

Youth and Truth

Rev. C. W. Naylor

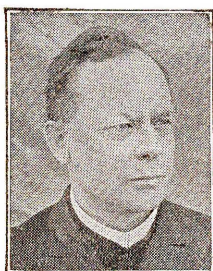
"What is truth?" was Pilate's inquiry of the Master. Whether or not he asked with a real desire to know the truth, his is the question of youth of all ages. Many voices are demanding to be heard. They speak in various languages. The human mind was never more active than today. The outcome of this activity is a great flood of new theories and ideas. All these theories and ideas are clamoring for acceptance. All of them are finding acceptance somewhere. These new ideas and new theories sometimes seem like a hail storm beating down upon the field of old ideas and beliefs—many times seemingly to the destruction of that which is old.

Youth often views with wonder the changes that are taking place. If the old passes away and the new is true, what will it mean to the world? To which of these many voices should they listen? Or, indeed, should they listen to any of them? Many of the voices they hear are dogmatic. Some of the voices they hear are dogmatic for the old, others are dogmatic for the new. In the midst of it all, youth asks, Can we surely know anything?

We inquire then, What is truth? There is truth. Without truth, there could be nothing. *Truth is the essential reality that is central in all things.* It is the foundation for and permeates life and everything else. If we can recognize this reality, we shall have something substantial. Let us not say that it cannot be found or that we cannot know it should we find it. The real differs so essentially from that which is unreal, that when we bring them to an adequate comparison, truth reveals itself. "Ye shall know the truth," said One of wondrous wisdom.

What is youth? It is life's spring-time. Under the wooing influences of the spring sunshine, plants rapidly stretch upward. There is lus-

cious growth and greenness. These green plants have beauty; they are very attractive. We love to wander among them. But we recognize the fact that with all their beauty, the plants are tender and immature. We



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must patiently wait for the flowering and the fruiting. It is just so with youth. It is a time of rapid development. The mind reaches out with interest and with keen desire to know. As the plant does not realize what it shall be in maturity nor know its immaturity, no more does youth know its immaturity nor realize that it is merely in a state of transition. Theoretically we may know this but there can be no adequate realization of it. It is impossible that it be otherwise. Youth should not be criticized for its immaturity any more than the plant in the garden. Youth is not to be blamed if it is sometimes uncertain; if it cries out almost in despair, What is truth?

Earnestness and sincerity are characteristics of youth. Most hypocrites become so in their more mature days. There is in the soul of youth something that is responsive to truth, something that desires to know truth. This often becomes an eager yearning. Unfortunately, youth does not always find truth. Instead it embraces some cult that has distorted truth, or it follows some will o' the wisp that leads it

into the swamps of error. Can we avoid these things that mislead? Perhaps not entirely. Perhaps we shall always have ideas that depart in some measure from the truth. Our perception may never be keen enough perfectly to separate truth from error. Nevertheless, we may know the great fundamental truths, "Ye shall know the truth."

To know the truth, however, requires a proper attitude toward truth. We must be disciples, learners, seekers. There must be a sincere desire to know the truth, not merely to have a knowledge of it that we may boast that we know or have that inner satisfaction of selfish self-complacency that knowledge may give. We should love truth for its own sake. We should have a fine scorn for all that is untrue and unreal. No matter how pleasing things are nor how much we are attracted toward them, we should apply to everything the acid test of its truthfulness. If it is not true, it is error and should be discarded, for error is always dangerous.

There is just one proper attitude toward truth. That is the purpose to conform our lives to that truth. Why do we want to know the truth? Is it that we may have that truth become so real to us and so real in us that it will be one of the basic factors in our lives? The Bible says it is better not to know the truth than to fail to exemplify it when we do know it.

Life will develop normally only when the motives, purposes and desires are harmonious with truth. It is a well known fact that deformities in children result largely from poison entering the system near the very beginning of their existence. The whole life may be marred as a result of these poisons. Likewise many lives are being marred and many souls deformed by the poison of untruth and error that is given

place in the mind and heart. There can be harmony and normal development only where there is a love for truth and where the truth is sought that it may mold the life.

Toleration in ones life of known error, results only from self-interest wrongly interpreted. In reality, it is always to our best interest to know, to believe in, and to exemplify truth in preference to error. This is not the belief of the majority of mankind, I mean their practical belief. They may assert this to be their principles but when it comes to molding their own lives, they believe they can enjoy themselves more and be more successful by following that which they know to be error. Were this not the case, countless multitudes who are now following the flesh would be walking after the spirit, and earnestly striving for the true, the noble, the pure, and the beautiful which is the embodiment of truth.

