



Peace on Earth

"Peace on earth! Good will toward men,"
Sang the sweet angelic choir,
Words too meaningful for pen,
Notes too beautiful for lyre.

Angel heralds from the King
Broke the purple morning's calm
With a paean that shall ring
Unto all a healing balm.

With a message from the King,
Piercing through the night of gloom,
Telling that the day did bring
Love that should transcend the tomb.

Boats of commerce, wheels of trade,
Mighty nations, men of earth,
Hear the song that heaven made
Telling of the Savior's birth.

Hear the King say, "Peace to thee,"
He is speaking constantly,
Constant as the murm'ring sea,
Bringing joy and liberty.

"Peace to thee," is His behest,
Christ our Savior, Friend is born,
Helping, healing, bringing rest.
"Peace on earth"! 'Tis Christmas morn!

—Streeter Stuart
(A student)

On This Birthday

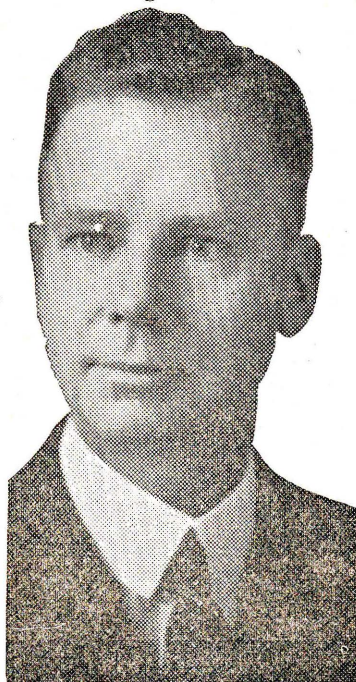
Rev. O. F. Linn

More than half a hundred generations ago a most startling but unassuming event occurred. It was just a birth,—a birth in a country where large families were popular and in a time when life was a depreciated stock in the market of the world. Then as now, when a babe arrived in a humble home, a narrow circle rejoiced and welcomed the newcomer into his drab surroundings. The little drop that appeared in the ocean of humanity ordinarily made an imperceptible difference, but insignificant as it may have seemed at the time, this birth lives in the most beautiful of literature and art, and once a year the busy world pauses to wonder with the shepherds and Magi around the manger scene.

When he came the world was still sensitive with the scars and sores of war. No wounds are so slow to heal, and no maculae remain sensitive so long as these. There was a general sickness in the world. Education, philosophy, mysticism, legalism,—all these and many others had posed as the needed physician; but still the malignant disease remained untouched. Popular religion had been worn to shreds and was dying. Judaism had degenerated into a fierce fanaticism. The riddle of life remained unsolved. But the world's hope had not died. Dreamers still dreamed, and above the level of the slow-moving masses rose through the stifled atmosphere the incense of prayer. Isaiah and a long line of divinely inspired Hebrew prophets had seen this child appear in the coming years. Plato had dreamed of The Perfect Man and had written: "Though doing no wrong he will have the greatest reputation for wrong-doing, he will go forward immovable even to death, appearing to be unjust throughout life but being just, he will be scourged, last of all after suffering every kind of evil he will be crucified." The needs of the world demanded his coming, and "in the fulness of time" he came.

Since then, nearly twenty hundred birthdays have passed and another Christmas season has arrived. After these two thousand years mankind is better able to evaluate the achievement of that great life.

To-day, as when shepherds and Magi wondered around the manger, high and low alike bow in adoration to his matchless person. The best of earth have emulated his virtues for twenty centuries but still like the unattained heights of Everest smiling in unclouded light,



Rev. O. F. Linn

he rises above the noblest of all ages. That is what the world needs,—an ideal that can never be fully realized. It is a tragedy when a man fully reaches his ideal; not because he has made too much progress, but because his ideal is too low. When Reynolds was asked which was his greatest picture, he replied, "Madam, my greatest picture is yet to be made." Christ has furnished mankind with an ideal that calls for and permits infinite growth.

