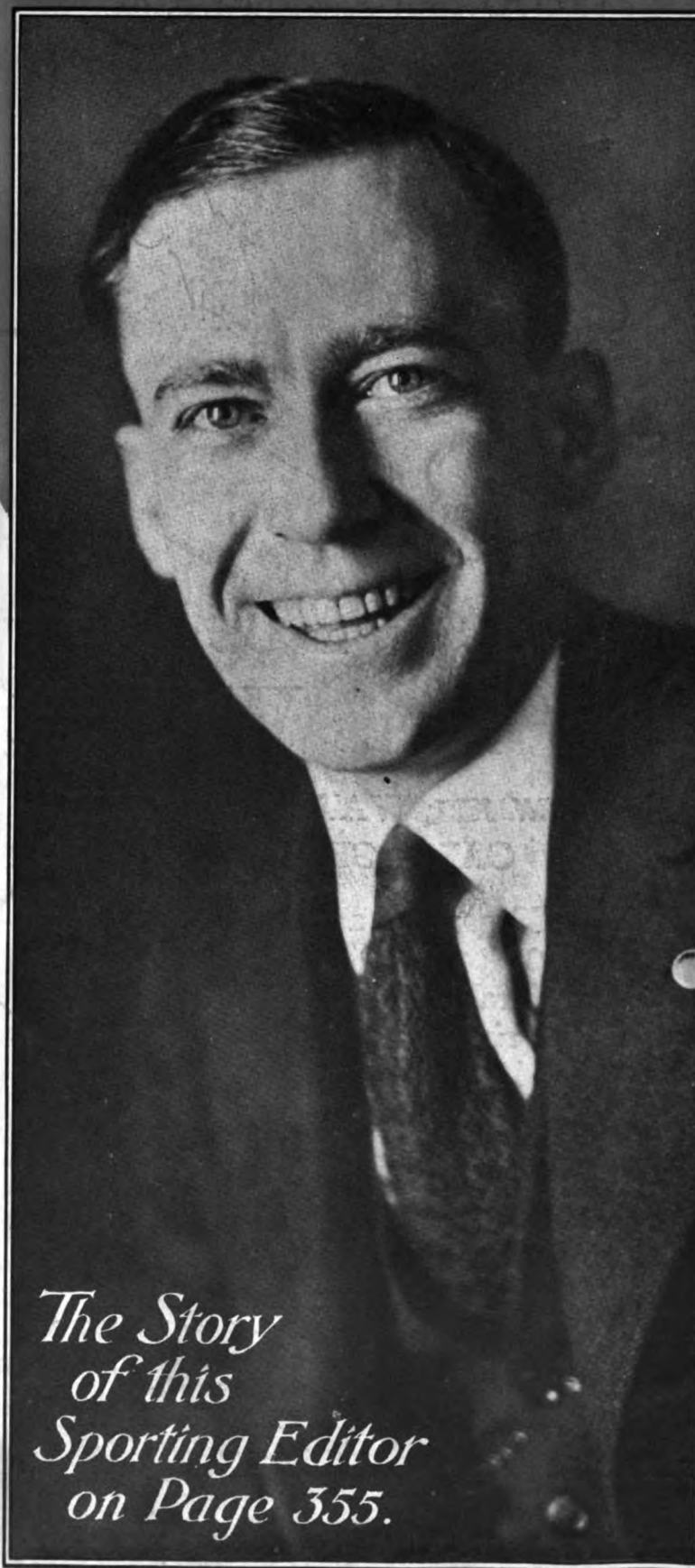


ASSOCIATION MEN

APRIL 1925

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A
MESSAGE
By
Dean Brown

HE CALLED IT
"HOKUM"
By
Lawrence Perry

AN ARTICLE
FOR HIKERS
By
Vin F. Harlow

*The Story
of this
Sporting Editor
on Page 355.*

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To a "Citizen" in Rochester, N. Y.

YOUR letter came, just as you expected it to. I am not replying to it, as you hoped I would, not because it can't be answered, but because writing to an unknown person is too much like addressing one's self to a varying breeze. Anonymity doesn't lend enchantment—it only gives rise to the belief that one has not the courage of one's convictions—at least one, apparently, is not proud enough of his conviction to trademark it with his name.

Your experiences, and I merely mention them here, are not unlike experiences we all have now and then, whether in religious or fraternal, or business life. And while you are unjust, so it seems to me, to let two sour incidents curdle your whole outlook—yet I too, regret the shabbiness of reception you report in those two instances.

Now I happen to know, quite well, the heads of the two organizations you have named, and I am quite sure, had you gone to them, after discourtesy had been shown, there would have been immediate recognition given to the principles you have discussed.

