

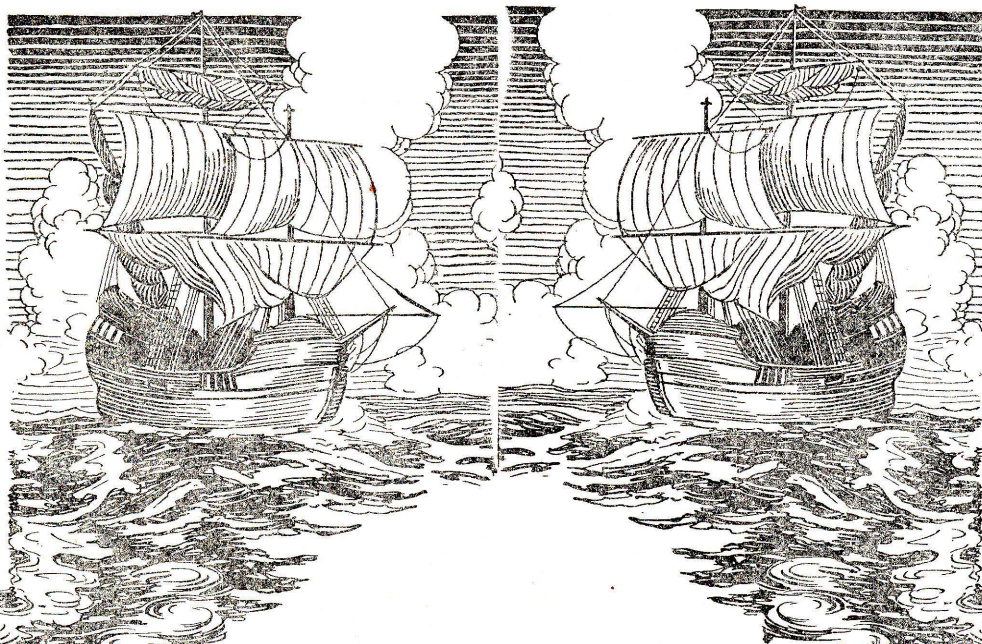


# The Broadcaster

Official Organ of Anderson College and Theological Seminary

No. 7

VOL. II



## A Prayer of Thanksgiving

**W**E THANK Thee, O Lord of the Seasons, that seed time has again turned into glorious harvest time. We thank Thee for grain, for the fruit of the vineyard, for the material goods offered us by industry, for the beautiful hues of sky and land, and for the awakening in our own hearts.

We praise Thee for the counsel of wise men, for the blessed example of spiritual seers, for the fellowship of human kind, for the disciplines of life, for the tasks that prepare us for honor, and for the love that heals our wounds and the mercy that forgives when we err.

We thank Thee for our country, for the developing sense of justice in the hearts of our people, for the increasing ties of brotherhood, and for all messengers of light from Thee. We are grateful for all agencies making for the organization of our life in religious, social, and intellectual relationships. We praise Thee for all who lead us on in the quest for truth, for all who dare to dream that love will one day rule all the aspirations of our life, to the end that domination, exploitation, and wars shall be no more.

O, Lord of Life, do Thou make us to live in Thy presence all our days. Through him whose love will forever illumine the world. Amen.

—Professor Forrest Cleburne Weir



# Is Bigness a Virtue?

By President John A. Morrison

According to our modern notions, when it comes to institutions and organizations, it is more blessed to be big than to be anything else. This is an age of big things. Big business, big factories, big organizations, big churches, big banks, big cities, big everything.

In this age it would appear that nothing so unfortunate can come to an institution as to be small. In the automobile industry nothing is worth while that cannot claim some connection with General Motors or Ford Motor Company. Banks are merging. Twelve years ago when I moved to this little town of Anderson, Ind., which has 40,000 people, we had six banks. Now we have two. None of them failed but merely combined. The independent mercantile establishment is fast becoming a thing of history. We have everything in chains—chain groceries, chain ten cent stores, chain clothing stores, chain department stores. All this may be good or bad for the people. We shall leave that for the economist to settle or try to settle. In this article we are concerned with the mass-production idea as applied to educational institutions.