The teachings of Jesus are grouped around three words: life, love, spirit. For every person there is a vocation of living. He is here for a purpose that he is to find and make his own. The teachings of Jesus inspire to vigorous, strong and glad living. They clearly define issues so that we need not live in doubts and fears. The next of these greatly emphasized words is love. This is the strongest impulse in life. It explains the mother's sacrifices

and the father's patient toil. When it looks out over a wretched world, the wants of others make it ashamed of comforts. Thus the followers of Christ look to their crucified Redeemer, and from the cross comes light which interprets the deepest and most mysterious facts of human life. Rome was not impressed with or conquered by a system of doctrine but instead with the love of saints for one another. Rome—cold, bleak, austere, dominated by a philosophy that denied all emotion—stood for a system that was without love. But under the cold plate of steel Rome found that it still possessed a heart, though frozen, which was capable of responding to divine influence. The word spirit indicates man's relation to and communion with the divine. Jesus did not come to earth merely to be a philosopher, although religion is philosophy; nor did he come merely to rescue man's straying emotions and herd them into more wholesome channels; but he came also that through him man might have fellowship with God. Spiritual-mindedness is the triumph of the godlike nature in man over the earth nature. We do not walk through the woods in the evening hour absorbed in sweet communion with the saints of the past; but in solitude, in the busy mart, in the crowded ways of life, everywhere our spirits are refreshed by the presence of Jesus. No hand like that at Belshazzar's feast comes forth to beckon us. No trumpet summons the soldier of the cross to action. But the spirit of Christ urges him up and on.

On this birthday we look out over the world, as other generations have done, with mingled feelings of disappointment and gladness. The ideal of his person has not yet influenced the major part of the world's population. His teachings have not yet penetrated and permeated human consciousness to a great extent. Life in general is still dominated by the wrong motive, and as a result greedy materialistic natures are looking unmoved upon the misery of their fellows. Oh thou modern Scrooge, hardened by the heritage of heart-

EDITORIAL

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas is here again. Didn't it come soon, sooner than we expected? The bells are ringing. The children are singing. The toys are scattered around. From college, students are coming. Their parents are humming. What a joyful sound! In writing about Christmas, prose wants to turn to poetry.

Even were it robbed of its religious significance, as is too much the case, Christmas as a mere social institution would be a great season. When we exchange gifts. When the older children come again under the parental roof and the younger children dance in joy about the shining tree. When merry voices in the streets out of well-wishing hearts, shout out "Merry Christmas." When all the world seems so close akin.

But I fear that of all our great national and world holidays, Christmas has, more than any other, fallen a victim to the merciless hand of commercialism. It is, I fear, a time when our minds are too much concerned with the problems of profit. The day commemorates the giving of the Great Gift. Yet, how many people at this season are more concerned with getting than they are with giving. There is a difference between "exchanging" gifts and "giving" gifts. We give gifts to those from whom we expect none.

Happy and harmless fun-making is not at all incompatible with the true spirit of Christmas. But when such fun degenerates into excessive and questionable revelings, we have cause for regret.

This is the season when those who have poverty feel its pinch and are inclined to be embittered by it more than at any other time. Our charity agencies are strong and efficient, but in spite of all they can do, many a humble fireside this Christmas will be uncheered by the tinsel tree and many empty stockings will greet tearful eyes on Christmas morning.

A prayer: Lord, thou who didst give to the world the first and only abiding Christmas Gift, grant to give us at this 1930 Christmas season the true Christmas spirit which is a spirit of good-will and unselfishness. May our hearts be thankful for the common comforts of life and for loving friends who have the wish if not the power to give us gifts. Grant, our heavenly Father, to save us from the hardness of heart which would make us untouched by the emptiness of little hands that hopelessly reach for the gifts that every childheart longs for. Save us from selfishness and give us the spirit of giving and take from us the spirit of taking, we pray in His name. Amen.

—J.A.M.

less generations, will no kindly spirit whisper to thy dead emotions at this Yuletide and call thee forth from thy isolation into a world of warmth and cheer! When we compare this birthday with the first one, we rejoice that gladiatorial games have been left off and mercy and regard for life have triumphed. But love in human society is still only a faintly flickering light. In

a short time a world that boasts of its civilization can be lashed into a blind rage like a storm driven sea and millions be sacrificed in a terrible carnage. In spite of a growing sentiment against lynching, in this country this year's record has doubled that of last year; communism more and more confronts the world as a sickening menace; race prejudice and class distinction

breed contempt for the call to world brotherhood.