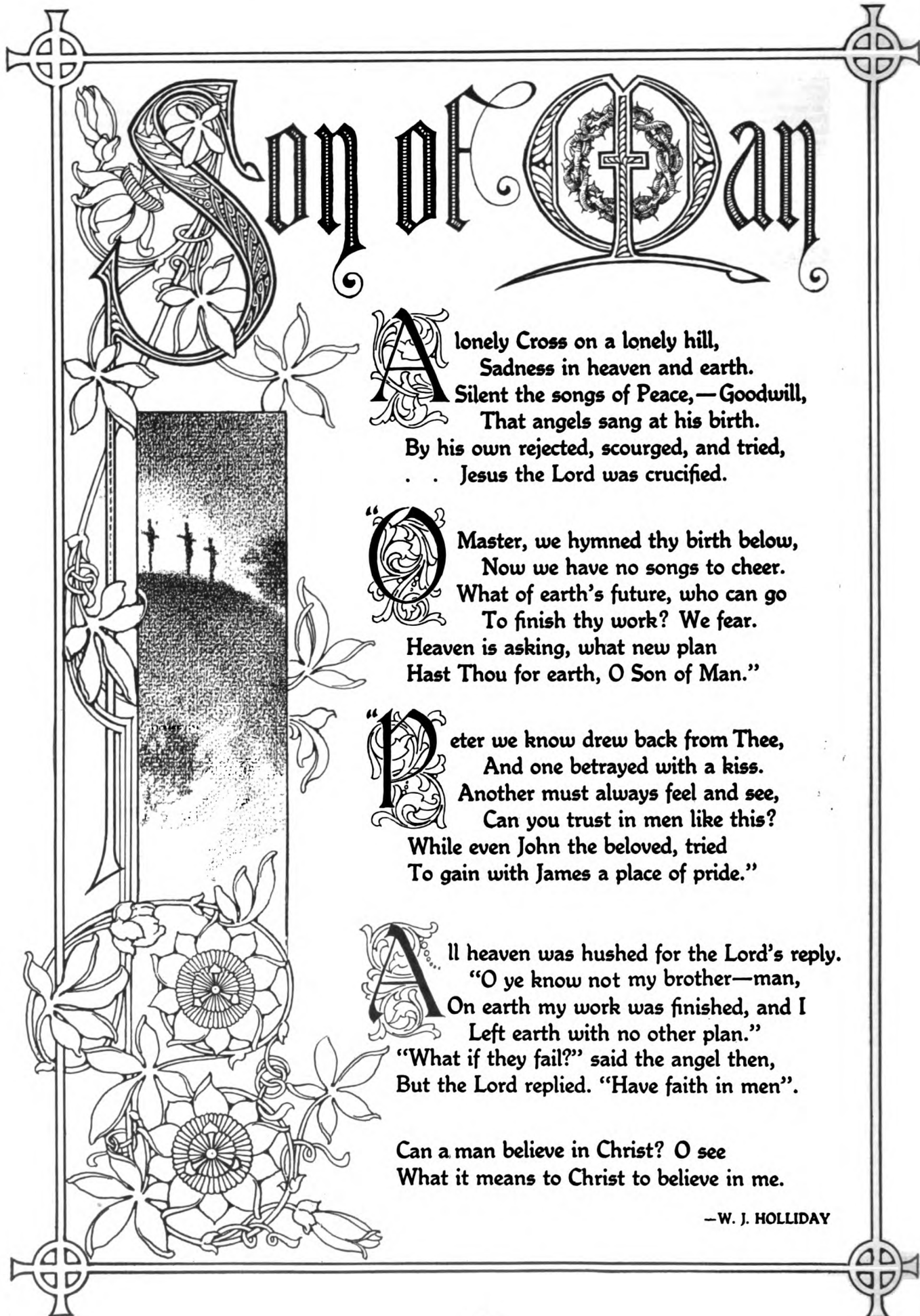
One should not judge the ideals of any organization by the brusqueness of any one minor individual connected with it. But the pity of it is that sometimes those minor individuals, by strange processes, occupy major positions—and I consider any position which puts its occupant in direct touch with his

company's public, is of major importance. And his efficiency is largely measured by the handclasp and smile that he gives.

Somehow, somewhere, sensing the fundamental importance of their position, they acquire a peculiar, self-satisfied outlook—a blandness now, a touch of haughtiness then. They develop a dignity complex, which doesn't make for kindness. This is usually a passing phase of their development, but often times is as inevitable as adolescence. Soon this dignity goes, as does the squeak of a schoolboy's voice. That is, it matures into a personality resonant with humaneness. The thing to do, in their cases, is to be patient. Let nature take her course, and kindness will emerge to cover them, as feathers come to mark the growth of the fledgling.

However, I believe, "Citizen," in Rochester, that in either case, of which you complain, had you asked for names they would have been given quickly. Each of these men, you brand discourteous, quite probably would have given the mark of sincerity to his discourtesy by admitting his identity quickly—and that is worth your pondering perhaps. Anonymity, it appears to me, is the mark of—well, what do you think I think?

Weaver



Son of Man

Alonely Cross on a lonely hill,
Sadness in heaven and earth.
Silent the songs of Peace,—Goodwill,
That angels sang at his birth.
By his own rejected, scourged, and tried,
. . . Jesus the Lord was crucified.

O Master, we hymned thy birth below,
Now we have no songs to cheer.
What of earth's future, who can go
To finish thy work? We fear.
Heaven is asking, what new plan
Hast Thou for earth, O Son of Man."