A great many wise and good men engage in the business of providing college and seminary training for the youth of our time are beginning to question the virtue of mere bigness when applied to our schools. In the great centers of population tens of thousands of our young people are being huddled together in our public high schools. In proportion to our population more boys and girls each year are handed a high school diploma than ever before. On commencement day high school graduates literally swarm from the platform with proper pride in the fact that they have ground out four long tiresome years of schooling. What is true of the high schools is also true of the colleges and graduate schools. We have reached the stage of mass-production in the matter of high school and college graduates. We seem to be applying the same principles of speed to our educational program that we are applying to our industrial program.

Now all good men should rejoice that the privilege of attendance at

institutions of higher learning is coming to so many of our young people. This is as it should be only it should be more so. It should be the birth-right of every American boy or girl to have the schooling necessary to develop (as much as schooling can do it) to the highest degree possible every gift which nature has bestowed upon him or her. The question raised in this article is not whether all of us shall



REV. J. A. MORRISON

go to school but rather whether all of us shall go to one or a few schools. It seems to be the idea that just as we expect Ford or General Motors to turn out all our automobiles so we expect Chicago and Columbia to turn out all our college graduates.

Do we forget what education really is? Do we remember that education is not the pursuing of certain prescribed curricula offered wholesale? Do we understand that education is the development of human personality? Education in its broader and truer meaning, like religion, is "caught" as well as "taught." Contact of personality with personality is a potent factor in all teaching processes. The Great Teacher preached to the multitude but he taught the few learners who touched him daily and felt the contagion of his great spirit. All of us can doubtless look across the years to our days in school and see some

teacher of our's whose wholesome living and vibrant personality made us different from what we ever could have been had we not been touched by him. Such teachers are more than a memory in our minds; they are an abiding power in our lives. Other teachers taught us and we respect and honor them. But these few teachers who were teachers indeed, by the contagion of their personalities inoculated us with an idealism which has made us what we are.

And this personal contact with other students and with teachers and with administrators is possible to any worthwhile degree only in the smaller institutions where the general spirit of the institution is akin to that of a family. Where everybody knows everybody else and a misfortune to any member of the group is a source of grief to every other member. Where the presence or absence of the common human virtues in one member of the group is cause for comment by his fellows. And, too, personal conferences between student and professor are possible in the small school.

Anderson College and Theological Seminary has no ambitions in the direction of largeness. We are trying to be strong but not large. A student body of five to eight hundred should be our limit. We need money for endowment and physical equipment. We need to add many thousands of volumes to our library. We need to enlarge and strengthen our teaching staff. We need a student body twice as large as what we have. All these things we are striving for from year to year and we shall have them someday, by God's help.

Parents in selecting a college for their boys and girls should consider the advantages that are obtained in the small school.

What this generation needs is consciousness of personality and realization of the power of growth. The soul of humanity is the product of an Architect who fashioned his creation to be independent in word and action, but to be ever dependent on the Maker for its fullest growth and fulfillment.

—Rev. Dr. John Walter Hough



# EDITORIAL

## LET US GIVE THANKS

Have you read the prayer of Thanksgiving on the front cover of this issue of the Broadcaster by Professor Weir? If not turn and read it. It will do your heart good.

The last twelve months have been months of great strain and stress. The floodgates of economic misfortune have been opened up and a torrent of financial trouble has rolled out over our nation. We stand at the frosty gates of winter with more or less misgivings as to what we may find inside.