This is a day when authority is being flouted. The time was that if religious leaders spoke authoritatively, the people bowed to that authority and accepted it as the law of their lives. People have largely turned away from that sort of religious authority. Many, however, are bowing to the same principle of authority in the leaders of scientific thought. It is the same old worship of authority and often this authority is just as dogmatic as any religious authority that can be found or that ever existed.

There is one authority whose voice must always find a response in our better selves. It is the authority of truth. Truth has an authority and speaks with an authority to which we may well give heed. Truth has her difficulties. Other voices often drown her words, for she always speaks in a quiet voice. It would ill become her to do otherwise. Error often wins attention because it is spectacular and attractive. It clothes itself in gaudy garments and adorns itself with gilt which finally proves to be only fools gold. Truth often seems commonplace and therefore unattractive. People crave the new. Truth is often old. It may even be moss-grown but the reality and beauty is there nevertheless, and they that find truth and love truth are happy indeed. Error's tomorrow has no promise. Truth's tomorrow will be glorious because she will have trampled the errors of yesterday and today under foot. She will shine out in all her beauty and

glory. Truth never changes. The testing time only sifts the errors out of men's minds.

Truth is the only foundation for life. It is the only resting place for the mind; the only anchor for the soul. When youth and truth are wedded, a happy union and a fruitful maturity are assured. Truth is invincible and immortal. It demonstrates itself in individual life and character and in the life and character of nations. Youth should "buy the truth and sell it not," for it is a priceless and enduring possession.

Personal Mention and News Items

J. Swinton Matthews spent Christmas vacation at his home in Ohio.

Hubert Irons made a business trip to New York City during Christmas vacation.

Clarence June motored to his home in New York to spend Christmas.

Elsie Manthei and Ruth Zimmerman spent a good portion of their vacation practicing the culinary art.

Ruth Dayton got so hungry for fried chicken and Kentucky biscuits that she had to go home for the holidays.

Virgil Moore, Ruby Moore, Hazen Fausnight, and Ruth (McNeill) Fausnight motored to the Carolinas to spend Christmas vacation.

Eugene and Lura Reynolds spent a part of vacation moving back into the building. They have a lovely apartment on the third floor.

Paul Froehlich went to his home in New York City for the holidays. His was a business trip all right, but what kind?

Students who remained in Anderson during the vacation enjoyed themselves immensely eating, skating, snow-balling, studying, and having a general good time.

A report comes from Homer and Vivian (Lewis) Bailey out in Colorado. Homer is pastoring two rural congregations and driving a school bus. They are very happy in the work of the Master.

Did you ever hear of going fishing on ice skates? Well, Paul Watson, Lloyd Powell, Bert James, and John Lackey did just that recently. When they returned they had thirty-five or forty nice catfish. Can you beat it?

The College Male Quartet consisting of Frank Towers, Earl Wells, Streeter Stuart, and Oral Clemens accompanied by Charles Culp, W. B. Thompson, and Mignon Greene spent the holidays in Atlanta, Ga. Miss Greene and Mr. Thompson live in Atlanta. They are in school here their first year.

Besides getting Phidelah Rice to come to Anderson, Belles-Lettres, the literary society, under the leadership of Eva-Clara Holbrook, has been stirring itself in other ways. The two rooms at the head of the south stairway have been fitted up for club rooms. After each program refreshments are served and a social time is enjoyed. The members this year include: Eva-Clara Holbrook, President; Ralph Coolidge, Vice-President; Clarence Peyton, Chairman of Program Committee; Walter Ott, Ellen High, Elsie Manthei, Elmer Bennett, Dorothy Templin, Ruth Zimmerman, Clara Davis, Mabel Petit, Myrtle Schield, Thelma Brekkan, Elva Wills, Erla Wills, Mrs. Olt, Maybrey Evans, Inez Snead, and Cleo Line.

When Mr. Rice was here the society entertained him at a special dinner and admitted him as an honorary member.

The club is growing and is absorbed in the year's program of reading the best current literature. Among the books already reviewed

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J. A. Morrison.....Editor-in-Chief
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EDITORIAL

YOUTH AND TRUTH

The Broadcaster's leading article for January comes to you from the pen of Rev. Charles W. Naylor whose name is well known to many, if not most of our readers. Something like twenty years ago, Brother Naylor took his bed as the result of an injury which he received in an accident one day while engaged in putting up a tent for the purpose of holding a revival meeting. Less courageous souls, on learning that a lifetime of suffering and inability to go about stretched out before them, would have given up in despair to become a charge to relatives or to society. But not so with our Brother Naylor. Unable to go about and preach as an evangelist or a pastor, he turned his attention and talents to the ministry of writing. With his radio, his dictaphone, and his telephone, and his magazines and daily papers within easy reach of his sick bed, Brother Naylor keeps in constant touch with the great social and religious thought currents which flow through our troubled times.