From this birthday we look prophetically into the future and faith sees brighter coming events. The coming of Christ was the germ of what was to come. Mankind has not yet been delivered from a false view of life, neither have people generally comprehended the divine nature which Christ revealed. They have not fully grasped the meaning of human destiny nor by the help of God have they yet conquered the evils of the world; but ere another two thousand birthdays of The Prince of Peace shall have passed the conquering truth of his message shall have leavened human society until the Yuletide celebrations of the world shall reflect a proper interpretation, as well as spiritualmindedness and a lofty devotion. Let us be glad and rejoice during this Christmas season in the hope of what shall be, and renew the fires of a love that will inspire us to greater zeal for the evangelization of the world.

O Star of Bethlehem, give us thy light!
O angels, sing to us your heavenly strain!
O shepherds, we, like you, are in the night,
And we would join to echo the refrain,
"Peace, peace on earth!" Abide with us, and reign
In every heart. Shut out the dross of earth,
That we may bring our tribute not in vain—
The offering that is of greatest worth—
Hearts filled with love divine, to greet the
Savior's birth!
—Hubert M. Skinner

A sermon will not get stale if the preacher keeps fired up.

The BROADCASTER

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Personal Mention and News Items

Miss Elsie Manthei, Secretary to Dean Olt, visited in Ohio over Thanksgiving.

Many students went home to be thankful and make parents thankful during Thanksgiving.

Dr. Chas. Ewing Brown, editor of the Gospel Trumpet, was an appreciated speaker in chapel.

Rev. O. Lee Stephenson of Chatham Hill, Va., will be a new student here next semester.

Rev. Carl F. Ogden, Secretary of the Anderson Y.M.C.A., recently spoke in chapel.

Dean Olt was the principal speaker at the State Young People's Convention at Wichita, Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hartman were called to Michigan on account of the death of Mrs. Hartman's mother.

Indiana has been treated to some sub-zero weather already. Girls passing from Sunset Hall to Main Building waste no time.

Professor H. C. Clausen drove to Chicago with his family in zero weather. A new heater in his Ford kept out the cold.

Eugene Reynolds, dining hall manager, served the students to a chicken dinner on Thanksgiving day. They were thankful.

Many people like the Broadcaster and quite a few of them are thoughtful enough to write in and say so.

Rev. C. W. Naylor, shut-in writer and author, who lives in Anderson, was carried to chapel on his cot and gave an address. Thank you, Brother Naylor.

The college chorus sang at a City-Wide Young People's Rally held in the Anderson High School. Dr. R. E. Tulloss, President of Wittenburg College, addressed the meeting.

Mrs. E. E. Byrum lives just across the ravine from the College. She invited a group of students over for a social hour and spiritual fellow-ship. The prayer meeting was most inspiring, it is reported.

Rev. O. E. Line, who with Mrs. Line and their son and daughter, Arlo and Cleo May, room in the dormitory at the Main Building, spent Thanksgiving at home. Brother Line is holding exceptionally successful revival meetings in different parts of the country.

Mrs. Morrison, wife of the President, treated the students to a duck from her own garden. She didn't raise the duck. She made it. Body of squash, wings of cabbage leaves, neck of parsnips, bill of carrot, head of turnip, eyes of cranberries. The duck was placed in the lobby and the students stood to stare.

Miss Cora Cleary, returned Y.W.C.A. secretary from Turkey, addressed the students during one chapel period. She told of the sudden changes in customs that obtain in Turkey, and said that teaching any religion in a school is against the law. Christian workers there are building a spirit of fellowship between all races and depending on the power of Christian example until a better opportunity is given for religious work.

O. F. Linn, Dean of Men, gave a splendid talk in chapel recently on "The Game of Life." He defined the rules of the game as: 1. Be decent to yourself—treat yourself as fairly as others and look after your health. 2. Be decent to the other fellow—service is the rent we pay for the space we occupy on earth. 3. Be decent to God—the most important relationship in life is this, and since holiness is our profession, we should become proficient at it.