And now comes our national Thanksgiving season when we are expected to search about in corners of our existence to see if something may be found at the sight of which the heart springs up to utter a word of thanks. And we shall not go far to seek. Many blessings have come to us the past year. We should be thankful for the friends who daily pass our door and wave to us happy greetings and good wishes. And may we not breathe a prayer of thanks for those everyday folks who, in the fellowship of honest toil, meet us morning after morning at the accustomed place of work where their labor, in the office, in the shop or in the field, sanctified by lofty motives, becomes a sacrifice on the altar of human well-being? Students who sit in the sequestered halls of learning associated with sympathetic class-mates, watched by the anxious eyes of hopeful and self-sacrificing parents, prayed for by a truth-loving church, well-wished by a beneficent society, lead on in their eager quest for knowledge by teachers true and tried; students thus blessed can well afford to send up a prayer of thanks to God for such blessings. Those of us on whom has fallen the divine benediction of parenthood may be grateful for the little feet that clatter across our floors and give thanks to God for the trusting eyes that look helplessly to us for every bodily need.

Notwithstanding our dreadful drouth, the past summer autumn has poured from out her lavish horn into the lap of our great nation fruits of the soil in ample amount to feed us all if we can get it properly distributed. Our wheat is in the bin, our corn is in the shock, our fruit is garnered and there is a disposition in the hearts of all our people, rich and poor alike, that those who have should share with those who have not.

Let us give thanks.

—J.A.M.

## THEN AND NOW

A hundred years bring many changes, some of them for the better and some of them for the worse. We rejoice in the good ones and regret the bad ones. A hundred years ago people got excited over religion. There has been a change.

In those days religion was the subject of long and bitter arguments in which all were free and eager to take a part. Men were not so courteous then as now. In 1855 the editor of a Southern religious paper of Calvinistic flavor wrote a book in which he contended that Methodism never had and never could save a soul. According to this writer, Methodism was "the granddaughter of Rome, the grandchild of the man of sin and the Son of Perdition." Of course the Methodists were not without a spokesman to furnish a reply and a prominent Methodist minister had this to say about the author of the above mentioned book: "For several years past in portions of several states with an unearthly din this man has been barking, neighing, braying, mewing, puffing, swaggering, strutting; and in every situation an offensive smell to gentlemen of refined tastes and Christian habits has gone with him."

And all this only three-fourths of a century ago.

All of us are much more tolerant in these days. But could it be that some of our religious toleration is born of theological laziness and religious indifference? Religious quarrels with all their evil may do more to promote truth than peace bought with the price of religious earnestness and conviction. —J.A.M.

## The BROADCASTER

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J. A. Morrison.....Editor-in-Chief  
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E. S. Reynolds.....Managing Editor

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## Personal Mention and News Items

Superintendent W. A. Denny of the Anderson public schools gave a splendid address in chapel recently.

Professor H. A. Sherwood recently preached for Rev. W. C. Roark, '23, pastor at Canton, Ohio.

Rev. Elmer Rich, a student, was called to his home in Oklahoma on account of the death of his father.

The Student Pastor and wife, Brother and Sister Sherwood, are always busy seeking whom they may serve.

Word has been received that Albert Donaldson former student was recently ordained to the ministry in Illinois.

Rev. Earl L. Slacum, '25 pastor at Ellwood City, Pennsylvania, writes of a Young People's Rally in his church.

The Missionary Prayer Band is an earnest group who meet every Monday evening in the interest of Foreign Missions.

Miss Ruth Zimmerman of Grand Junction, Colorado, has succeeded Mrs. Lura Reynolds as Secretary to President Morrison.

A new book of the Christian Hero Series on the life of William Carey by Dean Russell Olt has just been issued from Warner Press.

Rev. L. L. Rawlings, '29, pastor at Merino, Colo., writes that his work there is prospering. He is eager to return for further work in the Seminary.

A peculiarly arranged brush heap was found in a class room. Upon scientific investigation, it was discovered to be Hubert Irons' Biology specimens.

On October the twenty-second the Ladies' Aid Society of the Park Place church put on a very touching play in chapel depicting the religious life of Japan.

Professor Earl Martin recently filled the pulpit of the North Side Church of God in Indianapolis, Indiana, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. P. B. Turner.

Bro. Wm. Hartman, pastor at Kalamazoo, Mich., was a recent visitor of the school. He gave an inspiring message in chapel, telling some of his experiences in the ministry.

A combination service was recently held in the College chapel by the Young People's Society of the School and the Young People's Society of Park Place Church.

