

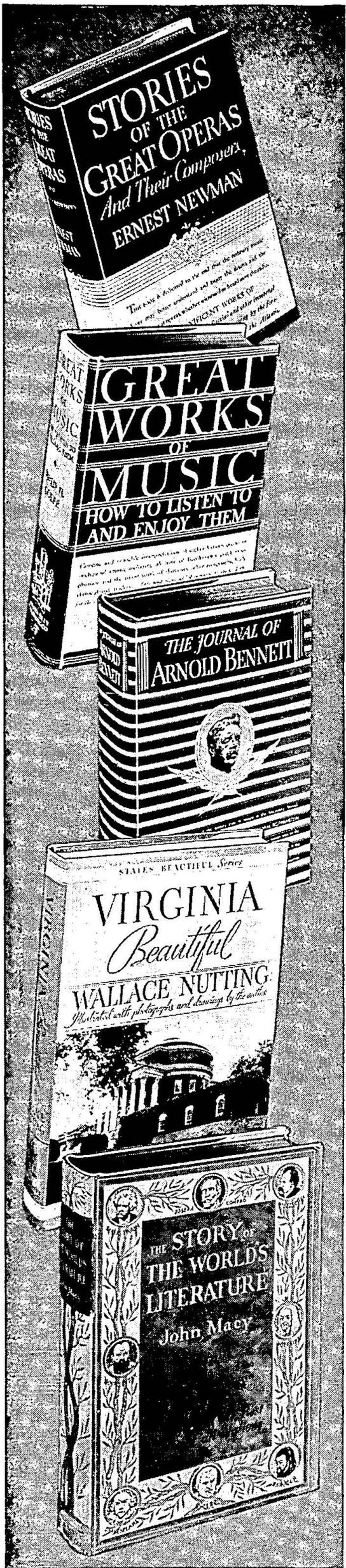
World Outlook



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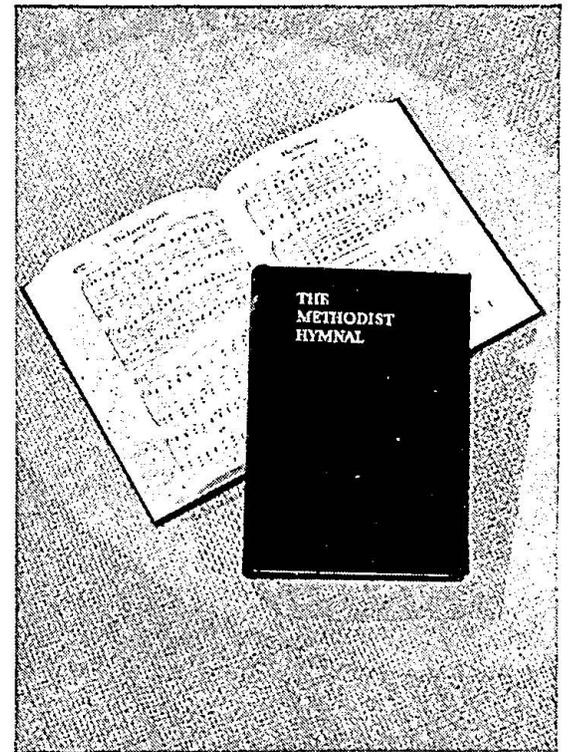
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Again Our Good Airman Lands

By E. H. R.

IN England more than in this country newspapers respected his wishes, and with little said about it, if anything, Colonel Lindbergh slipped over into Germany, where the papers say only what they are told. He remained for a few weeks, and now within the ten days has stolen back to his English quiet, but not before he had done another characteristic thing, a thing, as usual, much out of the ordinary, standing out with that glint of genius with which the world has become familiar. He had made a statement about world peace that in its flashing reasonableness is destined to live and work its way, please God, in low place and high, as scarcely the word of any other man. The word of our President at Chautauqua, that of Secretary Hull at the conference of scientists, so earnest, so purposeful—for these we thank God. But along with these easily goes the word of this airman of the generations, spoken at the Aero Club in Berlin.

We who are in aviation carry a heavy responsibility on our shoulders, for while we have been drawing the world closer together in peace, we have stripped armor from every nation in war.

IT IS NO LONGER POSSIBLE TO SHIELD THE HEART OF A COUNTRY WITH ITS ARMY. AN ARMY CAN NO MORE STOP AN AIR ATTACK THAN A SUIT OF MAIL CAN STOP A RIFLE BULLET.

We can no longer protect our families with an army. Our libraries, our museums, and every one of the institutions we value most are laid bare to bombardments. Aviation has brought revolutionary changes to a world already staggering with changes. It is our responsibility to make sure in so doing



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Col. Charles A. Lindbergh

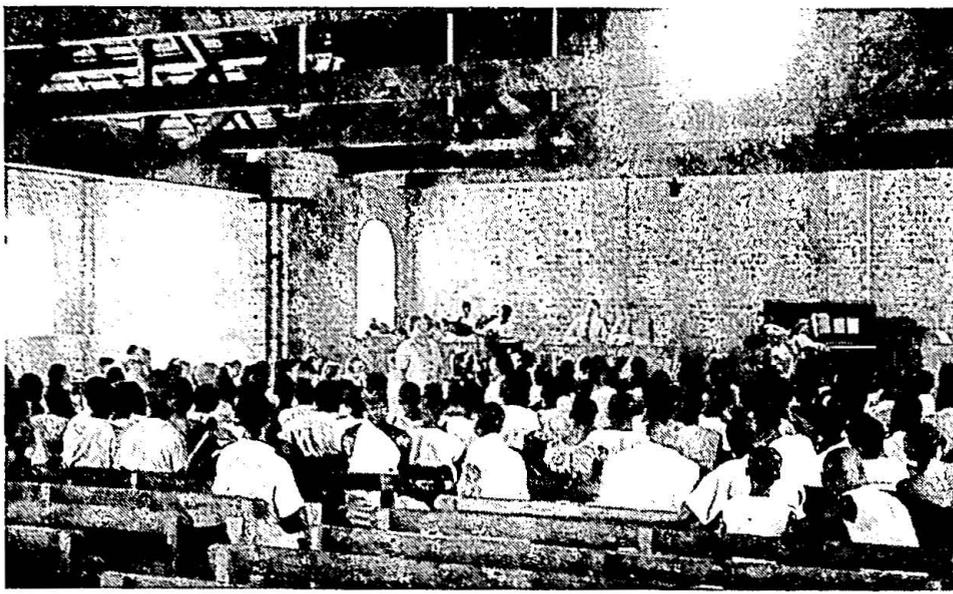
"Here's to bombers, may they fly slower . . ."

we don't destroy the things which we wish to protect. . . .

AS I TRAVEL OVER EUROPE I AM MORE THAN EVER IMPRESSED WITH THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION WHICH CONFRONTS US. WHEN I SEE THAT WITHIN A DAY OR TWO DAMAGE CAN BE DONE WHICH NO TIME CAN EVER REPLACE, I BEGIN TO REALIZE WE MUST LOOK FOR A NEW TYPE OF SECURITY, A SECURITY WHICH IS DYNAMIC, NOT STATIC—A SECURITY WHICH RESTS IN INTELLIGENCE, NOT FORTS. . . .

Rarely in our lifetime, perhaps never in human history, did the outlook for world peace seem so bright as it did a few years ago—well, when our President sat on a log with Ramsay MacDonald at his camp on the Rapidan and planned a great peace conference. Then suddenly came the upset. Germany back into the Rhineland, Japan encircling China, Italy raping Ethiopia, our own government in a fearsome jitter, trembling again upon the crimson brink.

But the Christian man never gives up his case for peace. In the book, *Man the Unknown*, the author presents a gloomy picture of man. His unbalanced physical development, the author thinks, has not only outrun but almost fatally handicaps his spiritual and social progress. As a scientist he discloses facts that cannot be denied, facts that in their significance for human destiny bear heavily on the discouraging side. But a layman all along may read between the lines facts the great scholar does not know or takes no account of, and I am profoundly convinced, that with men and women of good will the good God is thinking and guiding and working the accomplishment of his great purpose of peace on earth and good will among men.



First session of Congo Conference in which native pastors participated, 1936

Bishop Moore Visits the Congo

With Him
Homer Rodeheaver
and Mr. Sweet

By LAURA N. WHEELER

WHEN after the General Conference of 1934 news reached the missionaries of the Congo Mission that Bishop Arthur Moore was to be our Bishop for the quadrennium, there was great rejoicing. We had not had an official visit since the spring of 1930, and so very naturally we hoped for a visit from Bishop Moore at an early date.

When we learned that he had almost literally been given John Wesley's parish, "the world," and that he would not be able to visit us before late in the second year of his administration, our hearts sank within us. Dr. Cram came in August, 1935, and thus filled in the gap. We were grateful for his visit. We were all very happy when we received a letter from Bishop Moore saying that he had completed plans for a visit to us in the spring of this year and that he would be accompanied by Mr. Homer Rodeheaver and Mr. E. M. Sweet, of Stockton, California.

On April 30 Bishop Moore and Mr. Rodeheaver alighted at Luluaberg, our nearest airport. They were met by a group of missionaries with Mr. Sweet, who had made a detour through India and Palestine while Bishop Moore was visiting the work in Europe, and had arrived on our mission field two weeks in advance. Two days' travel brought them to our Mission. The joy in the hearts of the missionaries and native Christians could not adequately be expressed. Perhaps the natives, with their innate ability for demonstration, came much nearer than the missionaries to expressing their joy.

After visiting in four districts and getting an



Photo by E. M. Sweet, Jr.

One of the teachers in our Wembo Nyama school

insight into the work, Bishop Moore convened the first regular session of the Congo Mission Meeting at Wembo Nyama on the evening of May 18. Our organization, which was effected by Dr. Cram last year, calls for an annual Mission Meeting in which the native pastors who are members of this body and lay delegates chosen from among the native Christians have part, and following that meeting immediately, the Missionaries' Meeting, which takes care of business which is as yet out of the realm of the native mind. This year marked the real beginning of these annual meetings.

No one in the homeland, except those few who have been missionaries, can understand what were the feelings of us missionaries in the opening hours of the Mission Meeting as we saw our native



Bishop Moore and native pastors ordained at the Conference in Wembo Nyama, June, 1936

preachers and laymen take their seats within the bar of the Conference and have their first experience in taking part in such a meeting. We felt exactly like parents watching the development of their natural children, for our natives in their inexperience and simplicity are just like children, and we missionaries have the feeling of parents in our attitude toward them.

During this Mission Meeting, which lasted two days and a half, Bishop Moore preached twice each day, and his messages were interpreted by one of the missionaries. At each session, too, Mr. Rodeheaver delighted us all with his music and song leading. The natives were very much pleased when he sang in their own tongue, but even more so when he taught them to sing in English the refrain of "Walkin' in Jerusalem Just Like John." He also instructed all in song leading.

The Mission Meeting adjourned at noon on Thursday, and the Missionaries' Meeting convened that afternoon, continuing through the Sunday night service. Again Bishop Moore preached twice each day, but this time only to the missionaries, and we were greatly blessed indeed under his sincere gospel preaching. And again Mr. Rodeheaver inspired, delighted, and instructed us in the ministry of song. Only in the Sunday morning service did the natives again have part. That service was the climax of the whole week. The large Lambuth Memorial Church was packed with natives. The sermon was of course interpreted for them, and the music was in the native tongue. After the sermon four of our natives were ordained deacons.

In our Mission Meeting last year,



Bishop Moore took with him from China to the Congo a beautiful silk banner sent by the women of our church in China to their sisters in black down in the Congo. Here is the presentation



Photo by E. M. Sweet, Jr.

Foreman of Wembo Nyama printing office and his son

when Dr. Cram led us in the reorganization of our work, and in our meeting this year, we feel that we have indeed made history. The foundation of our branch of the Protestant Church in the Congo is now taking shape.

In the Mission Meeting this year there were three high points. The first one was when on the first morning of the meeting Bishop Moore received the first class into full connection. There were twelve of these native preachers, and they were all men who had been preaching for a number of years, and men in whom we have confidence and whom we love. The second high point was at the closing service of the Mission when Bishop Moore presented to the Woman's Missionary Society of Wembo Nyama, for the Society of the Mission, a beautiful silk banner which was made by the Woman's Missionary Society of China and sent through Bishop Moore to their sisters in the Congo. The banner was sent with a letter which gave expression to their Christian love and good will. At Bishop Moore's request the banner will be held from year to year by the society which makes the best record. So the presenting of this banner will be an annual event in our Mission Meeting. To those of us who are struggling now in the laying of the foundations for a Christian womanhood among our people this event was significant and prophetic.

The third and highest point was the event of the Sunday morning service already mentioned in the preceding paragraph—that of the ordination as deacons of four (Continued on page 30)



Chief Wembo Nyama seated in Conference room

World Outlook

E. H. Rawlings
Sara Estelle Haskin
Editors

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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1936

The Bishops and Board Call the Church to Advance

SEPTEMBER 8 was a busy day and, please God, will prove a notable day at the Board of Missions, because on that day more than fifty of the leaders of the Church, in response to a joint call from the College of Bishops and the Board of Missions, had come together prayerfully to counsel concerning a great missionary advance for the whole Church. Interest was such as might be felt. Maybe it was wishful thinking on the part of this editor. If it were only that, we should make no apology. At such a time, in such a burning concern, there would be nothing to shame an editor. But it was more than that. The tingle and urge of it could be felt in the air, recalling the throbbing days of high Centenary Conferences.

The leaders were present. Bishop Arthur Moore, called to lead the movement and just in from his world itinerary. Bishop John M. Moore, the President of the Board, was detained by a sharp attack of illness, and his absence was definitely felt. Bishop Kern was delayed behind a freight wreck, but made up for the delay when he did arrive. Bishop Mouzon was chosen to preside, and did it better than well, as he always does. Women of the Woman's Missionary Society, selected and called, helping as always with their prayerful counsel, were present, and other chosen ones—preachers and laymen—all eager to hear and help forward the good business of a great world advance. The Bishops had met for breakfast, reinforcing in counsel their own initiative that had grown and spread from the ringing call of Bishop Kern made at the General Missionary Council in Washington.

Bishop Mouzon stated the purpose of the meeting and other Bishops plunged in without urging or waiting, stating their enthusiastic opinion that a movement should go forward, beginning definitely in a planned effort to pay off the indebtedness inevitably piling up

during the lean years of depression. Not one word of opposition was uttered, and if anybody hesitated or was indifferent, it did not get out into the spirit of this meeting.

A special committee to outline a plan was appointed, and at three o'clock the committee returned to report. The plan was unanimously adopted, though freely and fully considered and discussed. It is to move in two sections. One, ending the twenty-fourth day of May, 1938, to be known as the "Aldersgate Appeal," and stressing a deepening of spiritual life and a revival of personal religion for the whole Church; the other, beginning in the fall Conferences and seeking to clear the ground by raising funds to cover the debt. Set out in the General Missionary Council at New Orleans in early January, it will be projected in forty-eight inspirational rallies across the Church, will occupy a central place in the Missionary Institutes, will come to its climax in a chain of anniversary get-together and educational dinners to be held throughout the Church on Friday night, April 23. The plan will be presented as the Board of Missions' special emphasis in the Annual Conferences this fall, and as a labor of love and joy, as everybody in the conference has insisted, will not clutter other ways, but will be hurried through to a consummation worthy the hour in the Church and of the great Master that calls.

In the meeting in Nashville, easily felt, was a Presence greater than any human. The most heartening aspect of the plan is that it is so plainly religious. Clearly the presence unseen but felt is the presence of the Master that comes, and, as we believe, again commissions his Church and with his new commission is pledging his help divine. "Lo, I am with you alway. . . . All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." It will not be easy. Glorious paradox of the Gospel, the harder the surer! The man who has caught the spirit of the Great Commission and the Master who uttered it will not be discouraged by features that are difficult. Everything that ought to be done can be done, if only there is the courage to attempt it and the faith to take over the power that is pledged. We are talking about unification. From this glorious consummation our Church is expecting much. We have every right to believe that we shall be getting as much as we give, maybe more. We want to bring our worthy part. What better thing could we take into a unified body of American Methodism than the glowing, impelling power of a new and mighty impulse to carry the Good News to the uttermost part of the earth!

And Now November Is Here

A MONTH ago in a brief editorial paragraph we made the very sage remark that "November is coming." If you turned to the blackboard, page 36, as we suggested, among many other flaring things, you read, "Let's begin right away to get ready for November, because we are to make November the big month for new subscriptions."

Well, November is here.