Peter we know drew back from Thee,
And one betrayed with a kiss.
Another must always feel and see,
Can you trust in men like this?
While even John the beloved, tried
To gain with James a place of pride."

All heaven was hushed for the Lord's reply.
"O ye know not my brother—man,
On earth my work was finished, and I
Left earth with no other plan."
"What if they fail?" said the angel then,
But the Lord replied. "Have faith in men".

Can a man believe in Christ? O see
What it means to Christ to believe in me.

—W. J. HOLLIDAY

The Faith of a Soldier

"I have never found such faith," was not spoken of a priest or a prophet, but of a soldier, "a man under authority," who appearing only once, has lived down through the centuries.

By Dean Charles R. Brown
Yale University

HOW narrow we are in picturing the saints! We usually paint them in long white robes with halos around their heads giving them a setting altogether celestial, as if they were too good for this common earth. We put them in the clouds when they are needed most on the ground.

The Master was wiser. He knew what was in man and was not misled by any shallow conventions. Here He lifts a man into renown for all time as a man of marvellous faith! "I have not found such faith, no, not in Israel." And to our surprise the man was not a priest or a prophet, he was a layman, a soldier. In our day he would have been in khaki. He comes upon the scene, crosses the stage just once, and then disappears. But in those brief moments he does that which causes him to be remembered. Look at him—he has something to say!

NOTICE first the fine quality of his nature! He stood four square and his four main traits are here set down. He was a man who did his duty as naturally and as regularly as a horse eats oats. "I am a man under authority," he said. He had his orders and he obeyed them. He had not been bitten by that fad which is forever talking about being left "free to live its own life," yielding instantly to any passing impulse. He would have made short work of that sort of folderol. He did certain things because they were right, spurned certain things because they were wrong—and that was all there was about it in his soldierly mind. For all meanness he showed a scorn as fierce and as clean as fire.

"I am a man under authority," he said, "and I have soldiers under me. I say to one 'go,' and he goes; to another, 'come,' and he comes; to another 'do this,' and the thing is done." He was

orderly, thorough, effective in his whole method of life like the power of gravitation. When the clock struck he was there on time, not with a string of excuses, but with the task accomplished. How this must have warmed the heart of Him who said, "Not every one who says Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom but he that doeth the will of my Father."

HE was a broad-minded man without a petty, bigoted hair in his head. He was an officer in the Roman army, stationed in Palestine where his dealings were mainly with Jews. He saw that their main interest was religion and he respected their worship even when he did not share in it. The Jews in that small place were poor and he had built them a synagogue. This generous action of a Roman Centurion in providing them a decent place of worship touched their hearts. When this officer came to Christ with his request, a committee of the elders of the congregation came with him. "He is worthy," they said, "for whom thou shouldst do this thing. He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue." He was built on broad lines.

He was a humane man. He was in sound health himself apparently as soldiers usually are, but he had at home a sick slave. "My servant lieth at home sick of the palsy grievously tormented." It was not an age of kindness—one sick slave more or less, what did it matter whether he lived or died? Slaves were cheap. But this man had a heart. He did not make any direct request of the Master but the tones of his voice, as he made his statement, were pleading like angels on behalf of that sick slave.

He was a man of reverence, as all of the best officers are. He knew about this teacher of religion who forgave men's sins and healed their diseases. When he had laid the case of the sick slave before Christ, Jesus said, "I will come and heal him." No hesitation, no uncertainty—He spoke as one having the power! His plain, straight word touched the heart of this soldier. "I am not worthy," he said, "that thou shouldst come under my roof. Speak the word only and my servant will be healed." He stood there in the presence of Christ in the attitude of attention, with his hand at salute, doing reverence to One who impressed him as having come from God.

HOW fine it all was! He was an officer and a gentleman. He honored the uniform he wore, the banner under which he served, the country for whose defense he stood. He was reliable, broad-minded, kindly and reverent. We can understand how the Master's heart went out to him instantly. Here was a man who was a man indeed.

In the second place, how did this high-minded man show that faith? He did it by his readiness to act upon the bare word of Christ. He stood there looking into the eyes of Jesus of Nazareth, and he felt that he had found one who could be trusted. He spoke as one who knew what he was talking about. He impressed the Roman officer as one who would keep his word. He had undoubtedly healed others and he had shown a ready sympathy for that sick slave. When he said, therefore, "I will come and heal him," that settled it in the mind of this soldier.

THE Roman officer was not accustomed to argue or bandy words with his men. When he said "Go" the



man went. That was the way he felt about the word of Christ. "Speak the word only and my servant will be healed!"

No rhapsodies, no ecstasies, no moist gestures with the eyes or shouting of hallelujahs! His faith declared itself in that firm persuasion that in the outcome it would be just as Jesus had said. And the Master called that attitude of heart, faith of the first order.

You may hear it said of some pious soul, "He is a man of wonderful faith. He believes every word in the Bible from lid to lid. He accepts all the statements in the Apostle's creed and the Nicene Creed and the Athanasian Creed and the Westminster Creed without the least wobble of a doubt. Wonderful faith!"

But all that has to do with theological opinion rather than with faith. It may or may not be accompanied by religious faith "The devils also believe, they believe and tremble. They are just as orthodox as they can be, but they remain devils. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness."