Bro. P. B. Turner, pastor at Indianapolis, in a recent chapel address, stressed the fact that one must be developed physically and mentally as well as spiritually, if he is to be at his best for God.

Jesse Reust says, "I owe my very best to the churches in western Kansas and Oklahoma for making it possible for me to be in school this year."

Oh, for more such churches!

Rev. Gordon J. Morrison, '22, pastor at Grand Junction, Colorado, writes that Mrs. Morrison is in the hospital at Salida, Colorado, for a major operation. He requests the prayers of friends.

D. A. Denny, Director of Athletics, is optimistic about this year's basket ball teams, for both the girls and boys. He is working hard to put these teams on a par with other college teams. Students believe Denny can do it. Yea! Rah! Denny!

A second Seminary Male Quartet composed of Melvin Miller, Laude Hays, Herbert Thompson and Frank Unrue have been filling engagements in and around Anderson. They recently went to Nappanee, Indiana, where Miss Stanley Smith is pastor.

The Ministerial Association will be very fortunate in having Bro. Walter Dimba give his lecture on Africa, December the fifth. He will sail for Africa December the twenty-sixth. The prayers of the student body go with him as he returns to his native home to engage in missionary work.

The Social Service Committee of the College Young People's Society composed of Mona Moors, David

Gaulke, and John Lackey have arranged for weekly services at the following places: The County Home, Orphanage, Girls' Welfare Home, and the home of C. W. Naylor. They have arranged also for two meetings a month at the Old People's Home.

President Morrison, in company with Rev. R. L. Berry, Rev. J. R. Tallen, and Rev. D. W. Patterson, drove to St. Louis, Missouri, recently to attend the Four hundredth Anniversary celebration of the Augsburg Confession held by the Lutheran church.

The recent revival held at the Park Place Church of God by Rev. O. E. Line was an outstanding success. Special prayer meetings were held daily at the church and in the chapel. The splendid cooperation of the church made the preaching easy and the message effective.

### THE ECHOES STAFF BUSY

The Staff of the 1931 Echoes of Anderson College and Theological Seminary has been completed, and work is now under way. Forrest C. Weir has been chosen as Staff Advisor. The personnel of the Staff is as follows:

George W. Palmer, Editor-in-Chief  
Rolla D. Shultz, Business Manager  
Frederick Schminke, Associate Editor

Isabelle Lowe, Associate Editor  
Paul Watson, Advertising Manager  
Edgar Williams, Circulation Manager

Ruth Zimmerman, Secretary to the Business Manager

Kenneth Ahrendt, Art Editor  
Lucille Fenton, Art Editor  
Ralph Benson, Photograph Editor  
Elsie Manthie, Photograph Editor  
Eva Clare Holbrook, Sports Editor  
Ellen High, Calendar Editor  
Hazen Fausnight, Literary Editor  
Marvin Proctor, Advertising Editor

The Echoes is a record of the activities of the school year. The Staff expect to make this volume an annual of distinction. One of the features this year will be the Alumni section.

### BONE-DRY WRIGHT

Mr. Wright, author of the Wright Bone Dry Law, which is the enforcement law of prohibition in Indiana, gave a very enthusiastic prohibition address a few days ago in chapel.

He said the 18th Amendment is one of the master strokes of better legislation. Europe is interested in



the outcome of our 18th Amendment. The destiny of the whole world depends on it.

It took one hundred years to advance prohibition to its present status. Why then turn back a hundred years? The horse used to take the drunk home. Now a car is just as drunk as the man. Whisky and gas won't mix without a mix-up.

Prohibition is working. It will continue to work. If all the colleges and churches will be for prohibition we might just as well try to turn Niagara back over its course as to stop the victorious march of prohibition.

**NOTED MONACTOR TO  
APPEAR HERE**

Phidelah Rice, of Brookline, Mass., widely known monactor, will appear at Anderson College on Monday night, November 24, under auspices of the Belles Lettres Society, literary organization, it has been announced by Clarence Peyton, chairman of the society's program committee.