Hereafter the work period for subscriptions will not run from September to May, but with the calendar year, January 1 to December 31. Our goals will cover the same period. Literature will be prepared to run with the year. Our cultivation for subscriptions will correspond with the incumbency of official workers and fit into other sections of the Church's work. All that for the year 1937, and for the moment we may forget that.

But for the rest of the year 1936: Our big special month is the month of November, which for weeks we have been heralding as our next best opportunity for new subscriptions.

Our slogan, taken from that same blackboard on page 36, October, reads, "*Every group an increase in World Outlook subscriptions!*" All our fellow-workers we are asking to check up and see how the list stands. In the missionary society, the local congregation, district territory, Annual Conference, whoever is responsible for a list, we are asking you to check the number of subscriptions you have on the first of November, 1936, and resolve that whatever the method it requires to accomplish it, your busy interest will keep you in full pursuit until on November 30, 1936, your list will have increased—one more—ten more—fifty—why not a hundred more? It really might be easier to get the hundred than to get the ten, if we snapped into a good trick of push and enthusiasm.

It is a blessed thing to work for our WORLD OUTLOOK. It is not always so, I have heard, with even the Church papers. Many of them, even the best, have had a hard time keeping alive and paying expenses in these depression months. WORLD OUTLOOK pays its way, every penny of it. Just as other sections and departments, we pay every cent of our rental space so as not to be a burdensome charge upon our great friend and sponsor, the Board of Missions. Pastors slap us on the back and tell us how well they like WORLD OUTLOOK. Laymen, business men, send us word by the women, men in high places in other Communions say things to us—well, that would surprise you. And last but not least the women of the Woman's Missionary Society reverse the apostolic injunction, and "help" us, these "noble women" help us in a way so faithful, so loyal, so cheerful, that as editor, business manager, and speaking for everybody connected with the management, it is a continual joy.

Again for November our slogan is "*Every group an increase in World Outlook subscriptions!*"

The Trail of the Circuit Rider

WE have been reading another good Methodist book, Dr. Duren's *Trail of the Circuit Rider*. In this title of Dr. Duren's two words catch the eye of the reader and rivet his romantic interest. "Trail" is a good suggestive word, and "circuit rider" breathes in the combination a whole beautiful poem. We picked up

the book and in busy hours followed through as one reads the latest story. It is a story, a wonderful story. To one who had read the author's *Charles Betts Galloway* or his *Top Sergeant* one's interest is not surprising.

In this book out of the story of the Methodist years, into the midst steps forth that heroic figure, the most remarkable that this nation has known, the Methodist circuit rider, and with him in the frame of a wonderful time the things that made him great and made great the history he made. These incidents, a mighty myriad of them, in their vital meaning come out to face the reader like old friends. Many of them we first knew many years ago, and had well-nigh forgotten. But the author brings them out alive. Some we had never known, but he had dug down deep and brought these out, also to our great delight. To other incidents, epochs, movements, he has given a new meaning by the emphasis of intelligent and interesting discussion. In the run of the trail incidents come back, the great figures whose names are household words, the movements and colorful epochs that make up what we call "American Methodism."

These persons and movements are always interesting but are made more so in this story by their impact upon this same modern frame that presses so closely upon us in Methodism at this moment. For one thing the schisms that have separated and often cursed seem in good prospect of healing. Nobody can be perfectly sure, and it is unsafe to prophesy, but there was never a time, this writer is glad to believe, in a hundred years when the prospect of Methodist union seemed so real and so bright. The roots of this consummation so devoutly to be wished run back to these incidents and take stable hold upon them. The episcopacy, ordination, slavery, many other subjects, many major, take on a new meaning as we trace their place in the movements of other years, and plan to build more widely in the years ahead.

Dr. Duren does not deny taking sides. We would not expect him to or want him, but it is all in the best of good nature. He believes in unification, believes it is coming and ought to come, but believes it should come after free discussion and the enthusiasm and loyalty that grow out of an intelligent conviction. As one reads and reads, one feels the afterglow of other good years, but is constantly uplifted by what he rejoices to believe is the foregleam of a gloriously unified Methodism.

Dr. Duren believes in the Methodist revival and whatever the form, believes it will come back and should. Methodism has had her part in the life of the time, and if she is to take her place and do the mighty work her destiny calls her to, then she will be putting herself now in the way of rendering her best service through a great aspiration, a great endowment, a great movement forward, that will come to us and can only come in the experience we associate with the twenty-fourth of May at a quarter to nine o'clock, natal day of the Church because the natal day of the warmth and power that made our founder great.

The Increasing Power of the Missionary Dollar

By A. W. WASSON

THE missionary dollar has greater lifting power today than it has ever had before in the history of the missions of our Church. It accomplishes more because it is assisted by other dollars, and because it is directed by the wisdom gained through wide experience. Consider, for example, the matter of church buildings. In no place in our mission fields today does the missionary dollar work by itself in the erection of a church building. It is always aided by money raised locally.

When visiting our work in Brazil this year I saw a number of new congregations with new church buildings. Most of the money had been contributed by the Brazilian members, but in many instances their giving had been stimulated and the enterprise had been made possible by the generous giving of a missionary out of his meager salary. As Bishop Dacorso and I traveled through rapidly developing frontier country, we saw clearly the need of a building fund that could be used to aid in the erection of church buildings in places where new congregations are being started.

On my desk now are unanswered appeals from various fields, for aid in erecting buildings which cannot be put up without our help, but in no case is there even a request for the missionary dollar to carry the whole load. Church buildings are as useful for the ongoing of the Kingdom as ever, and a missionary dollar will actually bring about more church building on the mission fields today than the same dollar would have produced in the days of our grandfathers.

The same is true of native preachers. We are rapidly approaching the time when all of the native preachers who serve as pastors of organized churches are entirely supported by the native members of these churches. We must not forget, however, that these members still constitute less than one per cent of the population, and that our help is needed in carrying the Gospel to the many, literally millions, in the regions beyond. But even in this aggressive outreach, the power of the missionary dollar is enhanced by the financial contributions of the native Christians and by the counsel and guidance of experienced native preachers like General Superintendent Ryang of Korea, Bishop Dacorso of Brazil, Bishop Avila of Mexico, Dr. Z. T. Kaung, Chairman of the Executive Council of the China Conference, and Bishop T. Kugimiya of Japan.

Likewise in the educational work, we find the missionary dollar working with increased power and efficiency. For example, in our outstanding school in Brazil, the Granbery, which has an enrolment of 700 students, the Mission Board pays only about five per cent

of the annual budget. In the Kwansei Gakuin, where we are co-operating with the United Church of Canada in conducting a school which has an enrolment of 2,968, only about nine per cent of the operating budget is provided by mission boards from the United States and Canada. The remainder is raised locally. Soochow University, our leading school in China, renders a large service to the young men of China, not only because it is supported by more Chinese dollars than was the case in the earlier history of the school, but also because it is directed by the wisdom and devotion of a capable Chinese president, Dr. Y. C. Yang, who is giving his services to the school at a salary less than half of what he could command in Government service.

The increased power of the missionary dollar appears also in the medical work. The progress of modern medicine has equipped the doctors of today with a power to combat disease and foster health greater than the pioneer medical missionaries could have. There is less opposition to their methods of treatment, greater willingness to follow their directions, and greater willingness to pay the costs. Our hospitals in China treated over 60,000 patients last year and only about three per cent of the total cost besides the salaries of the missionaries was paid out of mission funds. It should be stated, however, that in this case the percentage of the total cost borne by the missionary dollar has fallen too low. The reduction in mission funds has placed too great a burden upon the missionary doctors and the local management. Our hospitals cannot achieve entire self-support and at the same time maintain their missionary character. More missionary dollars are needed, and Dr. Fred Managet is now leading an effort to find them. These additional dollars will increase the returns on the investment we are now making. A dollar invested in medical missions today carries a larger cargo of health and release from pain and disease than it ever carried before.

When we turn to literary work, the same condition appears. In every field a really good Christian book in the native language will find more purchasers and a really good periodical will find more subscribers. Men like Camargo in Mexico, Bartak in Czechoslovakia, Barbieri in Brazil, and a host of others who might be mentioned have the understanding and the talent to produce a great Christian literature in their own languages. Hence a missionary dollar can accomplish more in putting into circulation good literature. I have on my desk several unanswered appeals for help in producing literature for the Church abroad.

In the recent successful "Save Junaluska Campaign," it was necessary to raise (*Continued on page 31*)



Richard Edgar Strain, Dr. W. B. Nance

DR. STRAIN was born in Perry, Iowa, February 22, 1909, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Strain, Calhoun, Missouri. Was brought up in the Presbyterian Church. Was educated in Maryville College, B.A.; Vanderbilt University, M.D. Took medical internship in Protestant Hospital, Nashville; Vanderbilt University, Nashville; Stanford University, California; and was unanimously accepted by the Board of Missions for service at Stephenson Memorial Hospital, Changchow, China.

Secretaries and other friends of the Board of Missions, numbering nearly fifty, gathered in the chapel on August 28 to bid Dr. Strain farewell and to pray God's blessing upon him as he sails for China. It was a most appropriate and beautiful thing that Dr. Nance, in America on furlough, happening to be present, could stand with Dr. Strain before this company of his new-found friends and give to him in a welcoming hand the warmth of a heart that clearly shines through his beaming face. To Dr. Strain he said, and nobody could have a better right, "You have made no mistake in choosing the life of a Christian doctor in China."

A year ago, Dr. W. W. Pyle, graduate of Vanderbilt, applied for medical service to the Board of Missions and was rejected because there were no funds. A little later funds were found and Dr. Pyle was written to. He replied that already, believing he could not go out under the Methodist Board, he had applied to the Presbyterian Board and had been accepted for China. On his way through New Orleans, he stopped over to see his old Vanderbilt friend, Dr. Edgar Strain, told him about the need of a doctor at Nashville. Dr. Strain applied and was heartily accepted. Probably no demand was made in either case, but each of these missionary doctors, leaving his own Board through what he believed to be the compulsion of circumstance, entered the Church into whose missionary service he was going. It is a beautiful incident, to be treasured by both Churches, expressing the increasing fellowship of the time and joining the two Communion even more closely together. Dr. Strain sailed on October 2 on the S.S. "President Coolidge" for China.

NOVEMBER 1936



Rev. Maurice C. Daily and wife, Dorothy Tinsley Daily

MR. DAILY was born August 12, 1910, East Radford, Virginia, son of Frederick K. Daily. Was educated in the city schools, later taking his A.B. at Emory and Henry College, and in 1931-34 taking his B.D. with Emory University. In a Conference of the Epworth Leagues he offered for a deeper consecration, and in the following year, under a call of Dr. Hawk from China, he went forward to offer his life for missionary service. He offered for missionary service with the Board of Missions and in May, 1936, was unanimously accepted.

Mrs. Daly was born at Oglethorpe, Georgia, the daughter of Rev. T. H. Tinsley, a Methodist minister. Into this world she came, with a good strong bent toward missionary service. Two of her aunts, Misses Hortense and Lois Tinsley, have done missionary work for many years, one of them a missionary in Korea. Her mother, the former Miss Janie Johnson, as long as her daughter can remember, has been active in the Missionary Societies of the Church. At one of her father's churches at her mother's home town, Oglethorpe, she made her declaration, "You may think I am too young to know what I am doing, but God has called me to be a missionary, and I am going to do it." She was educated at Wesleyan College, served as Publicity Superintendent and President of the South Georgia Young People's Conference. So definite and deep was her determination that she had planned upon leaving Wesleyan to come to Scarritt for two years and then offer for service in Korea.

In the meantime, such is the good guiding Hand that steers us, Dorothy Tinsley met Maurice Daily at a meeting of the Georgia Student Volunteer Movement. That brought on further talk, no doubt a lot of it, and eventually these two young people agreed to take the long, good trek together. "After I had a very fierce struggle, convincing myself that God wouldn't have let me fall in love if he did not want me to marry, we became engaged."

Our young friends are already in Havana, and a missionary who has seen them on the field reported to *WORLD OUTLOOK* yesterday that they were making a splendid impression.

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The Methodist Church and the Army Chaplaincy

By WILLIAM M. JUSTICE

WE do not say that war is evil and we deplore it," ran a strongly worded resolution by the California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church some months back. "The Christian Church has thus spoken too long—and acted contrariwise. We say war is un-Christian and we will have nothing to do with it."

In our Bishops' Address to the late General Conference are these words, "WAR IS AN UNHALLOWED THING; UTTERLY CONTRARY TO THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY. IT SHOULD CEASE FOREVER BECAUSE IT IS ESSENTIALLY WRONG, AND ITS INSTRUMENTS AND AGENCIES SHOULD BE DESTROYED."

The two quotations above are typical of scores of others emanating from responsible Christian bodies in this country which express the attitude of the churches toward the institution of war. It is rapidly becoming the settled conviction of most Protestant churches that between the religion of Jesus Christ and the institution of war there is a great gulf fixed. War is coming to be looked on for what it is—a sin against humanity and against God.

If war is wrong, as our bishops and scores of other representative groups have stated in their public pronouncements, then the sooner the entire Christian church disassociates itself from this "unhallowed thing" and all its "instruments and agencies," chief of which, as everyone knows, are the army and navy, then the sooner the issue will become clear and real progress made toward peace.

At no point is the present connection between the Christian church and the war system more obvious or more official than in the church's practice of appointing her ministers to the military chaplaincy of the army or navy.

Will the Southern Methodist Church continue to implicate itself officially and responsibly in the outlawed war system by participating in the maintenance of this military institution? This is a question which our Church, along with other Christian communions, must face. Methodism, with its growing militant social consciousness, should be among the first to recognize the inconsistency of the Christian Church declaring war to be a sin, and at the same time lending its sanction and



Rev. William M. Justice

"... could not do a more dramatic thing ..."

support to the war system by appointing its ministers to official positions in that system.

To be sure, the matter has been confused in many minds, due to the fact that chaplains do perform a needed work of ministering to the spiritual lives of our soldiers and sailors. And yet it should be clearly understood that the chaplaincy is not a function of the Christian Church; it is a function of the military system. The chaplaincy is a military institution. The chaplain is an official of military rank, just as much as Admiral Sims or General Pershing, forming an integral part of the army and navy, with the rank and uniform of officers and with the special commitments and obligations that belong to officers, rather than the freedom which belongs to ministers of Jesus Christ.

The chaplaincy is a part of the "efficiency program" of the war system. The War Department so looks upon it. The high command of the army and navy are not primarily interested in the religious function of the Christian minister; they are interested in his military function. He is an important factor in maintaining the army's morale. He is an indispensable element in making better fighters out of the men.

Said an outstanding general of the British army at the close of the late war, "The Christian churches are the finest blood-lust creators which we have and of them we make free use." That is just the point. Governments need the blessings of religion in order to carry on their wars. The people must be told it is God's will. When the blessings of religion have been withdrawn from a war, then its most powerful motivation will have been removed.

But the blessings of the Church cannot be withdrawn as long as the Church contributes its men to a position in the war system in which their profession as a minister is subordinated to their profession as soldier.

Last spring a notice appeared in a large part of the church press, including our own central organ, which reveals the present close connection between the Church and the military arm of our government. The notice gives the educational requirements for appointments in positions as regular army chaplains, stating that the new appointees will be limited to ordained ministers from the

Southern Baptist, Southern Methodist, Methodist, Lutheran, Missouri Synod Lutheran, Southern Presbyterian, and United Brethren churches. It states that "proper ecclesiastical indorsements" are necessary, and the notice closes with this sentence, "Successful candidates will be appointed chaplains in the grade of first lieutenant in the regular army."

A man going to West Point Military Academy, and finishing the difficult course there, would have received nothing better than the rank of second lieutenant for his pains. But by going to a Methodist or Presbyterian theological seminary, completing his work there in such subjects as Christian Doctrine, the Theology of the Christian Religion, and the Book of Isaiah, and being recommended by the proper authorities of his own denomination, he can go one better and rank a salute even from the graduate of West Point. A representative of the Prince of Peace, regaled in the trappings of Mars, and receiving a military salute from a ranking officer of the military system who has graduated from one of the country's chief schools for killers! There is the contradiction in a nutshell.

A few years ago in speaking of the outlawed status of war under the Kellogg Peace Pact, Dr. Peter Ainslie, pastor of the Christian Temple, Baltimore, created a stir in military quarters when he said, "There is no more justification for being a chaplain in the army or navy than there is for being a chaplain in a speak-easy."