From the pen of this remarkable man has come during the past dozen years several books on religious subjects and hundreds of articles for religious papers. Although religious publications pay a most meagre rate for their manuscript, yet Brother Naylor has bought him a comfortable little home and always has a few dollars to give to worthy causes. For years he has given generously of his means to Anderson College and Theological Seminary. He is an occasional speaker in chapel. He speaks lying on his cot, which Mrs. Naylor brings and places on the chapel platform. Many students visit his home to converse with him on the religious and intellectual life.

So much about the man. And his subject, "Youth and Truth," is a timely one. In these days when young men and young women are taking such an active part in the affairs of the world, it is fitting that one above the half century mark have a word to them about truth. Thank you, Brother Naylor.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA YOUNG PEOPLE

I was invited to be the visiting speaker at the Western Pennsylvania Young People's Convention which was during the last two days of the old year and first day of the new at Vandergrift, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Morrison and I motored over and were entertained during the period of the convention in the very hospitable home of Rev. and Mrs. I. S. McCoy, pastors of the Vandergrift Church of God. Brother McCoy is the hospitable pastor of a hospitable people. They know how to make convention visitors feel at home in their midst. Room and board without money and without price were provided the guests in the homes of the members. This is especially to be appreciated in a time of financial depression like this.

After my arrival, I attended practically every session and heard every address. I was delighted to note the tone of unity, spirituality and optimism which was so pronounced throughout. The speakers all had something to say and said it with courage and confidence and loving-kindness. It was a young people's convention to be sure, but the old people were there and were welcome. Over there, they do not have one church for the young and another for the old. They are all one in Christ Jesus.

It was a joy to meet so many former students of the Seminary and to observe how they have developed into stalwart leaders in the Church of God. Their association and fellowship along with that of some of the pioneers who blazed the way for our message in these hills a third of a century ago was a great benediction to Mrs. Morrison and myself. I want to go again.

—J. A. M.

are "All Quiet on the Western Front," by ReMarque, and "It's a Great War," by Mary Lee. As the result of a song contest the following song written by Elva and Erla Wills was adapted as the club song. It is sung to the tune of "The Gay Cavalier, O."

We're the Belles-Lettres of Anderson College,
Our ambition is to acquire knowledge.

Not only of books
Nor how the world looks,
But we must have our fun, we'll acknowledge.

The Forensic may be prepossessing,
The Dramatic no doubt is progressing,

But we are the ones
To get real things done
And we'll keep all the other clubs guessing.

We admire the Musical Muses,
We respect any student who chooses

To join any one
Of the clubs begun;
For our College we know it enthuses.

But, we're the Belles-Lettres of Anderson College,
Our ambition is to acquire knowledge,

Not only of books
Nor how the world looks,
But we Do have our fun, we acknowledge.

SENTENCE SERMONS

"Be careful how you let people get your 'goat.' They may find out where he is kept."

"Power uninfluenced by a higher power is dangerous."

"Your best capital is 'I.'"

"Only he can be taught who is willing to learn."

"A lie can travel ten miles before the truth can get its boots on."

"All reverses are but temporary to the fellow who is sufficiently strong to overcome them."

"Modesty is not a low estimate of one's own worth, but refraining from expecting that others will make a high one."

Anderson Seminary Sends S. O. S. Call

By John A. Morrison

These are days that try men's souls. These are days when institutions tremble to their very foundations, and schools are no exception to the rule. Doubtless many small unendowed schools in the country will be unable to survive the year.

Anderson College and Theological Seminary will survive, but at the expense of real sacrifice on the part of those who believe in her and in the work she is doing now, has done in the past, and will do in the future. For fourteen years Anderson Seminary has weathered the storms of financial adversity and has kept her head above the waves of bankruptcy. From her halls have gone forth five hundred godly men and women to bless the world. It is not going beyond the truth to say that to-day thousands of men and women are in the Church of God because the School has carried on.

Just now I am frank to say that the financial outlook of this institution is darker than it has ever been before. Please do not understand me to mean that the School is deeply in debt. Such is not the case. Through fourteen years of work we have steered clear of debt and at the end of each year have shown a clean slate. Up to the opening of the present year we were positively clear of debt with the exception of about \$15,000 deficit on an extensive remodelling program on the Main Building. This remodelling was done four or five years ago.

