

World Outlook

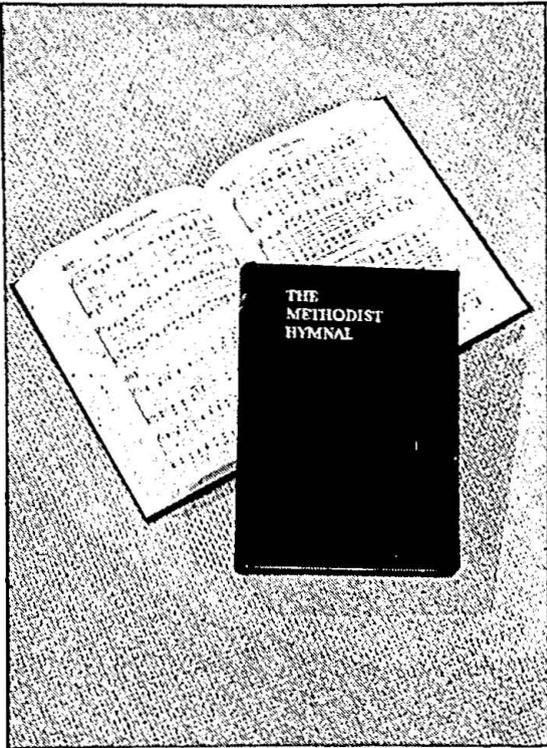


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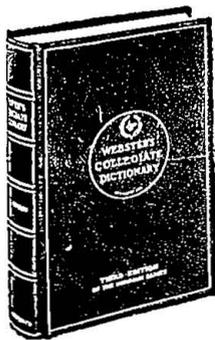
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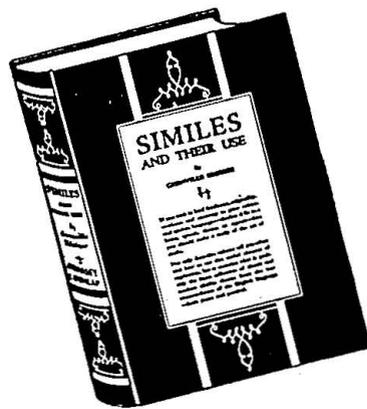
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"Two and Two"

BELOW is a striking word picture of a notable occasion. The word is by the editor of the *China Christian Advocate*, and the occasion was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the China Conference, on Sunday morning of that celebration in Moore Memorial Church in Shanghai, when Bishop Arthur Moore preached and Dr. Kaung interpreted. The heart of the description is the beautiful team work, so vividly described, by the Bishop and his interpreter. I had heard the Bishop preach and can imagine that. Also have I tried to preach more than once through Dr. Kaung as an interpreter. The description of the *Advocate* editor is letter perfect, even to the rainbow coloring. How vividly and gratefully one recalls such remarkable service! Picking up your short sentences without a moment's pause, he gave instantaneously the interpretation, adding to it the intelligence and passion of his own great heart. How grateful are we all in the home Church that China Methodism at this moment is led by such a preaching "team"!—E. H. R.

Eighty-seven years ago the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, came to Shanghai and established a mission. With clear vision they organized churches, opened hospitals, and founded schools. Like all mission work, it progressed slowly. Fifty years ago a conference was set apart, with ten Chinese ministers and an equal number of missionaries. Today there is work in Shanghai, Soochow, Changchow, and other cities and villages of this area. Missionaries sent from this conference have established work in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria.

We rejoice with our sister church in the marvelous things that God has wrought through her ministry, and pray that he will bring to pass even greater miracles in the next fifty years. We are glad to have this *Advocate* number devoted to a portrayal of this great work.



Bishop Arthur J. Moore
preacher



Dr. Z. T. Kaung
preacher-interpreter

Long before the hour of the church service, the great auditorium of Moore Memorial Methodist Church in Shanghai was filled to capacity. It was raining outside, but within the stately hall the fellowship and warmth of brotherhood in Christ was manifest to all comers.

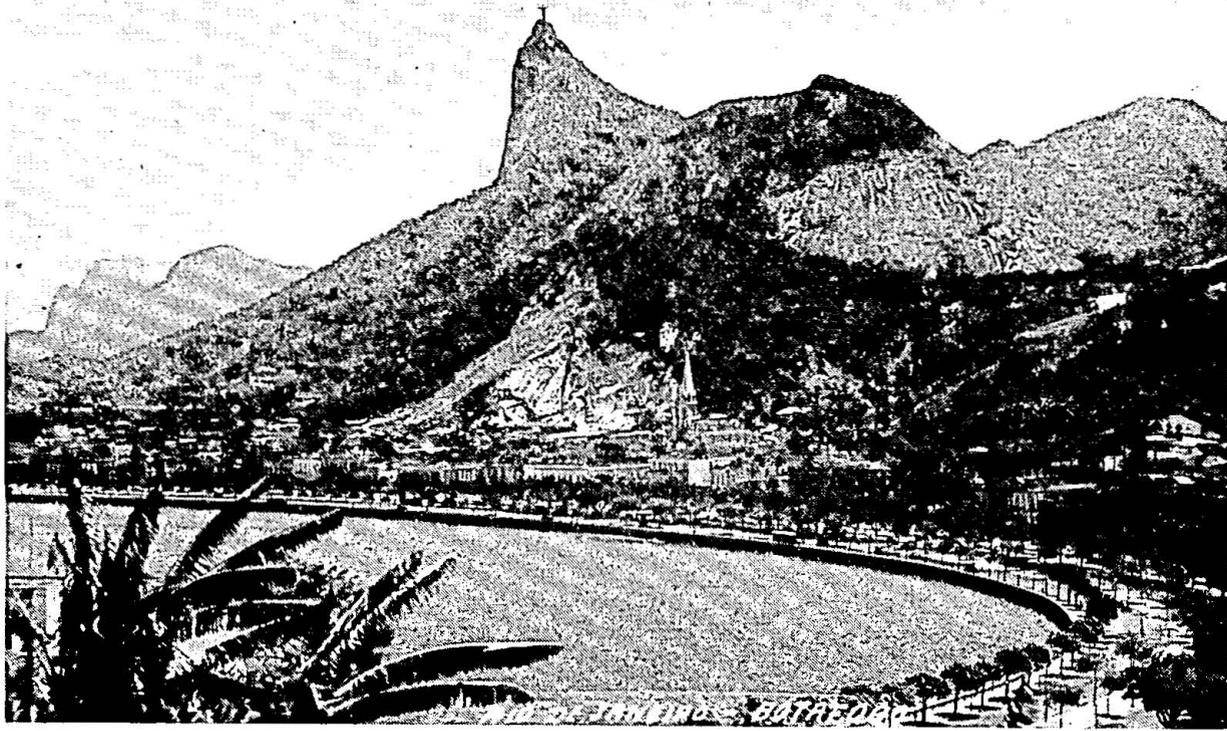
The auditorium lent itself beautifully to such a gathering. The high-arching Gothic interior lighted by the sunshine-colored windows, the rich, stained-wood pews, and above the pulpit the high wooden cross called one to

worship as in a cathedral. Crowded with eager Chinese Christians from all walks of life—the wealthy wearing rich satins and brocades, men in faultless Western dress, country folk and workmen in blue garments, with now and again missionaries rejoicing in the knowledge of a task well done—the company gathered in the church was indeed a brotherhood where "all were one in Christ." In the choir loft back of the pulpit sat the members of the conference and the Bible women or "deaconesses," as they are now called. In the pulpit were the pastor of the church, the missionary in charge, Dr. Z. T. Kaung (the interpreter), and Bishop A. J. Moore. The choirs from the Methodist churches of Shanghai, Soochow, Changchow, and Changshu were seated in the rear balcony alone with the orchestra, over one hundred in all.

... In the hush that followed, Bishop Moore rose to speak. "Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which is, which was, and which is to come; and from Jesus Christ. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; unto him be glory and dominion forever and ever." . . .

Bishop Moore continued by saying that the love of God in Christ Jesus is everlasting. He used the vivid illustration of the Columbia River Drive in America. For over a hundred miles the deep, blue river runs by the side of the dusty highway. When the river turns, the road turns; when the road bends, the river bends. So it is with the dusty roads of our lives. Alongside of every change in our way flows the deep river of God's everlasting love.

... Simply and so clearly that it has been impossible to forget the words of that day, Bishop Moore brought us close to the love of God in Christ Jesus (*Continued on page 39*)



Great port of Rio de Janeiro, the famous Corcovado heights at the top center, and at the tip, easily seen, the colossal statue known as "The Christ of the Corcovado"

Two Bishops and Else

BY A. W. WASSON

Dr. Wasson, just back from Brazil, takes time to write the first of two articles on his most interesting visit to the Land of the Southern Cross

THE younger Methodist churches which have been established on the mission fields have been especially fortunate in their chief pastors. Brazil is no exception to this rule.

The first bishop of the Methodist Church of Brazil was a missionary, Dr. J. W. Tarboux. When his four years expired in 1934 it was known that, on account of his age, he would be unable to carry the burdens of the office and that he intended to return to the U.S.A. But because of their great affection for Dr. Tarboux, the Brazilian preachers wanted him to continue to be a bishop of their church in name, even though physically unable to do the work. Therefore, they decided to elect two bishops. On the first ballot Dr. Tarboux was unanimously re-elected. The General Conference then proceeded to elect a second bishop. The choice fell upon a vigorous young Brazilian preacher, Rev. Cesar Dacorso Filho. Bishop Tarboux was greatly pleased with the man chosen to be his colleague. He immediately turned over the administration of the church to his younger colleague and carried out his original plan, made necessary by his state of health, of returning to the U.S.A. He is still de

jure a bishop of the Methodist Church of Brazil. His term of office will not expire until 1938. Bishop Tarboux holds a unique place in the affections of the church. He has been almost canonized while still living.

Bishop Cesar Dacorso might perhaps be called the



The two bishops, Dr. J. W. Tarboux and Sr. Cesar Dacorso Filho. Especially fortunate in their chief pastors



Rev. Antonio Rolim and his interesting family. Sr. Rolim is a former student of Dr. Wasson's at S.M.U. and is now pastor of our church in Passo Fundo

contemporary successor of his older colleague. The entire responsibility of the episcopal administration rests upon him. He is meeting the high demands of his position. Again and again I heard the opinion expressed that God had guided the young church in the choice of her second bishop.

Educationally Bishop Dacorso is the product of two of our church schools, Union College in Uruguayana and Granbery in Juiz de Fora, and both are proud of him. His father was an Italian who emigrated to Brazil in his young manhood. His mother is a native Brazilian of mixed Aryan and Indian descent. In private conversation the Bishop referred with pride to the different strains in his heredity, particularly to the Indian strain. Though an ardent lover of Brazil, he is not a narrow nationalist. On several public occasions I spoke in English and he interpreted in Portuguese. When I spoke on "The World-Wide Christian Brotherhood," I found him to be a sympathetic interpreter.

I saw him preside over two annual conferences. His appearance and manner invited confidence. His head is unusually large, his forehead broad. He has a friendly smile, a sense of humor, and a strong voice. He was courteous but firm and efficient. He thinks for himself.

Before the meeting of the conferences, he had required each preacher to turn in to him replies to a list of seventy-four questions concerning his pastoral charge and the work of the year. All the questions were practical and pertinent. At the end of the list was this general request: "Please draw on the back of this sheet a map of your parish, showing churches, congregations, preaching places, places where we can organize Methodist churches, distance between them and means of transportation which are available. Right under the map please indicate the number of times you have visited each place during the Conference year."



THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY, PASSO FUNDO, BRAZIL

The church of which Sr. Rolim is pastor. The lady seated at left front row Dr. Wasson did not meet. She had a few days before passed on to her heavenly reward. But he heard a good story about her: Three years ago the annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Council was held at a place just one day's travel by train from the place where she is living. She prayed that she might live to attend this one meeting of the Council. It was decided to hold the next annual meeting in her own church, and she told her friends that she was asking God to let her have the privilege of attending one more meeting of the Council, since it was to be in her own church. Her prayer was answered. Later some of her friends humorously asked her why she kept on living since she had already attended two meetings of the Council. She replied with a twinkle in her eye: "I have decided it is not necessary to go to heaven if you can attend the meetings of the Council."

Having studied this information in advance, the Bishop was able to ask searching questions and make helpful comments as the preachers made their reports. He insists that each pastor should know personally everyone whose name is on his church roll and that no name should be dropped as "lost sight of" until after the pastor has made every effort to trace the member, even though he has moved from the community. I was told that the Bishop's word on this subject had additional weight with the preachers because they knew he himself had followed this rule as a pastor. At the time of his election as bishop, he was presiding elder of a district and pastor of a large circuit. He sometimes traveled for days on muleback and on foot searching for a lost member, like the good shepherd that he is.

The Bishop believes strongly in the Methodist itinerant system. He himself travels in the spirit of Asbury and Wesley, visiting the districts and churches of his three Conferences, which are scattered over an area about three times as large as the State of Tennessee. He expects his preachers to endure hardships as good soldiers and to be willing to go wherever the far-flung line needs strengthening.

The changing conditions in Brazil call for some changes in the aims of our church schools. Fortunately the two bishops are qualified by experience and temperament to give guidance in this field as well as in the field of evangelistic work, and the times call for the guidance of men who know intimately both church and school life.

Up to the present an important function of our schools has been to strengthen the forces of liberalism over against the forces of religious intolerance (Continued on page 40)



Dr. Wasson, arriving in Rio, is met by a host of friends who have come out to welcome him. To his right, Mrs. Wasson; to his left, Bishop Cesar Dacorso Filho

World Outlook

E. H. Rawlings
Sara Estelle Haskin
Editors

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1936

We Look In at Council and Are Grateful

OUT of a bad spell of flu we still could not forbear a few hours' look-in at the great meeting in Dallas. Coming to the big First Church a little late in the morning, we just did get in—almost did not. At the front door the girl usher said, "Not another seat."

"Well, we are newspaper people," we claimed, "and entitled to a seat with the press."

"Only one seat left at the press table." And our sense of professional decency forced that one seat upon Dr. Weeks of the *Southwestern*.

Finally in desperation we let out that we were members and really "World Outlook people." No magic in that. The girl looked sympathetic, a little embarrassed, turned helplessly to her superior, who was similarly engaged with another late comer, and finally said she was very sorry but she could not let us in—not a seat left.

Then we came around to the back door, caught it slightly swinging when the girl was not looking, assumed our best member air and slipped by to stand ourselves along the crowded wall. But a good friend, a bishop's wife, saw us and intervened to get us good seats inside the chancel and close up.

And now came our proud moment—when we lifted our eyes to behold such a jamming crowd as scarcely filled that same room at the General Conference. "Texas," we exclaimed, "she always does things—well, big!" Think what that Centennial now planning is going to be. Yes, Texas, but more even than that. Think of the great organization that brings us together. Ramifying down through conference, district, into the remotest little country church, from San Antonio to Baltimore. Here we saw it in characteristic action, and wondered how these women lived through it. Earliest morning, all day, late at night, and much of the night when others are sleeping. One lady reported that she and seven others from her Conference to save expense were occupying the same room. So they do it in the Confer-

ences. If anything, they begin a little earlier, filling in every crevice of time and driving right along to the last minute.

All that on the surface, but more, and more important, we thought, beginning a long generation ago with noble, courageous leaders, our women are still dealing with the great social questions of the day so intelligently, so persistently as to win for themselves a good degree of standing among all the organizations in all sections of this country. It was just like these women to clear in a single good bound all the sectional sensitiveness involved, without a single dissenting voice to urge upon Congress the adoption of the Costigan-Wagner Act. In their retreats, in the emphasis in all these meetings, from the Council to the lowliest little society, they are making their vision and religious devotion felt deeply upon the life of the Church.

These same women supply the loyal, devoted working nucleus to the general congregation. When was there ever a Missionary Institute held that in the midst and close up we would not find the flower of workers on the district from the Woman's Missionary Society?

We saw it tried without them once or twice this spring, when the women could not be present because of some conflicting gathering. It was poor business for the Institute.

Such was our thought, our rapid musing, as we glanced across that big auditorium. One Foreign Secretary, in his talk the night before, had said that when he beheld the progress in Brazil he had been "proud" and "humble." Another Secretary said of China that she was "humbly proud." It was told of one of the bishops that when he was still a very young man, not yet a bishop, a friend of his was paying to his father, himself a noble man among us, a rather fulsome compliment for some unusually bright thing his boy had done, and had said he must be very proud of him. It was like the noble old churchman to answer, "Not proud; grateful."

Well, when we recall that glance over the big crowd and that rapid revery on what the Woman's Missionary Society is and what its work means to the Church and to the time we serve, we exclaim, "Grateful and devoutly proud!"

That Dinner at the Baker

IT was a real affair—that World Outlook dinner in Dallas. Miss Haskin had asked Conference Superintendents to come together for a little talk at the only time left open, at one o'clock Sunday afternoon, and to save time a luncheon would be served. As "co-ed" and in his capacity as business manager, this scribe was let in on that dinner. He was glad to serve as head usher, and was standing at the door when, about ten minutes to the time, the guests began to arrive. All these workers we knew through correspondence and a good report of their work in the Conferences, but not personally, though that was not embarrassing. It would have been if our friends, most considerately, as they shook hands had not

told their names and positions they held. For fifteen minutes it was a joy to shake hands with a word or two in passing with these workers to whom WORLD OUTLOOK owed so much.

Five minutes after one, Miss Haskin called on Dr. Cram for the opening prayer and then asked guests to stand up and rapidly announce themselves. A seat had been reserved for the President, Mrs. Perry. She had said she would be there if she could possibly come, and seeing her in action through the day and night one wondered how she could possibly get in a single other thing on the side. But when those who did not know her habits of endurance and her loyalty to WORLD OUTLOOK had given her out, in she slipped; they saw her, and what an ovation she got! As they insisted that she should tell who she was, as others, not a little embarrassed, she seemed to try to recall, and finally remembered that she was Local Superintendent for WORLD OUTLOOK in some congregation—or something else as important.