Open house was announced by Mrs. Linn, Dean of Women. Both dormitories were opened up to visitors; students and friends spent three hours wandering through halls and rooms seeing how good housekeepers others are.

Rev. M. A. Monday, stopped off for a brief visit on his way home from revivals in Ohio. Brother Monday is always welcome around the School.

The party which was given the school by the Liberal Arts Freshman Class at Hallowe'en is not yet forgotten. Hard times costumes were in the predominance and created much merriment.

One Saturday not long ago, Mrs. Reynolds, Matron of the Old People's Home, treated all of the girls in Sunset Hall with fresh-baked cookies and apples. This thoughtful act was greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Weir, in two girls' meetings held recently, answered questions which the girls asked concerning social usages. Mrs. Linn, Dean of Women, calls these meetings each month to consider subjects of special interest to the girls.

The French Club had a most interesting series of programs this fall when Ruthven Byrum, who has just returned from study abroad, exhibited his water color sketches of Europe and lectured on France and Oberammergau.

President Morrison, Dean Olt, Rev. R. L. Berry, and Rev. W. J. McCreary drove to Kansas City where the Midwest Ministerial Conference was being held. About seven miles over the Indiana-Illinois line they met a Greyhound bus on a curve. "At the psychological moment" a spare tire came off the bus and hit the front wheel of the President's car causing him to lose control and the result—the car crashed through a guard rail and alighted bottom side up about halfway down a fifty foot embankment. All four occupants emerged from the demolished automobile with minor bruises and thankful hearts that the accident was not more serious.

"Those people who are most use of God are those who live near to God."

"Letting God's Spirit move in our hearts and letting him create the desire to draw nearer him is the secret of a close walk with God. Purpose of heart is required. Praying must be as regular as anything else in our lives."

HEARD AND SEEN ABOUT THE CAMPUS

Phideiah Rice, the noted monactor, presented Arnold Bennett's play, "The Great Adventure," at the college on November 24. All were charmed with Mr. Rice's ability to impersonate a variety of characters, and the Belles Lettres Society, under whose auspices he came, is already planning to engage him for next year.

Two questions recently asked in a harmony examination were as follows: Define the terms "major" and "minor." It is said that Fred Schminke answered them thus: Major—an officer in the army. Minor—one who digs coal.

Paul Robinson making hurried calls to the hospital three or four times a day to see how Paul Junior is coming along. It is said that mother and baby are both doing nicely.

Mignon Greene eating goose and everything that goes with it Thanksgiving Day. It surely was some sight.

Maybrey Evans rabbit hunting in snow 3 to 6 inches deep and the thermometer registering one degree below zero.

Coach Denny says that the girls' basket ball team surely does some tough playing. Look out, opponents!

Elmer Bennet has suddenly become very much interested in rats. "Love me, love my rat."

Wilmer Thompson learning to ice skate. You should have seen him play shinny.

Hubert Irons taking high notes with what he calls "plenty of ease."

Paul Froehlich writing his Greek in shorthand during Greek class.

Dan Ratzlaff attempting to blow up the school in chemistry class.

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

A couple of years ago a movement was started in A.C.T.S. which culminated last February in the organization known as the Ministerial Association.

This association, as its name im-

plies, was organized and operated to encourage spiritual work among our students and especially afford development for gospel workers in school.

Its activities may range from a prayer meeting to roundtable discussions on subjects vital to gospel laborers; debates on related subjects or other related activities.

May we predict that this organization will be so vital a force in Anderson College and Theological Seminary that gospel teams, prayer bands and other spiritual bodies shall arise from its fold and in vibrant power reach a helping hand to needy and hungry souls in our midst.

All Anderson College students are eligible and may belong even though a member of a major club.

May we count on you for hearty support this year? P. E. W.

SURPRISE PARTY FOR OLD PEOPLE

It was a bright, sunny afternoon and an air of mystery pervaded at Sunset Hall. From the late gardens of generous friends of the college near by, flowers of every hue and description were smuggled into the school. A strange announcement at dinner—sixteen girls from Sunset Hall wanted in the lobby immediately after dinner. Sixteen girls responded to the call, eager to satisfy their curiosity. They were assigned the pleasurable task of arranging sixteen bouquets, for there were sixteen old people living in the old people's division of Sunset Hall, for whom these surprise bouquets were being made.