Our great problem right now is not that of paying a debt, but that of keeping our doors open and paying our current expense bills. Our problem arises from three main causes. First, added expense this year; second, smaller student body; and third, smaller donations.

Added Expense

This year we took over from the Gospel Trumpet Company a large portion of the Old People's Home building, which is known as Sunset Hall. This is used for a girls' dormitory. We signed a contract to pay the company \$2,000 a year for the use of the building. Besides we have to stand the expense of operating our part of the building, except that the Company takes care of the insurance, heat, and water. The arrangement is proving wonderfully successful, except in a financial way, for the School. As an example of the cordiality that exists between the girls and the old people I cite an instance. On Christmas day all the girls in Sunset Hall except eight or ten had been invited out for Christmas dinner. The dear old people invited these remaining eight or ten down to their dining room to enjoy Christmas dinner with them, and a wonderful time of fellowship was enjoyed by all.

Aside from the added expense this year incident to Sunset Hall, we added three teachers to our staff and installed a chemistry laboratory. These additional facilities were positively necessary if we were to carry on as a college.

Smaller Student Body

Most of the students who come to Anderson are poor in this world's goods, and practically every one of them has to work in order to get through at all. And they are willing to work and are not at all particular

as to the kind of work they do. But many of them this past summer searched the country and cities for work without finding it. Well, as a result they could not come back to school this fall. The result is that our student body is considerably smaller than it has been for several years. But this smaller student body does not cut down in any appreciable way our dining hall, dormitory, and classroom expenses. In other words, if we had twice as many students as we have, we would have twice as much income from student fees with perhaps less than 25 per cent additional expense.

Another complicating factor is that those students who are here are, many of them, unable to pay their bills when due. They came expecting to work as usual in Anderson, but work in Anderson is not to be had. Our boys and girls have walked themselves foot-sore trying to find work. Some of our girls walk more than a mile through the snow and slush to town and work for fifteen cents an hour and then walk back to the College. When they get a dollar they come to the College office with glad hearts because they have that much to pay on their accounts. We are carrying on our books nearly twenty thousand dollars in student accounts. And more than one of these students has come to my office and wept because he could not pay his account. These accounts are good and will be paid in full if the students live. I am basing this statement on experiences in the past. I have been connected here for twelve years and in that time we have lost considerably less than one hundred dollars on student accounts. Just as we have been paid by our students who owed us in the past so shall we be paid by those who owe us now. But how to pay our bills now is a question of which I do not see the answer. Since they are unable to pay us, we are unable to furnish them with even enough to eat. Over and over again some of our students leave the dining-hall hungry. We have a splendidly equipped dining-hall and kitchen, but we cannot buy food without money.

Less Donations

Our donations this year are smaller than usual, of course. How could they be otherwise when thousands of our dear brethren are out of work. Our pastors and evangelists are suffering. I do not offer one word of criticism to our brethren in the field for the small donations that come to us. The wonder is that you send anything at all when you have so little at home. Of course there are some among us who have enough and to spare but most of our people are feeling the pinch of poverty. Just the other day one of our able evangelists was in my office, telling me of the hard time he was having trying to get by financially.

What Shall We Do?

What shall we do? Our students are here. Our faculty is here. We have a glorious group of 500 alumni, who point with humble pride to these grey walls on the hill. We have hundreds of parents who look this way for the Christian education of their boys and girls. We have 15,000 young people who ought to have an education that teaches them that man is

more than an animal or a machine. We have a physical equipment here which could not be duplicated for less than \$200,000. Would it be wise to mortgage this property even if we could? Banks and loan companies are not making any loans, and they would be especially slow to loan money on school property. Shall we close down and send our students home? We shall not close down if

We Are Willing to Sacrifice

An institution that is not worth sacrificing for is not worth having at all. Our faculty has always been paid a low salary scale. I think our teachers' contract salaries are about 50 per cent of the average college professor's salary. They are on an average, considerably below the salary of our average successful pastors and evangelists.

The other morning we called every officer, teacher, and employee of the Seminary together in one of the class rooms and told them the whole financial story and asked them to state their feelings in the matter. And they had feelings. Some of them with tears in their eyes stated their loyalty to the Seminary and their willingness to sacrifice for it. Beginning at the highest salary with a 25 per cent cut, we went to the lowest, which was the janitor, who cheerfully accepted a 10 per cent cut. The officers, the teachers, the bookkeeper, the cook, the fireman, the stenographers, and all, accepted their cuts cheerfully when they knew that it meant the actual doing without many needed things. Furthermore, they indicated their willingness to go further if it becomes necessary in order to keep the school going.