Mr. Rice appeared at Taylor and Marion colleges the past few years, and a number of students from the Anderson College went to Marion last year to attend one of his presentations. The monactor takes various parts in plays without change of costume. He will give "The Great Adventure" here.

Tuesday noon, October 28, the dining room for the first time this year was filled to capacity. While the students sat on benches and ate soup the Rotarians were served a banquet. They were entertained by the Ladies' and Men's Quartets. The Dramatic Club gave a one-act play "Easy Terms." The cast of three displayed unusual ability. Streeter Stuart forgot himself and became a bragging, conceited man who, in a crisis, becomes jelly-like and makes his wife face the guns. Mignon Green of the Freshman class displayed exceptional dramatic ability. Virgil Johnson, the abused janitor, worked himself into such a passion on the stage that he hasn't yet gained his usual calmness.

Life seems to me not a state of being but a process of becoming. It is an adventure, a training, a testing to try the soul's strength on, and educe the man. This makes it tremendously interesting provided you don't expect too much from it.

—Dr. Henry Van Dyke

**With the Alumni**

—Rolla D. Shultz, Editor—

Dennis Larabee who for two years has been in Warner University writes interestingly of his work there.

Miss Laura Miller is doing a very splendid work in the new Meadowbrook church of this city which just recently celebrated its first anniversary.

Rev. R. R. Green, '28, pastor at North Bend, Ore., was ordained at the State camp meeting during the past summer.

Sam Nachtigal and his wife who left the School last year write that they are taking up ministerial work in Saskatchewan, Canada.

Recent visitors at the College were Mrs. Esther (Miller) Hyatt of Atlanta, Ga., and her fourteen weeks' old baby, Ruth Ann. They are visiting her parents who live in Anderson.

Rev. Mack M. Caldwell, '22, former Dean of Southern Bible Institute has accepted the pastorate at Clinton, Iowa. He succeeds Rev. S. J. Lane who has accepted a pastorate at Bristow, Oklahoma.

Mary Fairfield, a former student who is working in Cleveland, Ohio, visited at the School over a recent week-end. She states that she is assisting Rev. Lawrence Brooks, '27, in his pastoral work there.

Miss Pearl Johnson, '24, of Raub, N.Dak., was recently appointed Field Secretary of the Board of Sunday Schools and Religious Education. She will visit the various congregations of the church in the interests of Religious Education. We wish her much success in her work.

A new member of the Broadcaster staff is showing up well. At least that is the opinion of the Managing Editor, who says she "broadcasts" every night so enthusiastically that he can hardly sleep. She is the little daughter of Eugene and Lura Schield Reynolds, class of '23.

**RADIO PROGRAM**

We have signed a six months' contract with Station WEXL, Kilocycles 1310, every Sunday night from 9:30 to 10:00.

Our first program was October the 12th. I have received many compliments on the program.

I feel that the Radio Program will do a great work in advertising the church.

Rev. R. DeWitt Howell,  
Pastor,  
State Fair Church of God  
Detroit, Mich.

P.S. Our Radio Program will be known on the air as the "Fire-side Half Hour of Worship and Praise."

Since we have not written a report to The Broadcaster since its birth, we thought it would be well to let the School and Alumni know we are still in the fight.

We love and appreciate the Faculty and the many students whom we met while attending school and when we think of them it always brings pleasant memories.

We are at present located four and one-half miles west of Union, Miss., with the Bluff Springs congregation. We came here a little more than two years ago. At the time of our coming, there were ten heads of families represented in the congregation and about fifty in Sunday school. At this time, there are thirty families represented and more than one hundred enrolled in Sunday school.

We have done some evangelistic work since we came here and that together with our pastoral work gives us about three hundred converted through our efforts.

We are thankful for the field of labor in which the Lord has permitted us to labor. The congregation has been true and cooperative, which by the help of the Lord has made possible the progress of the work. Our young people have played an active part in this work.

We gladly give God all the praise for the advancement that has been made and as we are now entering upon our third year's work here, we solicit the prayers of all who read this report.

Yours for the advancement of God's cause.