With suppressed excitement, the girls gathered in their reception room and, at a given signal, the double doors were swung open and the girls marched into the old people's reception room singing, *Blest Be the Tie that Binds*. A bouquet was placed in each trembling hand. Tears of joy and gratitude flowed freely from the eyes of both the travel worn pilgrims nearing their journey's end and the younger pilgrims just starting out on life's highway. Together they sang, *Jesus Lover of My Soul*, and all hearts beat as one as prayers ascended from both old and young. Brother Davidson, still a powerful man of God though laden with years, warmed the hearts of the group with a short, inspiring message. The girls departed, wondering if after all they had not received the greater blessing.

SLOGAN CONTEST FOR ECHOES CAMPAIGN

When—December 1-16.

All A. C. & T. S. students are eligible.

The best slogan submitted will be used in our ECHOES drive this year. The first and second winners will be given honorable mention in the first Broadcaster issued after close of contest.

Come on with your suggestions. Yours may be the winning one.

—P. E. W.

ALUMNI, ATTENTION!

One feature of the 1931 "Echoes" will be an Alumni section. In order that this may be complete, may we ask that every alumnus drop us a card giving your name and address, at the earliest possible date.

Thank you.

Circulation Manager
of Echoes, 1931,
Edgar Williams

APPRECIATES CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

This lesson finishes the two years' course in Minister's Correspondence since November 1, 1929. When I first got these lessons and had paid my first installment of tuition and begun to study, I thought that if I had not paid the tuition I would not take it, but when I got buckled down to the work, I began to enjoy it and have put most of the time I could get upon this work and have enjoyed it very much. Sometimes I have grown tired and have thought I would take a week or two weeks vacation not trying to have anything on my mind for a time, but after one or two days, I would find myself at it again perhaps harder than ever.

I want to thank you for the interest that you have taken in me and the help you have been in this last year. I know that if it was not for the love that you have for the truth and your zeal to give the ministers who have not the privilege of going to school a lift, that you could not afford to give the instruction for the price that you do. But this makes it possible for me to do the work and I again want to say, Thank you.

William Eldridge

With the Alumni

— Rolla D. Shultz, Editor —

Amanda Kinas Lovett announces the birth of a girl, November 29.

Dale Oldham has a new songster in his family. Douglas, born November 30th.

Lydia Ross, '29, is doing religious educational work in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Walker Wright is taking charge of the work at Hardisty, Alberta, Canada.

Rev. Daniel Schemmer and Mrs. Schemmer (Betty Clemet), '27, are considering taking a pastorate in Kentucky.

Rev. J. N. Richardson, '25, and wife are engaged in pastoral work in Rockvale, Tenn.

A very welcome visitor at the college recently was Miss Gladys Byard, '28, who is teaching in the public schools of Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Mona Moors, missionary on furlough in school here, spent a week end at Auburn, Indiana, where William Ramey, former student, is pastor.

Rev. Ralph Poole, a former student, and Miss Pearl Kimbro, were married the latter part of October. Students and friends extend congratulations to both of them.

The following letter was received from John and Twyla Ludwig, '22, recently:

A Little Dust from the Field

Brothers and Sisters: I am too far away to tell you what is on my heart, therefore I will try to write it in a letter to you.

Years ago, I started to what was then Anderson Bible Training School. I came from the farm and was glad they had a barn those days which served the purpose of a pacifier to me, and the other "backwoodzers" who would get so lonesome for the bawling of the cows, and the squealing of the pigs, that we would sneak out and look at that old barn awhile, and then consecrate again and go back re-

freshed. I had to learn the difference between a dictionary and a concordance, as well as what it meant when Walter Crowell pulled a little rope in the dining room, and a bell rung, that we got something to eat.

Of course things have changed now, that Old Anderson Bible School, which was thought to be a sort of an incubator which should be able to hatch an angel out of a buzzard egg, has shook off its crudeness and superstitions and has taken its place as the Anderson College and Theological Seminary—for which we thank God.