Mrs. Bowser has been our efficient matron for several years. She gladly stepped out, thus saving the School her salary, although her husband does not have full-time work. Mrs. Morrison, although she has the work of keeping four children in school, doing all of our washing, ironing, sewing, mending, cleaning, and cooking, besides working in the Sunday school at Park Place, has volunteered to come over, without pay, to supervise the matron's work at the Main Building and Sunset Hall. Student girls, for their room and board, will assist her. We live in a bungalow on the hill just across the street from the College. We are about half

way paid out on this home and have it modestly but nicely furnished. It represents Mrs. Morrison's and my meager savings over the period of twenty years of our married life. We love it, of course, but I think we are both willing to spend every cent of it if need be to assist in tiding our beloved school over a financial crisis that her doors may swing open in the future as they have in the past to our 15,000 young people in the Church of God who deserve the right to the kind of an education that their Christian parents pray that they may have.

"What Can I Do?"

One alumnus who lives here in Anderson on learning of our financial stress was deeply moved and said, "What Can I Do?" God bless that brother. Were his ability to help equal to his desire to do so, our needs would be supplied. So it is with hundreds who read this. I do not know what you can do. I should not even want to suggest. You may be in a worse condition than the School. Do what you think God would have you do. If you are an alumnus, maybe you can send a small check. If you are a pastor or an evangelist you might tell the story to the church and have them pray and those who are able could send a check. If you have savings surely you ought to help. If you are wealthy or nearly so, please give a real lift.

We appeal to farmers to send in produce. Butter, eggs, meat, sugar, lard, potatoes, beans, honey, cornmeal, fruit (raw or canned), jellies, preserves—anything you use on your own table will be acceptable. Write and tell what you send and when and how it is sent. Send all donations in money or produce to Anderson Seminary, Anderson, Ind. And let God's people everywhere pray.

(Note: We desire to state that each of the general agencies of the church is suffering in like manner and this is something that has caused much distress. Under our principle of association you may designate your gifts to whatever cause you wish and your gift goes without any exception to that cause. If you wish your gift to be apportioned among all the boards you may send your gift to the Associated Budgets Secretary, Anderson, Ind.)

With the Alumni

— Rolla D. Shultz, Editor —

Babygram from Washington, D. C., announces the arrival of Norman Edward Bentley, son of Gwendolyn (Egert), '23, and George Bentley. Date October 31, 1930.

Weight eight and one half pounds, name Ruth Elizabeth, daughter of Labon J., '24, and Louise Hauck, Beatrice, Nebraska. Date November 25, 1930.

Mr. Carl Kardatzke, '26, was a visitor at the college during the Christmas vacation. We are always

glad to see Carl but didn't see much of him during this visit. "There's a reason."

Miss Hazel Lewis, '25, is happy and jolly in sunny Dixie with the Rowe's.

Miss Purnie Hagan, '27, of Winchester Academy, visited the college during the Christmas vacation.

A letter from Mrs. Emergene Johnson White, '24, Agro, Kansas, states that she is very happy caring for her little three year old daughter and one year old son.

Reverend J. W. Bailey '20, who has spent eight years on the mission field in Africa, is on furlough in

America visiting various congregations. He stopped off at the Seminary and gave a chapel address.

Reverend and Mrs. Roy L. Sanders, pastors at South Whitley, Indiana, were recent and welcome visitors at the Seminary. For many years Mrs. Sanders was Professor of English here. Rev. Sanders graduated with the class of '27.

Reverend and Mrs. S. E. Dooty, pastors of the church at Kansas City, Kansas, spent the holidays in Indiana visiting relatives. They stopped off for a short visit at the Seminary. Reverend Dooty was formerly a worker at the Gospel Trumpet Company, and Mrs. Dooty is a graduate of the Seminary.

Mr. Joseph W. Wiley, '23 and Mrs. Wiley, both of whom are teaching school in the northern part of Indiana, paid the Seminary a visit recently. They were accompanied by Miss Stanley Smith, pastor of the Church of God at Nappanee, Indiana.

Miss Edna Price, '29, of Baltimore, Maryland, was hostess to Miss Amy Lopez of New York City, Miss Esther Boyer, pastor at Dundalk, Maryland, and Miss Mattie Reid of the City Hospital, Baltimore, also a former student of A. C. & T. S., at a pleasant dinner on the last day of 1930.