When the dinner had reached the pie stage, Miss Haskin presented the business manager for a statement from the office. A chart was exhibited showing the standing of the Conferences on their goals. About an hour was spent in most eager and enthusiastic discussion. It was a little disturbing to find that for the Church as a whole, according to the count made on March 1, we not only had not made our goal, but were not even holding our own as compared with the high peak of last year's campaign. But nothing could dampen the ardor of these workers. This count was made when the weather was its worst, they said, and of course they had not reached their goals. And further, a telegram had just come from the Nashville office reporting that since the first of March subscriptions had been rapidly gaining over the same period last year. To overcome the handicap of bad weather, everybody enthusiastically favored the extension of the campaign period one month.

SO THAT THE CAMPAIGN IS TO END, NOT APRIL 20, AS HERETOFORE UNDERSTOOD, BUT ON MAY 20, AND CONFERENCES WILL HAVE YET, NOT ONE MONTH, TO WORK OUT THEIR GOALS, BUT TWO MONTHS!

Nearly all the Annual Meetings are yet to be held, and that occasion will give to Conferences their best opportunity of getting before the workers the fact that the period is extended and of stimulating all the friends of WORLD OUTLOOK for the wind-up "sprint" to make the Conference goal.

It is a joy always to see how cleverly the World Outlook period in the Annual Meeting is staged. We are venturing to suggest that this period in the Annual Meeting be planned with reference to the state of World Outlook goal at that time. It will be fine if at the end of a striking demonstration the Conference Superintendent or President will take five or seven minutes for a general discussion in which members agree upon a plan for pushing to the Conference goal in the time remaining before May 20.

A Good Friend of World Outlook Gone

ON March 2 passed from the Nashville community to her heavenly reward one of the noble and elect ladies of God's Zion. Mrs. Harry J. Carpenter, nee Marion Phin, was born of high Scottish parentage at Guelph, Ontario. She moved to Waterford, New York, when a young girl, was married in Charleston, where she resided for fifteen years, and after a sojourn in Charlotte, came with her husband to live in Nashville for the last twenty-five years.

From the first Mrs. Carpenter became actively connected with the work of the Church, slipping quietly into and making for herself a unique place in the missionary section of the connectional community. Secretaries and young missionaries were taken into her hospitable home, to find in her fond counsel a second mother's care. Her interest was always so understanding and so different. A young student from abroad living in her home found herself with failing eyesight, scarcely able to see at all. Mrs. Carpenter did much of her reading in textbooks for her, and in due course our foreign student, largely through the patient guidance of her friend, had graduated with the distinction of membership in the Phi Beta Kappa honorary fraternity.

Mrs. Carpenter's friends are scattered throughout the world, and Secretary or Bishop traveling abroad among missionaries hears fondly named, oftener than that of anybody in the hub city, perhaps, the name of "Mrs. Carpenter."

She suffered greatly, but without so much as a word of murmuring. In her yearning to be free, one day she exclaimed, "I want to see God!" It was no empty testimony to comfort the friends she was leaving, but so bright was her mind, so active in its effort to explore, to know, it was her instinctive feeling that full satisfaction might come and only come in the face-to-face vision of God.

Our sincere sympathy goes to our dear friend, her husband, so deeply bereft.

The Dallas News Says Appreciative Words

RECENTLY the editor of the *Dallas News* wrote, expressing warm appreciation of the February issue of WORLD OUTLOOK containing Miss Reid's splendid article, "Gone to Texas." "She has told the story of our community vividly and with insight. . . . The pictures are also beautifully reproduced."

Incidentally, this great paper pays enthusiastic tribute to WORLD OUTLOOK. Maybe it is not in good taste to quote, but the temptation is too great. "Your magazine sets a high-water mark in religious journalism, if I may say so. I wonder how many of your readers realize the superior talent and editorial skill necessary to turn out such a readable and attractive publication." And maybe it is some palliation that these words did not come to this side of our editorial staff and were really filched from Miss Haskin's file.

Statistics of Methodist Educational Institutions in China, 1934-1935

	SCHOOL	TEACHERS				STUDENTS				FINANCE		REMARKS
		Chinese	Foreign	Christian	Total	Boys	Girls	Christian	Total	Current Expenditure	Cash Appropriations from Board of Missions	
INSTITUTIONS UNDER GENERAL DEPARTMENT	Soochow University, College of Arts and Science	64	11	47	75 ¹	272	99	96	371	\$170,354.21 ²	\$ 7,145.09 (G\$2340)	¹ Of the staff and faculty 26 work both in the College and the Middle School. Current Expenditure does not include building funds. Of the 11 foreign teachers, 8 are missionaries. ² Soochow Middle School included. ³ Mr. and Mrs. Estes are both counted.
	Soochow University, College of Law.....	22	2	4	24	182	15	28	197	51,236.00	
	Soochow Middle School..	47	1	24	28 ¹	397	36	53	433	
	Huchow Middle School...	21	2 ³	15	23	233	32	233	38,713.89	
	TOTAL.....	154	16	90	144 ¹	1,084	150	209	1,234	\$260,304.10	\$ 7,145.09	
INSTITUTIONS UNDER WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT	McTyeire School.....	74	13 ⁴	50	87	12	25	241	1,225	\$186,276.36	⁴ Of the 13 foreign teachers 4 are missionaries. ⁵ One part-time teacher.
	Laura Haygood Normal School.....	41	6 ⁵	36	47	128	338	49	466	46,554.29	13,060.00	
	Virginia School.....	21	3	19	24	53	218	52	281	28,034.32	11,470.00	
	Davidson School.....	28	2	25	30	26	489	44	515	24,460.24	7,340.00	
	Susan B. Wilson School..	19	2	17	21	66	261	12,577.30	4,933.00	
	Atkinson Academy.....	25	1	16	26	406	107	45	513	19,906.43	
	TOTAL.....	208	27	163	235	497	3,261	\$317,808.94	\$36,803.00	
INSTITUTIONS UNDER PRIMARY SCHOOL	Centenary Institute, Changchow.....	10	1 ⁶	8	11	82	170	45	252	3,338.76	\$ 850.00	⁶ In an advisory capacity only. ⁷ In an advisory capacity only.
	Mary Virginia Nabors, Wusih.....	7	1 ⁷	5	8	48	60	36	108	2,200.00	50.00	
	Faith Johnson Day School, Chanphu.....	11	8	11	171	150	32	321	4,358.19	900.00	
	Nanziang Day School, Nanziang.....	7	7	7	8	220	1,463.26	
	TOTAL.....	35	2	28	37	121	901	\$11,360.21	\$ 1,800.00	
GRAND TOTAL.....	397	45	281	416	827	5,396	\$589,473.25	\$45,748.09		

Methodist Educational Institutions of China

By PRESIDENT Y. C. YANG

THE educational institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in China are divided into the following groups:

1. These under the Board of Trustees of Soochow University.
2. Those under the Board of Trustees for the schools under the Women's Department.
3. Primary Schools or Day Schools under a special Committee of the Board of Christian Education.
4. Institutions attached to and forming part of an Institutional Church or other local church.
5. Union Institutions.

THE SOOCHOW UNIVERSITY SYSTEM

Institutions in the Soochow University System consist of (1) the College of Arts and Sciences, and the Soochow University Soochow Middle School on the same campus in Soochow; (2) the Law School on the site of the former Anglo-Chinese and the Soochow University

Second Middle School, on Quinsan Road, Shanghai; and (3) the Soochow University Wushing Middle School, on the Haitao Compound, Huchow, formerly known first as the Haitao Middle School, and then later as Soochow University Middle School, No. 3.

Besides its co-operation in the Nanking Theological Seminary, these institutions in the Soochow University System are the only educational institutions in China maintained and supported by the General Department of the Board of Missions of our Church.

In these institutions there is a total enrolment of 1,234 students, divided as follows:

College of Arts and Sciences, Soochow..... 371
Law School, Shanghai..... 197
Total College Students..... 568

Soochow University Soochow Middle School.. 433
Soochow University Wushing Middle School.. 233
Total Middle School Students..... 666

Geographically speaking, of the 568 college students, 371 are in Soochow and 197 in Shanghai. In the student body there are 114 women students, of whom the vast majority, or 99 students, are in the College of Arts and Sciences in Soochow, but the 15 women law students in Shanghai are, of course, also quite significant.

As to faculty and staff, there are altogether employed in the collegiate departments and middle schools a total of 144, of whom 16 are foreigners. There are two in the Law School and 12 in the College of Arts and Sciences in Soochow. But among them, only ten are maintained and supported by the Board of Missions—eight in Soochow, and two in Huchow (counting both Mr. and Mrs. Estes). To these the Woman's Department contributes one missionary in connection with the coeducational work at Soochow.

Soochow University carries a total current budget of about \$26,000 for the academic year 1934-35, not including missionary salaries paid directly by the Board of Missions, which also made a cash appropriation of \$2,340, equivalent to about \$7,000 Chinese currency according to the exchange of last year.

SCHOOLS UNDER THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

The Woman's Department of the Board of Missions maintained in China the following schools:

1. Three High Schools, or as we say in China, three schools of Senior Middle School standing. These are McTyeire School in Shanghai, Laura Haygood Normal School in Soochow, and Virginia School in Huchow.
2. Three Junior Middle Schools, these being Susan B. Wilson School in Sungkiang, Davidson Girls' School and the Atkinson Academy, both in Soochow.
3. Four Primary Schools. These are the Century Institute, Changchow; the Mary Virginia Nabors School, Wusih; the Faith Johnson Day School, Changshu; and the Nansiang Day School, Nansiang.

The four primary schools now receive so little subsidy from the Woman's Department that they now can only be looked upon as partly subsidized institutions, only about \$2,000 Mex. having been given to these primary schools in 1935. But they employ 35 teachers and have a total enrolment of 901 students.

In the six middle schools, in which we may say that the educational effort of the Woman's Department is concentrated, there is a total enrolment of 3,261 students. Among these 1,189 students are in the middle schools, the rest being either primary or kindergarten students.

These six middle schools have a total staff and faculty of 235 persons, of whom 208 are Chinese and 27 are foreigners—17 missionaries and 10 foreigners locally employed. On account of the inadequate supply of missionary teachers, some institutions have found it necessary to engage foreign teachers unconnected with the Board of Missions. Thus, of the 14 foreign teachers in McTyeire, only four are missionaries.

The total operating cost for the six middle schools

under the Woman's Department of the Board of Missions, for the academic year 1934-35, amounted to \$318,000, to which the Woman's Department, besides supporting the missionaries on the staff, made a total cash appropriation amounting to \$36,800 Chinese currency.

INSTITUTIONS ATTACHED TO INSTITUTIONAL CHURCHES AND LOCAL CHURCHES

Under this category we may refer to the Kong Hong Institutional Church, which has two schools—the Yao Chun Middle School and Zang Tuh Primary School; the Moore Memorial Church, which offers vocational courses both in the daytime and at night; and the Huchow Institutional Church which conducts a regular Commercial School of middle school grade. All these institutions are flourishing and have good enrolments.

CONFERENCE DAY SCHOOLS

The Conference Day School Committee distributes conference educational funds to nine primary schools located at various places, which have a total enrolment of 1,999 students for this year and employ 82 teachers. Most, if not all, of these institutions must be struggling hard in view of the fact that the total amount of subsidy distributed to these primary schools was only \$567.50 for the last year.

In addition to the schools above mentioned, our Church is also co-operating in several Union institutions. Thus the General Department of the Board of Missions is co-operating in the Nanking Theological Seminary, and the Woman's Department is co-operating in the Ginling Women's College, and the Union Bible School in Nanking, and the Women's Christian Medical College of Shanghai.

GENERAL SUMMARY

Our educational efforts are concentrated in the schools under the Soochow University System and the middle schools under the Woman's Department. Taking all the institutions under both boards together, we find a total of 14 institutions (including the four primary schools) having a total student body of about 5,400 and a total staff of 416 persons, with an operating cost of about \$590,000. For their support the Board of Missions made a total cash contribution of about \$45,000, of which \$7,000 came from the General Department and \$38,000 from the Woman's Department, besides furnishing 26 missionary teachers, nine under the General Department and 17 under the Woman's Department.

World Outlook Table of Contents for 1935

If you preserve your copies of WORLD OUTLOOK and wish to secure a printed index of articles and illustrations, write WORLD OUTLOOK, Doctors' Building, Nashville, Tennessee. Price, 5 cents each.



Photo by Harry Bennett

The splendid group of deaconesses and employed home workers (numbering more than one hundred) who came to Council to help celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of home missions. The man at the extreme left is Mr. K. C. East, president of Sue Bennett College, London, Ky.

Council High Lights

By NOREEN DUNN

LEAVING Dallas tired but enthusiastic, officials and delegates alike proclaimed the twenty-sixth annual session, March 20-24, one of the greatest ever held by the Woman's Missionary Council. Choosing the high lights which brought forth such extravagant praise is indeed difficult. Every day—sometimes every hour—had, in looking back over it, an attraction of its own, a light which made it distinctive and interesting in itself; while running through the whole session were certain factors which contributed steadily to the greatness of the occasion.

The presence of Dr. Charles W. Gilkey, dean of the University of Chicago Chapel and professor of preaching in the Divinity School there, constituted one such sustaining factor. After having tried repeatedly for several years to secure him as speaker for the daily worship services, the Council dates this year were placed a week later than usual in order to make possible his coming. Showing his appreciation for having been wanted to so great an extent, Dr. Gilkey told the story of a college freshman who wrote, "Freshman Week didn't prove to be the Ethiopia I had hoped," and expressed the fear that the Council women might find in him neither the Ethiopia nor the Utopia for which they had hoped. But not the slightest tinge of disappointment was discovered in any quarter. Basing his messages on human experiences within the ken of all, Dr. Gilkey made a tremendous appeal. In simple terms he brought to light many of the most perplexing problems in the field of missions today, describing the causes for their existence and pointing a way to their solution. Making a final

appeal for personal missionary endeavor through dealing with problems nearest at hand, he called attention to the frequent tendency on the part of Christians to excuse their own negligence by finding fault with their



Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, great Japanese Christian, whose presence and messages were a benediction and an inspiration to the entire Council body and its many visitors

environment. "We think our village is the most hopeless, our neighbors the most unresponsive," he declared. "But Christ asks us to plant the grain of mustard seed in our own back yards. However small that seed of faith may be—whatever our limitations—let us go back to our own garden, plant it, water it, care for it, keep the weeds away, and leave the rest with God."

Dr. J. L. Cuninggim, president of Scarritt College, who gave the short meditation at the close of each day, proved to be another influence keenly felt and appreciated by the entire Council body. Through his messages Dr. Cuninggim brought to crystallization the high points of each day's program in a remarkable way, giving to them his own fresh, vitalizing interpretation. Those who heard him will not soon forget his vivid portrayal of the man who tried to guard a dangerous railroad crossing with a lantern which had no light. Emphasiz-



Dr. Charles W. Gilkey, dean of the University of Chicago Chapel, and professor of preaching in the Divinity School, who led the daily worship services of the Council

ing the absolute necessity of having the light of Christ, he closed his first message with the question, "Has the lantern we are using light? As an organization, as conferences, as auxiliaries, as individuals, has our lantern light?"

Certainly no Council meeting ever drew larger crowds, or created a greater general interest among local inhabitants than did this Council. After crowding El Fenix Cafe past its normal capacity on Friday evening, some failed to obtain admittance to the Scarritt Dinner which was served there. On Saturday evening the Fellowship Dinner was likewise opened to interested Council visitors and broke all preceding records by bringing approximately one thousand persons together in a feast of memories as well as food. The program for this occasion featured various movements in the history of home



Miss Mary Mims, extension sociologist of Louisiana State University and author of "The Awakening Community," who was guest speaker on Home Missions Anniversary Day

missions, of which this year marks the fiftieth anniversary. Numbered among its speakers were Mrs. P. C. Archer, Mrs. J. C. Lewis, Miss Estelle Haskin, Mrs. J. N. McEachern, Miss Mabel K. Howell, and Mrs. J. W. Downs, all of whom are well known for their vital connection with special phases of home work. In bringing greetings to the Woman's Missionary Council from the Methodist Protestant Church, Mrs. Betty Brittingham facetiously said, "If your fight for ordination of women does not succeed this coming General Conference, we heartily invite you to the Methodist Protestant Church where we ordained the first woman preacher in the United States. . . . We are interested in Methodist union," she later declared, ending her appeal with the adapted beatitude, "Blessed are they who are not satisfied to let well enough alone; for upon these the progress of the world depends."

The Fellowship Dinner appropriately ended a day which brought to First Church its greatest crowds, and which likewise brought to many persons their greatest blessing: for this was Kagawa's day. For several hours before he was scheduled to speak on Saturday morning, the auditorium was packed. Every available space was filled with chairs and the walls were lined with persons standing, waiting to hear and see this great Japanese Christian. He had been provided with a private room in the church where he would be spared the jostling of the crowds; but when time came for his appearance he was found not in the secluded room but on the church steps talking to the people who could not get inside the building to hear him speak.

In answer to the question, "Does Japan need missionaries?" Dr. Kagawa cited figures showing Japan's rapid rate of population increase as compared with the yearly total of Christians added to Protestant church rolls. "We have about four thousand workers in the Christian church," he further declared. "Two thousand of these are engaged in educational work, and only two thousand are preachers and field workers. Can these evangelize seventy million persons? When someone asks me, 'Do you need missionaries?' I ask them to make some arithmetic."