I am wondering how many appreciate the real worth of this Seminary which has been kept going only by real sacrifice and faith in God. Nobody knows but God how these teachers encouraged me when there wasn't much to encourage. They stood by me when the call of making money came, when I felt myself so small and so inadequate to carry the message. They had passed through these things and they were able, by God's help, to help me in those trying hours.

I believe I speak the truth when I say to the students; don't let your grades be foremost in your minds. You must study hard, keep your minds on your work and by all means get as high grades as possible, for this is very essential. But listen, there is something greater, more essential, without which your degrees will be as nothing. Learn to be humble. Not by leaving off the prefix Rev. and the suffix B.A. from your name—no, if you are worthy of these things, put them on. They are yours and you have a right to them, but don't impress the people like an elaborate Christmas box full of saw dust. Your work brings you in contact with humanity more direct than any other work in the world. I have lived among the highest type and most civilized people in the world, and to-day, I am living among the lowest type and the least civilized and I know that whether people be black or white, civilized or uncivilized, their humanity is much the same. This is encouraging because if a man learns to work with humanity successfully in one corner of the earth, he can work anywhere.

Being a missionary, I am, of course, anxious that God will lay His hand on young men and women

to come to help us in this our field of labor. I want to say first, that the mission field is not an easy field. If you can't get along in America, stay there—where people may look over you and try to help you. If you are not a soul winner in America, and the unsaved around your door don't cause you to yearn for their salvation—stay in America as a foreign field will not stimulate this desire for the lost. If you can't keep out of unnecessary debts in America, stay there, as the temptation on the mission field and your chance of paying them is less. If you are up and down in your experience, stay in America, you won't get settled on the mission field. If you can't fool the people in America into thinking you are somebody, don't come to the mission field and try it as the rankest heathen know humanity, and the majority have that coveted gem, Horse Sense, and you, won't get by. If you can't tell the truth and keep the confidence of your American friends, don't come out here, where it will be even worse. If you can't resist the temptation to make money in America, you are not fit to be here, as the temptation is greater. If you know it all, don't come here, because some of these old fellows with nothing on but a goat skin would lose the opportunity of teaching you a few things which you must know before you will be able to win his people. Stay at home and let someone else come who doesn't know it all. If you are hot headed and lose your temper, stay with your mother where you will get some sympathy.

The kind of men needed on the mission field are those who know what it means to give up all. It costs time and money to go to the mission field, and it is a calamity for the individual, and for the Board, to find out their inability to give up all. Let us just enumerate some of them: relatives, whom you have seen or have been near ever since you were born; friends who have stood by you when the world forsook you; the fellowship of the Saints of God, Oh! how you will miss them; words of encouragement, daily papers, radio, telephone, cement roads, electric fans, running water in the home, the annual camp-meeting, the State camp-meeting, that good old revival meeting. Unless you forsake all these, you had better stay in America, as the mission field is void of

them. We need men who have made a success for a reasonable length of time in the homeland at one place. We need men who are neither affected to any noticeable degree by praise or reverses. We need men who are able to say, No, to a bribe, even though it may mean that he has to stand alone for a little season. We need men with their "I" knocked out and "We" grafted in. We need men who can see and appreciate the worth of others. We need men who enjoy carrying their helpers around as a bouquet in their hands rather than trying to make ladders out of them whereupon they may climb. We need men who realize that their own worth will be seen and that it is quite unnecessary to have hand dodgers printed in order to bring himself to their attention. We need men who have proved themselves at home. When a misfit is sent to the field, it takes years to get him out and ruins his life and hinders the cause and gives the Board endless trouble. Because the thing that causes him to be a misfit, causes him to cry around like a calf about the Board and those who tried to work with him.

Last, and most important, be sure that God has called you as you will need to know this after the new has worn off.

Before I close, I feel that you should be impressed with the idea of sticking to the school until you have received your degree. It is worth suffering for, sacrificing for. It is a label, which indicates, as Brother Johnnie Williams says, "Stickability," the very thing that we must have these days in order to succeed. I know what I am talking about as I am living in a country where a college degree means much. It is an introduction which takes you anywhere and the training you get, while getting your degree, gives you a poise, that you cannot have otherwise. When you meet a man who discredits a college degree, be courteous. Don't argue, but let it go in one ear and out at the other and you put in added effort to get Yours.