Misses Ruby and Myrtle Meyer, '30, became the happy brides of Geo. Blackwell, '28, and Cecil Brown, a former student at Anderson College, on Wednesday evening, December 24th at the First Christian Church in Sweetwater, Texas. Rev. LaVaughn Hall, '29, performed the ceremony.

Dear Old Anderson Seminary:

Many times I have wanted to do something for you to help repay what you have done for me. But as far as dollars and cents I fear I shall never be able to.

One thing I can do and that is to pray for your success, and bring no reproach upon your name.

A few days ago I was burdened for your cause and I knew God was a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God. I went to Him in prayer as I had done before when in need. Remember when we students had to help in the dollar drive one time, I had no dollar. And nothing to do but ask God for one. I received one in a few days it was all done through God answering prayer.

The other day I really prayed, did not ask any definite amount, but promised what was given to me I would send it to your cause. A lady gave me a two dollar tip and I promised the Lord I would give dollar for dollar.

This year has been a lonesome year for me but He has kept his hand upon me and blessed me even more than I could ask or think.

I am now giving my full time to the work here in the Church as a city missionary. I enjoy being back in the work of the Lord.

Pray for me.

Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, '27
1739 W. Jefferson St.,
Louisville, Ky.

ATTENTION, ALUMNI

If you're an Alumnus—you should get a letter from the Editor-in-chief of the "Echoes" about our Alumni section by the second or third week of January. We're trying to reach all of you for this Alumni feature, but if we should by some accident or wrong address, miss getting a letter to you—

Please drop us your name and address thus—

Name

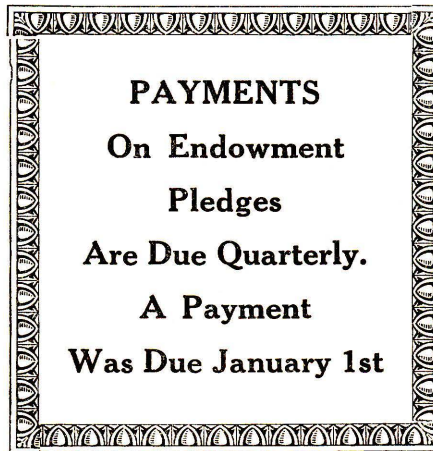
Year Grad.....

Address

(Write in black ink if possible.)

Thank you.

—P.E.W.



REPORT ON ECHOES SLOGAN CONTEST

The response to the slogan contest was not so good as might have been expected.

Of the slogans submitted, the judges could find none appropriate for the "Echoes" drive—so naturally we cannot give anyone honorable mention as first winner.

The judges were: Mrs. J. A. Morrison, Prof. Earl Martin, and John Lackey. The business staff herein acknowledges its obligation to them for their services.

An Event Worthy of Commemoration

This January recalls among other events one associated with the great Lincoln. It occurred exactly sixty-eight years ago.

In the early summer of 1862 the Civil War was raging with no encouraging omens for the Federals. The President decided upon a cru-

cial stroke. Congress had abolished slavery in the District of Columbia in April, and two months later, on June 19, had swept it from the territories forever. Now the Abolitionists were urging the President to declare slaves free in the southern states and were criticising him upon every evidence of hesitation. Finally Lincoln reached his great decision and drafted the Emancipation Proclamation. After reading it to his cabinet he put it away until a favorable turn of the war should give him the opportunity to proclaim it.

In September when McClellan repulsed Lee's forces in the terrible battle of Antietam, although it was a doubtful victory, Lincoln took the occasion as favorable and on the twenty-third boldly announced that unless the confederate states returned to the Union by the first of the following January "all the slaves in every place under arms against the federal government would be given their liberty." When January arrived, these conditions not being met, he fulfilled that immortal decree to the letter. It is true that slavery was not actually abolished then, but the proclamation was the beginning of a series of events that eventually assured one of the greatest moral victories of all time.

Basketball

The Anderson College basketball team is coming to the front, as the result of some hard-fought games and many long hours of practice. Under the efficient direction of Coach Denny the team looks forward to a number of victories. The team has played several local teams as well as outside teams and some style and speed have been shown. Before the season closes the team will make several trips including one to Fort Wayne and one to Hanover College in the southern part of the state. Interest at present is on the game to be played here January 10, at which time the local quintet hopes to even the score with Huntington College who handed them a walloping earlier in the season.

The personnel of Anderson College team includes players from the different states; they are: Baize, Ahrendt, Proctor, Miller, and Ratzlaff at forwards; Bennett and Johnson at center; Palmer, Hayes, June, Gaulke, Dodge, and Matthews at guards.