When the issue is stated thus baldly, there are those that will immediately take exceptions to the comparison. Most ministers, it will be argued, are willing to go anywhere that sinners are who need redemption, even to preaching in a saloon; acting as an army chaplain does not involve approval of war any more than preaching in a saloon carries with it approval of liquor.

However, the above analogy is misleading. It has been suggested, in order to present the situation in its true light, that the question should be asked, Should a minister, in order to preach in a saloon, be willing to put on a barkeeper's apron, accept a salary from the owner of the saloon, and obey orders from the liquor dealers?

This is exactly what happens in the case of a military chaplain. In order to minister to soldiers, he must become an official part of the army; he wears an army uniform; receives his salary from the war department; and must obey the orders of his superior officers. Even the message he preaches is subject to strict censorship from army officials. No chaplain would long be permitted to tell soldiers that war is sin and that they were doing wrong by engaging in it.

To say all this is certainly not meant to imply that the men who now occupy the position of chaplains are chief of sinners. Our present chaplains are doubtless as fine as any men in the entire ranks of the Protestant ministry. Their personal characters and motives are entirely beside the point. The point at issue is leagues away from the individual and personal question of whether a minister may serve as a chaplain in the army.

It is not a private matter. It is strictly institutional.

Whether a man may be a Christian and still serve in the military institution of the chaplaincy is one thing. And whether the Church should put its official sanction upon the war system by appointing its men to act as members of that system, with the approval and blessing of the Church upon the office, is quite another thing.

Nor does this at all involve the question of meeting the spiritual needs of the men who constitute the military branch of our government. Of course soldiers and sailors need the spiritual ministrations which the Church offers; but let the Church give it to them at its own expense. Christian ministers appointed as army chaplains on an army pay roll, places the Church in the position of accepting a subsidy from the state. Protestantism has long contended for the separation of church and state; then let it preserve its independence by refusing to permit the government to limit the freedom of the Church by supporting its ministers, either in the army or elsewhere.

Only recently the Methodist General Conference Commission on World Peace, meeting at Evanston, Illinois, went on record as being opposed to the Church's appointment of chaplains and recommended that this practice be abolished. The Commission suggested that the Federal Council of Churches seek similar action by other religious bodies with a view to severing the tie that now exists between the churches and the war system by "securing the consent of the United States Government to the appointment of Protestant ministers to serve the armed forces of the nation, as moral and religious guides, under ecclesiastical subsidy and control."

As far back as 1929, the second Study Conference of the Churches and World Peace held at Columbus, Ohio, made up of the representatives of thirty-five of the leading communions of this country, took much the same position by declaring, "We hold that the Church should minister to all men, including soldiers and sailors; but that its chaplains and Christian workers should be independent of and not subject to control by the war system and should serve human need whether of friend or foe."

Let the Southern Methodist Church be the first to officially break with the war machine by discontinuing the appointment of chaplains to serve as an integral part of that machine. Instead let us send out ministers to serve the armed forces of our country on our own authority and support. This is the method in use by the Salvation Army; and during the late war its workers functioned in a way that lent credit to the whole Christian enterprise.

In the case of Southern Methodism, this change would doubtless affect not more than twenty ministers of our Church who are occupying the office of chaplain at present. Why could not the women of the Missionary Societies of the Southern Methodist Church, whose zeal for peace is becoming more pronounced every day, assume the responsibility for the support of these men, and send them unhampered to minister to our soldiers and sailors? There could be no work more worthy of the high enterprise and devotion of our women than this.



Photo by Geo. H. Anderson

Prize truck in Negro Youth Week Parade, 1935. Bethlehem Center in rear

A Community Corner Stone: Bethlehem Center

By ELIZABETH WATSON

HERE WE HAVE THE STORY of the work of Bethlehem Center, Nashville, Tennessee. This work for Negro people in a crowded city center has been carried on since 1913 by the financial gifts of the Woman's Missionary Societies

WHEN the sun blazes down on Nashville and makes its asphalt melt and its inhabitants long for shade and breezes, then the boys and girls of the Bethlehem Center community turn their thoughts in grateful anticipation to Bethlehem Center camp on a hilltop twenty miles away. Located in Cheatham County, near the Ashland City highway, this recreational camp for Negro children—the only one in this section of Tennessee—was established in 1929.

Since that time it has furnished many weeks of delightful vacation to the Center family. A cluster of shacks right up on a hill shelters those who come to seek recreation and woodland adventure. Nashville friends of the Center have built a swimming pool at the foot of the hill—a pool of shady green comfort, fed by a series of tiny waterfalls.

Who swims in this shadowed pool, and hikes barefooted up the creek? Those Bethlehem Center children who are "members in good standing" of its clubs and classes are the

ones for whom camp is mainly prepared, and they may stay a whole week for only a dollar and a half. Others may come for four dollars and a half. After passing a thorough health examination at Meharry Hospital, Bob



Junior Bible Class of the Saturday Bible School

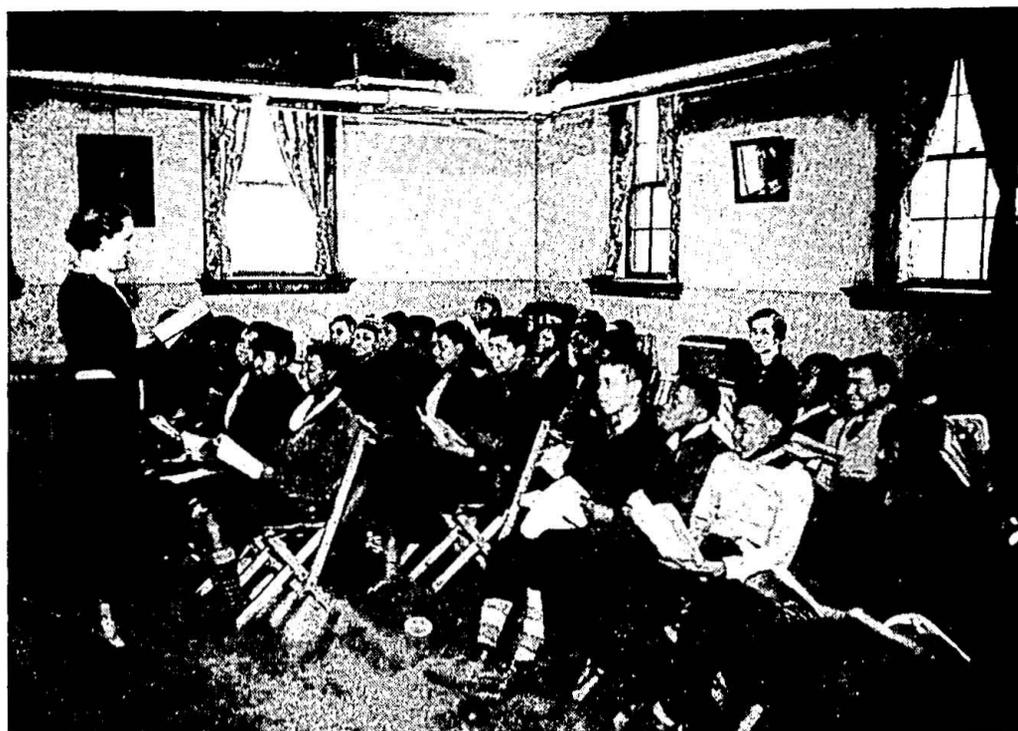
(or Bill or Jim or Dick) eagerly awaits the opening day of camp. Early rising is the order of *that* day; he packs up his sheets, bathing suit, Scout book, overalls, fishing tackle, and soap, and speeds away to the Center where a big red truck awaits him. In he climbs with nineteen other excited boys, and they're off for a week of fun.

The "rising" bugle sounds like the crack of doom to reluctant ears next morning, but finally the last sleepy-head is aroused, and everybody is assembled at the morning devotional under a big elm tree in front of camp. Afterward, the breakfast bell sounds its welcome signal, and there is a rush to the dining-porch where long tables are set with platters of fried apples and bacon, plates of biscuit or toast, and tin cups filled with hot cocoa.

After breakfast come the chores, one to every man, and no breaking of the rules, remember, or another chore is added! Camp craft comes next, and it includes the making of really useful articles, such as curtains for the cabin windows or the outlining of rock gardens to beautify the camp or the blazing of new trails along the creek and through the woods. But blazing trails is hot work—so now the campers race for the pool and it's into the water for one and all (outgrown bathing suits of assorted sizes are much in demand) and afterward, a shower for each swimmer from the barrel tank.

Dinner comes at one o'clock, and the afternoon is for rest, another swim, and then an hour or two of free time to catch up on one's heart's desires. But don't eat the forbidden fruit (green apples) that hangs temptingly over the porch of a sleeping shack—the penalty for yielding is one long, long drink of castor oil!

After a six o'clock supper, the campers gather for vespers as the moon comes over the mountain; then there may be stunts by different groups or a campfire cere-



Intermediates of the Saturday Bible School

monial. At nine o'clock the bugler plays "Taps" and forty eyes catch forty winks.

"Day is done; gone the sun,
From the lakes, from the hills, from the sky;
All is well; safely rest,
God is nigh."

In 1935 there were sixty-one girls who attended camp, and thirty-two boys, their ages ranging from seven to sixteen. This summer there were fifty boys and fifty-eight girls. Of course the campers are divided into groups, each group staying a week under the supervision of director, counselors, and swimming instructors. Not more than two members of the same family may attend during the same session. But once having tasted the delights of camping, the same children clamor to return, summer after summer.

This retreat in the Cheatham County countryside is not merely forty-eight acres of wooded hillside and rocky streams. It is a just-barely-begun paradise for the Negro boys and girls of this city, children to whom so many camp sites are denied and for whom so little provision is made in the way of swimming pools, woods in which to roam, and all the numerous delights of camping. The camp is not built to furnish winter protection, but early last spring a group from the Center spent a delightful week-end there to enjoy the blossoming of the forty-eight varieties of wild flowers and the music of the countless bird songs.

Is provision made for those who cannot go to camp, or who have already been and still find long weeks of hot summer days ahead? Yes, this year the Bethlehem Center authorities experimented with a "double-header" program. Scarritt College sent two students to help with the program at the Center, one as a teacher (*Continued on page 32*)



Learning to sew at the Saturday Bible School, Bethlehem Center, Nashville, Tennessee



James Weldon Johnson

The Negro in American Life

By
James Weldon Johnson

active influences which the Negro has exercised in the upbuilding of our common civilization and culture. But it is not out of place to pause an instant for a glance at the reverse. Let us think for a moment about the passive influences of the Negro in the making of America, influences wielded involuntarily and in spite of himself. Let us think what it has meant in the forming of the character of the American people to have had for three hundred years the temptation and opportunity to practice injustice, wrong, and brutality upon a defenseless minority within its midst. Or consider a community in which a lone Negro is chained to a stake, tortured, baptized with gasoline, and burned to a crisp before a crowd of men, women, and children, women holding their babies up to see the sight. Now, balance if you can the sufferings of the wretched victim against the moral degradation of that community. These reverse influences, too, have gone in to help make America precisely the America that it is. To state it moderately, these are disquieting thoughts.

THE Negro in our country has for so long a time been thought of merely as a receiver, a beneficiary, even as a burden and a liability that the idea of his being a giver, a helper, and an element of value in the nation comes almost as a shock to many Americans. This is because many Americans have without inquiry accepted a stereotype—the stereotype of the Negro as just a beggar under the nation's table waiting to be thrown the crumbs of civilization or as a sort of neutral mass with which something is to be done. The easily found-out truth is that the Negro is and has long been a giver as well as a receiver, a creator as well as a creature; that he is and has long been a vital force in the making of America.

A good part of white America frequently asks the question, "What shall we do with the Negro?" In asking this question it completely ignores the fact that the Negro is doing something with himself and also the equally important fact that the Negro is all the while doing something with America. Indeed, any degree of real thought on this matter will show that America would not be precisely the America it is, except for the influences that the Negro has brought to bear in its making. Even if he tried, it would be impossible for the Negro to remain only a neutral mass or an inert factor. Of necessity he must be a force in American life, either for good or for ill.

In this brief article we shall attempt to consider the

The active contributions of the Negro to American life are varied. Those that are material are so obvious that they can hardly be overlooked. There is, for example, the gift of labor. One whole section of our country is today a land of roads and railroads, of farms and gardens, of fruits and harvests, largely because of the contribution of Negro labor. But there are other contributions that are less obvious that have not been as fully realized or recognized. These are the contributions not of material but of artistic and cultural values, the contributions that have gone into the making up of our common cultural store.

Some twenty years ago I published the following statement: "The only things artistic that have sprung from American soil, permeated American life, and been acknowledged the world over as being distinctively American have been creations of the American Negro." This statement, naturally, aroused both comment and controversy. One of the milder charges brought against me was that I had disparaged the work of the other groups in our national family. Of this I had no intention. I could not overlook the fact that the art creations of the aboriginal Indians sprang from American soil; but there remained the distinction that these creations had never permeated American life, and that even less had they been universally acknowledged as charac-

teristic of America. Nor could I overlook the fact that the white groups had worked on a higher plane of conscious skill and perfection; but in their cases there remained the distinction that their work was based mainly upon European patterns.

Five years ago I revised my original statement. I revised it to include among the things artistic that had sprung from American soil, permeated American life, and been acknowledged the world over as being distinctively American—skyscraper architecture. In a further revision I should probably include the beginnings of an American school of painting.

The art creations of the Negro that I had in mind in making the statement quoted above were his major folk-art creations. Those who are at all students of folk art know that it has a high intrinsic value of its own. They know further that a fine folk art constitutes a source from which the individual conscious artist can always profitably draw. A survey of the peoples who have produced a distinctive and vital national art, from the Greeks to the Russians, will show in general that each was a people with a rich folk art. The literary masterpieces of Greece are only the folk tales transmuted by her supreme poets and dramatists. The Russian ballet is the beautiful and alive thing it is because dancing is a fine folk art in Russia.

When we look for the chief examples of folk art in the United States, where must we turn? We must turn to the Negro. We shall because of space limitations omit the minor examples, as interesting as they may be, and consider briefly the four major folk art creations: (1) the sacred songs; (2) the secular music; (3) the folk tales; (4) the dancing.

The sacred songs of the Negro are known as the Spirituals. In their texts these songs voice the primitive sentiments—sorrow, long-suffering, love, faith, hope, triumph. Musically they cover a wide scope, ranging from the weirdly sweet, as in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," to the majestically strong, as in "Go Down, Moses." The Spirituals make up America's greatest body of folk songs, songs unsurpassed among the folk songs of the world and, in the poignancy of their beauty, unequalled. They are a recognized element in our national music. They are known in Europe, and not unknown throughout the rest of the world. In this country they have exerted a definite musical and social

influence. It is not an overstatement to say that this noble body of music constitutes the finest single distinctive artistic contribution America has to offer the world.

The secular music covers a wider and more varied range than do the Spirituals. It is both vocal and instrumental. It comprises plantation songs, love songs, satirical songs, play songs, dance songs, work songs, ragtime music, the blues, and modern jazz. The arresting fact about the secular music is that it has been completely taken over. The Spirituals are still Negro folk songs, but the secular music is no longer racial; it has become national. The various elements in it have been combined, fused, developed, and sophisticated. Negro secular music is today American popular music, an inherent part of American life, and the one thing artistic by which this country is known in every corner of the earth.

Even before it was fully taken over, Negro secular music had a strong influence on American music. Stephen Foster, born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wrote a great many songs that may be called "white" songs, all of which are completely forgotten. But during the years he lived

in Cincinnati he came under the influence of the plantation songs of the slaves in Kentucky, just across the river. Out of that experience he fashioned what he called his "Ethiopian songs," and those are the songs that made his name immortal and through which he established the first school of American music, a school that was unrivaled in popularity for more than a half century and is still cherished by America at large.

It might seem paradoxical that the three songs that enjoy a quasi-official recognition in the South should all bear the stamp of Negro influence and inspiration, and that one of them should actually be the work of a Negro. The three songs are: "My Old Kentucky Home," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," and "Dixie." Read the original words of "Dixie" and compare them with the words of the satirical plantation songs that may be found in the collection *Negro Folk Rhymes*, by Thomas W. Talley, and the question of whence came Dan Emmett's inspiration is settled. I here say nothing about the sources of Emmett's ideas for the tune.