We are not told anything about this soldier's theological opinions. I do not know whether he believed in the Virgin Birth or the Trinity or predestination or not—the record doesn't say. His faith lay in his readiness to move ahead upon the word of Christ as furnishing a sound basis for action.

HOW this aspect of a vital faith fits into the prevailing mood of our own day! Here is Jesus Christ building Himself into the thought and life of the world as no other single individual ever has!

All the leading nations of earth date their calendars from the year of his birth. Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-five we say—it is just that long since he was born in Bethlehem of Judea!

Here he stands uttering his message in the ears of the race! He did not argue about God or speculate or express the hope that possibly there might be such a being. He proclaimed Him and manifested Him.

"I am not alone," he said, "The Father is with me. He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He caused the men who accompanied with him to feel sure of God.

He did not argue about prayer, suggesting that possibly it might do some good. He prayed himself with such assurance that the men who heard him crept up and said, "Lord teach us to pray." They felt that they would rather learn to do that as he did it than anything else they could name. He said, "Ask and you will receive; seek and you shall find; knock at the door of a world unseen and that door will open." And the men who heard him say it went to their knees in a

venture of faith. This was his method from start to finish.

Now faith is the feeling that in all this He knew what He was about. Faith is the response which our hearts make to those great verities which he proclaimed. It is the reply we make to God and duty, to prayer and redemption, to the hope of future life and to the appeal of the coming kingdom, in terms of action.

If we stand in the presence of these high claims allowing the best that is in us to answer back in trust and obedience, in aspiration and high resolve, we show ourselves men of faith. We are ready to move along the line Jesus suggested, feeling sure that it will be just as he said it would be.

That was the way this soldier showed his faith—"Speak the word," he said, and I shall know that the thing is just as good as done." Faith is the act of giving substance to things hoped for.

IN the third place, how shall we increase our faith? Not mainly by reading books, more solid and convincing than any books we have read as yet. Not mainly by listening to arguments more skillful and compelling than any we have ever heard. Not at all by some wild emotional leap with the thought that it may carry us into the third heaven of religious certainty. These are not highways to faith—they are the byways of doubt.

We shall increase our faith mainly by steadily undertaking to live seven days in the week according to the rule of Christ as one who can furnish us competent guidance. If any man has the will to do His will he shall know all that he need to know for life and service; and every added year of doing that will, causes him to know still more.



The Immortal Urge

By George Lawrence Andrews

THE songs that we can never sing,
The winging thoughts beyond all speech,
Unto our souls great longings bring
For things beyond our mortal reach.

THE red and gold of sunsets rare,
The velvet beauty of the night,
All tell of things unearthly fair
To bless the soul's undying sight.

A thousand voices urge us on
In bud and bloom, in field and sea;
Each sunset, each empurpled dawn
But hints of what is yet to be.



"Sanity," someone has said, "is the ability to interpret properly sense environment." The sane man sees things as they are and calls them by their right names. "Godliness is the ability to interpret properly spiritual environment." The pure in heart see God and they call Him by His right name. They call him "Our Father who art in heaven."

The pure in heart see Him because in their own pure hearts they have something to see him with. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

And "obedience," as that chivalrous soul in Brighton said many years ago, "obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge." Our knowledge grows from more to more as we act consistently upon the Word of Christ in the spirit of an obedience faith.

Take these claims of religion into the laboratory and test them for yourself by personal experiment! Say to those habits and moods which have no rightful place in your life, "Go!"

Say to those finer qualities of mind and heart which you feel you ought to possess, "Come!"

Say to your sense of duty. "Do the thing which ought to be done."

And somehow when you begin to act with that sense of command in the spirit of a soldier's faith, your various faculties will fall in and obey orders. They will line up for action and you will move forward into victory all over the field.

WHEN the Battle of Obdurman in Egypt was fought, the British troops under Kitchner were outnumbered three to one by the Dervishes. The masses of Arabs, fanatical and furious in their mistaken zeal, flung themselves again and again upon the hollow squares of English soldiers as if by the sheer force of superior numbers and desperate courage they would drive them back.

But every charge they made was repulsed.

What did it?

Not bravery alone, nor good guns alone.

Never was there more desperate courage shown than that shown by the Dervishes and they too had good guns. The battle was won by the power of discipline and of moral faith. The British soldiers knew that they could depend upon one another and upon their commander.

They too were men under authority, accustomed to obey. A certain percentage of them would be killed, but the battle would be won, the Dervishes would be driven back, Khartoum would be retaken and order restored along the Upper Nile.

The religious man like that soldier in Galilee is a man under authority. He knows the value of discipline; and he has learned to obey.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith."

The Negro

The progress of the colored citizens in United States is no longer a domestic question, but a test of Christian sincerity.

By *P. Whitwell Wilson*

Photographs by Underwood



HARRY BURLEIGH

For 30 years he has been baritone soloist in St. Thomas Episcopal Church, New York, and is a composer of note.