O. I. Plunkett and Wife  
Union, Miss.

Dear Alumni:

Please send in news items to the Broadcaster office about yourself and work. Let's make the "With



the Alumni" section a real clearing house for the news of Alumni activities. We are always glad to hear from you. Send in the kind of news you like to hear about the other fellow. The Managing Editor tells me we are allowed fourteen hundred words in our section. What do you say, let's fill up that space! Send in your news now.

Yours for a bigger, better Alumni section. R. Shultz

### FAR-AWAY THINGS

When Grace Keith returned home from work she tossed her purse onto the divan, threw her hat on the library table, sank into a comfortable chair and turned to the continued story in the evening newspaper.

Soon her mother appeared in the kitchen doorway.

"Grace," she said, "have you been up to your room yet this evening?"

Grace, absorbed in her story, mumbled, "No."

"Would you mind going up and getting that brown box on your closet shelf for me? There are some scraps of cloth in it that I want."

"I'll go pretty soon," Grace answered after a pause.

Several minutes later six-year-old Betty came skipping into the room.

"Gracie," she said, "aren't you going to get that box for mother? She wants it."

"Oh, yes, after while," Grace answered absent-mindedly. Then looking up and seeing the happy expression on the child's face she asked, "Why do you want to know?"

Betty only smiled mysteriously. "Oh, because," she half sang and skipped out of the room.

Ten minutes later when Grace entered her room there seemed to be something different, something strange about it. But for several minutes she couldn't figure out exactly what made it different. Oh, yes, it was the wall paper. Why, the room had been re-papered and there were new soft curtains at the windows with a border that matched exactly the paper on the walls.

When Grace came down the stairs she found her mother and Betty waiting expectantly.

"Why, Mother, thanks ever so much for fixing my room up. I never dreamed of you doing that.

I wish though that you had bought paper with more of an orchid shade instead of so much pink."

Immediately all of the happiness fled from her mother's face. Betty sensed that something was wrong and she looked serious too.

"I thought I was getting the very thing you wanted. You always seemed to like pink. I wanted to surprise you or I would have asked you what color you wanted."

The disappointment in her mother's voice made Grace realize how ungrateful she had seemed so she hastened to say, "It doesn't make much difference about the color anyway. I'll like the pink all right. It was nice of you to surprise me like this."

But Mrs. Keith knew that Grace was not pleased with her room and that knowledge took all of the joy out of the surprise which she had planned so carefully for months.

For dinner that evening there was another surprise. Betty slipped into the kitchen before the meal was over and came back bearing on a plate an apple dumpling surrounded by slices of golden brown apples and topped with whip cream which she placed beside Grace's plate. Grace loved apple dumplings, but she was busy talking about a dress which she had tried on that noon and which she wanted to buy so she didn't even stop to express her delight over it or to thank Betty.

When it came time to wash the dishes she complained of a headache and her mother immediately told her to go out in the hammock and rest, saying that she would wash them.

When Grace was out of the house Mrs. Keith said to her husband, "What do you suppose is the matter with Grace? She is so dissatisfied with everything. I am getting worried over her. Nothing seems to suit her. She complains about things at home. She says she is getting tired of the store, and she even said the other day that she was tired of going on her Sunday-school class picnics and hikes. I knew she had been wanting new paper in her room so I had it done and bought new curtains for the windows too. I was careful to pick out the color I thought she liked. And to-night she found fault with that."

Mr. Keith looked up from his paper and listened to his wife but made no response other than shaking his head in perplexity.

Grace, in the hammock, read a magazine until it grew too dark to see and then she put it down and just lay there enjoying the cooling breeze that played with her hair and rustled the leaves overhead. As the sun slipped out of sight behind the trees she watched the streaks of saffron and exquisite pink that stretched across the heavens. When the colors faded to the dark blue of night she watched for the moon to peep above the bank of lilac bushes at the end of the yard. She loved that moon. She loved to watch it climb higher and higher in the sky. She loved the mystical something about moon-lit nights. It always made her think of romance and of far-away places.