Let me add that it is a mistake to think longer of jazz as merely crude, vulgar music; it is being rapidly recognized by serious composers as (*Continued on page 31*)

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON was born in Jacksonville, Florida, and was educated at Atlanta University and at Columbia University. After practicing law in Florida for a while, he moved to New York City, where for five years with his brother, J. Rosmond Johnson, he engaged in writing a large number of popular songs for the musical comedy stage. In 1906 President Theodore Roosevelt appointed Mr. Johnson as consul to Puerto Cabello, Venezuela. Later, he served officially at Corinto, Nicaragua. For a number of years he was the secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, through which he made much progress in advancing the practice of justice toward his race. Mr. Johnson is an artist, being internationally known as a poet. He is the author of a number of books. At present he holds the Spence Chair of Creative Literature at Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, and is Visiting Professor of Creative Literature at New York University.

Self-Determination

The Philosophy of the American Negro

By LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL

Four things we will not do, in spite of all
That demons plot for our decline and fall;
We being four benedictions which we, meek
Unto the proud are privileged to speak,
Four gifts by which amidst all stern-browed races
We move with kindly hearts and shining faces.

We will not hate. Law, custom, creed and caste,
All notwithstanding, here we hold us fast.
Down through the years, the mighty ships of state
Have all been broken on the rocks of hate.

We will not cease to laugh and multiply.
We slough off trouble and refuse to die.
The Indian stood unyielding, stark and grim;
We saw him perish and we learned of him
To mix a grain of philosophic mirth
With all the crass injustices of earth.

We will not use the ancient carnal tools.
These never won, yet centuries of schools
Of priests, and all the work of brush and pen
Have not availed to win the wisest men
From futile faith in battleship and shell;
We see them fall, and mark that folly well.

We will not waver in our loyalty.
No strange voice reaches us across the sea;
No crime at home shall stir us from this soil.
Ours is the guerdon, ours the blight of toil,
But raised above it by a faith sublime
We choose to suffer *here* and bide our time.

And if we hold to this, we dream some day
Our countrymen will follow in our way.

Used by permission of the author.

Is America Willing to Pay the Price for Peace?

BY RABBI JULIUS MARK

ON November 11, eighteen years will have passed since the close of the most destructive war in history. Promptly at eleven o'clock on that day millions of Americans will pause for a minute or two in silence. Just what will be going through the minds of these people during those sacred moments?

It will be only natural that they will be thinking of the sacrifices made by three hundred fifty thousand of their fellow-citizens who were killed and wounded. No doubt a prayer of gratitude to God will fill their hearts when they remember that that horrible conflict did finally end. The Unknown Soldier will represent in their minds the selfless sacrifice of youth in time of war.

I cannot help but wonder, however, whether many will realize that the war was utterly futile, unnecessary, and insane. It will be remembered that the purpose of all the bloodshed was to "make the world safe for democracy." A "warless world" was to crown a glorious victory. It was to be "a war to end war."

The disillusionment of our war-weary world is indescribable. The great sacrifice was made and tens of thousands of Americans died. And another world war is in the offing.

If we were honest with the Unknown Soldier, we would say to him: "We have not kept faith! We promised you that your death would bring peace and democracy. We told you that there would be an end of oppression and tyranny in the world if you would but die. You did your part! We did not do ours! We promised you an end of Kaiserism, but in its place there has arisen Hitlerism with its cruel persecution of helpless minorities and its brutal destruction of democracy. We promised you human freedom, but there are only Fascism and Communism which hate human freedom. We promised you an end to war, and there are more men under arms today than in all history. If we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that we lied to you."

In many parts of the world there are danger spots which threaten the outbreak of another conflict; there are numerous hideous blotches of red, black, and brown dictatorships. In the Far East, Japan has already taken Manchuria and is pushing farther into China. Mussolini has outraged the world's sensibilities by grabbing Ethiopia. Hitler has torn up the Treaty of Versailles and has turned his country into an armed camp. Stalin, threatened by Japan on the east and Germany on the west, is quietly preparing for the war which everybody is expecting. Spain is torn by civil conflict that is destined to continue for a long time and may involve other nations. France's "Popular Front" government is far from secure. England has announced a tremendous program

of armament. The United States has built up the most powerful army, navy, and air force in all its peace-time history. And the Disarmament Conference is forgotten while the League of Nations is in ruins!

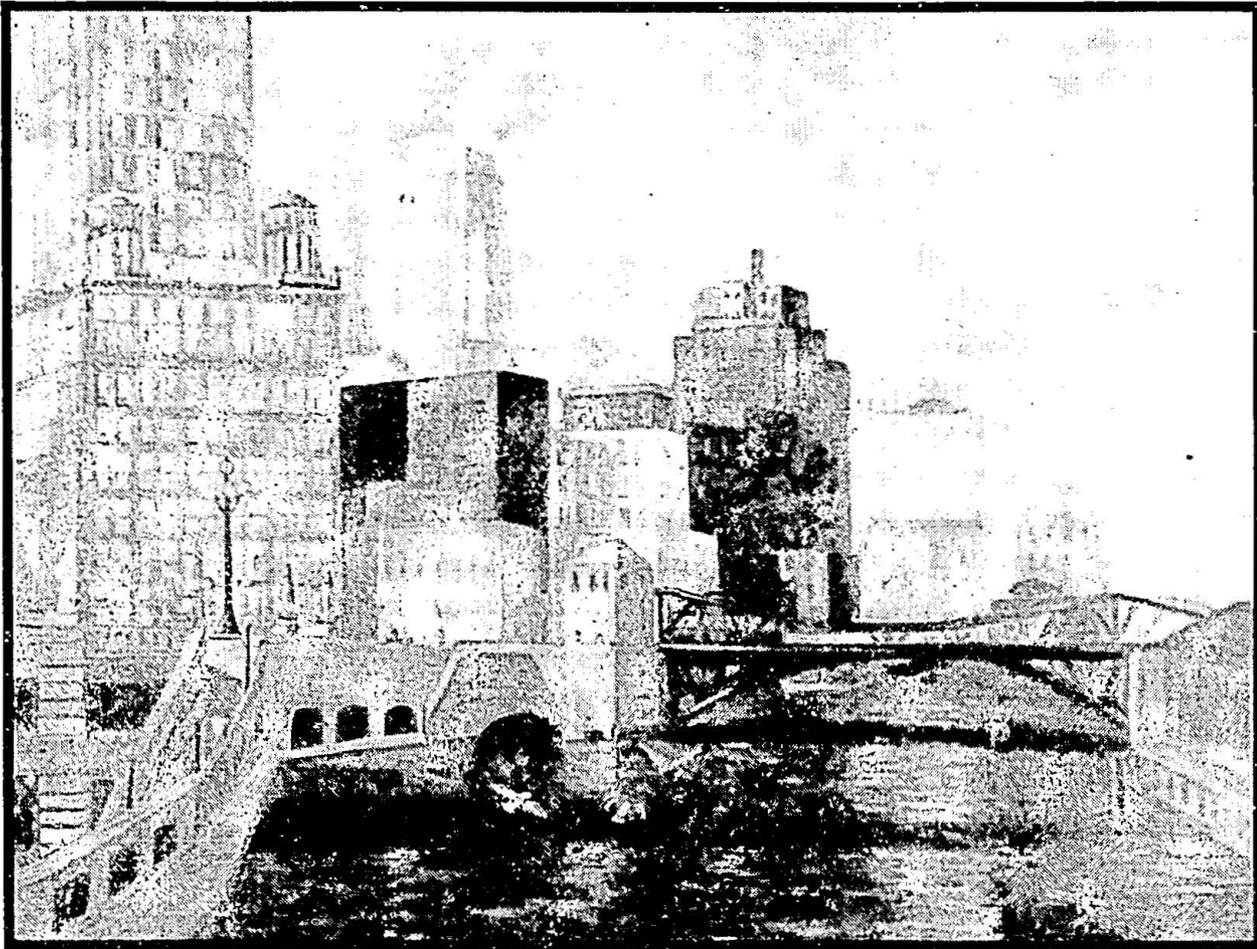
How unfair we have been to you, O Unknown Soldier! How cruel we have been to you! How we have wronged you! We asked you to pay the price for war! Thus far we have not fulfilled our part of the bargain. We have not yet shown a willingness to pay the price for peace! When we visited the battle fields of France, our President doubtless expressed your sentiments as well as our own when he declared: "I hate war!" Is it not high time that we translate the hope of peace into reality?

If the World War has taught us anything at all, it must certainly be that we can do very little about imposing democratic governments upon foreign nations. If the peoples in Europe tire of tyranny, let them be inspired by the example which America sets of a happy nation basking in the sun of freedom. It is insane to believe, as we believed in 1917, that we in America can make a democracy out of Germany or Italy or Russia by the use of force. And if America not only has learned this lesson but conscientiously abides by it, then we shall have gone a long way toward fulfilling the promise which we made to our Unknown Soldier. There is a price which men pay for war; there is also a price which men should pay for peace!

An occasional glance backward is essential to intelligent going forward. How were we drawn into the European war in 1917 and how can we stay out of the war that is inevitably coming?

It will be recalled that when President Wilson announced his proclamation of neutrality when the war broke out there was universal rejoicing in America. Europe seemed so far away from us and its problems seemed so far removed from our own. But (and this *did* concern us) business in America increased by leaps and bounds. The warring nations required food and munitions with the result that huge orders began to flow into this country. From a mere \$10,000,000 worth of munitions sold to foreign nations in 1914, the figure had risen to \$715,000,000 in 1916. Total American exports, which had amounted to \$1,500,000,000 in 1915 had leaped to \$4,000,000,000 in 1917. Factories hummed, there were jobs for all; wages increased; European destruction was bringing undreamed-of prosperity.

It was one thing, however, to sell goods; it was quite another to deliver them. According to the rules of international law warring nations had the right to capture neutral ships carrying (Continued on page 22)



Photographed by Frank Ehrenford, New York

A City of Towers—Arthur Diggs



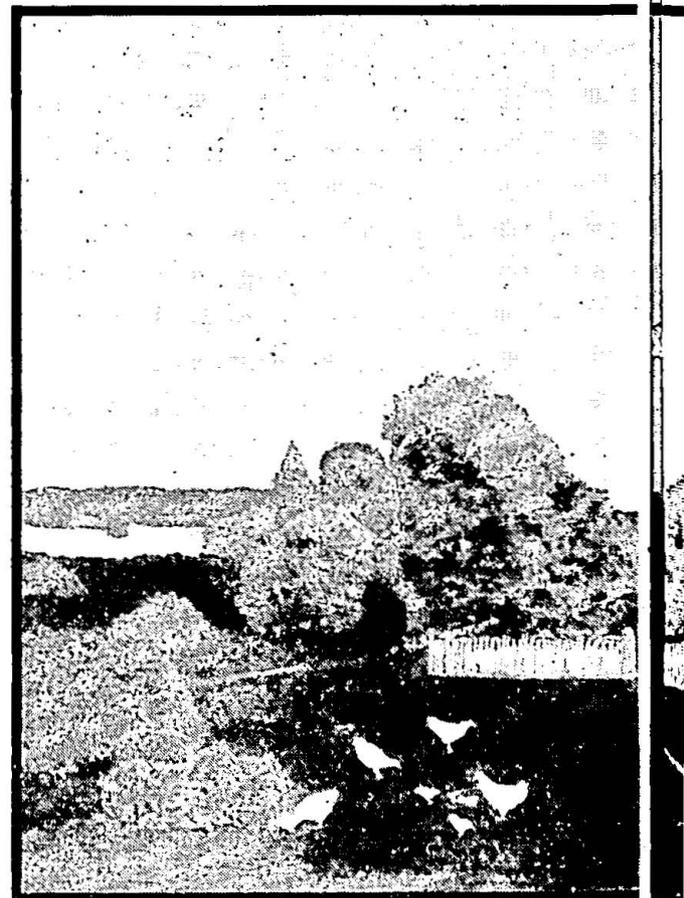
Photographed by James L. Allen, New York

The Old Servant



Photographed by Frank Ehrenford, New York

Friends—Albert Alexander Smith



Photographed by Frank Ehrenford, New York

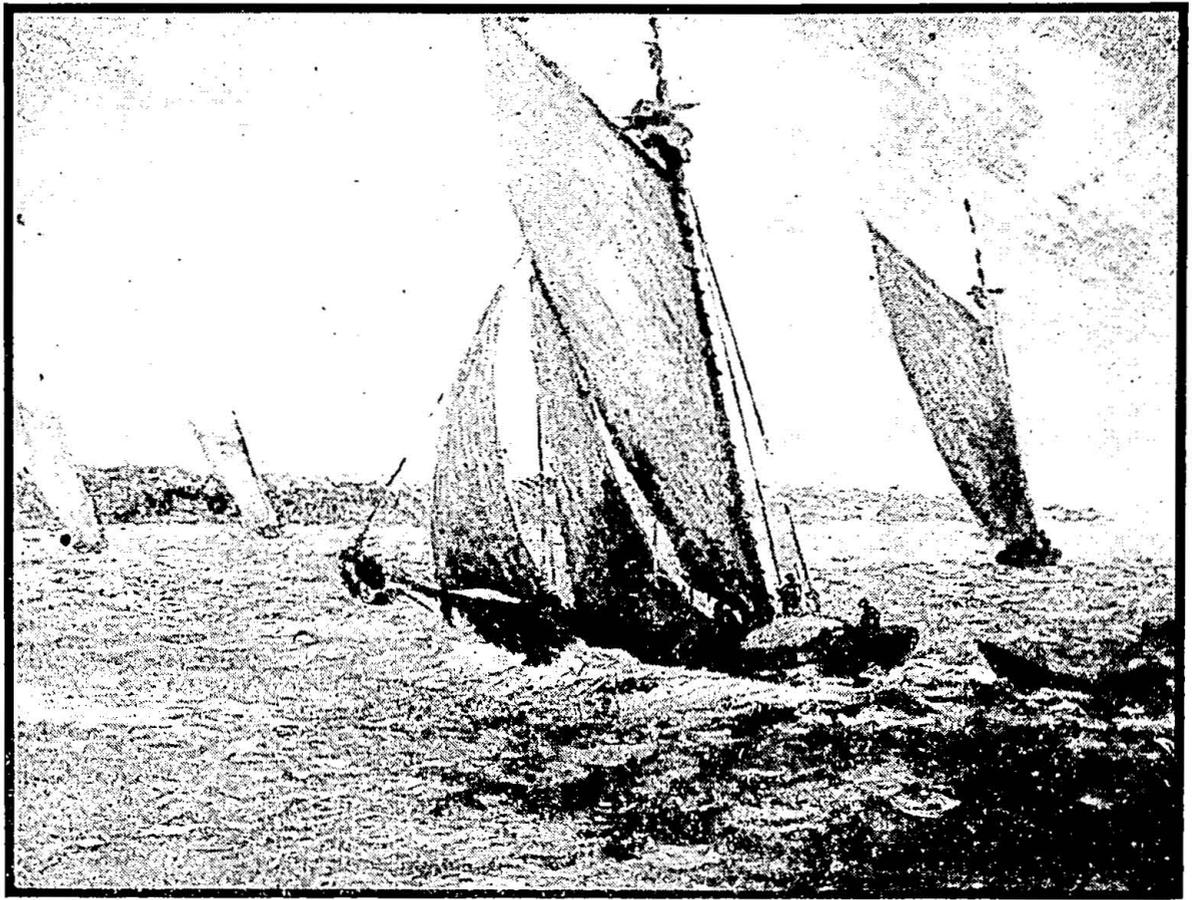
The Country Landscape

From photographs of
 Photographs of these
 ing the Harmon Foundation
 New York City; pictures
 be obtained for a limited
 period.



by *W. A. Harleston*

ings by Negro artists.
 be secured by writ-
 n, 140 Nassau Street,
 7 cents. Exhibits may
 period for five dollars



North American Photo Service

The Schooner—Palmer C. Hayden

First award accorded Mr. Hayden in Fine Arts (1926). Harmon Award for Distinguished Achievement Among Negroes



by *Daisy C. Brooks*



Photographed by James L. Allen, New York

Little Brown Boy—Samuel A. Countee

The Negro Finding a Way Out

By

Harmon H. Bro

they could all work together, some plan that would unite every helpless family in a common cause. But it soon seemed that the meeting would produce nothing but additional evidence of their hopeless condition. Then, browsing through the library, Mr. Reddix came upon a book that described something that was affecting hundreds of people all over the United States. The book was *Consumers' Cooperative Societies* by Charles Gide, a famous French cooperator. Mr. Reddix was impressed. He went to visit the Waukegan cooperative of two thousand members and then read all the latest books on cooperatives.