A Broken Vow

By Vivian Ahrendt

"This second day of February I solemnly promise God that I will give to Him one-tenth of all the money which I earn. This, I feel, is only a small indication of my appreciation for all the blessings which God gives me. . . ."

Carrol, with a little start, looked up from the yellowed, weather-stained pages of her diary. That did sound so solemn, especially when read aloud. It was almost like taking an oath before a judge in a court trial. She read it again. She could remember well the time when she made that entry in the diary. It had been on the day before she had started working in the insurance office. That thought brought a smile to her lips. She would not soon forget that first position in an office, and especially would she remember the day when she applied for it. The business college told her about the place, and when she finally got off of the elevator on the eleventh floor of an office building, she had walked up and down the corridor for fully five minutes before mustering up enough courage to go in and ask for the manager. Even then her knees had seemed to shake so that she could hardly walk and her voice had sounded faint and unnatural. But when she had walked out of the door fifteen minutes later after being told to report for work the following morning, she had felt almost dizzy with joy. Looking back on the incident, it certainly seemed like a silly thing to get so excited over—an insignificant, ten-dollar-a-week-job!

But that entry in her diary. It troubled her. It was really a promise to God. A vow—that's what it was—a vow which she had made in all sincerity and earnestness and which she had intended to keep. She tried to tell herself in a sensible manner that she had been young and irresponsible when she had written that in her diary, and besides she hadn't reasoned the thing out. She had not given much thought to whether one-tenth of one's earnings was just the exact amount to give. She had simply accepted it as true because the preacher had said it was the thing to do. Thinking about the matter

now, she was not so sure whether God expected it of one or not.

She turned the pages of the diary.

"I now have ten dollars and sixty cents in the Lord's Bank and fifty-three dollars in my savings account. It's as much fun watching the amount in the Lord's Bank grow as saving money for my savings account."

Again Carrol looked serious. Yes, that had been true. When she first



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started working in the insurance office, every week when she got home after receiving her pay envelope she had put one dollar of the amount in the little bank which she had fixed up and labeled "The Lord's Bank." Out of that bank she had taken the money for her purpose at church, money for Sunday School collections, for missionary offerings and such things. It had been fun too—watching the amount grow. Somehow or other, it had given her a certain sense of satisfaction to look at that bank and realize that she was doing something in a concrete, tangible way to show her appreciation to God for His goodness to her. She remembered, too, how it had seemed easy then to pray to God for things that she needed. She could look up to Him with a clear conscience because she felt that she was obeying Him and doing her part, and His promises were for those who obeyed Him.

Then she banished such thoughts from her mind. After all, she had been a mere child when she made those entries in her diary. And now that she was older she felt that there were other ways in which one could give to God than by simply putting money in the collection

plate. She had charge of the Junior department in Sunday School and that work took a great deal of her time. Often she spent the entire Saturday afternoon, and sometimes an evening or two during the week, visiting absent scholars or prospective Sunday School members. It took time to even prepare the lessons. Besides that, she occasionally visited the hospitals on Sunday. It was all rather enjoyable work, of course. But it often meant a sacrifice. There were plenty of more pleasant ways in which she could spend those few hours when she was away from the office.

There was also another aspect to the situation. When she made that decision to give one-tenth to the Lord she was earning almost nothing—only ten dollars a week. But now—well—she was earning three times that much in a week, and she simply could not think of giving about three dollars a week to the church. She had other obligations. She helped with expenses at home, and it took no end of money to live in the city. And one had to wear good clothes in an office such as her's was.

So surely, she reasoned, she was giving to the Lord—giving her time, her talents, and helping her parents.

"Carrol—Carrol—Telephone—," someone called.

This ended further meditation. Carrol tossed the diary into an open dresser drawer and went to answer the telephone. As the days then the weeks, went by she almost forgot about the finding in her diary of the vow to God. When she did occasionally remember it, she told herself half-heartedly that she must do better. She must start keeping a business-like account of the money that was due the Lord. Once she did put aside a tenth of her two week's wages and then for some reason or other she needed that money before her next pay check, and not wanting to bother to draw the amount from her savings account she borrowed it from the one-tenth fund. Then she forgot to put the money back, and after a few weeks had gone by she couldn't even remember how much money she had put aside in the first place.

Of course, she always gave something to church work. Sometimes she dropped a fifty-cent piece in the collection plate. More often it was a dollar. And when there was a special appeal being made for money she usually put in five dollars. At the time it seemed like she was giving a great deal to church work. That thought gave her a pleasant, complacent feeling. But she never stopped to figure up that if she gave one-tenth regularly her offerings would be almost double.