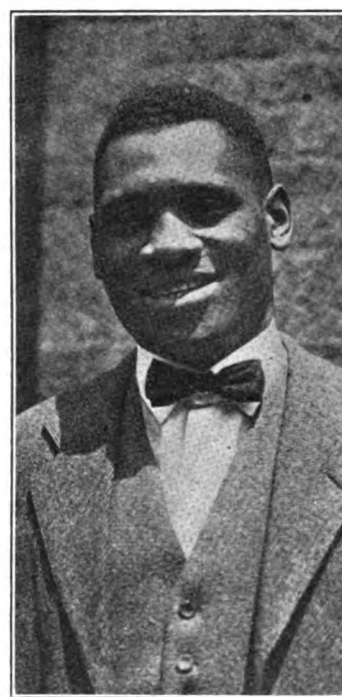
IN what follows, I shall discuss the Negro problem in the United States and throughout the world. I know well how difficult a problem it is and that these words will be read by many who will be inclined, doubtless, to challenge my right to say anything at all about it. But I may reply, perhaps, that the progress of the colored citizens in the United States is no longer a domestic matter. In the continent of Africa, where we send out missionaries, it is regarded as an acid test of Christian sincerity. And in this matter, as in other matters, mankind for the first time is watching whether a great Republic, now so powerful, now so wealthy, practices what she preaches.

To the negro, there is or ought to be an especial sense of obligation. The United States is a land peopled by immigrants from many countries, Africa included. But between the African immigrant and all others, there is this fundamental distinction — that whereas the rest came here because they wanted to come, he was brought here by force. He had no choice; and it is a piece of history which ought to be borne constantly in mind. The Negro did not come here, as did others, for what he could get. The question was what others could get out of him.

About the Negroes, the next fact to be faced is that their numbers are increasing. The number of slaves, emancipated by the proclamation of President Lincoln was four million. Today, there are eleven million of colored people, dwelling within the Union. In days to come, that eleven million will be twenty million, thirty million and even forty million. The status of the

Negro is thus a subject of constantly increasing moment.

When the slaves were set free, there were several policies that might have been applied to them. Some people suggested that they should be repatriated to Africa. Others thought that there might be reservations of territory for the Negro as for the Red Indian, where he would be segregated and live apart from the white man. Neither plan was pursued. The Negro had no sooner ceased to be a slave than he was proclaimed a citizen. Just as the Dutch and the British and the Germans and the Irish and the Italians who landed here in successive waves of migration, have become Americans and so acquired a new nationality, so has the Negro. Some of them were shipped here, years before the Pilgrim Fathers stepped on Plymouth Rock; and they have thus three centuries of colonial life behind them. Missionaries from Africa, who visit Negro colleges like Hampton and Tuskegee, say at once that here is a new race. The colored man is no longer an African, but an American. The statement is true even of the few colored people who still can claim with Dr. Moton, the President of Tuskegee College, that they are of pure African descent. And



PAUL ROBESON

Former foot-ball star—Member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, a Graduate of Rutgers College and Columbia Law School. He is also an actor of note.

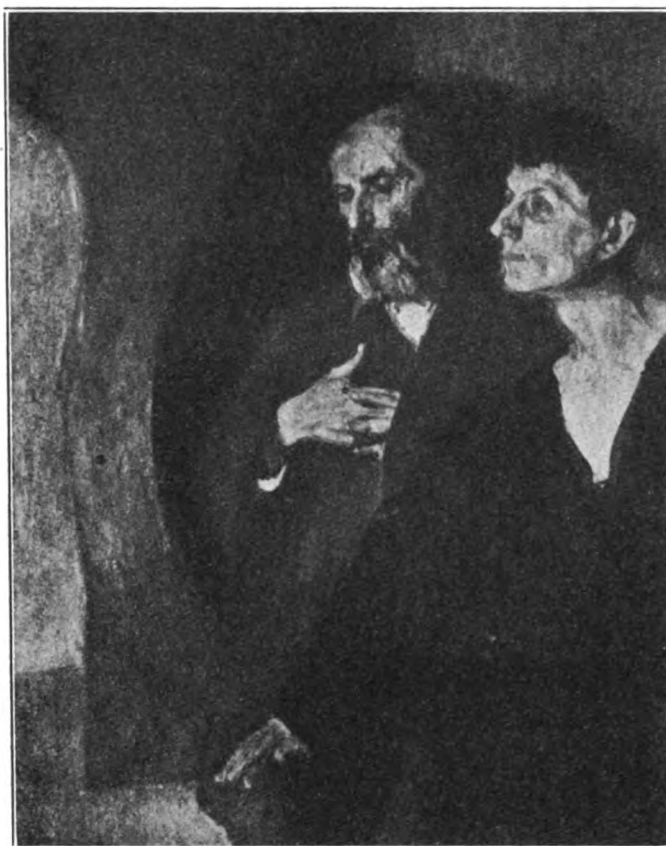


ROLAND HAYES

Internationally famous tenor. Winner of Spingarn Medal. He earned \$100,000 by recitals last year.

it is more obviously true of the vast majority of American Negroes in whose countenances appear the evidence of white blood, mixing with the black blood. In law, the intermarriages between the races have been few, but in biological fact, it is heredity as well as environment that has inspired in the Negro a taste for modern civilization. The black man, as he is called, travels in the Jim Crow car, allotted to him, knowing all the time that his half-brother, his half-sister is riding with "the quality" in the Pullman. If his soul is sometimes touched with bitterness, it is perhaps no wonder.