That was a start. Soon there was a buying club of twenty-four members who represented fifteen families. With \$24 as capital they bought at reduced rates from a friendly retailer, and their recovery was started. As wholesalers would not sell to them without a store, a temporary one with two members drafted as clerks was opened in time for Christmas, 1932. There were then only thirty members with \$45 as capital, which had a monthly turnover of about \$200. That was not much, and the other stores laughed at the size of the new venture; however, the educational work went on, and in 1933 the membership was twenty-five. The demand to know about it was so strong that a course in cooperative



Photo by Harmon Bro

J. L. Reddix, President Consumers Cooperative Trading Company, Inc., Gary, Indiana

MOST of us believe that our American democracy stands for equality of all men, regardless of race. There must be, however, a wide gap between theory and practice when competent analysis shows fifty per cent of all American Negroes to have incomes *below* the poverty line. In actual fact, such a statement means that fully half their number—every other Negro—has not enough food, enough clothing, enough of the bare necessities of life to maintain even the lowest level of health and decency! There can be no doubt but that after a depression which struck the Negroes harder than any other comparable body they desperately need a way out.

Such a way out has been found in Gary, Indiana. In 1932, Gary, a city of huge steel mills and husky laborers, was *the* depression city. Twenty per cent of the total population on relief rolls; half the Negroes, ten thousand, reduced to relief; children sick and starving; a dozen banks closed; refuse picked clean. Life held very little for Negroes in those days. Still there were a few who, despite overwhelming misfortune, began at once to look for a way out.

Among these was Jacob L. Reddix, physics teacher in the Roosevelt High School. He called a meeting among his friends to see what could be done. He felt that the only way out would be some undertaking on which



Photo by Harmon Bro

Cooperative Motor Service, Gary, Indiana

economics was started in the adult evening schools. It soon became the largest class in the school, requiring two instructors.

The store's plan was simple. The initial fee was \$1.00; shares were \$10.00, limited to ten for each member; each member was allowed one vote; small interest accrued on capital; rebates of profits (left over after expenses were paid) were given to each member according to purchases; payments were made to accumulate shares to the limit of ten shares, then as dividends. Of course, it was impossible for anyone to buy a whole share at once—money was, oh, so scarce—and most payments came twenty-five cents at a time. Little by little the membership grew, trade increased, the store became prosperous. Cooperation was working in Gary.

Then on August 17, 1934, the new store was opened. There were ninety members with a capital of \$787.55, or an average of about \$8.00 per person. The new establishment was a long step from the old one. There was a fine, new meat market, and there were shining counters and rows of neat displays. During the next year the store employed seven clerks on an average salary of \$666. At the end of the first year membership had increased to three hundred seventy-one, and the year's sales were \$34,055.26. By August, 1936, the mem-



Photo by R. D. Jones

Consumers Cooperative Trading Company, Inc., Gary, Indiana



Photo by Harmon Bro

These Gary boys insisted on having their pictures taken

bership was four hundred fifty-eight, the capital \$5,500; the shares an average of 1¼ for each member. During the year the business amounted to nearly \$45,000. The enterprise now has a total of nine employees, a good branch store which does forty per cent as much business as the main one, and a cooperative gas station and garage which is progressing well. About a third of the trade comes from non-members, people who are rapidly being converted by the educational work.

The directors of the store felt that they were entitled to relief orders just as much as was any other store. Corrupt local administration, however, took away that privilege last January, and the store lost business worth \$1,000 a month. The result will be a complete purging of the administration by the voters in November, who, though Democrats nationally, will go Republican locally.

For a long time it has been much harder for a Negro to get a small loan than it has been for a white man. When the depression came it was practically impossible for the Negro to borrow anywhere. Mr. Reddix felt deeply regarding this problem and wondered if cooperation would not be the solution there, too. It seemed likely. A cooperative credit union was the result. Eleven members began faithfully paying twenty-five cents weekly. They got (Continued on page 30)

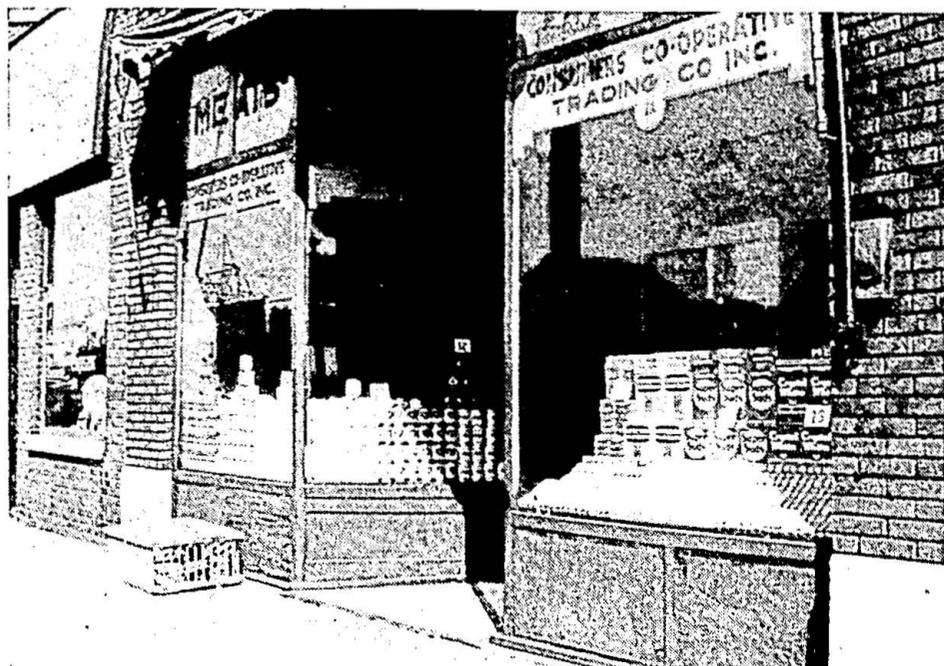


Photo by Harmon Bro

Consumers Cooperative Trading Company, Inc.

Is America Willing to Pay the Price for Peace?

(Continued from page 17)

goods called contraband. Great Britain ruled the seas, and she seized all ships entering neighboring neutral ports. When we protested that many articles not considered contraband were included in the seizures, we were greeted with a deaf ear. Great Britain was determined to starve Germany. The result was that it became easier to trade with the Allies than with the Central Powers.

The answer of Germany to the British policy of starvation was the submarine. Her U-boats commenced to sink merchant vessels on sight. We were shocked; we protested. A long series of diplomatic notes followed. Then on May 7, 1915, an English ship, the "Lusitania," was sunk. Among the 1,198 lives lost were 124 Americans. A strong policy was now urged upon the President. Theodore Roosevelt and others demanded that our national honor be defended and a preparedness campaign was urged.

During all this time prosperity was being enjoyed not only by American manufacturers, but by American bankers. Over seventy per cent of duPonts' sales were made through J. P. Morgan & Company. The profits of American corporations rose from \$4,100,000,000 during the 1911-13 period to \$6,900,000,000 in the 1914-16 period. By 1917 some \$2,000,000,000 in loans and credits had been extended by American private bankers to the Allied Powers.

Propaganda then entered upon the scene. The average American still expected that America would not be drawn into the war. President Wilson was re-elected in 1916 and his chief campaign slogan was, "He kept us out of war." But America's business interests and sympathies were already in it. The struggle between autocracy and democracy had already been fixed in our minds. The press constantly emphasized German "frightfulness." No communications reached American shores from Berlin; all information about the war came from London. Finally, in March, 1917, Mr. Walter Hines Page, American ambassador to Great Britain, sent a confidential message to President Wilson in which he wrote rather bluntly: "*Perhaps our going into the war is the only way by which our permanent trade position can be maintained and a panic averted.*" The following month, on April 7, in spite of the protests of Senator LaFollette and others, war was declared by Congress.

In Europe today the same events are transpiring which finally led to the outbreak of 1914. Armaments are piling up; nations are preparing feverishly; there is the same diplomatic jockeying for position; threats are being hurled across borders bristling with bayonets; "incidents" are occurring constantly. Who can tell when the next "incident" will prove another Sarajevo? Quite naturally, America's sympathy and powerful aid are being sought? Must we again become involved?

The answer of Americans today is a unanimous "No! It shall not happen again!"

But, are we willing to pay the price for peace? And

by price, I mean the dollars and cents which we are afraid we might lose if we remain definitely and permanently neutral. This applies not merely to the banker and the manufacturer, but to the farmer, the small business man, and the worker, who enjoy a wave of prosperity whenever a war in a foreign country increases the demand for their products or their services. In the heat of the combat and in the hunger for quick profits, they may be tempted to forget that war prosperity is temporary and inevitably results not only in financial losses and economic depression, but also in being drawn into the conflict.

Already Congress has passed neutrality legislation which extends to 1937. But it is rather weak, although better than nothing at all. The anti-war group in Congress, headed by Senator Nye, is urging a program which is much stronger and much more effective. Briefly it seeks:

1. To forbid the shipment of all arms and munitions to any warring nation.
2. To prohibit American bankers from making loans or extending credit to any warring nation.
3. To compel American exporters to ship at their own risk any article declared contraband by any belligerent nation.
4. To deny passports to American citizens traveling in any war zone.

Had such legislation been in effect in 1914 America might never have been drawn into the war. It is a program which calls for the willingness to sacrifice temporary dollars in order to save human lives and possibly civilization.

The writer is no pacifist. He would defend American territory against foreign aggression with the last ounce of his strength, but he hopes that he will never lack the courage to oppose any policy which would involve the sending of a single American soldier to a foreign battle field.

It was in 1789 that George Washington, the Father of our country and one of the wisest of all men, wrote to Rochambeau as follows: "Notwithstanding it might probably, in a commercial view, be greatly to the advantage of America that a war should rage on the other side of the Atlantic, yet I shall never so far divest myself of the feelings of a man interested in the happiness of my fellow-men as to wish my country's prosperity might be built on the ruins of that of other nations."

Eighteen years after the close of the most destructive of all wars and when the dangers of an even more terrible catastrophe are so apparent, Washington's prophetic wisdom should be welded into every American heart and mind. The priceless blessing of permanent peace will become our treasured possession and our obligation to our dead and maimed be discharged when Americans definitely and finally renounce all temporary blood-money profits that human lives may be saved and the democratic institutions of our country forever preserved.

The Spiritual Life and Message

I Was Impressed by the School of Christian Living

BY MRS. REID WALL

I WAS impressed by the one hundred and twenty-eight women who attended the School of Christian Living at Scarritt College, September 16-20, sponsored by the Committee on Spiritual Life and Message and the Bureau of Christian Social Relations of the Woman's Missionary Council. They represented thirty-three conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which is another way of saying that they came from different sections of the South with somewhat dissimilar problems and backgrounds. But they were united by the common quest of earnestly seeking to know Jesus' teachings on the worth of persons and to discover what these teachings would mean if applied to all persons. These women were marked by a quiet determination. If what the leaders taught is what Jesus said about the worth of all persons, including the poor and the wretched, then something must be done about the dispossessed and the underprivileged of today.

"But what can one woman do?" was a frequent question. Several had expressed the conviction that the gross injustices of our economic order and the problems of tenancy did not belong in a Christian order. They felt that if Jesus should come to the South today he would probably be lynched before his three years were spent. But what could one woman do?

"There is something that every one of us can do," said one in conversation at the dinner table. "I have in mind a friend back home who is not especially prepared to do any particular work, who cannot contribute much money, and who, moreover, dislikes her housework. She decided that she would motivate the task of cleaning her house, which particularly irked her, by praying for the various fields of the Woman's Missionary Society while she worked. When she cleans her living-room, she prays for Christian Social Relations. When she cleans her kitchen, she prays for Brazil because she is reminded of coffee and sugar. When she cleans her daughter's room, she prays for Japan because she thinks of cherry blossoms and beautiful silks. And when she cleans her sons' room, she prays for Africa." Thus does one woman unite her menial tasks with the bringing in of the Kingdom of God.

There was a willingness to begin at home the great task of creating a more Christian society. Dr. Arthur Raper, of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, convinced us that domestic servants were among our forgotten folks—that they had been denied security, an adequate wage, the eight-hour day, and vocational promotion. We pledged ourselves to cooperate with a committee, which would study the

domestic servant problem, by following their recommendations.

As for tenancy, particularly cotton tenancy, we agreed that it must be changed. We considered the possibilities of federal legislation, including the Bankhead-Jones Bill. We discussed cooperatives, and a committee was appointed to study the possibilities of action in that field by the Woman's Missionary Society. "It will be hardest to convince our husbands that tenancy must go," sighed one new convert.

I was impressed by the faculty. It was a good faculty in its own right—Bishop Paul B. Kern; Dr. Lester Rumble, presiding elder of the Atlanta District of the North Georgia Conference; Dr. Arthur Raper of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation; and Dr. Albert E. Barnett of Scarritt College. I expected them to be well-prepared, fearless, and interesting, and I was not disappointed. What impressed me was that they taught and preached as if here were a situation that was most vital. One member of the faculty remarked that he believed that the missionary society in the local church could make a great contribution by making the pew as receptive and fearless for the pastor as this group had made the situation for him. Much credit is also due the deans of this school, Miss Daisy Davies and Mrs. W. A. Newell, and the committee who planned the program.

"Two things impress me about you southern missionary women," remarked a friend from the North. "First, there is a freedom of thinking and discussion, which I think is due to the fact that you rely on many small contributions of money rather than on a few large contributions. Second, you have not divorced your social service work from your spiritual life cultivation, but have developed them together, realizing that one is the outgrowth of the other, which is as it should be."

I was impressed by the uniqueness of the Christian approach. There are other approaches to removing the inequalities of wealth and opportunity in our social order. The problem is clear—there must be a more equal distribution of the good things of life. It is the ancient problem of sacrificing a lesser good for a greater good. The Christian approach gives the will to sacrifice. I believe that every member of the school at the close of the five days would have been willing to lose what she had if by its loss she could have believed that it would mean helping vitally to bring in the kingdom. "I can no longer believe," sighed one soft, lovely voice, "that it is right for me to enjoy the luxuries of life while so many are denied the necessities."

I was impressed by the pat- (Continued on page 33)

Let Me Tell You a Good Story

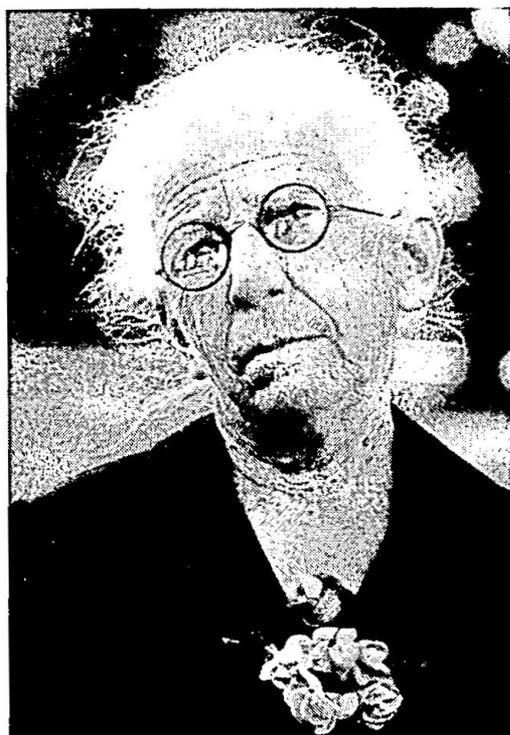
The story of the month is told by WORLD OUTLOOK's good friend, the director of the Secular Press Bureau, Mrs. Maude M. Turpin. It is a story within a story she brings, and adds to the color of both by supplying a picture of one of Junaluska's best friends and workers

HAPPY days are here again for the Junaluska Methodist Assembly and its friends. For not only was the past season the most successful in point of attendance in many years, but it marked the successful meeting of a financial crisis and brought the 1936 season to a close with the consciousness of having kept faith with the ideals of those who founded this institution for the church and with the bright hope of an increasing sphere of usefulness under the ownership and control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

If names should be mentioned, we would certainly begin with the bishops of the Junaluska area, Mouzon and Kern, who did much more than routine work in their official relationship to the movement. Then should come Mr. James Atkins, Jr., Superintendent of the Assembly, and notable among these, Dr. W. A. Lambeth. Dr. Lambeth is pastor of Wesley Memorial Church, High Point, North Carolina, but was generously released by that congregation for the period to become the director of the "Save Junaluska Campaign." The outcome nobly justifies the sacrifice. These all worked to such good purpose that the burden of debt which cumbered the place has been lifted and the prospect is bright for a new era of prosperity and usefulness. Not only did the collection of this amount legally free Junaluska from debt, but freed it with honor, for the consecrated liberality of persons having secondary claims resulted in their turning over moral releases for amounts owed them.