Thanking the Southern Methodist Church for its part in sending Christian missionaries to Japan, Kagawa stressed the importance of continuing work in the field of higher education for girls, calling attention to the fact that seven of the men who were at one time ministers of the Japanese Cabinet had Christian wives who were graduates of mission schools. Kagawa likewise emphasized the need for rural workers, declaring that Japan needs one thousand rural churches and pointing to the fact that \$300 will establish one such church. He justified the different techniques used in approaching various types of workers by saying, "When we fish we have different nets for different fish. We don't catch all fish with the same net."

Although he touched lightly upon the charges made against him in various quarters of the land relative to his being communist, it was not until the afternoon session, when he spoke exclusively to a group of missionaries and deaconesses, that he committed himself fully. "Those who say that I am a communist show their ignorance," he declared. "They don't know me. I am not a communist. I'm against communism all the time." As proof of this statement he cited the fact that his Kingdom of God Movement had been started partly to combat communism which was making inroads among the people of Japan. He also mentioned the fact that his friends advised him not to return to Japan by way of Russia, because he would be considered a Soviet enemy there. "If I were a communist," he said, with one of his inimitable gestures, "it would not be dangerous for me to go to Russia. I could have a good time there."

Speaking to the group of missionaries about the establishment of various types of co-operatives with which he has been so successful in Japan, Kagawa pleaded for education and vigorously denounced coercion, declaring it to be a violation of the spirit of Christ. "Early Christians before the time of Constantine were meek and peaceful and generous," he said. "Don't employ violence for the co-operative movement. When we don't use violence Christianity is welcomed anywhere."

Reminiscent of early days when deaconesses were unheard of and even unattached women missionaries were looked upon askance, was the remark made by one man who attended the Consecration Service on Sunday evening. "Who wrote that service?" he demanded, and not waiting for a reply, continued with considerable vigor, "Why, those women were all but ordained!"

"What if they had been?" some would-be member of the Status of Woman Committee retorted. "When they

are giving their all to the service of God and humanity are they not as worthy of ordination as any man?"

Putting aside sidelight banter, Council members and visitors alike agreed that the Consecration Service was one of the most beautiful and one of the most touchingly human services ever witnessed. Immediately preceding the summons to service, so ably given for the home and foreign fields by Miss Mary Floyd and Miss Mary Blackford, respectively, Miss Alice Waters, emeritus missionary to China, gave to the young missionaries and deaconesses a message of encouragement and challenge. Telling of the marvelous growth of the Christian church in China which had taken place during the forty-three years of her experience there, Miss Waters called the names of her early contemporaries who are the saints of Methodist missionary history to the younger generation of today. She expressed her gratitude for her association with her co-workers along the way, whom she termed "the best people in the world," and told of her love for the people of China, in whose land she had come to feel most at home. With a light of joy shining in her face, she declared, "I have been a happy missionary. I do not feel that I have lived a life of sacrifice. Evangelism is the most soul-satisfying work in the world. How wonderful it is to sit down by the side of a Chinese woman and tell her of the love of Jesus and see her believe it and take it in!"

No less appealing, though of a different vein, were the messages from representatives of the twelve candidates presented for consecration. They spoke frankly of the experiences which led them to dedicate their lives to Christian service and of the distinctive phases of preparation for their chosen work. Counting among their blessings even the most menial aspects of having been reared on a farm and the soul-stretching task of waiting through the depression before gaining an appointment to serve, these young women showed evidence of a vital, practical basis for their confident facing of untried fields before them. Again and again came words of appreciation for the way in which Bishop A. Frank Smith commissioned the candidates to take the gospel into all the world. Repetition in no way dulled the keen interest which he took in the consecration of each young woman, as if his words were meant for her alone.

The consecration service was undoubtedly the most impressive single service of the entire meeting. But as a day, Monday—designated as Home Missions Anniversary Day—stands above the others. Mrs. J. W. Downs, Home Secretary, appropriately began this celebration with a short sketch of the growth of home missions since its beginning in our church as a woman's department of the Board of Church Extension under the leadership of Miss Lucinda Helm. More than one hundred deaconesses and employed home workers were present for this jubilee occasion. Some of them gave to the Council body rich glimpses of their experiences as laborers in the homeland. A group of rural workers presented a clever skit, showing the various types of service rendered in their special field.

In her usual forceful manner, (*Continued on page 41*)



Mildred Hudgins
Virginia Conference
To Japan



Elsie Nesbit
South Georgia Conference
Home Field



Florence Bradley
Virginia Conference
Home Field



Mathilde Killingsworth
Mississippi Conference
To China



Julia Southard
Virginia Conference
Home Field



Helen Scally
Florida Conference
To China



Sarah McCracken
N. C. Conference
Home Field



Mary McSwain
Little Rock Conference
To Brazil



Ruth Hillis
Oklahoma Conference
To Brazil



Bertha May White
Pacific Conference
Home Field

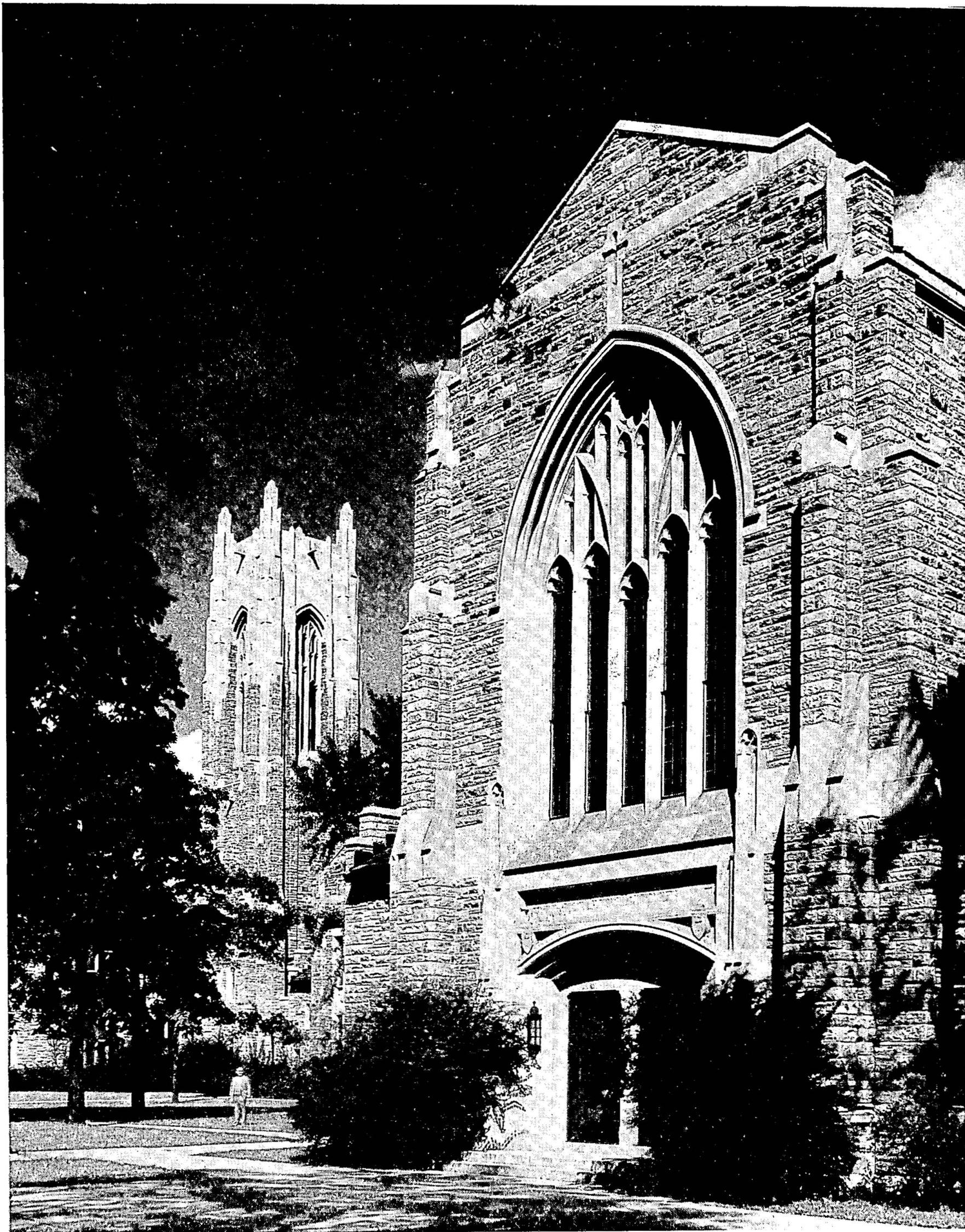


Ruth Cook
Kentucky Conference
To Korea



Eva Crenshaw
North Georgia
Home Field

*Missionaries and Deaconesses Consecrated
Council Meeting, 1936*



WIGHTMAN CHAPEL WITH SCARRITT TOWER IN BACKGROUND

Scarritt Is Different

By BISHOP PAUL B. KERN

IN a machine age it is difficult not to be machine-minded. In a world that regards standardization as the acme of excellence it is hard not to be obsessed with an emphasis upon conformity and regularity; and yet the highest forms of life are, like personality, always unique and individual.

We have just passed through in American education a definite stage of development. A quarter of a century ago we had many crude and ill-equipped institutions called colleges, offering to the public educational opportunities and academic degrees. Many of them were entirely unworthy of educational recognition or popular support. This unfortunate condition could be overcome only by setting up certain definite standards and requiring their acceptance before an institution could be recognized as a creditable college. That process elevated the whole educational level in America. But it is not without its unfortunate aspects. It had a tendency to shape all institutions into one mold, to discourage experimentation in the educational process and to create the idea that the "standard" college was necessarily the ideal college. We are beginning now to recognize that the field is opening wide to initiative and individuality in the realm of education. The next twenty-five years will put a premium upon those colleges, which, while fully accepting the highest standards of academic excellence, will seek to adapt their curriculum, their administration, and their student life to the particular social and personal ends of the institution.

I like Scarritt College because it is *different*. It has had the courage to blaze a trail. While loyal to the highest academic ideals, it is unfettered by the chains of a dying and outworn idea in education. Its successful existence in its new location and wider relationship has demonstrated the wisdom of its faculty and trustees, and it stands today upon the threshold of a wider opportunity for service than the church which created it has yet realized. What is there about Scarritt that makes it unique? I shall try to answer that question.

The physical plant and the architectural setting is alluringly different. There are no prettier or more artistic groups of buildings in the South than those which grace its campus. Towers pointing to the sky, a chapel of subdued and mystic reverence, arched corridors that suggests a Florentine monastery, landscaped gardens amid majestic trees. There is something about the physical atmosphere of this institution that fills one with

"... a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused."

Scarritt is different in its educational emphasis. There is a total absence of traditionalism in its curriculum and a frank acceptance of the experience-centered

ideal. In a recent report of the National Education Association the statement was made: "We must make clear the fact that a situation approach demands a functional curriculum, one which is closely bound up with the business of living a worthy life in modern society." But the recognition of this fundamental and vitalizing approach is so rare as to be notable when once we discover it.

Scarritt is exceptional also in the balance and discernment with which it approaches the religious life of its students. Here one finds no morbid, pious sentimentalism, but vigorous spiritual life infused with the sustained emotions of reverence and worship and motivated by a passion for service that thrusts eager young men and women out into places of need. They do dwell on many a mount of transfiguration, but quickly do they descend, both faculty and students, to share the heart-break and agony of underprivileged homes and the sad handicaps of children that know not the abundant life. Thus biblical knowledge is baptized with social service, and those who in high inspirational moments hear the word of the Master, go forth to translate it in deeds of loving-kindness to his children lost and lone.

Among the other unique characteristics of which I am tempted to write I mention one more. Scarritt combines the appeal of a high educational ideal with an intense and particularized training. It is true that for years it has been the accepted place for preparing young women for missionary service at home and abroad, and its living alumnae in a dozen mission fields testify to the contribution it has made to the work of the kingdom, but here also we will find equally effective training for the increasing demands in the fields of social service and human welfare. It is one of the few institutions in the South equipped to give technical training to social welfare workers. Many others are found in this student body in preparation for the responsible task of Christian home building. Here men and women alike are specializing in religious education. There is a wide range of specialization offered, and in each department there is the same fine academic and religious quality of courses presented to the student. In few places can one find so wide a choice and so effective a training within a specialized field meeting the need of the individual student. And yet in every department and in every classroom there is a spirit which shares in the total ideal and the spiritual momentum of an institution of learning which knows for what it was created and where it is going.

Scarritt College has an ideal and that ideal moves with commanding authority and winsome appeal into every part of its life. To share in this spirit while one drinks at the fountain of knowledge is an experience to be coveted in youth and treasured through all the fulfilling years that lie beyond the ivy-mantled towers.

The Missionary Society of Brazil at Work

By LEILA EPPS

Miss Leila Epps, of Brazil, is appointed to work with the missionary societies in the Methodist Church of Brazil. In the delightfully informal story printed below she tells of her visits to missionary societies and to the missionary work in which the societies are having a part. With the asset of Miss Epps's devotion and enthusiasm and in view of the interesting projects the women are helping to support, their growth in numbers and in zeal is a natural result.—Ed.

MY first journey of the year was to the Ribeirao Preto District. There I spent one month with the new district secretary visiting all of her societies and becoming personally acquainted with most of the women who are members of our missionary societies in that district. One of my desires is to emphasize the im-



Little Paul and his dog. Counting the dog, there are twelve children in the Orphanage



Dr. Nelson Araujo who is a lover of nature



The group who traveled two hundred miles on horseback to attend a district conference



Augusto, the boy who was found in a tree

portance of the work of our sixteen district secretaries and to cooperate with them in planning and conducting institutes. I hope to do a great deal more of this type of work, for I believe that these institutes have done more than anything else to help

develop our women and to lift their standards of life. We hope to visit all of our societies and to have institutes in all of our districts, but there are many obstacles, for Brazil is such a big country. If all of the thirty-seven societies that I have visited were near together, or even near the railroad, it would be possible to visit them more often, but journeying in this country is not always very easy or comfortable. I am not complaining, however, for I am well and strong and very happy in my work.

One of the many interests of our woman's missionary societies is helping to care for the eleven boys and girls who are in our new home for children. Several weeks ago I went out there to get some news about it to publish in *A Voz Missionaria*. I took three pictures; then I said to the smallest child: 'Little Paul, I have taken pictures of four beautiful girls and of seven fine boys; how many children are here?' He quickly replied: "Twelve—yes, twelve; we are one dozen!" Then we all made fun of him for being too little to count, too much of a baby to know how to add four and seven. In my old "teacherfied" way I tried to tell him how to add four and seven. He listened and



An old chief of the Caiuas Indians, dressed in an old uniform of a Brazilian soldier. He is appointed by the Brazilian Government to rule his tribe

then laughed and said: "But you forgot to count our dog." I had not yet seen his dog, so I told him to bring him out and I'd take his picture and we would count him as the twelfth child. He did so and was delighted.



He looked at the wrong woman; now he is looking at his new bride

While at the orphanage I was especially attracted by one boy about twelve years old. He was so different from all the others; his bronze color, his marked features, and his straight black hair convinced me that he is of Indian origin. Upon investigation I was told that he has Indian blood, and also that about three years ago he was found hanging in a big tree. His name is Augusto Moreira. I became so interested in him and in his extraordinary story that I insisted on hearing it. Mr. Oliveira, father of Mrs. Otilia Chaves, president of one of our conference missionary societies, took little Augusto to our orphanage, and also he prepared this story for publication. This is the story as told by Mr. Oliveira:

On the farm belonging to Mr. Virgilio Laviola, in the State of Minas Geraes, there lived a workingman whose name was Anysio Jose Moreira, who was the father of two children—little Augusto was nine years old, and the younger child was a girl.

In June of 1932 there was a terrible storm in that section of the country—a tremendous cloudburst and a waterspout that occurred at eleven o'clock one night, in exactly the place where Mr. Moreira and his family were living. Neighbors who lived some distance away heard

the terrible roaring noise and said that they were sure the end of the world was coming. It was a waterspout that was so powerful that nothing could resist it; everything in its path was swept away—great trees, tremendous rocks, Mr. Moreira's house and his whole family were rapidly carried down the valley.

It was noon, thirteen hours after the terrible disaster, before they found Augusto, the only living member of the unfortunate family. The boy had been caught among the limbs of a great tree, and he was nearly dead from bruises and fright and cold. When he finally came to himself and was told what had happened, he said: "Well, I guess that I was left just for seed."

During my journeys I came in touch with an inspiring group of Christians. Rev. Manoel Custodio dos Santos is the pastor of the Methodist church in Resplendor. It seems that he knows the value of having his church well represented in the district conference. One week before the date of the opening of the conference, he and his companions left Resplendor en route for Manhuassu, in the State of Minas. This company was composed of the pastor of the church,

the president of the board of stewards, the superintendent of the Sunday school, the president of the young people's society, the president of the woman's missionary society, who is Dona Olivia Vasconcellos, and her two little boys, one three years old and the other a year and a half.

They journeyed on horseback two

(Continued on page 38)



Miss Epps and two Indian boys who live in the Mission House with the three missionaries



Ready to start back to the railroad station

One Man's Lifetime

By JALMAR BOWDEN

NOT often is it given to a missionary to see such progress in the years of his active service as that witnessed by Dr. J. L. Kennedy in Juiz de Fora, Brazil.

In May, 1884, still a young man in the beginning of his ministry, Mr. Kennedy left the city of Rio de Janeiro, and after traveling north for more than a hundred miles up through the hills to the interior plateau came to the town of Juiz de Fora, on the banks of Parahybuna River in a narrow valley between high hills that close in on the east and west. No Methodist preacher had ever proclaimed the gospel in this city, and Protestants were considered worse than atheists. A large two-story residence in a central location was rented, as it had a dining-room which could be very conveniently used as a hall for preaching services.