WHEN the southern Negro ceased to be a slave, he hardly knew what it meant to be a citizen. Yet suddenly he was granted at once the vote and the right to sit in all legislative bodies. In several of the slave states, the citizens of color greatly outnumbered the whites. And serious abuses occurred.



"The Two Disciples at the Tomb"

From a painting. In the Chicago Art Institute, the work of the Negro artist, Henry Ossawa Tanner.

We are all familiar with the methods of terrorism by which the Negro was deprived of his suffrage and his political office. Over wide areas, he is today disfranchised, not by law, but by artifice. And a situation has arisen for which obviously some remedy in due course will be found. It is, after all, remarkable that, in Congress, which is "the Grand Inquest of the Nation," elected to remedy grievances, no Negro should be present to voice the opinions and sentiments of his race. It is an omission that weakens Congress, for no Congress can be as strong as it might be which embodies an unreality.

Out of these events, there has arisen a deep bitterness, by no means confined to one race. The Southern Whites have proudly scorned the description of slavery offered by Harriet Beecher Stowe in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and by the New England poets, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier—a literature which has been read by young and old throughout the English speaking world. And the Negroes on their side resent the lurid picture of their excesses painted by D. W. Griffith in his film, *The Birth of the Nation*, which also has been shown to many peoples. Amid much good feeling between the races, there has smouldered a sense of grievance, and this slow fire has at times flamed forth into fearful tragedies of passion in which the Negro has been subjected to

Congo. The servitude was a galling apprenticeship. But in one sense, it was emancipation. It set the Negro free from ancient superstitions which darkened his soul and it liberated the inborn music within him. It is thus from the Negro that we have derived those "spirituals"—*Deep River*, for instance and *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*—which songs will be, for all time, immortal.

Whatever may have been the humiliations, sometimes endured by the Negro at the hands of the southern white, he has at least learned that the faith of the southern white is the true faith. The American Negro is a disciple of Christ who at great sacrifice maintains his church and his clergy. In the balance sheet of gain and loss, the conversion of the Negro is an asset. And it means that he ought to be treated as a Christian by other Christians. Indeed, we might well recall sometimes that Philip, the Evangelist, preached Christ to the Ethiopian or Abyssinian Eunuch before Peter the Apostle preached Him to Cornelius, the Roman centurion. In that greatest of all human upheavals, black Africa was permitted a precedence over white Europe.

The presence of the Negro must be accepted, then, as an unalterable fact. Indeed, his influence and activities are broadening every day. Sixty years ago, the colored race was concentrated large-

ly in the south. And common labor in the north was supplied by the immigration of whites from Europe, particularly, the Irish, the Poles and the Italians. But immigration is today severely restricted; and it is to the Negro that northern industry looks to make good the deficiency. Of late years, thousands of Negroes have crossed the Mason and Dixon line and have left behind them the states where slavery is a tradition. They are now to be classed with other operatives who earn weekly wages in the open labor market.

Happily, there are brighter sides to the picture. When the Africans were brought to America, they were heathens. Nor was it for any Christian purpose that their services were required. And yet the great evil has been overruled for good. Severely as we may criticize the institution of slavery, the fact remains that, as slaves, the Negroes found Christ in Kentucky, generations before the Negroes, as chieftains, found Christ on the

ly in the south. And common labor in the north was supplied by the immigration of whites from Europe, particularly, the Irish, the Poles and the Italians. But immigration is today severely restricted; and it is to the Negro that northern industry looks to make good the deficiency. Of late years, thousands of Negroes have crossed the Mason and Dixon line and have left behind them the states where slavery is a tradition. They are now to be classed with other operatives who earn weekly wages in the open labor market.

Whether the Negro is happier in the north with its employers than he was in the south with its planters, may be for the moment doubtful. There are many who tell us that only in the south is the Negro understood. But, here again, the point is that what has been done cannot now be undone. The Negro is no longer a simple-minded soul, living in a small cabin, under the patriarchal influence of a white neighbor, easygoing at once in his exercise of authority and in his genuine benevolence. Millions have left behind them forever the tutelage of Alabama and Georgia. They live in the black belts of cities like Chicago and New York where their home is in a tenement and their children are townbred. These Negroes know nothing of the Swanee River or of "Massa in the cold, cold ground."

THEIR daughters have never had and will never acquire the humble and affectionate loyalties of "the Black Mammie." The girls are smartly dressed and well paid. And their complexions are often acquainted with cosmetics. In the colored, as in the white race, there are flappers!

And so we find that, in the most intimate occupations, especially on railroads and in hotels the Negro serves the community. It is side by side with the white man that he lives. He holds property. He follows the learned professions. He pays taxes. And in the recent war, he was drafted for the Army. Whatever might have been done with the Negro, sixty years ago, it is quite too late to get rid of him now. He is here to stay.

When the slaves were freed, there were whites, bruised by war, who held that the black man was meant by God to be ignorant and to be treated as an inferior and that nothing could be done about it.