The recent chapter in Junaluska's history was occasioned by the fact that, after a long period of years and noteworthy patience on the part of the holders of the first mortgage claim, the place was sold under the hammer early in the year 1936. The court stayed confirmation of the sale, giving to Methodists the present season in which to raise the amount necessary to satisfy the creditors. Thus the 1936 season, in addition to an unusually good attendance and program, was marked by a unity of purpose that augurs well for the permanence and prosperity of the Assembly.

The leaders throughout the campaign insisted on many gifts from a large number of people, and to a remark-



Mrs. Ella Clyde

"... Put her faithful eighty years old feet to work"

able degree the financial objective of "a little from all" was realized. While there were a number of reasonably large donations, for the most part the money was collected in small amounts. Many sacrificial offerings were made, and the story of the saving of Junaluska throbs with human interest.

But nobody will consider it invidious if in the middle of the names mentioned and at the very top, should be set the name of another indefatigable worker and noble friend of Junaluska, for wherever the story of the saving of Junaluska from a burden of debt is told there will be mentioned high on the list givers of big gifts, the name of Mrs. Ella Clyde, of Greenwood, South Carolina.

Throughout the twenty-three years' history of the Methodist Assembly at Lake Junaluska, Mrs. Clyde has been a faithful and devoted Junaluskan. Mrs. Clyde is a timid person and for the past twenty-three years her devotion to the Assembly has taken the form of faithful attendance upon and interest in whatever has gone on there. But this year her beloved Junaluska was threatened. It became known that if \$105,000 were not raised, Junaluska would pass out from the ownership of the church. This was more than Mrs. Clyde could bear. She loved the place; it was hers, and she had seen it grow into a thing of beauty and a haven of rest and safety for busy men and women and little children. So she forgot she was eighty years old; that she did not own a car and had few wealthy friends. She vowed that Junaluska should be saved. So she raised her timid voice and put her faithful eighty-years-old feet to work for Junaluska.

When she first heard the news of Junaluska's plight, she set to work among the membership of her own church at Greenwood and raised nearly \$200, mostly in one- and two-dollar amounts. Throughout the season she kept up the good work, until she had turned over to the campaign directors \$715 for the Save-Junaluska Fund. In appreciation of her efforts the Assembly management presented Mrs. Clyde with a life membership ticket, and the presentation was made in Stuart Auditorium at the close of the recent session by Bishop Paul B. Kern and James Atkins, Jr., Superintendent.

The Missionary Society

The December Program

Missionary Topic: My Gift Complete.

Worship and Meditation: See below.

Scripture: Isa. 40: 28-31.

Strength Comes with the Task

In Green County there is a legend about old Uncle George. As a "guest of the county" in one capacity and another Uncle George was the sort of individual about whom legends grow up.

For thirty-five years Uncle George had sat in rocking-chairs except when he lay in hammocks in the sun. Nothing ailed him, he admitted, only—if he stood up or otherwise exerted himself he got "weak as water."

So he sat.

But one night the house caught fire, and when Uncle George woke the flames were crackling the beams over his head.

Then, says the legend, Uncle George leaped from his bed, grabbed two great pails, ran to the well, filled the pails, ran back to the house and threw that water on the burning beams. In the next two hours, he made thirty-eight trips to the well, each trip lugging two huge pails of water. Moreover, he grabbed an ax and chopped through a thick oak door, carried his heavy rocker to a place of safety, removed his own bed, rescued the kitchen stove, and then set out on a big mule to alarm the neighborhood.

Thus the tale.

But good Doc Boonton, by all odds the smartest man in the county, says there is nothing in the story because, he explains patiently, "Nature doesn't work like that." Either old George didn't perform all those feats or else he had been getting exercise all those years.

Personally, Doc Boonton thinks that Uncle George was in the habit of drawing water from the well at night and of chopping wood when the neighbors didn't wait on him fast enough, and of cavorting around a good bit when he thought no one could see him. "Otherwise," says Doc, "he couldn't keep up his muscles and his appetite. Nature's got her laws. She doesn't send abundance of strength except to them that use their strength."

Any keen observer of life knows that Doc Boonton is "right as rain." Strength and skill come to the individual who keeps using them. Jugglers practice many hours a day, toe-dancers work persistently, wrestlers seldom miss their daily work-out. So, too, writers learn to write by writing, surgeons develop new technique by continually operating, lawyers become eloquent by repeated pleadings.

Why, then, shall we expect spiritual maturity all at once?

"I gave myself to prayer and meditation for two solid weeks," says the earnest young woman who wants to be "a leader," "but God never showed me a cause to lead."

Two weeks! Frances Willard began in her own home town with an obscure, untrained, determined group. For a whole lifetime she prayed as she went, and she grew in grace and works, twin fruits of the Spirit.

If you ask for leading and it doesn't come immediately, go back to work. Let God see how much you need Him, and keep praying as you work. No building worth the having springs full grown like Aladdin's palace. Real buildings—whose strength and beauty endure—are erected stone upon stone, and the tower rises at last serene and secure on its well-wrought base.

Further, it is extremely difficult, and extremely rare, to find strength developed just for strength's sake. When a man says, "I will be strong," he has a purpose in mind; he has a reason for needing strength. He must lift or run or endure. When he says, "I shall learn to be brave," he has a reason for using bravery. He must defend or attack or sustain.

But it is not exceptional to hear someone say, "I long to be spiritual!"

"Why? What is your purpose?"

"Oh"—ecstatically—"I just want to be spiritual!"

Unfortunately, spirituality doesn't come that way.

Spirituality is a dynamic, radiant quality of personality achieved by letting the power and glory of God flow through one toward some end. Spirituality is a deep-channeled river whose waters reflect the sunrise—and turn wheels of industry. Spirituality is a great green tree pruned for the bearing of fruit.

One becomes spiritual by having demands made on him greater than he can meet with his own strength. Then he turns to the source of Strength and says, "God, it's an oversized job I have. I need some of You."

Thus, Kagawa in the slums of Kobe. One man against all that misery of crowded housing, underpay, overwork, disease, and misery! He couldn't lift the burden, let alone remove it. So he turned for Strength, Strength to use immediately in the next day's task. While he worked—and *because* he worked—he became "spiritual."

Thus, Jane Addams at Hull House. She had small interest in religion—and none in the churches—until people of all nations poured through her doors and the food at hand was too little for their needs. Then she turned for Nourishment, for Bread and the Water of Life. She became "spiritual," one of the spiritual leaders of her day—within the context of her labor.

Jesus, according to the record, developed the habit of going apart to pray after his job became too hard for him. No doubt he had always prayed, but the recorded story mentions those periods of quiet communion and receptivity which the demands of his work forced on him.

Does anyone think the church should not concern itself with practical social and economic matters? Let him try to develop a spiritual (*Continued on page 33*)

Thy Kingdom Come

"The Kingdom of Heaven Is Like Unto Leaven Which a Woman

When Bridget Came to Church

THE tender little story below is told of a good Irish woman by Fred S. Nichols in the *Christian Leader*. Probably he is the "Freddie" of the tale.

Bridget was a good Roman Catholic—of the Irish branch—as you would guess. She had known poverty. She had worked hard. She was acquainted with grief. Christian faith had carried her through all the deep waters. . . .

Probably Bridget had never been in a Protestant church, except to a funeral service. Her husband, whose constant admonition to Catholic and Protestant alike was, "We must have charity," was equally devout. This couple would not think of neglecting Mass at Saint Joseph. But one Sunday morning Bridget came to Memorial Christian, two blocks from Saint Joseph. The preacher of the morning was a youth about twenty. He was home from college. His training and experience could not have promised much. Entering the pulpit with a solemn dignity that concealed the shallows, he looked upon a goodly flock, mostly of Memorial's faithful fold.

The organ prelude was concluding when the usher led down the center aisle, and well toward the front, a black-bonneted, gray-haired woman. It was Bridget—Bridget, who would not have come to Memorial to hear the greatest of earth. The self-conscious young preacher was deeply moved. Away from the altars, candles, vestments, and chants of her faith Bridget had come to worship. Away from the forms of his own non-ritualistic service, the preacher was now ready to worship. For neither in Saint Joseph nor in Memorial is one to worship, but in spirit and in truth. So in the heights above the mists of creed and form, Bridget and the young preacher worshiped God.

The soul of Bridget looked upon the young preacher. The simple sermon over, and the benediction given, she came with outstretched hand to meet him. Her eyes of tearful joy, and her hand of eager grasp, told of a pride that was almost motherly. Her good face beamed as she lingered at the preacher's side, listening to the kindly words of appreciation charitable friends were giving. Bridget, the Catholic—and one loyal unto death—had come to hear a youthful preacher, not because he was Protestant or prodigy: it was the days of yesterday that called.

Bridget had been constrained by a neighborhood road of blessed memories. For many years she and James, her husband, had lived next door to the parents of the preacher, and as friends. The children of the two families had grown up together, almost as brother and sister playmates. All but one of Bridget's were now gone—a loneliness which made a closer bond.

When a lad the preacher had run many an errand for Bridget, for which in turn he received hot rolls of mountain size. She had helped him locate his "banty's" nest hidden away in her yard. She had given him her Jimmie's fast sled to ride down the big hills, and his outgrown necktie of fascinating colors to wear to the photographer. The preacher's babyhood ways, his boyhood pranks, amusing and provoking, were familiar pages to which she often turned. And she fondly went back to these pages on this particular morning.

And so when Bridget came to church, she came to hear her little "Freddie" of the yesterdays. These yesterdays of affection and sympathy and understanding had shortened the distance between the two faiths. On such a road Memorial and Saint Joseph were not far from each other. And what a heavenly road!

"Wait Until Easter Morning"

WRITING on "Mussolini, Haile Selassie, and God," in the *Methodist Times and Leader*, London, Leslie D. Weatherford sees all the horror of Mussolini's action, yet reaffirms his own faith in God.

. . . . I do not pretend to see how God works out his age-long plans, but my faith in God is strong enough to make me believe several things. One is that no individual or nation ever commits evil and gets away with it without its terrible results being visited upon it. God is the moral governor of the universe and evil never pays.

Another is that God can weave the fabric of international life to his own plan much more speedily and adequately if, in our short-sighted way and with our hot indignation, we do not rush in to secure justice as though we believe that without us aggression would seem to pay.

History is full of instances of the apparent success of evil. King David, lusting after Uriah's wife, had him killed. But was it all over? Ahab coveted Naboth's vineyard, and Queen Jezebel got it for him. But her name has remained a symbol of foul treachery and vile scheming to this day. Nero persecuted the Christians, throwing them to the lions and burning them in his gardens. . . . The memory of Nero remains a synonym of execration through the whole world for the rest of time.

Will Mussolini be an exception to this law? The laws of God have not changed. The consciences of men react in the same way. We watch the Dictator coming out on the balcony to receive the plaudits of the people in the hour of victory. Then we watch the Negus bow in lowly prayer, a humiliated and defeated monarch. Power seems to belong to the former; weakness and defeat to the latter; but we are as yet too close to make a conclusion. History will judge between them. It is not fair to assess Calvary on Good Friday night. You must wait until Easter morning.

"Be of Good Courage"

A CHEERING message for these times, with all the questions and difficulties attendant, is that of M. Wilma Stubbs in a late issue of the *Christian Advocate* (Northwestern Edition).

. . . . Only when some experience deep and challenging and taking us to the threshold of the world of reality sets the door of our souls ajar, do we throw off our cloak of clay and for a moment see life whole—in the light from Calvary!

Economic struggle, the question of daily bread, the temptations to greed, the strife of the normal and the abnormal in the life of the human heart, the failure to understand one another, and sometimes to act when we do understand—these threaten to sink our boats in tempest of hopelessness, or of revolution. Crime increases and costs us here in America \$13,000,000,000 a year. Suspicions and envy and class and racial struggle live on despite our attempts to blot them out. Another world war hovers in the offing.

Yet in the midst of the darkness when the night seems blackest and the winds and waves are raging most fiercely comes, if we have ears to hear it, that quiet word of peace, the still small voice—*love!*

Not weak sentimentality, but the love that could go all the

Thy Will Be Done

Took and Hid in Three Measures of Meal Till It Was All Leavened"

way to Calvary to save the world, the love that could rebuke sin with stinging vividness, and yet love the sinner, the love that lifted up for sinful and sinning men has had more power through the ages than blind force ever has had or ever will have—at the long last.

Here in our world today Christ walks the sea of life ready to still the tempest and put a new song in the heart of the world. But we must take him into storm-threatened ships.

We must learn from him to live at peace, to value human life more than possessions; at his command to put by the sword and live as brothers, or at least as fellow-citizens of a world community.

"Peace, be still!"

"Be of good courage; it is I; be not afraid!"

"The Very Onliest Way"

INA LOWE HOLLINGSWORTH, wife of a pastor in a southern city, describes in *World Call* the touching prayer of a colored woman.

Timidly, but with deepest fervor, rose the voice. A sudden hush fell over the half hundred small folk standing reverently beside their pews. "Dear Heavenly Father, we come to thee this morning" I knew her skin was black, for I was the only white woman in Lane Chapel that day, where I had been invited to speak to the children of the Daily Vacation Bible School "in the very onliest way we know with bowed heads." Through all the years, bowed heads, bowed bodies, bowed wills! How could it be otherwise than "the onliest way we know"? "We thank thee for those who have made this school possible" appreciation of some of the finer things of life which their white friends of a sister church had brought them. Always grateful for the smallest thing, be it but a well-worn pair of shoes! I remember the pride with which I had been shown the handwork only a few minutes before, and the equipment which seemed so meager.

". . . . Help us to have pure hearts, and to live right, so that we may set the right example for these children." That eternal ambition which the Master plants within those hearts which have received him! For Jesus' sake, Amen."

The freshly starched and ironed audience, for whom the petition had been lifted, never to be quite the same again!

Came the thought, "those who take the lead in the 'pageant of a climbing race' cannot, must not, always have 'bowed heads.'"

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help."

It is "the very onliest way" I know!

Castles Crumbled

AN editorial in the *Methodist Protestant-Recorder* points out the real loser in the picturesque old country of Spain.

. . . . No matter who wins, Spain loses. Seeds of hate are being sown that will produce the fruit of division unto the third and fourth generation. The sunshine of a fair land is clouded and the castles in Spain, which draw the hearts of men, have crumbled. Quaint villages have been ravaged and magnificent cathedrals have been despoiled. Tourists will turn

somewhere else for that which old Spain alone could give in beauty. Every bursting shell will destroy some of the loveliness that was a part of the charm and resources of the land. There are losses greater in the realm of art.

Of the many pictures which have been printed of the war in Spain the truest is only a detail but its reality makes it a veritable part of the whole. A peasant girl, orphaned by the war, sits in the doorway of a ruined home, holding in her lap a little brother who looks out upon the broken street with startled, wondering eyes. This is war: homelessness, hunger, loneliness, suffering, dread, death. Multiply the picture by the thirty-five thousand, whom the headlines of last week declared were slain, and you can see what is behind the accounts. Add to that headline the casualties that are being reported daily and the horror grows. Behind the statistics are the anguish and terror and pain of individuals. There is no mass suffering, for all agony is personal. We are sure that no good can ever come to Spain through any government, or to any party in power, that will compensate for the evil which has come to her citizens. We are sure that this war will not gain for the nation anything that will ever make up for what it has cost. If somehow we might personalize the suffering of war, we might have sense enough to see its folly.

Historical literature describes wars in terms of leadership, changes of dynasties, strategy and victories. Human life knows war as hunger, cold, grief, pain and death. Literature is largely romance. Life is real. If life could have its way, death-dealing conflict would cease and mankind would act upon the lessons that we have all learned, but refuse to accept, as a guide for national conduct, that war is futile and has fruit only in the misery of the bodies and souls of men.

Worry

WORRY is sin," says E. Stanley Jones in the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, relayed to our desk through the *Religious Digest*. "It is a lack of trust in God."

. . . . In the Epistle to the Hebrews 10: 39 we read, according to Weymouth, "We, however, are not the ones to shrink back and perish, but are those who believe and so win possession of their souls." The ones who believe are the only ones who have possession of their souls. They are the ones who can mold circumstances and make things conform to their purposes of life. They are in possession. But the doubters are possessed by their fears. Their fears dominate them. They are at the mercy of their hesitations.

Then lay aside all fears, all worry, all doubt and live constructively and positively. Possess your own souls by believing.

How can one possess his soul? By losing it! The only way to possess yourself is to lose yourself. Renounce and you will realize. Out of this self-surrender will come a self-finding. You will then have shifted the center from yourself to Christ. Out of this shift love will be born. This love will cast out fears. Just as sunlight casts out darkness so this love of Christ casts out all fear, all worry, all anxiety. We rest in a love that will never let us down. We are sure that we can never drift beyond his care.