A series of meetings was announced and the hall was filled with people when one night a local priest gathered a group of street urchins, who began to throw stones in through the windows. In fright the people scattered, leaving the young missionary and his wife alone. Juiz de Fora became so indignant that the priest fled the same night, and the police notified the boys that any further conduct of that sort would result for them in a visit to the jail. In all the years that have followed, Methodist preachers and people have been allowed to live and work in peace in this city.

In the closing days of 1934, Dr. Kennedy came back to Juiz de Fora, a little more than fifty years after his first visit. He found a city of almost eighty thousand people, but the house in which he first lived and preached here still stands. It is at one corner of the central park which covers a block. The other corner of the park is the most important corner in the city. Just half a block from where he first preached, he preached again; but this time, fifty years later, he preached in a magnificent building of Gothic style to perhaps six hundred people who almost filled the beautiful auditorium.

How his heart thrilled with joy as he thought back to the small beginnings of a half century before! Now he could see the handsome church, built mostly with money contributed by the local congregation, with an efficient young Brazilian pastor, a membership of over five hundred well organized and working and contributing loyally, and a comfortable two-story brick parsonage. If he could make his visits short enough, he might visit



Rev. Jalmar Bowden, his wife, Eula Harper, his children, John Newton, Mary Elizabeth, and Sara Frances Bowden

eight other Sunday schools in the city, most of them, it is true, small schools meeting in private homes. About eight blocks away he could visit an old ladies' home built with money contributed by local Methodists. Somewhat closer he would find the residence of Bishop Cesar Dacorso Filho, Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Brazil, and Sr. Moyses Andrade, general treasurer of the church.

About seven blocks away he would find Granbery College, the leading educational institution of Brazilian Methodism. He himself is a trustee of Gran-

bery College, and he was here to attend a meeting of the Board of Trustees. Another trustee who sat with him in the meetings was Odilon Braga, a former student of the school, who is at present Secretary of Agriculture of Brazil. The Superintendent of Education, for this state, Minas, the most populous of Brazil, is another former student. Former students are scattered all over Brazil, many of them in positions of great responsibility, and the rule seems to be that they are better citizens because they have studied in Granbery, and that they are loyal to the old school.

Granbery has a large campus with handsome buildings. It has classroom facilities for more than six hundred students and dormitory room for more than three hundred. The largest department is the "ginasio" or gymnasium, which takes students from the five-year primary course and carries them through to the professional schools. The second largest department is the School of Commerce with a four-year course. A night school takes care of young people who have to work but who want to go to school. There is a correspondence school for those who cannot come to Juiz de Fora.

A recent and important development is the establishment of the School of Education. There are many normal schools in Brazil, but this is perhaps the only school of education in the country. The government has recognized its importance to the extent that it has made it an official school and given it an annual subsidy beginning this year.

The School of Theology is planned along the lines of those at S.M.U. and Emory, and by means of help from the Board of Missions and a small but growing endowment bids fair to put the Brazilian Methodist ministry where it can satisfactorily meet the needs of the work.

All over Brazil are to be found dentists and druggists who proudly advertise that (Continued on page 39)



One Man's Lifetime
One Man's Life



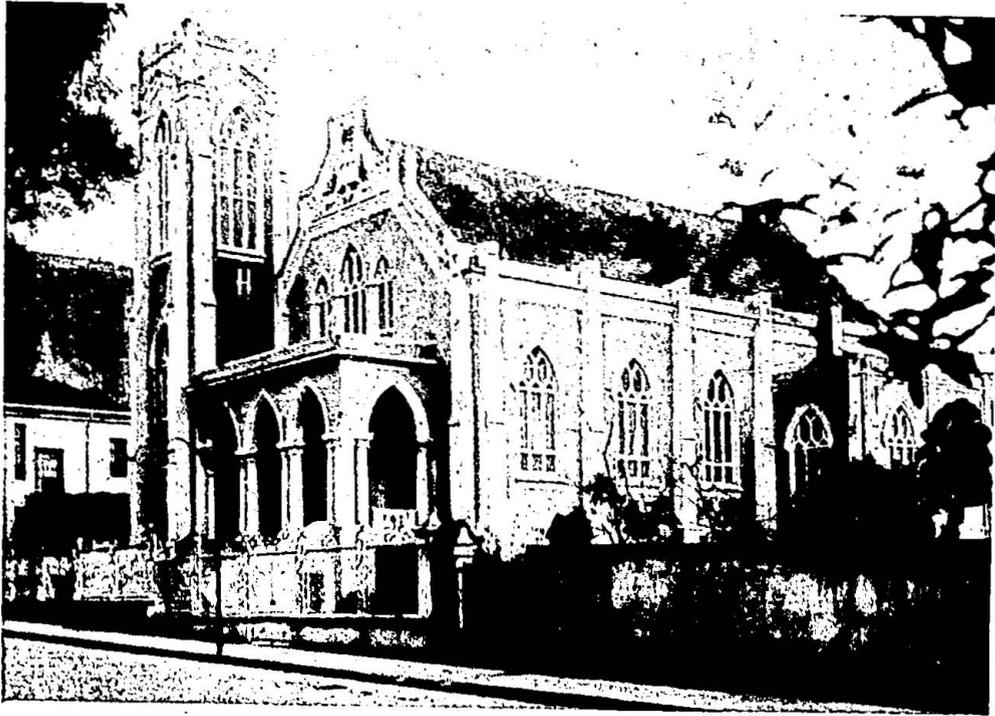
Rev. J. L. Kennedy, D. D.

Dr. Kennedy entered Juiz de Fora in May of 1884. No Methodist sermon had ever been preached here. He rented a two-story building with a large dining-room for a hall and began to preach. More than fifty years later on he came back and preached in a magnificent church building to a congregation nearly filling the beautiful auditorium. How large a matter a little fire had kindled, the following rotogravure pages vividly portray

"You wonder how it is feeling to me to be back. Well, it is a source of happiness to be back to my old country with kindred and old friends and our Mother Church. At the same time a longing for Brazil comes over me, for it was the field of my labors during fifty-four years of my life. I can never cease to feel an entire interest in Brazil and all that makes for its welfare"

Pacific
Ocean

Atlantic
Ocean



Central Methodist Church, Juiz de Fora, practically filled twice every Sunday, center from which radiates missionary work in every direction



Rev. and Mrs. Isaias Sucasas, the Rev. Mr. Sucasas himself a product of the Juiz de Fora Church, and its present pastor



Bishop J. W. Tarboux, early pastor Central Church, helped to organize Granbery College, elected first bishop Methodist Church in Brazil



Where it all started. In May 1884, in the room down-stairs, the Rev. J. L. Kennedy preached the first Methodist sermon ever preached in Juiz de Fora. In 1889, the first Methodist school in Juiz de Fora was organized in a room upstairs. Granbery College grew out of this small school



Four Generations of Methodists in Brazil. Mrs. Derli de A. Chaves, left back, her mother, grandmother and daughter



Rev. Adriel Motta, pastor in Carangola, Minas, and Mrs. Motta. Both grew up in the Juiz de Fora Church and studied in Granbery College



Central building, Granbery College, dates from 1904, Tarboux Hall, to the left, built 1923



One of the many small afternoon Sunday Schools, Costa Carvalho, Juiz de Fora



Part of Sunday School of the Central Church, Juiz de Fora, 1932



St. Matthew Sunday School, Juiz de Fora



First Church building erected by Methodist people in Juiz de Fora, in 1885, predecessor of the present Central



National Sunday School Convention, 1929



Teachers and helpers of the Church Vacation School, Juiz de Fora



World Sunday School Convention, Municipal Theatre, Rio de Janeiro



Another vacation school



Main building Granbery College. As at home and in many lands, the church and school have gone hand in hand



President W. H. Moore, of Granbery College, and family



First picture of Granbery College, November, 1892. Classes were held in this house from that date until 1932, when it gave way to Lander Hall, which stands just to the south of the main building. In center of group: Dr. J. W. Tarboux, now retired bishop; third to his left, J. L. Bruce, and fifth, J. M. Lander, venerated leaders that directed Granbery during the first decade of its existence

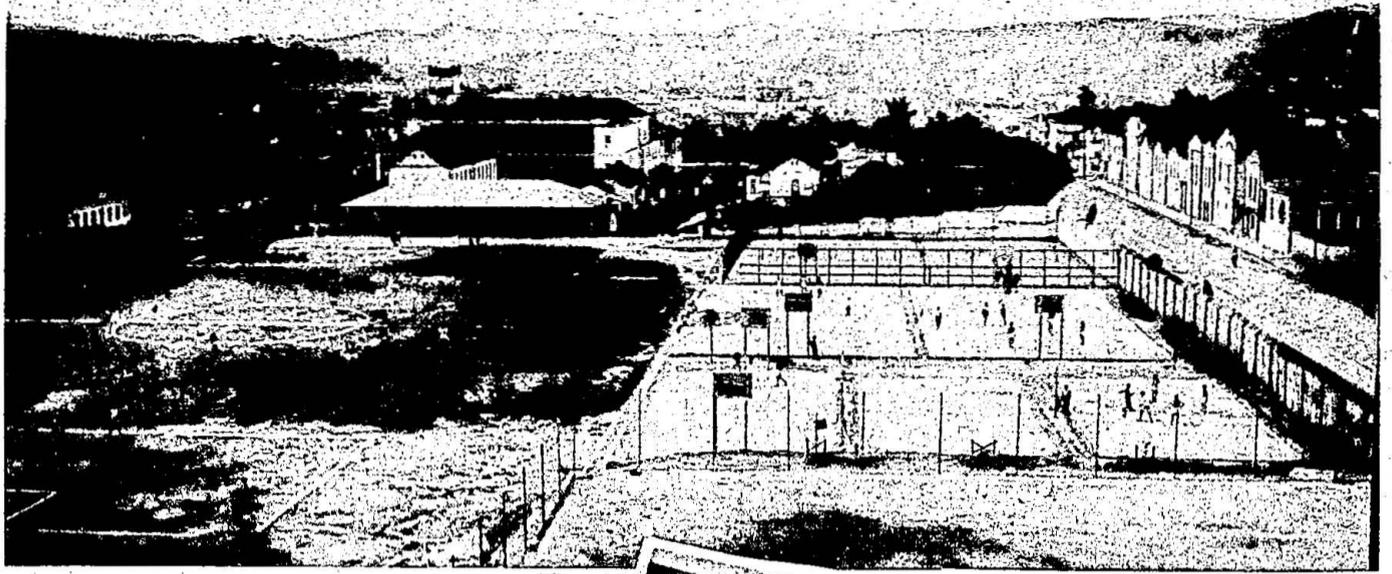


Faculty of Granbery College, President Moore, front row, third from the right

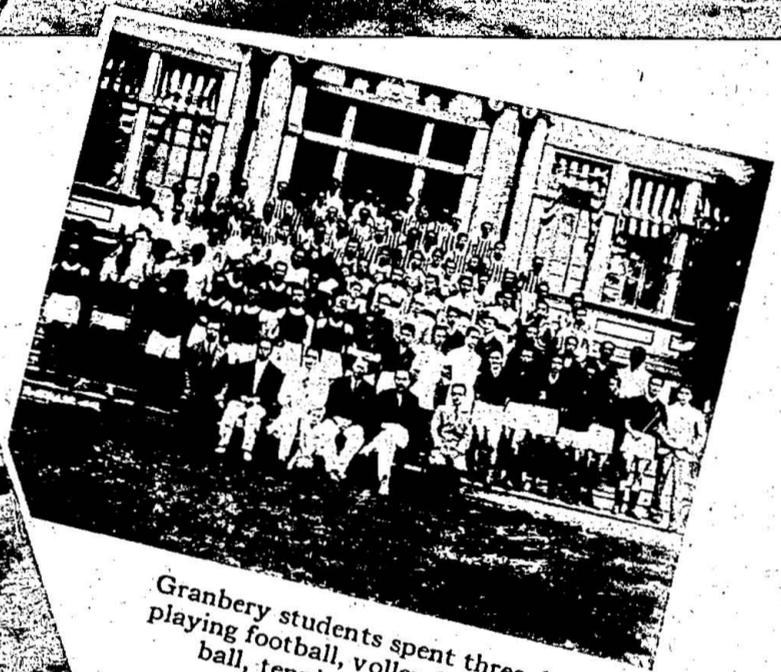
Former students of Granbery who became teachers in their Alma Mater



Granbery athletic fields. Practically every boy and girl takes part. Three football fields, five basket-ball courts, three volley-ball courts, four tennis courts—all this near center of city



Gymnastics from primary school



Granbery students spent three days playing football, volley-ball, basket-ball, tennis, in a field meet



Basket-ball team, Granbery College, School of Theology building in background



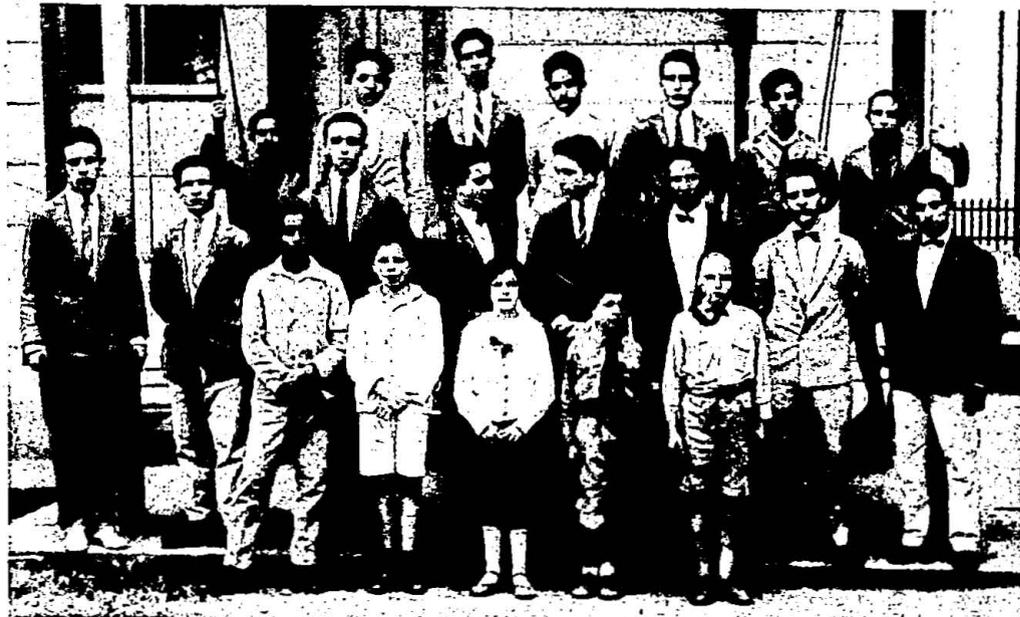
Volley-ball team, Granbery College



Students and faculty of the School of Theology of Granbery College in front of the Theological Building



Rev. A. Romano Filho and wife. Sr. Romano is pastor of the Central Methodist Church, Sao Paulo, city of a million inhabitants. He and his wife products of the Methodist Church of Juiz de Fora



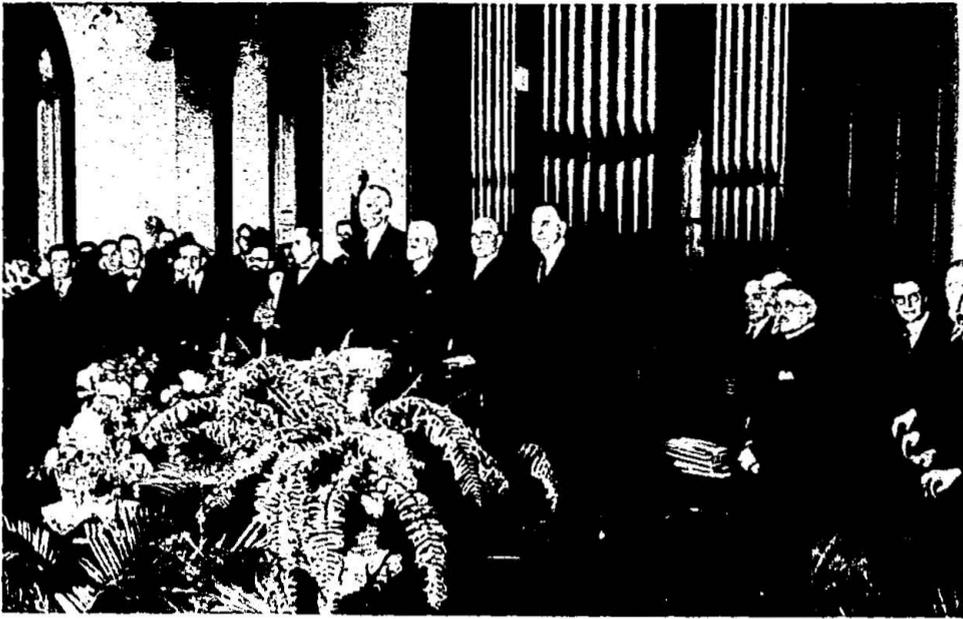
Preachers' children at Granbery College in 1928



Dr. Nelson Araujo, medical missionary of the Methodist Church of Brazil to uncivilized Indians in the interior. Product of Juiz de Fora Church, educated in Granbery. Young, -able, well prepared, Dr. Araujo is giving his life in utter devotion to the humblest of God's creatures

The Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Becker. Mrs. Becker was one of the first students of the Piracicabana in Sao Paulo, Brazil. Mr. Becker, a product of the Juiz de Fora Church, is a former pastor, and was in the first group of Granbery students; twice a delegate to the General Conference





First General Conference Brazil Methodist Church, Dr. H. C. Tucker, center, President-elect, presiding



The immortal trio, entire membership of the First Annual Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of Brazil, September, 1886 taken on occasion of the consecration of the first bishop Methodist Episcopal Church of Brazil



Commission from Mother Church, North America, to assist in organizing Brazil Methodist Church. Left to right: Miss Esther Case, Judge Erskine W. Williams, Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon, Dr. F. S. Love, and Dr. J. L. Clark



Consecration of Dr. J. W. Tarboux, first bishop Methodist Church of Brazil, in Cattete Church



Second General Conference of Brazil Methodist Church, Porto Alegre, January, 1934. Center, Bishop J. W. Tarboux, unanimously re-elected, to his right, Bishop-elect Cesar Dacorso



Home of Bishop of the Methodist Church of Brazil, located near Central Methodist Church



Bishop Dacorso, wife, four sons, and three daughters, former pastor of the Juiz de Fora Church, once a delegate to the General Conference in North America

Below: Methodist Church in Porto Uniao, State of Santa Catharina, Brazil. When this church was dedicated the first of April, Bishop Dacorso paid a visit to the pastor, Rev. D. L. Betts, preached five nights. "One night while he was preaching at one of our outlying stations," reports Brother Betts, "practically half of the auditorium came forward before he finished giving the invitation." This building is the second of four churches to be completed in 1935. "Everywhere the fires of spiritual awakening are shining forth. Over one hundred professed conversions at the recent meeting held by the Bishop over in Brother Dawsey's church"



Left: Bishop Cesar Dacorso Filho, D.D., Bishop of Brazil Methodist Church, first Brazilian elected to that high office

Below: The great port of entry. Municipal theatre and one of the principal avenues of Brazil's great metropolis, Rio de Janeiro



KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

How One Missionary Spends His Furlough

By I. L. SHAVER

SALISBURY, N. C.