The Devil is seeking for the highest educated men he can find to undermine God's Word.

Likewise God is calling for men who are able to shut the mouth of the gainsayer. Thousands of men have died that had just as good an experience as Charles Finney. Thousands of men are living who

know God just as well as he did, but they have no poise; their reasoning power cannot cope with things as they are to-day; they cannot convince the critics. I will admit that many of these men may be able to interest fundamentally thinking people and cause them to follow the Lord but our field of labor is outside the few who are leaning toward the gospel. We need men with horse sense, with a real experience of salvation, who have been trained to think logically, to know how to organize, who are able to speak as men who have fought their way through college and have something to show for it.

I beg of you, young men and women, not to go through life saying, "I just lacked one year of going through, or three months," whatever the case may be, because it don't have the Kick.

I heard a man get up and talk. He looked much like Mutt in the funny paper, and I began to think, "What can he say?" He had no delivery, his voice was squeaky, but I listened. He said things. I heard new things from God's word that I had never heard before. When he finished, he had said something in a way that gripped my heart; that made God's word more convincing. On inquiry, I learned he was a college graduate with several degrees. All he was, was what his Christian experience and college had made of him.

We learn much in conversation with other people, that is if we are able to understand what they say and are able to answer questions regarding things outside of dad's back yard. The days of captivating an audience with some big words are past as the people to whom you speak know these words. You, who are to win the world to Christ, must be able to cope with the professor who teaches your young people five days a week in a way that will keep them sound in the faith and yet hold the respect of their teachers. If you expect to keep your young people away from questionable places and to differentiate between a good thing and a bad thing, you must show that you know something. You must interest them more than these other things do. Young people think for themselves these days and the hope of the church is in men who can by their holy lives and wisdom do things which surpass the works of the devil.

Let us pray for the Anderson College and Theological Seminary that it may fill that need, that in only a few years many pulpits will be filled with men charged with the Holy Spirit and "that college experience" that makes him able to cope with the devil on every hand.

I myself don't have a degree which I don't try to keep a secret, because every time I write or speak I give myself away. Nevertheless, I am not going to jump in the lake or sit around and wait until the men with degrees come along to start something. I'll read all I can and use what sense I have the best I know how, and pray God to help the college in Anderson, as well as the Warner University, make great speed in preparing men who can correct my mistakes and carry on the Master's work in a better and more effective manner.

Pray for me that I may do the best I can with what I have, for I assure you that I am not waiting for you, but I am working with all my might so that when you come, I will be tired and willing for you to make a place for yourself in the hearts of the people—something which no man can give you, neither can any man take it away.

J. S. Ludwig

LIFE WORTH WHILE

This subject of life is a live question to-day. Everyone is saying how he is living his life to-day or how he expects to live to-morrow.

But what is your life? You hear people every day, especially those who are despondent or discouraged, saying, "What is the use of living?" or "What is life anyway?" Apostle James says, "It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." It is a comparison with life. How true this is! The poet has said, "Life is a dream." The agnostic says, "I don't know," "A leap in the dark."

Here we have the different opinions of men, but, we know life is not a dream, for it is a solemn reality, and not an idle dream, Life is not a mere playground; or a time for any selfish gratification; or a time for mere temporal pursuits. Life is only a small fragment of eternity, only a few years compared with eternity. It is the most important period of our existence; it is the result of our own choosing,

whether we choose a worldly life or a Christian life. It is just what we make it. A failure or a success. In it is the only and last chance to be saved. If we do not accept that chance we have no other. It is the dressing room for eternity.

I affirm that life is not to be defined in such terms at all. To me life is work. It is for one's self and one's friends.

The degree of joy that a man finds in his work is due to the intensity or fullness of vitality and to the character of the work. If you are in good condition physically, the mere word "living" does mean very much to you. When a person is tired, it is then that every thing seems to go wrong; it is then that you have the pessimistic attitude in life. The vividness of one's feeling ought not to depart with youth. In a normal life it should deepen and be responsive to more and greater things in life.