But there were a few pioneers of a better time who refused to accept this pessimism. And at Hampton Institute in Virginia, General Armstrong, one of the greatest Americans of his day, began to educate the Negro. Among his students was Booker Washington, the Negro founder of Tuskegee College. From Tuskegee and Hampton, there went forth negro graduates, qualified to be leaders of their race. Their education was not merely intellectual. It was largely through the hand and through the (Continued on page 383)

He Called It "Hokum"

This story is the vehicle of a confession, by
Lawrence Perry, to a change of mind
about praying athletes.

Photographs by Underwood

THE Praying Colonels!

Everyone who reads this will know the reference which is to the Centre College football eleven. When this team went through an unbeaten season in the south several years ago word trickled in that the players were accustomed to pray in the dressing room before they took the field for a game.

This attracted little attention, if only because Centre College was not very well known throughout the country and press agents for obscure seats of learning avid of athletic fame are reputedly not too careful as to facts.

Then the next year—it was in 1921—Centre College came north to play Harvard and a great deal was said and a great deal was written concerning the eleven. And not a little of the color that invested the outfit—and a very skilled, game and resourceful outfit it was—had its source in the popular belief that this was a praying team.

The coach, Uncle Charley Moran, said that it was, said it quietly and without pharisaical ostentation and the players, as though it were a matter of course, admitted that this was absolutely so.

Centre was defeated by Harvard that year after a thrilling contest. But the next year the team came north and administered a trouncing to the mighty Cambridge eleven.

NOW men who have much to do with public events develop a certain cynicism

concerning men and affairs. This is especially the case with writers for the daily press. They have been fooled so often, have been permitted upon so many occasions to peer behind the scenes, that their illusions are few.

Hokum, a slang word which through sheer descriptive accuracy long ago established itself in the category of good usage, is a commodity well known to reporters. They think they can detect the faintest signs of its presence, they are certain they know all about it; and, since upon occasion they do not disdain to make use of it with varying degrees of cleverness, it is very likely that their acquaintance with it in its various ramifications is indeed familiar.

The writer is quite willing to confess that from the very first he had set down all the "Praying Colonel" propaganda as fairly reeking with the honeyed essence of hokum. He rather admired the resourcefulness of those who had devised this new and engaging

publicity expedient; so much so that, sceptical though he was, he refrained from saying or writing anything that might destroy the conception which the public had come to have of this little band of supposedly devout Kentuckians.

Nothing occurred to alter this state of mind—until last year. The writer was in the far south watching some of the leading Dixie elevens and on his way north, quite unexpectedly, he decided to stop off at Danville, and see the Centre College team play the University of Georgia eleven in a game that



Lawrence Perry, noted writer on intercollegiate sports, called me on the telephone recently. "I've a public confession to make," he said, "and it is my duty to make it. I'd like to use your columns." And this article embodies that confession. It is about football teams only incidentally, dealing chiefly with the discovery Mr. Perry made.

F. G. W.

would decide the championship of the south.

The college in Danville is situated in the heart of the blue grass country. It is a Presbyterian institution with less than three hundred students. There is no impressive architectural beauty about the buildings; they were built for use. In fact the chief impression the visitor receives is one of cold, Calvinistic simplicity.

The president is Dr. Montgomery, a Doctor of Divinity who, by the way, every Sunday morning of the football season preaches a sermon inspired by and based upon some incident that has occurred in the game of the preceding afternoon. You should read some of those sermons, you boys who are coming into manhood, you educators who are in charge of the development of young men.

THIS, however, is merely incidental. The main concern of the writer is this public confession that through several years he had done the Praying Colonels an injustice, and that where he had suspected hokum there actually resided a beautiful truth.

Consider that Centre College eleven as it was situated in the latter part of November in 1924. The team had gone through an unbeaten season. In the middle of November it had journeyed to Birmingham, Ala., to play the University of Alabama combination, an eleven that had not been defeated and stood as one of the most likely prospects for the southern championship.

In that contest Centre won by a handsome score, but she paid a bitter



Coaches like Stagg, Chicago, and McEwan, West Point, have always raised high standards for the boys they train.

toll for her triumph. The two tackles were seriously injured; one had a knee injury; the other had a broken arch in his foot. Other players of this team, which was greatly outweighed in every position by Alabama, were crippled.

Centre had eleven football players of varsity calibre—just eleven; no more. Some of the positions had no substitutes and substitutes for other places on the eleven were so far below the calibre of the regulars that they could not be played with any hope that the machine would be kept intact, or that it would be in any way formidable.

In other words, with the powerful Georgia eleven in Danville desperately determined to wipe out their defeat by Alabama, Centre had to send all her regulars into the game irrespective of injuries and pray that they would last through. Yes, pray.

Probably there never was a scene such as that in the Centre College team's dressing room an hour before the time came to go out upon the grid-iron and do battle. The apartment was wanly lighted; outside the skies were sombre; snow in fact was beginning to drive against the window panes. A wolf wind was whistling over the the countryside; it was in short, far from the sort of day that the writer had expected to enjoy in this land of sunshine supposedly benign.