To-night she watched the moon almost breathlessly. Under its quieting influence even the restless wind grew still. The leaves stopped their boisterous rustling to converse in low whispers. There was a faint flapping of wings overhead as a long line of birds passed bound for their nests and rest. A cricket near by chirped a time or two and was silent.

As the moon climbed higher and higher, Grace wished, as she had often wished before that she could be like that moon. She wished that she could see all the things the moon saw. She wondered how a desert would look in the moonlight with the white radiance on the endless stretches of sand. She wondered what it would be like to sit on the shores of some northern lake beside a smoldering camp fire that sent a curling column of smoke into the sky and look down the path of rippling moonlight to the dim outline of pine trees on the opposite shore. Or to roll up in a blanket and sleep all night to the music of a trickling water fall and to feel the mist in one's face—how would that be? She had always wanted to see the moonlight glistening on the snowy peaks of mountains. She wished that she could climb a winding path up a rocky hillside to some medieval castle, all towers, turrets and battlements. She would like to wander through the deserted moonlit garden with its silent fountains, tangled rose arbors and crumbling benches, and there she would like to dream of the people who had once lived in that gaunt, gray castle and walked through the gardens.

As long as Grace could remem-



ber, far-away places had held a lure for her. In her first years of high school she started to bring home armfuls of books to read. They were usually books of travel. She would pore over the pictures and always she placed herself in them. Some day she would travel. She didn't know where she would get the money, but that thought didn't trouble her much then. Anything might happen, she mused. Someone might die and leave her some money.

During her last year of high school one of the teachers organized a travel club to tour Europe. Grace wanted to go on that tour more than anything she had ever wanted to do. But she knew that was impossible. Her parents did not have the money to send her. She didn't even mention the matter to them; they would think her wish too ridiculous and impossible to even be considered. "Where there is a will there is a way." She had often heard that said, and it was generally accepted as an established fact. She resolved that she would make a way. She would work and save her money.

So when she finished high school she found work in a store, but it was not easy to save money. After one year and then two had gone by she was no nearer realizing her heart's desire than when she started working. Her girl friends—girls she had known in High School—went to Florida for the winter, spent the summers camping at the lakes, and a few of them even went abroad. All this filled her heart with a bitter resentment. It did not seem fair to her that she be deprived of pleasures such as these and that others have so much to enjoy. And all the time the lure of the winding road and the call of those far-away places grew stronger, and like a bird in a cage she beat her wings in a futile effort to escape the circumstances that denied her what she longed for most. She grew to hate the city with its tall, smoky buildings that shut out the sunrise. She hated the store where she worked. She grew tired of her friends, and how could she even enjoy her home when she was consumed with this restless longing!

It was in the forenoon of the next day that Grace looked up from a bolt of ribbon which she was winding to see one of the girls dressed in hat and coat pass by her counter.

"Ruth," she called, "are you going to lunch? . . . Why, what is the matter? Has something happened?" she exclaimed when she saw that Ruth was crying.

Between sobs Ruth answered, "I'm leaving . . . Mr. Lewis said that they wouldn't need me any longer . . ."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't feel so bad about it," Grace comforted. "You can easily find a job as good as this one."

There was a note of desperation in Ruth's voice as she answered, "But it is so hard to find work of any kind now, and I just **have** to work."

Her voice choked as she said, "I just have to work," and before Grace could recover herself or think of something to say Ruth was gone.

A few minutes later another one of the girls stopped by.

"I surely feel sorry for Ruth," she said. "It's too bad they had to fire her of all people. She has to make her own way. Her parents are dead and I guess she has no relatives or even any friends to speak of."

"No parents or relatives!" Grace exclaimed. "No wonder she felt so bad about losing her job."

All the rest of the day the memory of Ruth's tear-stained face and her tragic "I **have** to work" kept coming before Grace. She wondered what she would do if she were so absolutely alone in the world as was Ruth. The thought made her shudder. Suppose she had no parents or relatives to fall back on if she were out of work or sick!