MY DEAR DR. RAWLINGS:

Let me congratulate you on the wonderful magazine that you are getting out—the *WORLD OUTLOOK*. It looks good, feels good, and reads good. The paper used is excellent, the pictures interesting, the articles first class, and the type readable. I don't see how any Methodist, man or woman, could do without it.

I have been thinking for some time of writing to you, but before I became ill the latter part of October I was too busy, and since that time I have been too weak.

By writing a few moments at a time now, however, I think I may have enough strength to finish this letter.

After reaching America we spent five months in Arizona for the sake of our daughter's health. While in that state I spoke eighty-eight times and spent five weeks in a fight to defeat two anti-Japanese bills that were presented to the state legislature. As you know, we defeated both bills. The letter inclosed refers to that.

During the next five months, here in Virginia, Georgia, and North Carolina, I spoke ninety-seven times. I conducted the devotional services for one week at the Duke Institutes in June, and supplied the pulpit of the Vineville Methodist Church, Macon, Georgia, during July. I spoke a few times at one of the conferences at Lake Junaluska and took part in some of Bishop Kern's Victory Rallies. Besides lecturing here and there, I conducted three revival meetings. During the last meeting twenty-one young people were received into the church on profession of faith. This was at my old home church in the country. One newspaper clipping inclosed refers to a lecture on Japan.

We had expected to be back in Japan by this time, but as mentioned in the first part of this letter, I have been ill since the latter part of October. . . . The doctor said yesterday that I should not attempt any work whatever for the next several weeks, and that it would not be wise for me to return to Japan for at least a few months. I do hope that we may be able to return to Japan by early spring.

With very best wishes, I am

Most cordially yours,
I. L. SHAVER

MISSIONARY AT HOME

The good missionary goes out not merely with love and faith in the doctrine he preaches, but he comes home with love and understanding for the "pagan" and "heathen" people to whom he has preached his faith. No missionary has ever succeeded in expressing Christianity and contempt to the same people at the same time. It is good, therefore, for North Carolinians to learn from a man whom North Carolinians sent out to carry Christianity to the Japanese of the high merits of the Japanese people at a time when too many



Rev. I. L. Shaver, Mrs. Shaver, all the juniors,
making one good missionary

tom-tom beaters are seeking to arouse antagonism between the people of Nippon and the United States.

Talking in Smithfield the other day, Rev. I. L. Shaver told a Methodist congregation about the people to whom he has been preaching. He said:

The people, in general, in Japan are lovers of peace and do not want to fight America. Ninety-eight per cent of the inhabitants of Japan are literate, between 99 and 100 per cent of those of school age attend school. Three times as many books are published annually in Japan as in America. It has one of the best police systems in the world,

probably as good as that of Scotland Yard. It has a good transportation system; the trains are not as fast as ours but are seldom, if ever, behind. Electric lights are more commonly used than in America; even little farmhouses away out in the country have electric lights. There is no commercial advertising over the radio. They are great lovers of baseball.

In other words, the Japanese are people very much like ourselves and in many respects worthy of our admiration and emulation. Such talk from the pulpit is sound mission work. Sometimes in the past the missionary has gone before the army, but the true missionary seeks not only to give his faith to others but to build a world understanding, a faith both in the home and the mission field in the common humanity of men and nations. Mr. Shaver regrets the paganism against which he works, but he respects and loves the people whom he teaches. He spreads not only a faith in a religion but at home and abroad an understanding upon which all men can build peace and good will.—*Raleigh News and Observer*.

* * * *

OITA, JAPAN

DEAR REV. AND MRS. SHAVER:

Please excuse me for my long silence. I have no plea.

Your great effort to prevent an anti-Japanese agitation in Arizona and your brilliant success was reported in Japanese papers and provoked great sensations. All Japanese people do thank you for your brave act and admire your Christian fearlessness.

I am sending a copy of the *Oita Shimbun*, in which Mr. Hirohata, of Los Angeles, writes about you. The same article was found in the *Nippon Kiristokyo-Shimbun*.

All who read your article were moved very deeply. No more *kempei* will follow after you when you come back to Japan next time. . . .

All Christians in Oita are waiting for your coming back. I hope you will know how they are loving you and your family.

Come back as soon as you can. You are worth four hundred other workers.

Very truly yours,
S. OISHI

Jesus and His Church

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND

JESUS, we are expressly informed, was a regular attendant at church. He does not seem to have felt superior to the stuffy, bigoted little Nazareth synagogue. He would appear to have been present there every Sabbath from his childhood on, noticed, if at all, probably only for his regularity and his reverence. What Jesus must have endured in his home church and in his home town—yet always for some deep reason of his own, quietly—is forever revealed in the fourth chapter of Luke's biography.

After an absence of only a few months, during which he had suddenly become famous as preacher, teacher, healer, Jesus has returned to his own village. Yearning for his own home has brought him back. He has loved his Nazareth synagogue, but has it ever really loved him? Mob frenzy does not burst suddenly; it is always the accumulation of suppressed hostility. During all his youth and manhood among them, Jesus must have known all the little personal failings of his neighbors as he stood there beside them in church. All his life he must have been conscious of their latent resentment toward him, feeling as they did, somehow affronted by his idealism in small daily concerns. Yet burning with the message and the power newly revealed to him, Jesus returns to his neighbors because he loves them. The scroll of the scripture appointed for the day is handed to him. Wrapped with its splendor, he reads from Isaiah that passage which of all the prophecies heard, Sabbath after Sabbath all his life in that little building, has impressed his soul:

The spirit of God possesses me,
He has chosen me to tell to his poor glad news,
To proclaim liberty to the imprisoned,
Light to the sightless,
Restoration to the wounded,
To announce that the long-expected year of the Lord
is come.

Stopping short, Jesus sits down for a moment, silent, ablaze, to share with his own townsmen his burning adventure, looking from face to face to find one open to his telling of the new-found wonder, how God is a Father infinitely tender, how a New Order has come to earth in which all men shall be brothers.

Every eye is upon the towering young figure seated there. Across the hush Jesus' voice sounds,

"Today has the prophet's dream come true."

His neighbors gaze at him in awe, marveling and murmuring to each other,

"But is not this Joseph's son?"

For just a few minutes Jesus' church is caught up with him, to see, eye to eye with him, the sweep and glory of his hope for men. Then Jesus begins to speak. We do not know all that he said on that far-off Sabbath morning, but we can guess from the effect. At first as if under some strange charm, his hearers listen as if suddenly come alive, then slowly, like a sullen flood dammed, resentment comes seeping back. What is it he is daring to ask his church to believe and to do and to be! To forgive the Gentile for being a Gentile, and make of him a brother, share with him the fatherhood of God, build with him on earth the brotherhood of man! Nation forgive nation? Is that what this upstart carpenter is daring to preach to his church? The congregation rises, flaming with the murderous instincts of nationalism rebuked. His fellow-churchmen rush upon him to cast out their Christ. Quietly Jesus leaves the mob and steps forward on his way.

In Capernaum again one of the first things we are informed is that Jesus was a regular attendant at church. In Nazareth he had preached internationalism and been rejected for such bold advocacy of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of his children. In Capernaum Jesus meets another type of rejection. We may observe the scene as Luke paints it in his sixth chapter. Again there is the synagogue where Jesus is a familiar figure on every Sabbath. People are tense, restless, waiting to see what he may do on this sacred day, hedged in by the intricate priest-made laws of Jesus' own church. If the provocation to kindness is strong enough, this Jesus may be tempted to break his church's rules for righteousness. There is present in the congregation on that day a man with a withered hand. A priest-led faction watches Jesus, and is not disappointed! He heals upon the Sabbath day! He even dares to denounce the objectors, in a voice that still rings in the church's ears, "I ask you is it right on the Sabbath to heal or to hurt, to save life or to kill?"

Jesus walked forth that day unmolested, but behind leading church people were taking counsel how they might destroy him and save the church from so radical an influence. At Nazareth Jesus told his hearers that God is the Father of all nations. At Capernaum he had brought his social service right home to the synagogue, demanding that the kingdom of kindness be extended even beneath that sacred roof! The secular and the sacred cannot be severed, reverence to God includes reverence to man, that was the twofold adventure Jesus proclaimed to his church by healing on the Sabbath day. It was perilous doctrine. Eventually Jesus died for declaring it.

But neither the violence of the Nazarene synagogue nor the plots of the Capernaum synagogue seem to have severed Jesus from his church. (Continued on page 40)



TREES, taken all in all,
Are slim, straight, big, small,
Or stunted perhaps.
But trees, taken one by one
Or two, you see,
Make a silhouetted sonnet
Inscribed in india ink
Upon a white silk scroll of sky—

For everyone to read
Who passes by.

You and I might be
A poem, beautiful and brief,
Which a stranger, passing, reads,
And finds relief.

LUCILLE MCGREGOR

Mob Murder in America

By R. B. ELEAZER

IN the fifty-four years ending with 1935, American mobs are known to have murdered 4,482 persons, of whom approximately three-fourths were Negroes. Eighty-six of the victims were women, seventeen of them white. With the exception of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont, every state in the Union had one or more lynchings in this period. Mississippi, Georgia, and Texas led the list, with 551, 514, and 483 lynchings, respectively. Louisiana followed with 391 and Alabama with 346, while Arkansas, Florida, Tennessee, and Kentucky had more than two hundred each.

By ten-year periods, beginning with 1882 and ending with 1931, the average annual lynching tolls were 153, 159, 82, 60, and 22. For the past four years the average was eighteen. For the entire fifty-four years it was eighty-three. The peak figure was reached in 1892 with 255 victims; the lowest was 1932, with eight.

Viewing this entire record, one is encouraged to believe that lynching is slowly but surely disappearing from the American scene. A short-range view, however, is not so encouraging. During the past ten years there has been no steady downward trend, but a surprising fluctuation that leaves the annual average of the last three years actually thirty per cent higher than that for the preceding seven years of the decade. Beginning with 1926, the lynching toll year by year was thirty, sixteen, eleven, ten, twenty-one, thirteen, eight, twenty-eight, fifteen, and twenty. Observers were very hopeful when the record went down to eleven in 1928-29, grievously disappointed when it rose to twenty-one in 1930, and again encouraged by the all-time "low" in 1932. Then came a sharp upturn to twenty-eight, fifteen, and twenty in the three years just ended.

The cause of this startling increase? One can only speculate. Economic stress and resulting competition probably had something to do with it, radical agitation and answering reaction almost certainly so. But whatever the cause, it is evident that the end of lynching is still nowhere in sight. The conflict must go on—and it must be an unremitting war, not a battle, nor even a campaign.

In any war against crime one thinks first of laws and courts. In this case there is no doubt that additional legislation would help in most states and perhaps nationally. Especially is there need to provide for mandatory change of venue in lynching cases, in order that they might be tried in an atmosphere free from hysteria and intimidation. Virginia's law on this point might well be adopted by the other states. In the absence of such state laws, Federal legislation to the same end may well be considered.

But something more fundamental is needed. Lynching, like war, roots in the general opinion that it is some-

thing necessary and justifiable. Because of this opinion lynchings are accepted and condoned by many good people who themselves would not consider taking part in them. For that reason, though lynching is everywhere a crime, violating the laws against murder, riot, assault, and conspiracy, the courts rarely indict lynchers, more rarely convict them, and almost never impose sentences commensurate with the offense. In the past five years indictments were returned in only seven of the eighty-four lynchings and convictions were secured in only three, with a few years' imprisonment as the extreme penalty.

It is obvious, therefore, that laws and courts alone will not suffice. Public opinion, the court of last resort, must be brought to the point where it will no longer condone mob violence and protect its perpetrators. And that can be done, not by berating people or even exhorting them, but only by convincing them with the indisputable logic of facts. Prejudice, it should be remembered, is a matter of hasty and mistaken judgment; and that, in turn, is due to insufficient or faulty information.

The public does not know, for example, that mobs have lynched hundreds of innocent persons. Eleven per cent of the victims in the last five years were not even accused of crime. Here are a few typical cases:

Last October near Moultrie, Georgia, "Bo" Brinson, not charged with any offense, was murdered in his home by a mob looking for another Negro accused of murder. In Baker County, Georgia, in June, 1935, a white bootlegger was killed at a Negro dance; when the killer could not be found, two unaccused Negroes were lynched as object lessons. In November, 1933, George Greene, farm tenant of Greenville County, South Carolina, was shot to death in his home by a masked mob, for no apparent reason except that he had repeatedly asked for a settlement for his crop.

In addition to those actually unaccused of crime, many others equally innocent have been lynched because of unfounded suspicion, false accusation, and mistaken identity. It is not the nature of the mob to weigh evidence and wait for proof. Thus Emmanuel McCallum, taken from his bed and hanged by a mob at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, was completely cleared of suspicion by a white jury which investigated the lynching the next day; he was industrious, law-abiding, and wholly innocent of the charge, said this jury. In this way hundreds of innocent men and women have been hurried to their death, without a chance to prove their innocence.

Another large proportion of mob victims have been accused only of minor offenses, some of them even trivial. In the eighty-four lynchings of the past five years, twenty-five of the vic- (Continued on page 42)

The New Child Labor Menace

By MIRIAM KEELER

National Child Labor Committee

IF you were in a central radio station receiving reports on everything concerning children throughout the country, these are some of the things you would have heard during the past few months:

A thirteen-year-old boy named Oscar complained that he, together with three other boys, worked at a barbecue stand in Houston, Texas, seven days a week and eleven hours a day; and that after five weeks' work he was paid only \$2.25. This employer was prosecuted, and, being unable to pay a \$200 fine, went to jail.

A twelve-year-old boy in Flint, Michigan, is suffering from a broken leg received when he fell under the wheels of a truck belonging to a huckster who had hired him and three other boys to hop on and off with orders. One of the other boys was only eleven years of age.

A girl in Massachusetts was offered a sewing job, working seven hours a day at \$5 a week, but was told she must work the first week as learner without any pay.

Gus, a boy of fifteen with ambitions to study an electrical trade, is working nine hours a day in a New York barber shop, sweeping floors, heating towels, and sharpening razors. The fine dust gets into his throat and makes him cough, and he is beginning to look decidedly anemic. He earns \$7.50 a week.

In Paterson, New Jersey, a silk manufacturing center, several children, who look no more than twelve, thirteen, and fourteen years of age, were found at work in small family silk mills during the summer. One little girl produced a birth certificate proving she was thirteen years of age! Three of the employers were later haled into court by the New Jersey Department of Labor.

A survey of the causes of absence from school made during the fall in Edinburg, Texas, revealed that forty-two per cent of the absences were due to child labor.

And if you decide to get at the bottom of these reports and find out just what is happening in the field of child labor, the figures on work permits issued to children under sixteen by various states and cities provide the answer. In some cases the increase in number of permits granted in corresponding months in the fall of 1934 and 1935 amounted to several hundred per cent. Take one or two specific cases:

In North Carolina no certificates for work in mills and factories were granted to children under sixteen during 1934. But in the last seven months of 1935, a total of 106 children, fourteen and fifteen years of age, obtained such permits—82 of them for work in cotton mills. Moreover, 357 other permits were issued to children for employment in service trades, nearly half of them on a full-time basis, as compared with only 155 in 1934. "Service trades," by the way, include children

working in laundries, restaurants, places of amusement, and tobacco warehouses.

In Providence, Rhode Island, where fifteen-year-old children receiving regular employment certificates between June 1 and December 31, 1934, numbered exactly 40; the corresponding number in 1935 was 266.

Yet no state has taken legislative action to lower its child labor standards; a few states have even improved their child labor laws.

What happened, then, in the spring of 1935, to cause this sudden resurgence of child labor? There can be only one answer: the code provisions for child labor were removed by the Supreme Court decision declaring the NRA unconstitutional.

Under the codes, for nearly two years, sixteen had been the minimum age for full-time employment in mills and factories and many other occupations all over the country; children fourteen and fifteen years of age were allowed to work a few hours a day outside of school hours in such occupations as retail stores. These standards had been accepted everywhere both by employers and by the boys and girls themselves as being both practical and fair. No employer had need to fear that by ceasing to employ children under sixteen his business would be injured, because he knew that all his competitors would be operating on the same basis.