We will then live as care-free children of the Father. Wholly his, we shall wholly trust him. And in that trust we shall find ourselves in possession of ourselves. We shall not be knocked over by every passing cloud. Don't worry. Trust!

For Clear-Visioned Leadership in Social Thinking

By A. W. BEASLEY

THIS whole matter of social thinking is, with us Americans, a new thing. When we turn back fifty years to see what our leaders were having to say about the acute and bewildering social problems that face our day, we realize that their day and our day are far different. F. C. Grant, in *Frontiers of Christian Thinking*, said that even up to 1917 "America was like some rural family which had grown unbelievably opulent, then moves to town, and, while enjoying the wealth, ease, and diversions of city life, is unwilling at first to assume any of the responsibilities the new residence entails. Our world-outlook was still the antiquated one taught in the histories and geographies of our grandfather's schooldays." But those days are gone forever! That many of our people do not realize that they are gone, I grant; but gone they are, and the leadership of today and tomorrow must not be blind to the fact.

Our fathers took democracy for granted. That there could ever be any serious rivals for this form of government with us was not worthy of serious thought. But these latter years have made us think more seriously. Neighboring countries (and all countries are neighbors now) are repudiating the tenets of democracy. Where is its strength? Where is its weakness? What can be done to preserve those values which have come to us and which we wish to keep? The questions call for clear-minded and intelligent leadership among us.

What is to be the central unit in our governing bodies—the individual, the state, some group or class?

Is our educational system to be free to seek and propagate the Truth, or is it to be regimented as a utilitarian tool?

Is the church to be the Church of God, or of some political deity? Is it to be subservient to the dictates of ever changing temporal rulers, or be led by the moving spirit of the changeless God? Shall its headquarters be found in state capitals or at Calvary?

In this fertile land of ours, where God has provided food and clothing enough for all, shall hunger and nakedness continue? How shall a just distribution be made? How shall work be provided for the unemployed? How shall the aged and the unfortunates be given some degree of economic security? How shall everyone who is sick and diseased have the advantage of medical attention? These questions might be continued indefinitely. They are not the hypothetical questions of the cloister, but are crying out to us from news-



Rev. A. W. Beasley
". . . regimented as
a utilitarian tool?"

paper, radio, pulpit, street corner, and wherever men and women gather together.

We must give some answers to these questions. There are large groups outside America, and smaller groups within America who say that they have the answers, and are vociferous in proclaiming them, and zealous in promoting them. Are you willing to take their answers?

The proposition is really on the floor. Those who are to seek the places of leadership must be prepared to lead. Demagoguery will not do; muddled thinking will be disastrous; insincerity will be traitorous.

There are at least two things that our day demands of those who would lead, if we are to have confidence in them and in their judgment:

1. The leader should have a full knowledge of the facts. He should be acquainted with the evidences of history. The human race has dealt for a long time with these questions of how to live together. Many experiments have been tried, and some have succeeded. But we live in an ever changing world, and these changing situations demand changes in our ways of doing. Those who are responsible for the leadership of our people ought to be familiar with the history of the situations with which they are dealing. Too much of our firing is into deserted trenches. We do not know that the enemy has advanced into new lines!

2. And there is this second requirement for the trusted leader: with clear thinking must be linked a good character. Knowledge is not enough. One must possess a sensitive conscience and an appreciation of the sense of values. Else, how can he determine what is good and worthy of preserving? How can he lay hold of those things worthy of reverence? How else can his followers be sure that he is not selfishly acting as a tool of ulterior groups? It is difficult, if not impossible, for you to trust the *ideas* of a man when you do not trust the *man*. Knowledge and godly piety make a combination that should find a unity in the leaders our day needs.

Where shall we look for the producing of such leaders? I am not thinking of the brilliant few that always stand in the limelight; I am thinking of that vast number who have places of leadership in all walks of life: the preacher in his pulpit; the teacher in his school; the lawyer at the bar; the doctor in the clinic; the judge in his courts. In short, as a leaven in society we need men and women of enlightenment and conscience who shall permeate society with clear- (Continued on page 30)

Personals

Two requests from the students of Kwansei Gakuin University in Japan have recently brought great pleasure to **Rev. J. Paul Reed**, a member of the faculty. The first was made by a young Japanese Christian student, a member of the class of the second year in the Literary College, asking Mr. Reed to start a discussion group on religious topics for the members of the class. The second came a short time afterward from the students of the first year of the Literary College, asking definitely for an English Bible class—not merely a discussion group. He and Mrs. Reed immediately began this new work.

❖

During the first quarter of 1936 the **Rev. Alexander J. Reid**, who has been sent to open up the new Lodja District of the Congo Mission, traveled over this district 2,000 kilometers by car, 214 by bicycle, and about 50 by hammock and native carriers, a distance in all of almost 1,400 miles. He preached 117 times, baptized 66 adults and 18 children, and prayed with hundreds of penitent seekers who are trying to find the light.

❖

Dr. Jalmar Bowden, of the faculty of Granbery Seminary in Brazil, has been asked by the Board of Education of Brazil to start a circulating library, using the equipment of the Correspondence School at Granbery and offering books to all pastors. The work was begun a short time ago, and although the number of books is limited, the response to the work is already quite encouraging.

❖

After twenty-eight years as a missionary in China, **Miss Ella Leveritt** will retire full of honor and the esteem of her friends and many pupils and converts. Miss Leveritt was the first unmarried foreign woman to take work in and make Changchow her place of residence. She entered on the first train after the opening of the railroad. When she was preparing to leave, her many friends among the Chinese and foreigners honored her with a reception. All the Chinese courtesies were observed and Chinese festival dishes were served. A Chinese band played farewell selections at the station when she entrained.

❖

Dr. S. D. Gordon, the widely known and highly esteemed author of *Quiet Talks*, died in Salem, North Carolina, on June 26 after a few weeks' illness. He was born in Philadelphia in 1859 and was converted under D. L. Moody. He became a Y.M.C.A. secretary, but in 1895 resigned in order to

devote himself to writing and speaking on spiritual themes. Hundreds of thousands of his books were sold, and he conducted conferences in many lands. Mrs. Gordon survives him, and the influence of his Bible messages will abide.

❖

Mrs. Edith Fox Norton, the widow of Ralph C. Norton and with him co-founder of the Belgian Gospel Mission, died in London on July 21 after an operation. Mrs. Norton was a woman of rare Christian spirit and great ability as a writer and speaker. With her husband she became interested in the Belgians during the war, and they were instrumental in founding a very successful Gospel Mission. Following her husband's death in the autumn of 1934, Mrs. Norton wrote the interesting story of this work under the title, *Ralph Norton and the Belgian Gospel Mission*.

❖

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan will celebrate his sixtieth anniversary as a preacher next December. He began to preach when he was thirteen years old. Few living preachers have delivered as many sermons, lectures, and addresses as this honored Bible teacher, whose ministry attracts 1,800 people every week.

❖

Bishop E. D. Mouzon and **Rev. Charles L. DeLong**, presiding elder of the Lewisburg District, were the morning and afternoon speakers at the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of Old Rehoboth Church by Bishop Francis Asbury, which was celebrated August 30 at the old church near Union, West Virginia, in the Lewisburg District of the Baltimore Conference. The church is said to be the oldest church west of the Allegheny Mountains, and in it Bishop Asbury held three annual conferences. The original communion table which was used by Bishop Asbury is still in the church.

❖

Dr. John N. R. Score, minister of First Methodist Church, Fort Worth, after a three months' tour of Europe, has returned to the United States. The last month of his itinerary was spent in England. As one of the American exchange preachers, he preached at North End Hall, Corydon, one of the great Non-Conformist churches of London, and also at the Upperton Congregational Church in Eastbourne.

❖

In the death of **Dr. John Wynne Barton** on September 2, our Church has suffered a great loss. Called to Nashville from Dallas in 1922 as Junior Publishing Agent of the Church, he rendered distinguished service in that ca-

capacity. Later he became Vice-President of Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, still later becoming its President. In addition he held numerous positions of trust and responsibility, both in business and education, and in the Church. A friend writes of him: "So generously did he give of his time and strength to these various activities it was not surprising that even his strong and vigorous body broke down under the load. Opportunities to serve were, for him, 'pressed down, running over,' so that he finished earlier than his fellows a career distinguished by devotion to high ideals of Christian service."

The World in a Word

AN African woman in the Congo Belge is said to have sent this message to the youth of America: "Tell the young people of America that they came in the past and awakened our sleeping souls. Tell them we have peace, but we also have unrest—unrest because multitudes of our people are lost. Tell the young people of America to come, not cringing and hopeless. Tell them to come without clouds in their eyes. Tell them to come looking at the light that is on the face of Jesus Christ and knowing how to laugh at impossibilities in his name." ¶ During the eighteen months in which America was engaged in the World War 50,510 Americans were killed and 182,674 wounded. During an eighteen months period 51,200 people were killed in automobile accidents in this country, and 1,304,000 injured. It is interesting to note that the first cause of these accidents is drunkenness, and the second cause is high speed. If war has slain its thousands, rum has slain its tens of thousands. ¶ Gen. Chang Chih-kiang is a loyal friend of the Bible in his great land of China. He was the speaker at the annual rally of the East China Bible Society this spring, where he spoke with enthusiasm of the place of the Bible in the personal, family and national progress. Nearly eight hundred people crowded the Allen Memorial Church, Shanghai, to hear his address. ¶ The Belgian Congo represents one million square miles, twelve million people, almost one half million Protestant Christians, including forty-four Protestant denominations united together to form "The Church of Christ in the Congo." There are ten thousand Protestant Schools, a million and a half consultations annually in Protestant hospitals, and innumerable other phases of religious work extended over a period of fifty years of sacrificial, pioneering effort. (*Congo Mission News*.)

For Clear-Visioned Leadership in Social Thinking

(Continued from page 28)

visioned thinking. Where shall we look for such people?

Certainly our schools and colleges should be looked to as having special opportunity and responsibility for this task. Society has a great stake in them. The church finds them indispensable. It is short-sightedness not to support our educational institutions in a manner that will allow them to make their full contribution to the life of society. Let the finest minds of our youth seek the truth without fear, led and directed by teachers of character, insight, and consecration.

The full responsibility of this leadership will not be on the agencies of training. The temper of the materials is going to help determine the power of the instrument. In our educational institutions the students have the responsibility of opportunity. If those enjoying these privileges play fast and loose with them; if they seek out the courses of least resistance, and plan their training on the basis of self-interest; if the ideal they seek is that they may be served rather than that they may serve, it amounts to nothing less than a betrayal of their country's welfare.

Bishop Moore Visits the Congo

(Continued from page 5)

of the preachers who had been admitted into full connection. As we missionaries saw the four stalwart men, whom we felt had proved their fitness to receive this responsible office in the church, standing before the altar in the Lambuth Memorial Church as the first to be regularly ordained, our hearts were filled with praise and gratitude to God. To us the ceremony was most impressive. We commend these men to the prayers of the church at home. It is true that Bishop Cannon had ordained our oldest preacher, Kimbulu Charles, in the spring of 1930. But as we had no organization as a Conference at that time and no course of study this organization was out of the regular order. This ordination, this year, was the first regular ordination. I am sure that Kimbulu Charles appears in the picture with the four who were ordained this year.

And now, as we look back upon this meeting which we feel was truly memorable, we give thanks—as we did many times during the meeting—to our Father in Heaven that he allowed Bishop Moore to be with us just at this

time. What his spirit of comradeship throughout his whole stay, his sound gospel preaching, his strong leadership and his wise counsel meant to us only eternity will reveal. May God in his providence allow us to have Bishop Moore's firm, brotherly leadership through many years!

We are truly thankful, also, for the visit of Bishop Moore's companions, Mr. Sweet and Mr. Rodeheaver. In the two weeks Mr. Sweet was visiting us before Bishop Moore's arrival he endeared himself to both black folks and white. When the natives learned that he had come to visit us at his own expense, just because he was interested in our work, they were very much impressed. They gave him the name "Unangi," which means "the lover." Mr. Rodeheaver made us laugh and he made us sing. We need to laugh much more here, and we need to sing much, but we often get too busy to do as much as either of us need. We hope that others who may be able to make missionary tours will include the Congo field in their itineraries.

The Negro Finding a Way Out

(Continued from page 21)

a charter in December, 1934. Their capital was only \$12; in 1935 the capital increased to \$700, with one hundred members. Now there is a capital of \$1,500 with one hundred ninety members. In the last year this credit organization has handled over \$2,000 in loans, the largest of which was \$320. From this union a member may draw money at once when he faces an emergency. Also, since the store takes only cash, the union takes care of credit accounts.

The problem of education is a large one. There are twenty thousand Negroes in Gary, all of whom Mr. Reddix thinks would profit from cooperating. Every member spreads information by word of mouth to his friends and relatives; there is also an educational committee of fifteen which has the hardest work. Then was published the first edition of their newsletter, a monthly to every member. Once each month there is a meeting of the members. There are many lectures

and reports to carry on the educational work. At these same meetings payments are made on shares. At present only about seventy-five attend the meetings.

There are two auxiliary organizations. The oldest is the Youth League, a group of twenty-five young people who meet weekly to play games and discuss cooperatives. The largest is the Woman's Guild, with thirty-five members who also meet weekly. These women have started a lunchroom which is now on a definitely paying basis. Before mid-winter it will become a regular branch of the cooperative.

The members of these enterprises have elected nine people as a Board of Directors. Mr. Reddix is the president; a gas station owner, vice-president; an undertaker, treasurer; a postal clerk, secretary; and the rest are steel workers. Through these directors the



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members have formed a five-year plan of development. Already the lunch-room, branch store, and gas station have become established.

In the future are a producers' cooperative that will can goods for the consumers' cooperative, branch stores in East Chicago and Indiana Harbor, a cooperative bakery, dairy, and even a co-

operative burial society is being planned. It is plain to see from figures in the books and smiles on faces that the Gary Consumers' Cooperative Trading Society is making real economic progress. There can be no doubt but that Mr. Reddix and the poverty-pinched Negroes in the Indiana steel town have really found "a way out."

The Increasing Power of the Missionary Dollar

(Continued from page 8)

\$105,000. When \$85,000 had been secured, the friends of Junaluska did not stop and say, "The greater part of Junaluska has now been saved. We can rest awhile." Instead they redoubled their efforts because the large sum already in hand was not able by itself to save even a small part of the Lake for the use of the Church. Only when the full amount had been raised would the money in hand become effective. In many projects on the mission field the missionary dollars are like the last twenty thousand raised in the Junaluska Campaign. They have a strength beyond their own because they are joined by other money which but for them would remain dormant and ineffective.

The missionary dollar is a device by which an impulse of good will in the heart of a Christian in America can be sent effectively clear across this strife-torn world. At its destination, it unites with other forces to accomplish some good end, such as building a church,

preaching the gospel, conducting a school, healing the sick, publishing good literature, or in some other service. And over and above these particular services the missionary dollar acts as a cement to bind together into one Christian brotherhood of service men of different races and different nationalities.

A generation or so ago the missionary dollar operated like a force applied directly to the body it was trying to move. It could accomplish only what lay within its own power. Today the missionary dollar is like a force applied to a lever. The achievements of the years have given to it the long arm of the lever, and it moves humanity forward with more power than it formerly exerted. If we value churches and preaching and health and good literature and international and interracial good will, then we should highly esteem the missionary dollar because it wields an increasing power to multiply all of these things.

The Negro in American Life

(Continued from page 15)

material and as a form that give scope and stimulus for symphonic composition.

The folk tales are the animal stories that were told for generations to the children, both black and white, on the plantation. They were collected and published by Joel Chandler Harris under the title of "Uncle Remus," and have taken their place in the folklore collection of the world. "Uncle Remus" is more than a collection of animal stories; more than a depository of plantation humor, wit, and philosophy. The tales constitute a play, a drama, with a hero. Brer Rabbit is the protagonist, and I do not think it needs any comment from me to have the reader see just why the Negro takes the most defenseless of the animals and makes him the hero. If the reader will turn to his "Uncle Remus" again, let him note the subtlety and skill with which the old man extricates Brer Rabbit from his most desperate situations with Brer B'ar, Brer Wolf, and Brer Fox.

To some extent the folk tales have been taken over. They have been diluted, made infantile, written in straight English and served through the evening newspapers to the children of the country as "Popular Bedtime Stories." Children and adults would do better to take their "Uncle Remus" in the original form.