To live at a low level makes work and also life a drudgery. A mother of five children took an hour each day for quiet reading, meditation, prayer and resting. She would let nothing interfere. She kept herself thereby in good health and proved a blessing to husband, children and others. When she went to work it seemed easy for her while perhaps for some other mothers it meant drudgery. We bless the world by being full of vim, life, and happiness.

But, that isn't all. It is more than work, it is also play.

What are the deepest impressions on your memory and character of your early home life? Your mind immediately goes back to the toys, or pets you had, or when fun broke loose and the whole family played. We have in the past ignored and frowned at play, but did you ever stop to think that nothing beautiful ever came into life until folks began to play. In primitive days, cave men made pottery because they needed receptacles for food and drink. Some of our greatest modern discoveries were made in play. Rubber was first found when the Spaniards came to America and found the natives bouncing rubber balls. This spirit of play which is the crown of work, of play and of home life, is also the crown of religion. Some one has said, "Religion has always insisted on taking life seriously." "Life is real! Life is earnest!" Longfellow was only revealing his religious

background when he said it. We say, take life seriously, but take it playfully too! Life in that regard is like love. Love should be happy, but we do not get a happy love unless we take it seriously. It must also be taken gayly, or it is not happy. So with life.

After all we know of life; of work in life; play in life; seriousness of life; let us take courage, put our whole selves whole-heartedly into life, for life is what you make it. Therefore, make it worth while in all you do. Live to your fullest extent here and thereby prepare yourself for eternity.

What Is Life to You?

"To the preacher, life's a sermon;

To the joker, life's a jest;

To the miser, life is money;

To the loafer, it is rest.

To the lawyer, life's a trial;

To the poet, life's a song;

To the doctor, life's a patient

That needs treatment right along."

"To the soldier, life's a battle;

To the teacher, life's a school.

Life's a "good thing," to the grafter;

It's a failure, to the fool.

To the man upon the engine,

Life's a long and heavy grade;

It's a gamble to the gambler;

To the merchant, it's a trade."

"Life's a picture, to the artist;

To the rascal, life's a fraud.

Life, perhaps, is but a burden,

To the man beneath the hod.

Life is lovely, to the lover;

To the player, life's a play;

Life may be a load of trouble,

To the man upon the dray."

"Life is but a long vacation,

To the man who loves his work.

Life's an everlasting effort

To shun duty, to the shirk.

To the earnest Christian worker,

Life's a story ever new.

Life is what we try to make it;

Brother, what is life to you?"

Given by Mary Schmidt of the 2d year Public Speaking Class.

FORENSIC

In the term of 1928-29 a few ambitious students of Anderson College and Theological Seminary, who wanted to do something to help their school attain the place that it deserved among the colleges of Indiana, got together and organized

The Forensic Society. That year they succeeded in getting the club well under way but only sponsored inter-class debates.

The next year they branched out and, in an unofficial way, debated two or three Indiana colleges on the question, Resolved: That a lake-to-ocean waterway should be established through the St. Lawrence River. Anderson College teams made a showing that everyone is proud of, winning all decision debates that they engaged in.

This year the school is a member of the Indiana State Debating League. Its team is scheduled to debate with teams from a number of the outstanding colleges of Indiana. The question this year is, Resolved: That upon declaration of war with another nation our government should use only conscripted wealth for all expenditures involved in the war. Debating teams from the Forensic Society have already started preparing for these debates and have high hopes for a successful year in this respect. The college has some very good material for a prize winning team and will be satisfied with nothing less than the State championship.

SPICE OF LIFE

Professor Cook (in biology class): "We will now name all the lower animals in proper order beginning with Rolla Shultz."

Frank Towers (in barber shop): "Give me a glass of water."

Barber: "Hair in your mouth?"

Frank: "No, I just wanted to see if my neck leaks."

English teacher (to Geo. Palmer a few days after his engagement had been announced): "Use the words 'Have seen' in a sentence." Palmer: "I have seen better days."

Professor Martin (in Bible class): "Since the topic of war has been brought up, what does the class think of it anyway?"

Inez Snead: "Well, if we should have another war, I would refuse to fight."

Professor Tubbs (explaining equations in chemistry): "You see oxygen always travels around in pairs."

David Gaulke (just waking up): "I don't see how they manage that when this is only the first semester."