Overnight this protection was removed. The conditions you have just been hearing about are the result.

Nor are the children under sixteen who have prematurely taken up the burdens of breadwinning the only sufferers. Paradoxically, their loss is also the loss of their older brothers and sisters who were, under the codes, holding many of the jobs which younger children are now taking—presumably at a lower wage. For boys and girls of sixteen and over were not barred from employment—except in especially hazardous occupations—by the codes. As a matter of fact, the Children's Bureau reports that there was an increase of twenty-three per cent in work permits issued to sixteen- and seventeen-year-old minors between 1932 and 1934, in states and cities reporting on this point. With the end of code operation, the situation was reversed. In New York City, the only one certificating sixteen-year-olds for which 1935 figures are available, there was a drop of over 300 in the number of certificates issued to minors sixteen years of age in the last four months of 1935 as compared with 1934. On the other hand, work permits issued to children of fourteen and fifteen years jumped from 1,405 to 5,229!

All this has taken place, not as a result of any purpose or plan, but as an incidental result of the decision against the NRA. It is just (*Continued on page 41*)

Let Me Tell You a Good Story

THE STORY *this month* is told by the Rev. Theodore Kerremans and is a true story of the power of redeeming grace in his life. If anybody doubts let him read this thrilling testimony. Mr. Kerremans is just returning to his home in Belgium from an itinerary through the churches of the Tennessee Conference

WHEN the War broke out, I had never seen a Bible in my life, and had no other comfort to give to my mother when I left her than to say that perhaps I would come through it easily.

But the first bullet that I got brought me into a hospital conducted by atheists, where a nurse congratulated me because I did not ask for a priest and said she was glad to see a soldier who did not believe "all that rubbish."

The second bullet brought me to a hospital where the nursing was done by nuns. They tried hard to persuade me to wear a scapula in order to keep all evil from myself, but of course it did not keep away bullets.

From there I was transferred to another hospital, where the nursing was done by Christian nurses, and that is where I got most angry with religion because of the Sundays. In Belgium Sunday is the day for all kinds of sports and games, and drinking, dancing, and all that are especially indulged in on Sunday. But in this hospital all the games were put away on Sunday. I could find no cards or anything to play, and felt greatly disgusted with the evangelical hospital.

When I came out of the hospital I was sent to a Christian home to convalesce. They knew I did not want any mention made of religion; but on the last day I was asked, "If the worst should happen to you after you go back to the front, where will you be?"

I went back to the front, and at the end of three months had one week's leave. During that week I heard some people on a street corner telling of Jesus in an open-air meeting, and asked my friend what it meant. He said these were people who believed in Jesus and were giving their testimony, and I thought they must have a screw loose somewhere. I thought it was nonsense to be talking of their faith in that public way. I felt quite sure I would never do it.

At the end of that week's leave I was asked to take a New Testament with me, with no obligation to read it, but to have it with me all the time so that when I had become dissatisfied with everything I could look at the Testament. I took it back with me to the front, and when I was wounded for the third time, I fell with my



Rev. Theodore Kerremans

left arm in front of me. When I saw that my arm was as white as a sheet of paper, I thought that I would die. The first question that came to me was the one that had been put to me—"Where will you be if the worst should happen?" I tried to remember my prayers, but could remember only the one which started with "Our Father" and ended with "Amen," but I could not remember what came in between. So I thought, "If God really exists and knows everything, then he must know that I have forgotten my prayers."

I was sent to the hospital again and was nearer death when they were trying to get the bullet out than when I came in. I

refused to confess my sins to a priest; and a few days after, when I was a little better, a nurse came into the ward, going from one bed to another, and asked me if he could do something for me. I asked him to read the New Testament to me. He asked what portion I wanted read, and I told him to read the beginning. He thought I did not know the Book and what I needed was something else. I insisted that it should be the beginning, especially because I did not know the Book. Then he began to read at the beginning, and after reading on for some verses—I do not know exactly how many—he said, "Is that exactly what you want?"

"No," I said, "I am afraid not."

Then he said, "I will pick you something out," and he read to me the stories of the Good Shepherd and the Prodigal Son. After that I started reading the New Testament myself until I found that there was contradiction between the Catholic Church and the preaching of Jesus, and still later that there was contradiction between my own life and the teaching of Jesus.

One day after I was much better an inner voice told me that I was not in sympathy with the teaching. I did not know what to do. I was ready to go out, but I went back to my room and told my friend that I did not know what was going on with me but that if I had a prayer book, I would read my prayers. He told me I should go out and have a drink of *calvados* (hard cider). He said, "Go get a drink of *calvados* and that will put you right." (Continued on page 40)

The Missionary Society

The June Program

Missionary Topic: The Church and Disadvantaged Communities. (1) The City Mission Board; (2) Wesley House Volunteer Workers; (3) Church Members and Disadvantaged Communities.

Worship and Meditation: See *Yearbook* and below.

The Least of Us

If anyone had told Annette Kellerman in the days of her ill-shaped and healthless figure that some day her trained muscles would bring her energy, poise, and beauty!—but no one did tell her. Even the idea she had to get for herself. To be sure, many persons contributed to forming the ideals which she decided to realize, but she herself had to furnish the will and the way.

In exactly the same manner and following the same sure and inevitable sequence of ambition, effort, achievement, spiritual energy is achieved. A great aim brings forth great effort and great effort develops ability never suspected by an individual who has not "stretched every nerve" toward some high aim.

Certainly no one, least of all Mellie Phelps, would have picked her as church organist. To begin with, it was a piano which she played when there was time to play anything. It was an old piano, too, brought to Mountain City, South Dakota, when her parents came in as first settlers. Now Mellie was grown and married and the mother of three small children. One rainy day when the children happened, by some chance, to be napping at the same time, Mellie got out the book of sonatas. She played firmly, evenly, and with something of her own special kind of quiet joy.

The new preacher, passing by, heard the music. He was a young preacher on his first parish, and until he came to Mountain City he never dreamed that there was a church in the United States which had no organist at all. No organist, no choir, not much singing—and he coveted a "singing church."

Mellie was almost too embarrassed to speak when she opened the door. She never played for anyone at any time and was so shy that she seldom went to church.

What the young preacher said to her she never quite remembered; but when he left, Mellie felt burning in her soul a flicker of the Light which is always present in every human heart. Moreover, she felt "needed"—as if something tremendous depended somehow upon this small thing she had to offer. Every day for two weeks Mellie practiced on the little church organ.

Six years have gone by since that first frightened Sunday when Mellie played the hymns. Now, if you should go to that Mountain City church, you would never believe that the capable, animated Mrs. Mellie Phelps who plays the new organ and directs the well-

trained choir had not had a thorough musical education. And of course you would be right, for nothing educates so successfully as purpose, dedication, and faithfulness.

To be willing to put one's whole soul into a common task and make it thereby an uncommon task—that is the secret of service. It was a woman—and a grandmother at that—who had never done anything of a public nature who began the political clean-up which resulted in a new form of government and a new type of public official in one of the largest cities of our land. When she made her first call in behalf of a decent ward committeeman, her neighbor said, "For land sakes, Emmie, it *must* be important if it's got you up and at 'em." It was. So important that she forgot her diffidence and even her mediocrity and sunk her modest self in the cause. Of course, she outgrew her mediocrity in developing spiritual muscles she never knew she had.

It is of more than passing interest that frequently the best suggestions for the improvement of a missionary society, or a Bible class, or a sewing circle, come from the humblest members. Committee chairmen may pick up the suggestions and pass them on to the officers, but they originate in the minds of "ordinary members" who are not afraid to express an intelligent observation and a sincere conviction.

Probably there is not one among us who does not have some special gift of mind or spirit which may be developed *if we wish* to the point of more than ordinary ability. In one of the Chicago settlement houses is a drinking fountain dedicated to a remarkable woman who never missed her class in twenty years of service and who was never late to an appointment with one of her girls. Her faithfulness was a cornerstone of consecration upon which others, whose gifts were perhaps more spectacular, reared the pillars of an intangible edifice of Christian service which might—literally—have tottered and fallen except for her devotion. The same God who made the mustard seed, the acorn, and all such storehouses of mystery and miracle has not forgotten to bless the potentialities of his children.

MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

For World Outlook Superintendents

Many World Outlook superintendents are mailing their quarterly reports to the World Outlook office in Nashville. When disposed of in this way, these reports are labor wasted. They should be sent to your conference superintendent. This may seem a small matter; but if you wish to have the World Outlook subscriptions and other information included in your superintendent's report, then mail your report to her promptly the first of April, July, October, and January. *Do not send it to Nashville.*

Thy Kingdom Come

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

Waiting for the Equinox

WRITING of the record winter and the relief coming with the vernal equinox, Dr. Rufus M. Jones, in *Friends Intelligencer*, mentions another "equinox":

Unfortunatly, we do not seem to have any "tilt," any vernal equinox, for our other kind of world, the world of our social hopes. There is no regular orbit on which we can count. There is no fixed point in the process of the years at which a new warmth of love and understanding suddenly melts the old, hard social customs, "honeycombs" the congealed systems of greed and sets the new life-sap flowing that will bring the bud and flower and seed and fruit of a new order of human society. We cannot predict the date of this other equinox. We cannot say to the sufferer from injustice and wrong, "Wait a bit in the midst of your snow and cold and ice, a tilt of the world is working for you. It promises an equinox that is bound to melt every wall which separates men into classes. It is sure to thaw the hardest hearts. It is certain to make these cities of hate and bitterness and warfare as lovely and beautiful as watered gardens."

No, we cannot predict the date of the social equinox. . . . But we may be sure that Cosmic Free Grace is not exhausted in the world of outward spaces. Does anyone suppose that the tilt is an accident and that the inevitable equinox is an accident of that first accident? Or is there some intelligent Mind that binds the sweet influences of Pleiades and brings forth Mazzaroth in his season? And if there is an intelligent purpose in the Cosmic stream, must there not much more be a Mother Sea of Spirit behind our little lives that are spirits? And if so, may there not come into us from beyond us fresh instalments of life, new equinoxes of melting warmth, new incursions of love and truth? It seems to me at least that history is, in the main, not the story of wars and disasters, but rather the story of new instalments of life, new equinoxes of the Spirit. Perhaps one is just ahead.

"Mother" Williams Goes to China

THE *Missionary Herald* gives the interesting story of the visit to China of Mrs. George L. Williams, whose husband was killed in the Boxer uprising, a story doubly interesting to Methodists because of its "Soong" connection.

Over thirty-five years ago that oldest graduate, Mr. Fei Ch'i Hao, principal of the school in Taiku, was transferred to Fenchow. Then in the summer of 1900 came the Boxer uprising and H. H. Kung and Rev. George L. Williams stood guard at night over the Taiku compound to protect the group within it. Mrs. Williams after nine years of service had taken her three children to America, but her husband had been asked to remain until a missionary should be sent to take his place.

One day H. H. Kung took some garments for safe keeping to his home. He was kept prisoner, not allowed to return to the compound, and thus his life was saved. For on July 31 the Boxers finally succeeded in making an entrance into the Mission compound and all the helpers and missionaries, Mr. Williams, in the group, were killed.

The missionaries in Fenchow met the same fate, but Mr. Fei made his escape. Then he and H. H. Kung found their

way down to Tientsin and gave the first report of the trouble in the interior. . . .

After long delay in entering the country, they entered Oberlin College, whence they graduated in 1906, took their Master's degree at Yale the next year and returned to China, where Mr. Fei took up Y.M.C.A. work in Peiping (he is now a government official), and Dr. Kung became principal of the school at Taiku. Now he is chairman of the Oberlin-Shansi Schools, Minister of Finance, head of the Central Bank of China.

Meanwhile Mrs. Williams stayed in Oberlin, and her home became the center for all the Chinese students attending Oberlin. She was "Mother" to them all.

Last May she received a letter from one of them, Gene L. Chiao: "Here is a trip for you at last, 'Mother' Williams! The Oberlinites in Shanghai are each wanting to contribute a share toward financing your trip to China. . . ."

So came about the arrival at Shanghai in September. For ten days Mrs. Williams was entertained royally in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Kung. The parents of Madame Kung, Mr. and Mrs. Soong, were ardent Methodist Christians, and their spirit reappears in their three daughters, Madame Chiang Kai Shek, Madame Kung, and Madame Sun Yat Sen.

Mrs. Williams had the privilege of being escorted by Dr. Kung in his armored car to one of the most thrilling Chinese services she had ever attended, conducted in the old Soong home which Madame Kung has herself established as a memorial to her sainted mother—Madame Chiang Kai Shek leading the service that night. Among those present were men and women of great influence in Shanghai who had become converted under the leadership of the Soong family.

"I Live on Death Avenue"

THUS runs a startling statement by Franklin J. Kennedy in the *Christian Advocate*, Northwestern Edition, referring to a situation that grows more and more alarming with each new day.

It is Wednesday morning and I am looking out on Death Avenue. It is a pleasant thoroughfare which something promordial and brutal and utterly amoral in human nature has transferred into a highway of slaughter.

I live on Death Avenue, but two death streets cross it at right angles, and, between the two, I live.

Early on a recent Sunday morning on one of these death streets within four blocks of my home a woman was killed by an automobile running on the left side of the street without lights—an automobile that went on into the night and is still unidentified.

On the evening of the next day, within five blocks of my home, I found the wreckage in which a man had just killed himself by driving on the left-hand side of the street head-on into a trolley car.

On Monday evening, a week later, at five-thirty o'clock I was stopped on Death Avenue within eight blocks of my home by a crowd assembled around a car that was held up on the sidewalk. Beside the car lay the unconscious form of a man who had been hit.

Last night at six o'clock I left my door on Death Avenue to find an automobile across the curb on my own lawn, the streets blocked in every direction with suspended traffic, and the still form of a seventy-year-old woman lying under a blanket on the frozen street.

Thy Will Be Done

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

And this morning I am asking myself how I can go on living in such a world, and save my soul. I am praying to God that I may not get used to it. I am asking that he will help me to cry out and keep on crying out until no one around me can live in peace with it.

The brutalizing effect of this daily slaughter is so terrible that nothing can survive a generation that gets used to it. God pity us if we do not march upon this thing in a veritable army of aroused public opinion and demand that some obvious things be done.

I can think of a few of them this morning. Here they are: (1) properly lighted streets; (2) properly licensed operators; (3) the right to use illuminated red and green upon the streets only in traffic signals; (4) compulsory reduction of speed; (5) rigid inspection of lights and equipment; (6) merciless and relentless prosecution of every intoxicated person found behind a wheel; (7) get rid of a liquor traffic that, in driver and pedestrian alike, has appallingly increased the hazard of life on our streets.

As the psalmist said of Jerusalem, let me say of this, if I get used to this gross slaughter on our streets, "let my right hand forget her cunning . . . and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Are We Guilty?

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS are marching on," says Dr. F. F. Goodsell in the *Missionary Review of the World*, and gives encouraging evidence that the Kingdom is on the march. There is just one thing to halt it, he says:

There is only one thing that can halt the progress of the world movement of Christianity. The depression has not halted it. It has produced some problems, it has accentuated others, but it has not halted the movement of the world toward Christ. Imperialism, fascism, communism, Hitlerism have not halted it. These are all external enemies. They are foreign to the spirit of Christ. They are new forms of ancient evils. The Christian church has met them before. The thing that can halt and destroy the world movement toward Christ is un-Christian Christians. The real question before us is: Are we determined to take Jesus Christ in earnest? Do we think the world has outgrown him? Are we becoming blind on moral and spiritual issues in our own lives? I have faith to believe in the signs of a spiritual awakening across America, the like of which the Western world has never seen. Missions are marching on and will march on through the decades before us.

Firearms into Plows

IN his "rambling round" Dr. Frank S. Onderdonk has his eyes and ears open, and makes many interesting observations. In a late issue of the *Southwestern Advocate* is one that is especially timely.

In a news sheet received from the Department of Foreign Relations in Mexico, I note this interesting item: The Government has decided to convert its obsolete firearms, including cannon, into scrap iron and manufacture ten thousand plows to be distributed among the poor farmers of the country, who, for hundreds of years, have been tilling the soil with forked sticks drawn by oxen. What was it Brother

Isaiah said about converting swords into pruning hooks? Anyone who thinks of Mexico as a backward nation, let him take notice.

What if the United States should decide to spend more on education than it does on its military? It would be a cheering spectacle. One's mind reels at the fantastic sums this country is appropriating for defense. Defense against whom? Canada, England, Europe, Latin America, Russia, or China? Certainly not! All these billions are being spent to defend ourselves against Japan! I suppose we are Japan's greatest customer and her every interest is to preserve peace with this country. . . . Our country could never, in all time to come, get enough out of a war over there, supposing we were victorious, to pay back what it would and is costing us. If we will let Japan alone they will let us alone. The Philippine scare does not worry me in the least. If they ever get their absolute independence and find it to their interest to be swallowed by Japan, let that be their business. We have country enough, some of the best of which we took from Mexico just as Japan has been getting some of hers. Let us attend our own patch and instead of wasting multiplied hundreds of millions in preparation for what should and may never come, use it in the highest development of what we have.

What the World Needs

DR. F. W. KERR, writing in the *United Church Record and Missionary Review*, under the caption, "Forgive Us . . . as We Forgive," calls to mind a principle that is paramount but too often overlooked.

God cannot reach an unforgiving soul. Harbored resentments, cherished grudges, hatreds, and enmities are barriers against which the Grace of God will beat in vain. Eager as God is to enrich every child with blessing, nevertheless the man who will not forgive is in a far country beyond the reach of the Father's riches.