I am not prepared to say that there is a folk art of dancing in America. But I do say that the popular forms of dancing in this country are derived directly from the Negro dances. The mode of dancing practiced by Americans in their homes, at parties, and in night clubs is the result of an epochal change that took place twenty-odd years ago. In that change the formal, precise dances were suddenly dropped, and the easy, rhythmical movements that had long been the Negro mode were taken up. Dancing was no longer according to rule; each pair of dancers expressed their own response to the rhythmic stimuli of the music. The initial factor in

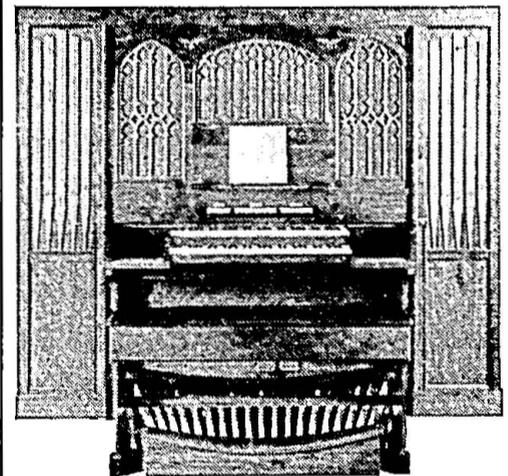
bringing about this change was the popular exhibitions of the Negro mode given throughout the country by Vernon and Irene Castle, to the music of James Reese, Europe's famous Negro band. The new style of dancing rapidly spread over the United States, then to Europe, and even to certain of the capital cities of the Orient.

Negro influence revolutionized the style of dancing on the American stage long before they had that effect on private dancing. For many years Negro dance after Negro dance has been taken and adapted to the American theater, so that practically all the dancing we now see on the stage or on the screen bears the unmistakable stamp of the Negro.

Without having pointed it out the reader will note that of the four major folk-art creations, the two lighter ones, the secular music and the dancing, have been taken over and made an integral part of our national life; and that the two more serious contributions, the Spirituals and the folk tales, have been left practically in their folk state. Nevertheless, serious composers are coming to realize that the Spirituals constitute a rich and almost unexplored mine of material; that in them are to be found themes rooted in our cultural subsoil and possessing the vital spark of life; and that these can be developed into the

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I need hardly say that to cover in this brief article the scope indicated by the title would be impossible. For that reason I have chosen to discuss as fully as space allowed only these four major folk-art contributions, and to omit entirely other phases of the Negro's contribution to American life. Indeed, I could have made but little more than a catalogue of names and events had I embraced the part played by the Negro in

American history and in our national economics, his achievements on the theatrical stage, on the concert stage, in music, in literature, in the arts, in education, and in, what is not the least, athletics. A list of creditable length could be made of those who have rendered valuable contributions in scholarly and scientific research. At Fisk University, in Nashville, Tennessee, we have Dr. Charles S. Johnson, one of America's distinguished sociologists. A half dozen other names known and recognized in the world of scholars could be added.

A Community Corner Stone: Bethlehem Center

(Continued from page 13)

in the Vacation School which was held in July with an attendance of eighty-two, and the other as playground director. This director supervised the tennis courts, baseball games, volley ball playing, and group singing. Another Scarritt student was swimming teacher for the girls at the camp.

Last summer, for the first time, a small group of primary children was taken to camp, and how they did enjoy it! They learned many new things, too, such as folk dancing, nature study, and how to model a Thanksgiving turkey from clay.

During the winter months the children of kindergarten age come to school every day from nine to twelve in one of the Bethlehem Center rooms. Here they learn how to play together, to work in harmony. Last year a group of kindergarten boys made a beautiful scrapbook for the primary children at the new settlement house at Spartanburg, South Carolina. There is a separate playground at the Center for little children, and it is equipped with small see-saws and slides.

The Nursery School, a government project, continues through July, with an attendance of thirty-five. Every morning the babies are brought to school where primary teachers take care of them for the long hours during which their mothers are at work. Games and toys beguile the morning hours; the babies are lined up and given a large spoonful of cod liver oil each, to keep the doctor away. Next out come little rows of canvas cots and off go the babies on a two hours' jaunt to dreamland. After a session on the outdoor playground comes lunch, eaten at little wooden tables in a basement room, and how hard it is to get enough of that spinach and soup. Each child has a place his very own in which to keep his cap and extra handkerchief. It is an apple-crate "locker" and one's very own special apple crate is easily distinguished by the picture pasted on top; it

may be a picture of a yellow duck or a brown turtle or a purple elephant.

The Well-Baby Clinic, with its five Negro nurses, two Negro and one white doctors, is in session at Bethlehem Center on Tuesdays and Thursdays from one to four o'clock. It takes care of from seventy-five to one hundred babies each week, seeking to prevent disease and malnutrition but giving medical first-aid when it proves necessary. It is the only clinic of its kind in Nashville, and it ministers to babies from all sorts of homes all over the city.

During the cold winter days three hundred and sixty-two boys made Bethlehem Center a regular beehive of activity; the daily attendance was eighty-seven. Activities such as leather and rope craft, carpentry, wood carving, checker and marble tournaments engage this group. Boxing is a favorite sport. In addition to his many other duties, the Boys' Worker co-operates with the Juvenile Court in helping to adjust downhill-headed boys to a normal life.

A loving cup representing first prize in the 1935 Negro Youth Movement parade is held proudly by its winners, Boy Scout Troop Number 65 of Bethlehem Center. The float that won this honor was arranged by the boys as an outdoor camping scene—a miniature Indian tepee picture in a woodsy setting. This troop, the first group of Negro Scouts in the city, has always maintained high standards, and both Negro and white leaders are proud of its accomplishments. Under the leadership of Mr. T. S. Walker these Scouts study map-making, the use of knife and hatchet in woodcraft, tracking, first aid to wounded people and wounded animals, signaling, fire building, Red Cross life saving, and citizenship. To become a First-Class Scout one must pass through the exigencies of being a Tenderfoot, learning the Second Class tests, and working up through the strenuous but fascinating badges of honor. Seven Scouts of this troop have now attained

this enviable estate. When you visit the Center, be sure to see the Scout totem pole, cleverly carved into an owl and a bear cub.

For entertainment and for much-needed funds the girls of Bethlehem Center give plays and pageants during the year. Circuses and musicales are popular. One winter there was employed a part-time worker who taught not only lines and poses but also some interesting and worth-while things about stage craft, costuming, and make-up.

If you wish to crochet, to cook well, to learn to make your own dresses, to tune into an orchestra, to learn how to finger-wave hair, to learn new songs, to write the day's news and short stories, to play basketball, to read good books and magazines, to compete for prizes in the Girls' Hobby Fair of Nashville, to plan socials such as mother-daughter banquets, Bethlehem Center will find a place for you in its clubs and classes. Last year there were twenty-seven clubs divided into junior, senior, and intermediate age groups; the total enrolment was three hundred one. There were one hundred five members of the Saturday Bible School with an average attendance of sixty-seven per cent. The money received from club dues goes for indispensable items such as glue, paper, pencils, paste, thread, cloth, paint, scis-

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AGAINST OLD AGE

sors, dishes, pans, and crayons. Of course such gifts to the Center from the outside are always welcomed and help expand the club work.

Many mothers become interested in the work of the Center through hearing about the ball games and Scout meetings and kindergarten and sewing in which their children engage. There are special classes for the women—classes in such areas as spiritual life, com-

munity needs and problems, and social activity.

The corner stone of the building has inscribed upon it: "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." The threefold purpose of Bethlehem Center is: "The training of leaders; the bringing about of a better interracial understanding; and the betterment of the community and individuals in the community."

The Spiritual Life and Message

(Continued from page 23)

tern for Christian living followed in the daily schedule. Relations between us were frank, easy, and friendly. We felt free to agree or disagree with anyone there, including the faculty. The program was beautifully arranged, with plenty of time to rest, to contemplate beauty, to read, and to visit. There was no strain, no hectic haste, or overwork. The accommodations afforded by Scarritt College were lovely.

I was impressed by the sources of power we experienced in the retreat on Sunday. No one spoke from the moment of arising until after the close of the morning service. During breakfast there was music and enough reading to

direct our meditation. Then followed an hour of leisure, when we walked among the gardens and trees, communing with the beauties of nature. The Communion at nine-thirty was administered by Bishop Kern, which was followed by another period of leisure. Dr. Thomas Elsa Jones, president of Fisk University, concluded the morning with a sermon on "Finding God." It was an experience that cannot easily be put into words. It was an experience almost too moving and beautiful to bear. It was an experience that showed us how to secure the power and zeal needed by mortals who would strive to bring in the Kingdom of God.

The Missionary Society

(Continued from page 25)

church in a vacuum of petition, contemplation, and worship. Those gatherings of power must be counterbalanced by active, overt giving out. Strength comes with the task.

Today we understand books we couldn't have read last year—because we've kept studying. Today we accept the chairmanship of a committee we

could not have led last year—because we've kept working. Today we open a new school in Congoland, or a new church in Shantung because we've kept giving. In December we harvest a year's efforts—because we've sowed and plowed and weeded and watered throughout the year. Strength comes with the task.

MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

Among the New Books

SENSEI GAINES. By Samuel M. Hilburn. Kenkyuska Press. Tokyo, Japan. Price, \$1.50, plus duty.

This book is a biography of Miss Nannie B. Gaines, founder and principal for thirty years of Hiroshima Girls' School. With the deep appreciation that a younger missionary feels toward a sympathetic and helpful older one, the author portrays his subject. In the pages of this book Miss Gaines lives again—the reader feels that he comes to know personally this dauntless, far-visioned, sane, self-sacrificing, understanding, winsome person. How majestically she moves through her forty-five years' effort toward building a great girls' school and evangelizing Hiroshima and the adjoining communities! Her achieve-

ments are illustrative of what one dedicated life to the cause of the kingdom may realize. Today Miss Gaines's girls are in every city and every town of importance in the Empire; they are scattered from frozen Hokkaido to tropical Formosa and are also to be found in China and Korea. Today every department of the school, including the college, enjoys full government recognition.

Inevitably this book is not biography alone; it is history as well—the history of Hiroshima Girls' School, of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the city of Hiroshima, and to a great extent, of its work in Japan.

The story is artistically told, which alone would make it delightful reading.

Occasionally there are flashes of humor; frequently there are quotations which give one the feeling that he has real insight into a situation or personality.

It seems unusually timely that this biography, *Sensei Gaines* (Teacher Gaines), should reach America in quan-

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tities before Christmas, for it is a beautiful gift book, artistic in its make-up, as only an oriental would have designed it. The little ivory latches on the outside cover indicate that there is indeed treasure inside. Members of the Woman's Missionary Society particularly will welcome this nearly two-hundred-page volume; all who are interested in missions, church history, and biography will want it. The Methodist Publishing House, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tennessee, has a limited number of copies.

J. B.

THE RADIANT HEART. By Costen J. Harrell. Cokesbury Press. Price, 25 cents.

The Radiant Heart is one of the Bible study units of the Woman's Missionary Council. In this slender book of eighty pages is a series of studies of St. Paul's delightful letter to the church at Philippi. The purpose of the booklet is twofold: To discover the spirit of the world's greatest missionary; and to fit his message to the needs of present-day Christians. The author presents a guide in the study of Paul's charming epistle—not a study *about* it. This guide provides for private study and meditation and also for group study and discussion. There are valuable aids for a group discussion leader.

The author brings to his work the best that modern scholarship has to offer. In the presentation of his subject he is straightforward and concise. J. B.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By William W. Manross. Morehouse Publishing Company. \$2.75.

A detailed, authoritative history of the American Episcopal Church from the earliest days down to and including the General Convention of 1934.

Within the covers of this book appear interesting accounts of the progress of the American missionary bishops; changes in the Prayer Book and in church government; efforts at reunion with other communions; the history of the Oxford Movement; and the Ritualist, the Liberal Evangelical, the Buchmanite, the Christian Social Service, and the Forward Movement.

BILLY SUNDAY, THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE. By William T. Ellis. The John C. Winston Company. \$1.50.

Dr. W. T. Ellis is the well-known religious writer of syndicate articles for the papers of the country, religious and secular, and his name guarantees excellence in style and fair statement. The book contains a chapter by Mrs. Sunday and a tribute by his close friend and associate, Homer Rodeheaver, and is the only complete and authorized story of Mr. Sunday's life and work. It is supposed that more than a million men

and women took Mr. Sunday's hand in token of a confession of their faith. Dr. Ellis has gathered a treasury of things about Billy Sunday, his life and labors, and with this impressive story of one of the most remarkable men of our generation, the author writes in the gist of many of Mr. Sunday's unique and characteristic addresses. It is a book of five hundred pages.

CAN WE REPEAT THE CREED? By Teunis E. Gouwens. Cokesbury Press. \$1.

A Cokesbury book, the author of which, Dr. Gouwens, is pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Kentucky, and is dedicated to "my son and his many young friends, and all young people everywhere to whom the ancient landmark means much." It is a reproduction of a series of popular sermons preached on Sunday evening, on such questions as "Born of the Virgin," "Descended into Hell," "The Holy Catholic Church," etc., and seeks to show that only through sincere and earnest attempts to meet the honest doubts of inquiring people can there be inculcated in them an increasing appreciation of the truth, the beauty, and the meaning of the difficult phrases of the Apostles' Creed. Sound, striking, convincing.

THE SEARCH FOR A NEW STRATEGY IN PROTESTANTISM. By Ivan Lee Holt. Cokesbury Press. \$1.50.

This book, comprising the 1935 Fonden Lectures at Southern Methodist University, answers such questions as: "Why the present confusion in Protestant thinking? What is the challenge of the changing economic and political order? Could a new strategy in Protestantism lead to a New Reformation?" Out of his experience in the leadership of American Protestantism, Dr. Holt examines the weaknesses of the Church in a search for a new strategy and a new course. His many contacts with the leadership at home and abroad enable him to bring together the best thinking of his fellow-ministry to chart a course for the future.

AFRICAN BRIDGE BUILDERS. Edited by William C. Bell. Friendship Press. Cloth, \$1; paper, 60 cents.

African Bridge Builders is a collection of stories that have come out of Africa, and it is hoped that they will help American readers toward an understanding of the Africans and the varied life of their great continent. The stories have been selected by the editor from an unusually interesting series of small volumes entitled "Little Books for Africa," planned by the International Committee on Christian Literature for

Africa, of which Miss Margaret Wrong, of London, is the secretary. The books are intended for use in schools in Africa where English forms the medium of instruction and for general reading by African Christians who have received their education in English. From this series of nearly fifty volumes some characteristic stories have been selected that will help young readers in America to share something of the heritage of African Christian youth in fables and folk tales and to become acquainted with a few of the great characters who in more recent years have led their people into the knowledge and service of Christ.



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“Building the Christian Community”

is the title of the study book to be used by the Board of Missions this fall and winter. The book is now being written by Dr. J. M. Ormond, professor at Duke University. Dr. Ormond has devoted much of his life to the rural church and the rural community, both in the classroom and as director of the Duke Foundation, an organization doing quite an unusual work among the churches in North Carolina.

CONTENTS

The book will aim to show the present status of rural life in the South, some of the factors that account for change, as well as the forces that enter into the making of a new day. The author believes the country community can be made Christian, and he shows how the Church may so organize all other agencies of community life—government, business, civic, education—that together they may make the community more Christian. The challenge is to the Church of the present hour to lead out in a great advance.

USE

The Board of Missions will feature “Building the Christian Community” at all Missionary Institutes with the hope and expectation that in every congregation of the Church some form of mission study will be organized; best of all, that under the direction of the pastor, persons of all ages will be formed into a “School of Missions” for the local church.

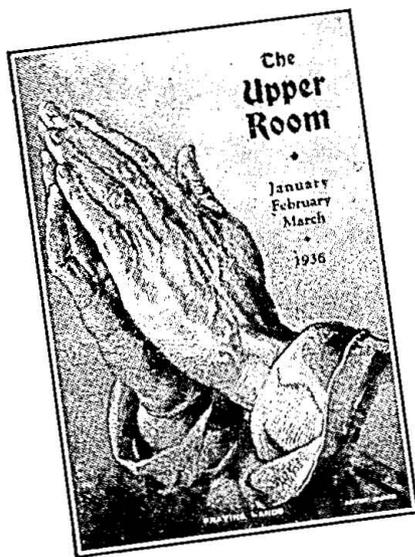
The books will be on sale as heretofore at the Missionary Institute at twenty-five cents per copy or they may be ordered direct from the Board of Missions.

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