That evening when she turned a corner and saw her home with its windows painted a shining gold by the setting sun she experienced a new feeling. That little white cottage set back among the trees looked like a place of refuge—a place of quietness and peace. It gave her a safe, comfortable feeling to see it there when she thought of girls like Ruth who have no home like that to go to. She realized then that perhaps she had not appreciated it as she should have.

After the dishes for the evening meal had been washed (Grace surprised her mother by volunteering to do them alone) she again sought the hammock. As the day slipped quietly out to usher in the night she watched the moon rise, big and golden, above the trees. But this

time there was not so much of unrest in her heart. She kept thinking of the glow of pleasure, half surprise, that had spread over her mother's face when she thanked her for cleaning and pressing some of her clothes, and offered to stay home the following evening to help can tomatoes. And her father had been so grateful when she had brought his house slippers to him and a pillow for his chair. It brought a sting of tears to her eyes when she thought how her parents appreciated such small kindnesses and how neglectful she had been of giving them. Yet, there was a feeling of peace and rest in her heart—the feeling that comes to one who has the knowledge that he has made someone else happy.

Grace thought sensibly about her past dissatisfaction with life. What if she could never travel? What if she never could see those sights she longed to see? She faced the issue squarely. Should she let that spoil her outlook on life? One could not have everything, and perhaps after all she would not be happy even if she had her desire granted. Happiness was not something that could be found by searching for it. When one looked for it it grew illusive and just out of reach. The way to find happiness was by forgetting one's self and thinking of others. And if just the little attempt she had made that evening to be thoughtful and kind made her feel so good, she wondered how much happiness she would find if she tried seriously every day to think of other people. The experiment seemed to be worth trying. . . .

Then a stray breeze came tumbling through the yard. It whirled dry leaves and sent them scurrying down the path. It nodded the rain-bow tinted heads of asters and rustled the leaves of the silver maple until from it seemed to fall liquid moonbeams. Grace opened her eyes with a new appreciation. Why, there was beauty and romance in her own yard!

—Vivian Ahrendt

Those whose only guide is the impulse to pleasure, who betray every spiritual value for utility's sake, must be reminded that religion is real; that, despite its inconsistencies and defects, only in the religious spirit is there a guarantee of the preservation of our country's greatness. —Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood



## ALL IN ONE

Are you interested in missions?

Do you want to help carry the gospel to those who have it not?

Do you want to know that our consecrated missionaries on the field are not going hungry?

Do you know that our Missionary Board is in tragic need of funds to keep the wolf from the door?

Are you interested in the Christian education of our youth?

Do you care whether or not ministers and missionaries are prepared for service in the whitened harvest-field?

Do you know that more than two hundred students are struggling to get through school at Anderson?

Do you care if Anderson College and Seminary is on the verge of financial distress?

Are you interested in the stranger within our gate?

Do you know that the streets of our great American cities swarm with those who are as destitute of Christ as are the heathen over the seas?

Do you know that our Church Extension Board is making heroic efforts to evangelize America?

Do you care if the Extension Board is tied hand and foot in its work for lack of funds?

Are you interested that the millions of innocent little children who play about the firesides and in the streets of our great American cities be instructed in the Bible?

Do you know that the Sunday school of the present is our main assurance that we will have a church in the future?

Do you know that the Church of God has a Board to promote the general interests of our Sunday schools?

Do you care whether or not this Board has any funds with which to operate?

Are you interested in our dear aged people who yesterday were active as you are but who to-day sit quietly in the twilight of life?

Do you ponder that we too will be aged when a few brief years have flitted past?

Do you agree that it is our plain Christian duty to do our utmost to make these aged veterans of service comfortable and happy?

Do you suppose that food and shelter and other comforts can be purchased without money?

The Associated Budgets is the agency established by the general church to care for the five great needs mentioned above. They are all equally important to the kingdom and all equally in need of funds.

Every dime you give to the Associated Budgets will help every one of these five causes. They sink or swim together. They are ALL IN ONE. Why not get ready now to send a liberal Christmas offering to R. L. Berry, Associated Budget's Secretary?