. . . . What the world needs above all things is the practice of this grace of forgiveness. Without forgiveness, a man would be doomed to drag the sins and failures of the past adown the years. The only reason why any prodigal ever turns his eyes homeward is because he shows that forgiveness is the virtue of parenthood, and especially of motherhood. No mother would ever have asked the Master, "How many times shall I forgive?" She would have known that forgiveness has no limit, and that in the arithmetic of the skies seventy times seven is a million. The happiest hour in the life of God is when he puts his arms in forgiving welcome around a home-coming penitent.

The plain truth is, that this world of ours can be saved, only if it begins to practice forgiveness on a continental scale. In a recent editorial, a great newspaper declared, "There is one word that should be written in letters of fire across Europe. It is the word 'Forgive.' In an atmosphere of forgiveness of old grudges between nations, reason and justice would soon find a way to adjust the most stubborn differences." And even the magazine of Wall Street issued an appeal to the American people to cancel war debts, to forgive and forget. "Every annual pay day will be a day of maledictions," it says, "of fresh stirring of ill will toward us. Every great nation's hand will be against us, so long as these debts remain unforgiven. We can get along without ten billions of dollars, but we cannot get along without the good will of the nations."

Our Specials

THIS STORY of the rebirth of missionary interest in the little Methodist church of Shepherdsville, Kentucky, may well be called a modern missionary romance. Let him who thinks "it can't be done" read this little story—and ponder

THIS is the story of a Missionary Special that has helped a little Kentucky town to conquer the depression and has set the hearts of the good Methodists of the town singing, as they give "in spite of" for the spread of His Kingdom around the earth. And it is also the story of the indomitable faith of the pastor of this little church at Shepherdsville, who inspired his people with the idea that they could and should support a Missionary Special and whose heart is "shouting with joy over the results."



Methodist Church, Shepherdsville, Kentucky
". . . and the pastor's soul began to sing"

Just a year ago the Rev. C. H. Skelton, new pastor at Shepherdsville, made this challenging statement: "I know that we can get the people of this town interested in foreign missions." But how? The depression had hit the little town so hard and the people had been so beset with difficulties that their troubles had become almost an obsession with them. They had no time to think of other people—almost no desire—for the best they could do was to keep things going for themselves.

And into the midst of this situation came the new pastor with his challenge: "I know we can get the people of this town interested in foreign missions." To the Board of Missions he sent out his "SOS." "Help us," he wrote. "Will you let us make a designated gift? My thought is to get some young person in a foreign land, whom we can keep in school or supply some of his needs in some way. Help us to make such a contact in some especially worthy field, where our little will help much. I know this will arouse interest. I am not sure we can put our program across otherwise."

Several Specials were suggested, and at length, moved by the missionary enthusiasm of their pastor, the good Methodists of Shepherdsville decided to try one and chose as the object of their missionary interest one of the young students at Porto Alegre College, Porto Alegre, Brazil—Fredolino Colombo, a candidate for the ministry. Rev. J. W. Daniel, who is on the faculty of the

Seminary, calls Fredolino "the baby of the Seminary, since he hasn't yet reached the Seminary at all." Scarcely could the church at Shepherdsville have found a more interesting Special than Fredolino—a young Italian, born in Brazil and supposed to be a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus (spelled in the Portuguese Colombo). A picture of Fredolino and also a letter (translated from the Portuguese by Mr. Daniel) found their way from Brazil to the little Kentucky church, and soon the people were speaking with pride of "our student" in far-off Brazil.

And the pastor's soul began to sing, for he said: "My people

are giving to missions as they have not given for years. I want to keep them going."

And they did? The end of the year came and the Special was renewed. But that is not the end of the story. A request came for another list from which they might choose a *second* Special, and then on January 27 came a letter from Mr. Skelton—a letter of great rejoicing:

"We had a great missionary day in our church yesterday. We had as our guest speaker a Brazilian boy from the Baptist Seminary in Louisville, and as his home is in Porto Alegre, he was able to tell us much of our Methodist school there, and he even knew Mr. Daniel himself, though not Fredolino Colombo, our student whom we support.

"Inclosed you will find our check for this 'Special' work in Brazil which means so much to our little church. Next month we will send you another check, since we want to take our *second* Special then. And at the close of the year we hope to send a third check for our *third* Special for the support of a native worker in the Congo Mission under Dr. W. S. Hughlett.

"My soul is shouting with joy over the enthusiasm our people are showing. It is because they are having first-hand contact with the people they are trying to help."

Personals

Dr. John A. Snell, superintendent of our Soochow Hospital, Soochow, China, a distinguished surgeon, a splendid missionary executive and builder, who gave twenty-seven years of his life to the development of medical work in China, died of pneumonia at his post of duty on March 2, 1936. Dr. Snell ranked as one of the foremost physicians and surgeons, not only in China, but in the United States, in 1924 being elected as a fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

On October 6, 1907, he was married to Miss Grace Birkett, of Brooklyn, New York, who became the faithful and devoted fellow-worker of her distinguished husband. Surviving him are his widow and seven children—Mrs. Frank Tweedy, Mrs. J. W. Darr, John Raymond, Martha Amy, Grace Birkett, Walter Arthur, and Fred Manget.

Further facts of his illness and funeral have not reached this office, but in the next issue of *WORLD OUTLOOK* will appear an appreciation of our lamented friend by one of his colleagues.

The Board of Missions, his conference in the China Mission, and a host of friends, both in America and China, mourn with his family the passing of this leader in the medical missionary work of the Church.



Mrs. Harry J. Carpenter, born Marion Phin, passed away after a long and trying illness at her home, 1221 Eighteenth Avenue, South, Nashville, on March 2, 1936.

Mrs. Carpenter, born at Guelph, Ontario, was the daughter of Adam Phin and Jane Pringle Phin, natives of Hawick and Edinburgh, Scotland. Mrs. Carpenter moved to Waterford, New York, when a young girl, was married in Charleston, South Carolina, March 17, 1899, where she resided until 1905, moving to Charlotte, North Carolina, and with her husband to Nashville, Tennessee, in 1911, where she has resided for the past twenty-five years.

With a brilliant, inquiring mind, a kindly, cheerful disposition, she became with her husband the center of a circle of choice and fondly admiring friends.

The funeral service, conducted by her pastor, Dr. Costen J. Harrell, was at her home, and burial was at Woodlawn Memorial Cemetery.



A letter from Superintendent J. S. Ryang, of Seoul, informs *WORLD OUTLOOK* of the death of **Mrs. Yun**, the mother of Dr. T. H. Yun. Mrs. Yun had reached the good age of ninety-three, passing peacefully to her heaven-

ly rest at four o'clock on February 12. She had been ill for five days of pneumonia.

Mrs. Yun was a very devout and beautiful Christian, as well as the mother of one of the greatest Korean men. She was baptized in 1911 by the late Dr. H. G. Underwood, pioneer missionary of the Northern Presbyterian Church. Three sons, sixteen grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren, and hundreds of relatives survive her.

She was buried in the Yun family burying ground by the side of her husband in On-yang, about one hundred miles from Seoul.

The sympathy of many acquaintances and friends reading this note will go out to Dr. Yun and his family.



The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Paris, Kentucky, reports with sorrow the passing on February 5 of **Miss Alice Newton Ford**, a charter member, whose years of unselfish service have been a benediction not only to the society and church but to the community in which she lived.

Miss Ford descended from a cultured ancestry in Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky, was graduated from Daughters College, and had other opportunities of preparation for her life's service. In the work of the Missionary Society she was outstanding, as has been her sister, Miss Sue T. Ford, who served with marked success in the mission fields of Cuba, Mexico, and Florida.

By the side of her casket at the funeral in her home, a well-known educator of the community said, "Your sister was the best teacher we ever had in our school." And her sisters who survive her gratefully testify that "Alice was the best person we ever knew." Mrs. Mary Moore McCoy, who knew them well, pays high tribute to Miss Ford and to her sister, Miss Sue.



Miss Muriel Lester recently left China for India after spending nine months in Japan and China, mostly in the latter. She left a live influence for effort against social evils and for social good.



Rev. J. R. Saunders, who was appointed by Bishop Dacorso to take charge of Methodist work at Porto Uniao, Brazil, has a district composed of two states, namely, Santa Catharina, with an area of 28,264 square miles and a population estimated at 1,000,000, and Parana, with an area of 93,269 square miles and a larger population than Santa Catharina. Mr. Saunders says:

"The Bishop was looking toward the future when we shall have another Annual Conference in Brazil. And it will come! But at present I am the only preacher here, and I do not have much trouble superintending the district." The work in Porto Uniao was begun by the Rev. D. L. Betts three years ago.



Rev. David Stubbs, who went to Japan in September, 1935, devotes each Sunday morning to leading a class of students at the Korean Y.M.C.A. in the study of the Gospel of John in English. The attendance ranges from about seven on rainy days to about fourteen at best. These students attend the various colleges and universities in Tokyo.

The World in a Word

ELEVEN colleges and universities of Christian missionary origins in China have gained in student enrolment a total of 244 students, in comparison with a year ago. The enrolment for the term 1935-36 is 4,634. ¶ One-third of all the people of the world live in the Orient. China has 480,000,000 and Japan has 70,000,000. American Christians are more responsible for the evangelization of this multitude than any other group in the world. ¶ Facts gathered by the Belgian Red Cross and by many mission doctors show that the incidence of leprosy in the Belgian Congo is at least one per cent, or a total of at least 100,000 lepers in a population of approximately 10,000,000. ¶ Missions in the Belgian Congo have been assured that the Government will grant concessions of ground for leper villages and gardens, supply all drugs, pay for one infirmier for each colony, provide food and clothing, and give a small grant for initial huts. ¶ In China the Rural Reconstruction Movement, not yet ten years old, reports sixty-seven different groups carrying on a varied experimental rural welfare work in twenty provinces with such effectiveness that the Government is extending its hearty co-operation. The Government aims at the conservation of the results gained in the mass education movement. ¶ In answer to Mussolini's appeal to the students of the world, the Norwegian University students passed a resolution in which they declared that "if Mussolini's policies triumph, it will mean civilization will be humiliated by brutal gangster methods. The death knell will ring for all smaller nations that are unable to withstand the power of tanks, airplanes, and poison gas."

The Missionary Society of Brazil at Work

(Continued from page 17)

hundred miles over rough mountain roads. It took them six days to make the journey, but they bravely faced and conquered all of the many difficulties and arrived safe and sound, weary but very happy.

When Dona Olivia told one of her neighbors that she had decided to take her two little children and make that long and difficult journey, the neighbor said, "It will be sure to kill you. Yes, you will die on the road."

"Even if I die," said Dona Olivia, "I am going. The truth is that I should rather be dead than have a work to do and not know how to do it. I have been elected president of our missionary society, and I must learn what I should do to develop this part of the work of our church. The district secretary writes me that Miss Epps is to be there and that every day during the conference there will be an hour in which special instruction will be given to the women. I need this instruction, and I am going for it, no matter what it costs." Her extraordinary courage was indeed an inspiration and a challenge to all of us.

Our women are helping to support our medical missionary, Dr. Nelson Araujo, a Brazilian who was educated in our mission schools. He is working out in the very heart of Brazil among the Caiuas Indians and is as much a true missionary as David Livingstone ever was. Miss Ferguson and I had the joy of spending eight days in this Mission this year. There are only six hundred Indians in the tribe, but it is only one of the uncounted tribes of human beings in the heart of Brazil who have never heard the good news that Jesus came to bring so many centuries ago. Dr. Nelson Araujo is our Methodist contribution to the co-operative mission working among the Caiuas Indians.

We found many things of great interest. One of the old Indian's wives had died; and when we visited the tribe, he had just gotten a new one who is quite young and, he thinks, beautiful. He asked me to take his picture with her. I told him that I'd be glad to do it if he would only smile a bit, that I didn't like my kodak to take pictures of long-faced and sad people. I told him also that if he really loved his young bride and was already married to her, it would not be any harm to hold her hand a tiny bit. He most timidly got real close to her, took her hand, and looked up and smiled at me. I snapped the first shot. Then I told him that he was smiling at the wrong woman, that I was not his bride. With that he turned to his new wife and smiled a real smile for the second pic-

ture. He and she both had on all the clothes that they possessed. These Indians wear what clothes they can get since our missionaries have gone there to teach them, but they have very few. I saw one boy strutting around with absolutely nothing on but a hat and a pair of old sandals. Yet he seemed to think that he was properly dressed from head to foot. The women of our missionary societies are helping me to get some clothes for them. It was a joy to send Dr. Nelson three big suitcases full of cloth and ready-made garments to use for Christmas presents for the Indians. Sometimes it is very cold there and they actually suffer for clothing.

When our missionaries first went out there they suffered for the food that they needed, but now they have plenty of fruit and vegetables and other good things to eat.

Besides the house where the missionaries live, they have a shed that serves for a workshop, a garage, a schoolhouse, and a church; the loft is used for a hospital. Dr. Nelson says that the hope of the Mission is in the children; therefore, he teaches them three hours every day. Each pupil has a desk made of a gasoline box. Fortunately Dr. Nelson sings and enjoys teaching the children to sing. They have a baby organ that is as worthy of respect as was the one used by "The Lady of the Decoration."

We went with the missionaries to call on a number of the Indians in their almost empty little huts, and one day we were "At Home" to them. At least three hundred came to repay our calls. We served raw peanuts and "rapadura." Now, don't ask me what that is in English, for it simply isn't in our language.

Dr. Nelson spends most of his time in God's great out-of-doors and seems to be heartily in love with life. He has won the confidence and respect and even the love of the whole tribe of Caiuas Indians. He has been out there all of these years, and Miss Ferguson and I are the only visitors that he has ever had from the outside world. We had a great time and thoroughly enjoyed every hour of the eight days that we spent there.

To get to the Mission from Sao Paulo we journeyed two days and nights on a terribly hot and dusty train, and then 225 miles in or behind or in front of one of the worst old automobiles that we ever saw. There are no words to describe that journey, but we made the round trip, and our rich experiences while in the Mission are worth it all. It was the greatest experience that I have ever had.

We made the return journey back to the railroad, then we got on the train and traveled for eight hours. At a little place called Visconde de Taunay we left the train and went by horseback out into the country to visit another Mission to the Indians. This Mission is run by missionaries sent out by the South American Inland Missionary Union. It is twenty years old. We had the pleasure of spending four days there. In this tribe there are 1,500 Indians and 150 of them are Christians. More than one hundred of them have been baptized and are members of a church. We had the Lord's Supper with them on one beautiful Sunday morning. I am not going to tell you now all that happened while we were there, but I must tell just one experience.

The day was very hot and I was weary. We were out walking and passed the biggest dam that I had ever seen. The water was clear and beautiful and so inviting. I actually ran to the house to put on my lovely new bathing suit that I had bought in New York last year and had never had a chance to use. About a dozen others were going in swimming with me, but I was in too big a rush to wait for them. I ran ahead and plunged into the lovely water. Then I heard them all screaming and saying, "Look! Look! Look!" I did look and saw that I had nearly jumped onto a *tremendous alligator*. I didn't know that alligators could be so big. The poor fellow was terribly frightened. He suddenly took a notion to go in one direction, and it was not the direction that I suddenly decided to take. And, you may believe it or not, but all of a sudden I took a notion that it was time to go back to the house.

Early the next morning we left for the station. This time we went in an oxcart, with four big oxen to pull us and a pure-blood Indian to guide them and keep them in the right road. We arrived at the station just as the clock was striking twelve, and within ten minutes the train had come to take us back to Sao Paulo—a journey of three days and nights. If our oxen had delayed eleven minutes more on that journey, it would have been necessary for us to stay right there by the roadside and wait three days for the next train to come along to bring us back to Sao Paulo, where we live.

I have given you only a glimpse of the great missionary enterprises in which our women are having a part. Our organized and federated work will be twenty years old on April 23, 1936. We now have three well-organized conference societies, with sixteen large districts. Through these districts and conferences approximately five thousand women are co-operating in voluntary service.

"Two and Two"

(Continued from page 3)

As he spoke the brief English sentences, Pastor Kaung put them into Chinese, just as clearly and vividly. Never was translation done more perfectly; the great thoughts were as beautifully expressed in the language of Dr. Kaung as in the Bishop's speech. Nothing was lost or slurred over. The two made one perfect whole.

When at the close the Bishop called for the audience to stand and sing a hymn that was not on the program, but which was in the hearts of all, every voice helped swell the chorus, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." And the echo of that chorus will go down through a half century to come.

One Man's Lifetime

(Continued from page 18)

they graduated in the Granbery Schools of Dentistry or Pharmacy. Unfortunately, for lack of funds, these schools were closed several years ago.

The primary department is to serve as an adjunct to the School of Education.

In the afternoons hundreds of happy students are to be seen on the three football fields, the four basketball and three volley ball courts, jumping, running, throwing the weight, and engaging in other forms of field events, and joined by teachers on the four tennis courts.

But if our beloved veteran, Dr. Kennedy, is to discover the extent of the influences he himself put in motion, he must not limit his investigations to the Methodist Church or to Granbery College. There is hardly a home in the city, there is hardly a phase of municipal life, or industrial or commercial activity, where these influences have not touched and blessed in some way or other. And what shall we say of the influences that have gone from the city to other cities and to other states and have even crossed the oceans? All the power of evil cannot destroy the influence of a good life nor blot out the results of a consecrated ministry dedicated to the glory of God and the well-being of man.

Progress is not confined to the city itself. The Juis de Fora District has had an extraordinary development within the last five years. It is served almost altogether by student pastors, and as all pastorates are within easy reach by train and bus, the pastors have been able to carry on the work actively and at the same time do full work in the School of Theology.

