with a dollar or more to show that you're a Children's Friend.*

THE METHODIST CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY,  
Redford Station, Detroit, Michigan.

Here is my dollar for an annual membership in The League of Children's Friends

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ Church \_\_\_\_\_

Memberships in The League of Children's Friends will receive credit as White Gift Christmas Offering.