One fall day when Carrol came back to the office from lunch she found the girls talking about clothes.

"If any of you girls plan on getting a fur coat this winter you shouldn't miss the sale at The Fashion Shop," one of the girls was saying. "I was in there this noon and they told me that starting tomorrow they are offering all of their coats at a reduction of twenty per cent. I looked at a number of the coats and they are simply gorgeous."

As Carrol joined the group the girl said, "Carrol, you simply must go down there and see one coat they have. I thought of you when they showed it to me. You are so small it would look darling on you. It's a soft pearl gray fur. You'd just love it."

Carrol laughed and said something about there being little possibility of her ever getting a fur coat. She thought nothing more about the matter until the following day when she passed The Fashion and saw the fur coats in the window with sale prices on them. One of the coats was gray and she decided at once that it must be the one which the girls had been telling her about. She had plenty of time so she decided that she might as well try it on. Of course, she had no intention of buying it, but it wouldn't hurt to see how she looked with it on.

The young clerk was more than delighted to show her the coat.

"You couldn't help liking this coat," he assured confidently even while he took it from the hanger, "and I believe it will be exactly your size. It's such an unusual bargain too—only one hundred fifty dollars!"

Carrol surveyed herself in the long mirror. It was a beautiful coat—even lovelier at close range

than in the window. And the gray fur around her face seemed to make her olive skin look more transparent and her brown eyes darker and bigger.

"Oh, no," she answered the enthusiastic salesman. "I couldn't think of deciding to-day. Besides, I'm not sure that I even want to buy a fur coat."

"Wouldn't you like to have us lay it away for you until to-morrow," he asked graciously.

"Well," she wavered, "you might do that. I'll think it over and let you know."

All the rest of the afternoon she thought about that coat. Finally she realized that she wanted it very badly. But one hundred fifty dollars for a coat! How could she afford to pay that much! She had more money than that in the bank but she didn't want to use any of it for a coat. It seemed extravagant. If it cost only one hundred dollars she felt that she would take it at once. She had planned to spend that much for a coat, and had almost that much laid aside for that purpose. A new idea came to her. Why not use the fifty dollars which she had planned to give to the church building fund? Why not! She had not actually promised anyone that she would give that money, but she had planned to do it to ease her conscience a little for her past slackness in giving. After all, she could give something later on.

So Carrol decided to buy the coat. Every Saturday after that she stopped at the store to make a payment until finally one Saturday she made the last payment and walked out of the store with her coat. She had imagined that when she actually owned that coat she would be gloriously happy. But she was not. And the next morning instead of wearing the new coat to church she wore her same old one. She couldn't help wondering what people would think if they knew that she had used the fifty dollars which she had planned to give on the church building fund to help buy her fur coat.

During the week that followed she received an invitation to a dinner in honor of one of the girls who was leaving the office. When she learned that the dinner was to be at one of the fashionable eating places on the edge of the city

she thought at once how glad she was that she had her fur coat. No doubt now about her not looking as nice as anyone else.

The night of the dinner she hung her coat, with the others, in the rest room. Several hours later, in company with the rest of the girls, she entered the room for her wraps. She went at once to the hook on which she had hung her coat. But there was no coat there. She found her hat and gloves but the coat was gone. Then a thorough search was made of the entire room. Even the manager, much agitated, helped look, but no coat was to be found.

Later, while riding home in a borrowed coat, Carrol was thoughtful and silent.

"Cheer up, Carrol," one of the crowd said, encouragingly, "you'll get your coat back all right. Most likely one of those waitresses took it. You may be sure the manager will do his best to locate it. It would give his place a bad name if the story got out. People would be afraid to go there for parties if there was danger of their clothing being swiped."

But Carrol had a feeling that she would never see that coat again. There kept coming to her mind a verse from the Bible, "Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay." As plainly as if God had told her, she **knew** why her coat had disappeared. Because she had been robbing God for so long, He had permitted her coat to be taken. How easily, she thought, it would be for Him to take everything she had. She was thankful that He had taken only the coat. If it had been her position in the office, her health, or her parents—that would have been much worse.

That night when she got home she went to her room. For five or ten minutes she searched in her clothes closet for something. Finally, from a box on a shelf she brought out a little bank somewhat rusty with age. Tenderly she placed it on her dressing table. Then she went to her Bible, and after a search she copied something out of it on a slip of paper, which she pasted on the bank. On the paper was written, "I will pay Thee my vows which my lips have uttered."

"Weaklings don't relish testing-times."