Juiz de Fora is a modern, progressive city, but the development of the surrounding country is hindered by the fact that it is in large measure held by large landholders; and while the planters' homes are commonly modern residences with electric lights, running water, etc., the farm hands live in a pitiable state

of ignorance and poverty. This naturally makes our work in rural sections very difficult and slow, but even our youngest and most inexperienced student pastors undertake the most difficult work with courage and intelligence and do not limit their efforts to preaching, but strive to raise the economic, health, and educational level along with religious and moral teaching.

On the large plantations, as unbelievable as it seems, men are paid, in this part of the country, only about twenty or thirty cents a day when they work. In addition, they are commonly forced to buy supplies at the plantation store, paying excessive prices, so they are continually in debt to the employer. Living in unsanitary conditions, without adequate food, many without an opportunity to send their children to school, it is no wonder that disease, ignorance, and superstition dominate from birth to death.

Our young pastors do not hesitate, even in the face of such conditions, which are common in a few of our churches. One of them has a circuit in which one church is composed of people who live in such circumstances. This young man, himself the son of a pastor and perhaps the most brilliant student we have had, shows his people how to divide their rooms so there can be a little privacy, how to prepare their food and filter their water so as to avoid some diseases. He arranges teachers in order to do away with illiteracy. He is ridding their minds of superstition by teaching them the elements of religion as Jesus lived and taught it. He sleeps in their homes and eats with them and helps them to better economic conditions and gives them some notion of elementary sanitation and hygiene. This same young man has in a neighboring town a church among whose members are the most cultured and influential people of the town. There, too, he knows how to work in such a manner as to develop personality, to make life richer and better. He knows that Je-

sus came to bring the more abundant life and that salvation includes all of life.

Time would fail to tell of all the student pastors and of the work each is doing, but we who have come so far to do the Father's work in this land and to represent the home Church are made glad continually by ever renewed proofs that God has not abandoned his Church, but is ever raising up workers to carry on. We are made glad by the holy passion they have to spend and be spent in the work of the Master, by their wisdom and patience and dedication. One circuit of ten years ago has been divided and subdivided until it now has four circuits. To go farther away, one young man, fresh from school, went out a few years ago to open new work. He stayed six years, but so fruitful was his work that when he was transferred it was noted that six pastors were working where he alone had worked originally. Life is better in Brazil because Methodist workers are carrying the good news of a God of love and justice to the people.

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Two Bishops and Else

(Continued from page 5)

and medievalism. Today the center of the struggle has shifted. Indifference or hostility to all religion is coming to be a stronger obstacle to a wholesome religious faith than the opposition of Rome.

The intolerance of a totalitarian state is replacing the intolerance of a totalitarian church as a menace to genuine religious liberty.

Under these conditions we cannot be content when students that pass through our schools become merely liberals. We must aim at a more positive result. This means that our church schools must be more strongly and positively religious. And in order to lead their students into an appreciation of the real importance of religion, the schools must

be staffed by teachers of personality and ability who have a personal appreciation of evangelical religion. All of the missionaries and all the Brazilian church leaders are thoroughly in sympathy with this policy.

The action of Granbery in establishing a School of Education seems to be a providential preparation for equipping our schools for this more positive Christian task. Some of our schools already have plans to send select Christian graduates on to Granbery for preparation to return and teach in the school. This plan is worthy of strong encouragement. By this means it will be possible within a few years for all of our schools to be entirely staffed with evangelical teachers of the highest type.

Let Me Tell You a Good Story

(Continued from page 32)

"No," I said, "I am not joking. I really mean what I say."

So he said, "Go and learn your prayers and then don't bother me any more."

When he said, "Go and learn your prayers," it reminded me of those words I had been reading, where the disciples came to Jesus, saying, "Lord, teach us to pray," and I thought that if they could do that, I could do it also. So I knelt down beside my bed, starting with some prayer, but as soon as I had started it was just like a pot of boiling water, all the steam coming out when the lid is off, and instead of confining myself to a little prayer, I began to confess the wrong things I had done in my life, asking forgiveness for my sins, and an opportunity to start life over again. That night I found Jesus, not as a teacher, but as a Savior. Since that time I have felt very happy, and have tried to

live as near Jesus as I could. As a result many sins or sinful habits went out of my life.

It was about two years after that when I heard a real sermon for the first time. The preacher spoke on the words of Mary, Jesus' mother, when she said, "Whatsoever he commandeth you, do it." For the first time I realized what a power a preacher can be with his own people, and there I started my prayer that men might come to our country to teach our people the gospel of Jesus Christ.

When I was praying that this might come to pass I always had my eyes on England, because I knew there were many preachers there and I thought they could spare one. God answered that prayer, not by sending an Englishman, but by sending missionaries from America, and from the Methodist Church.

Jesus and His Church

(Continued from page 28)

Steadfastly he seems to have attended public worship, as was his custom, on every Sabbath. What was it that kept Jesus so mysteriously loyal to an institution in which there was so much evil as existed in the Jewish church of his day? Was Jesus thus devoted to his church because of something he felt he had received from it, or because of something he hoped to give to it? Or are both these purposes to be seen in his attitude?

When we speak of Jesus' church, we should distinguish between the church he inherited and the church he founded.

He had received a supreme treasure. He felt it his duty to appraise this treasure, to see that he transmitted it inviolate, and that he reverently added to it, as he handed it on, his own contribution. From his church he had received a sublime faith, to which he must contribute his own faith to be passed on to the future.

The Nazareth synagogue was cruel, the Capernaum synagogue was corrupt, yet in both Jesus was a worshiper. His church, erring and imperfect as might be any one congregation, was God's great conduit of revelation. The lit-

tle Hebrew synagogues which, unheeded by the mighty, dotted the vast Roman Empire, were the sole defense against a paganism that as today threatened to engulf the whole world. Through them the spirit of the living God was passed on from the past to the future. Jesus knew that he was himself the result of a stream of faith never destroyed, no matter if for a time or in some particular place it might become sullied. It was in the synagogue, with its immemorial ritual of worship, the sublimity of its unforgettable psalms and prayers, its reverence for those ancient rolls of scripture intrusted to it, that Jesus had been able to formulate his own deathless adventure. In the synagogue he had heard the long-dead prophets speaking of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. As a tiny boy Jesus must have been thrilled by Isaiah's vision of that commonwealth of kindness which as man Jesus died to establish. Where outside of the poor little sordid Hebrew synagogue of his day could Jesus have found the ineffable aspiration of God's chosen people handed down from generation to generation? Just what might have happened to the course of Christian history if Jesus of Nazareth had felt himself too good to be a regular attendant at church?

When we look back at our Carpenter-Christ as he blazes across history the boldest adventure ever undertaken by man, we become forever humbled by the thought of sharing that adventure today. Yet it is possible to share it if we are brave enough and if we have faith enough in his unfailing presence beside us to direct and to empower us. There must have been still hours alone on the housetop or in the hills that surround Nazareth, when Jesus asked himself, "What has my church given to me?" Clear-eyed and practical as was the young carpenter who was appointed to rebuild the world, he may even have asked himself, as we, his far-off followers may ask ourselves: "What would have been lost to my life if I had never entered a church?"

As clearly as Jesus perceived what his church had given him, he perceived what he must give his church. We think of Jesus as the founder of Christianity, but the church that today embodies his supreme twofold adventure is but the flowering of an ancient root. Jesus found in his church the high, but often flickering, vision of a Father infinitely loving, and the brave but often fading dream of a commonwealth of kindness. As if a twofold torch had been handed to him, Jesus took that vision and raised it higher, took that dream and made it braver. In return for what his church had given him, Jesus gave to his church himself.

The New Child Labor Menace

(Continued from page 31)

one more cruel demonstration—in terms of the bent shoulders and work-worn fingers of children who should be at school and at play—of the necessity for national minimum standards of child labor.

Such standards we can have, on a permanent and thoroughly constitutional basis, as soon as the Child Labor Amendment has been ratified by twelve more states, thus empowering Congress to enact a federal child labor law. Four states (Idaho, Indiana, Utah, and Wyoming) ratified during 1935, bringing the total number of ratifications to 24. This year the legislatures of eight states, including Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia, are in session. Ratification by all or any of these will be a long step toward victory.

This year the amendment has a powerful ally in the American Farm Bureau, which at its convention in Chi-

cago on December 11 adopted the following resolution:

"We approve the pending Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution and request the State Farm Bureau Federations to give it serious and sympathetic consideration."

With the American Farm Bureau Federation to point the way, rural and farm people should rapidly come to realize the truth—that the amendment is a necessary instrument to prevent commercialized child labor, and that it has nothing to do with the wholesome household tasks and farm chores which are a normal part of the training of American children.

If speedy ratification of the Child Labor Amendment can be brought about, enabling Congress to safeguard children against industrial exploitation on a permanent basis, the labor of this new crop of "post-NRA" child workers will not have been in vain.

Council High Lights

(Continued from page 12)

Miss Mabel K. Howell, of Scarritt College, spoke of the awakening to rural needs throughout the world, calling this one of the new trends of the day. Referring particularly to the homeland, she said, "I'll not be satisfied until we as a Council have a Rural Life Conference giving rural women an opportunity to evaluate each department of our work and tell us what we may do to further Christian development."

Certainly the most dramatic figure of the day was Mary Mims, extension sociologist of the Louisiana State University. Thrilling to her subject, "The Essentials of Community Building," Miss Mims pointed to the difference in today's problems and those of yesterday. "The old frontiersman said, 'Clear the forest,'" she declared, "while the new frontiersman says, 'Rebuild the forest.' The old frontiersman said, 'Competition is the life of trade.' The new frontiersman says, 'Co-operation is the life of trade.'" Pleading for the improvement of the economic life of rural communities, she contended, "Every farmer who leaves his soil in a better condition than he found it is a Christian patriot." Pleading with equal eloquence for community health, civic consciousness and pride, discovery and development of talents within the community, and for the utilization of the energies of the young people especially, Miss Mims cited experiences of her own along these lines and gave practical suggestions as to how other rural workers might go and do likewise.

The afternoon session included ad-

resses on "The Challenge of the City," by Deaconess Margaret Young and Grace Gatewood. With characteristic frankness Bishop John M. Moore pointed out the weaknesses of the city church and of our home missions institutions. "What we need," he said, "is a new positive statement of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Christianity doesn't need defense; it needs exposition."

The crowning feature of Home Missions Anniversary Day came in the evening with the presentation of the jubilee play, "Lift Up Thine Eyes." This beautiful play, written by Deaconess Dorothy Garrett, after the manner of "Cavalcade," was simply and impressively presented under the auspices of the speech department of Southern Methodist University, directed by Miss Mary McCord.

Many other events claim the thoughts and interest of those who attended the Council meeting. The voting of the 1936 Week of Prayer gifts to go to Hiroshima Girls' School, Hiroshima, Japan, and to rural work in the United States, and the decision of the Council to hold its 1937 annual session in Columbia, South Carolina, represented high peaks of interest. The pledge service, with its total net increase of \$6,583.16 over the amount pledged last year was indeed a thrilling occasion. And no moment was sweeter than that when Mrs. Ina Davis Fulton held Norma Lou Kearby, five years old, close to her side, and received from the child's two grandmothers the money which made her a life member of the Woman's Missionary

Society. The little one represented the fourth generation of missionary women in her family.

Undergirding the whole meeting, two very gracious influences were felt. One was the spirit of the presiding officer, Mrs. J. W. Perry, whose missionary enthusiasm and whose freedom from pretense make her a president of whom the women have every right to be proud. The other was the hospitality of the Dallas women who, under the general chairmanship of Mrs. Virgil R. Walker, Council hostess, left nothing undone for the comfort of Council members and visitors. Transportation was provided for every occasion. Tours of the city were arranged; homes were opened to deaconesses and to missionaries. Each day delicious luncheons were prepared and served in the large dining-room of First Church, the decorations cleverly varying to suit some special feature of the program. Constant reminders of a perfect Texas spring were seen in the beautiful flowers which adorned the platform each morning, and in the clear sunny days which the weatherman so generously supplied. Numerous young women spent hours of their time running errands in the capacity of pages and in addition endeavoring through their silence card reminders to keep down conversation and confusion among the host of visitors who thronged the large auditorium. In spite of long sessions First Church was ever ready with an organist and singers to lead in song. One of the courtesies most deeply appreciated by the women was the twilight musicale given for them on Sunday afternoon at the Highland Park Church. The special choral arrangement of the Crusaders' Hymn, "Fairest Lord Jesus," will long be remembered for its beautiful interpretation.

Tuesday was a restful day. Closing the Council session with the Service of Remembrance, followed by the Holy Communion worshipfully administered by the pastor host, Rev. William C. Martin, the anxious haste of preceding hours seemed to drop from the shoulders of everyone present. Kneeling at the altar with Council members were fraternal delegates from the Methodist Church of Mexico and from various branches of Negro Methodism throughout our Southland—women who had faithfully attended every meeting, whose lighted faces gave evidence of the inspiration they had received. Beside them also knelt missionaries who bore messages of love and good will from women of other lands, whose far-away homes prevented their own presence there. This closing act—this kneeling together of women of different races—was indeed an appropriate way in which to honor the memory of the One who made possible so great a sisterhood of women around the world.

Mob Murder in America

(Continued from page 30)

tims were in this class, or about thirty per cent. Approximately the same proportion runs through the records of the entire fifty-four years. Arguing with a white man, talking disrespectfully, stealing liquor, slapping a woman, threatening to break into a house, drawing gun on a sheriff, even "not knowing his place" and "failing to turn out of the road"—are found among offenses for which hundreds have been lynched. Thus it appears that in a large proportion of lynchings—forty per cent or more—there was not even a pretext for inflicting the death penalty.

Numbers of Negroes lynched for homicide (and this charge covered more cases than any other, 37 per cent) were found to have killed in self-defense. Had they been white men, they would have been held guiltless. A conspicuous case of this kind, that of Elwood Higginbotham, took place at Oxford, Mississippi, last September. A white man went to Higginbotham's house at night, broke down two doors, and with a drawn pistol cornered the Negro in his bedroom. There Higginbotham shot him to death. When the Negro was brought to trial the evidence of self-defense was so conclusive that the jury appeared unwilling to send him to the chair, so the mob stormed the jail and lynched him while the jury still deliberated. The case of William Kinsey, earlier lynched at Warrenton, Georgia, was clearly of the same character; he had killed a man who was attacking and firing upon his home.

Assaults upon women, actual or attempted—"the usual crime" commonly supposed to be the chief occasion of lynching—were charged in only one-fourth of the lynchings of the past five

years. For the entire fifty-four years the proportion of such charges was only twenty-three per cent. And that figure includes numbers of victims later found to have been falsely accused. Often the mere suspicion of such a purpose was sufficient to set the mob in action, as in the case at La Belle, Florida, in which the newspaper story of the lynching reported general belief that the victim was innocent. Somebody became frightened at his presence and screamed; the mob, already vindictive against Negroes because of a tense economic situation, immediately seized the suspect and hurried him to his death without investigation.

But even if all its victims were worthy of death, lynching would still be an intolerable outrage against society, discounting the civilization and blackening the reputation of any section which tolerates it. No good citizen, public or private, can escape the sacred obligation to do everything possible to eradicate it.

Church people have a peculiar interest in this matter for American lynchings are doing more than anything else to hinder and discredit their missionary work around the world. Lynching occurs nowhere else, not even among the savages whom we seek to Christianize. Stories of American mobs burning human beings at the stake are regularly published throughout Europe, in Latin America, in the Orient, and even in Africa. The effect in mission lands can easily be imagined. Unless we can Christianize ourselves and our own civilization, we shall not get far with the effort to Christianize others. The eradication of lynching is a good place to begin.

Among the New Books

WE FACE CALVARY AND LIFE. By G. Ray Jordan. Cokesbury Press. \$1.

"It is not enough in these days," says Dr. Jordan in his Preface, "for us simply to recall, reverently and gratefully, that Jesus faced Calvary nineteen hundred years ago, that he had to take up his cross, and go up to a place called Golgotha. There is something far more important than worshipping Christ! We who are true to him follow in his train! It is ours to face Calvary, too; ours to take a cross, and ours to give Jesus' sacrificial and redemptive spirit a chance to work through us. . . . And it is becoming increasingly clear that we shall effectively meet the issues of life only with the spirit of Calvary. Economically, nationally, racially, we shall be able to usher in the Kingdom of love

and brotherhood only by means of that cross—by re-enacting it in our lives.

In the ten chapters of this book, small in size but large in content, Dr. Jordan cites instance after instance of men and women who have done this very thing. It is not too much to say that one cannot read the book without being made better—without desiring for one's self this same Way of Life.

CHAPPELL'S SPECIAL DAY SERMONS. By Clovis G. Chappell. Cokesbury Press. \$1.50.

The sixteen sermons in this book cover the following special days and subjects: New Year's, Easter, Pentecost, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Commencement, Sabbath Observance, Evangelism, Go-to-Church Day, Layman's Day, Church Budget, Young People, Communion

Sunday, Installation Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. A helpful addition to the pastor's library, this book will also be valued by lay readers.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE. By Henry M. Edmonds. Cokesbury Press. \$1.50.

A series of sermons which the author hopes may make "duty a little plainer, life a little richer, Christ a little nearer," a hope that readers feel must be fulfilled, so clearly in these sermons is Jesus shown as the Way for all of life.

THE FURTHERANCE OF THE GOSPEL. By William Owen Carver. Baptist Sunday School Board.

This book by the professor of Comparative Religions and Missions at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary was written primarily for the use in the Training Course for Sunday School Workers provided by the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. It is, however, a strong argument for missions that may be studied with profit by any reader. The three parts into which the book is divided deal with: "The Reason of Missions," "The Conduct of Missions," and "The Message and Method of Missions." Questions for review and reflection, with an outline, come at the end of each chapter. Titles of "Some Books for Further Study" are given.

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