Kneeling on the floor in front of one of the tackles was "Bo" McMillin, famous backfield star for Centre in by-gone seasons, who had come back to give the team the benefit of his experience and his inspiring character.

The tackle in front of whom he was kneeling was the boy with the broken arch. The foot was raised on McMillin's knee for all to see and a melancholy looking foot it was.

How could he possibly go out on the field and play football? Yet, he was the star lineman and if he did not play the game was lost before it began. "Red" Roberts, another alumnus football hero, was examining the knee of the other tackle. The player could not bear weight upon it without drawing his face in pain.

But McMillin and Roberts are both young men of resource and initiative. McMillin took some *papier mache* moulded it into the form of a pedal arch and thrust it beneath the tackle's foot. Then he bandaged and taped it.

"The Lord knows whether or not this will stand you in stead," said McMillin and Roberts, gazing at the other tackle whose knee he had bandaged remarked antiphonally,

"The Lord knows whether your knee will last."

Suddenly a voice—it had sort of a ring to it that brought everyone to attention—sounded throughout the room with its half light and its heavy odor of drugs and sweaty garments.

"Let's put it up to the Lord."

IT was young Gordy, one of the best players on the team, one of the best players in the country. Silence fell as he stood forth with eyes closed. Then

he began to pray, simply without emotion.

He did not ask that the team, through divine interposition, be permitted to win this contest. He asked for no miracle. His petition was that the injured men on this eleven be given the power to endure pain, that their proficiency be not impaired by their injuries and that uninjured members of the eleven be protected from incapacitating accidents.

Upon the question of victory or defeat he did not touch, made no plea. The whole prayer was that the players might be permitted to give the very best that was in them.

It is not to be recorded that their faith made the injured men whole. No, when the time came for them to go out upon the field they took with them their broken bones, their twisted muscles, their pulled tendons.

The writer has a picture now of the tackle with the bad knee throwing himself to the ground as soon as a scrimmage was ended and lying there until it was time to line up and then crawling to his position. He has enshrined in memory impressions of other players saving themselves in the precious intervals of inaction and then throwing themselves into the melee like inspired beings.

Who won that game? Centre won it. Of course Centre won it. From the time that little band left their dressing room for the field there was no doubt which team would win. You can say it was merely psychology, that it was a unified exaltation, a brainstorm; you can ascribe it to the temper, the mettle of those Centre College players, any popular term, or scientific catchword you please.

But, if you ask the writer, it was the sheer power of prayer—an answer to prayer. Of those eleven men who entered the game against Georgia not a single one failed to live up to his performance. Not a man was stretched upon the ground with fresh injury. And when the whistle had blown and the game had ended, with utter weariness they huddled together, lifted their faces and gave the cheer of their college.

Did something more than a cheer go up into that dark, snowy, November sky—as a matter of fact it was a December sky, the game having been

played upon the first day of that month—from that little group standing there in the midst of a gyrating throng of enthusiastic Kentuckians?

The writer is inclined to the belief that something deeper, something more heartfelt than a cheer did go up.

ONE of the most thrilling football games the writer ever saw was the Army-Navy game at Franklin Field in Philadelphia in November of 1923.

It was a contest that the Army should have lost as the game was played. The Navy had the more consistent ground-gaining scheme and her players were more consistently successful in the use of the forward pass. Yet throughout the game just at a time when the Army seemed on the run a blazingly spectacular incident would happen to place the onrushing Navy on the defense.

And, finally, in the very last stages of the contest with the Midshipmen in the lead and victory apparently secure Smythe of the West Point eleven caught a punt in his own territory. Navy players were downfield in plenty of time. Smythe, in fact, was obliged to run back toward his own goal to evade them.

There seemed no chances at all in a hundred that he would advance the ball ten yards. The great danger was that he would be thrown for a loss. Yet no one touched him. He ran through the entire Navy eleven, made a touchdown and won the game.

Now let us go back a bit. Late on the night before the game the writer encountered Capt. McEwan, the line coach—now head coach of the Army team.

McEwan was shaking his head.

"I don't know what has got into the team," he said, "but they are praying and that is all they are doing. It's the first Army team I ever heard about that did anything like that."

McEwan was right. Army elevens have never been noted as praying aggregations. But upon this occasion there were several members of the team—important players they were, too—who did believe in the power of prayer. So they prayed.

For a brief moment after the game the writer (Continued on page 382)

Parent-Partners

ONE of God's jobs—with the help of me—

Is to save this son of mine; if we Work well together as partners should, To make him intelligent, clean and good,

The lad will be, when our job is done, The sort men proudly proclaim "My son."

BUT if one of us shirks for a single day,

A terrible price there will be to pay; If one of us shirks for a single night, Much will be lost for the cause of right.

If one of us shirks—God pity me!— I know which one of the twain 'twill be!

—STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

You've Feet To Use--Do You Use 'Em

"I know that for many years past I have more than kept up the hundred-miles-a-month quota—have done at least 1,500 miles a year," said Mr. Harlow in reply to a question of mine. "As I have not had an illness in twenty years that incapacitated me for more than one day, it appears that during that time I must have walked 30,000 miles or more; incredible, but there are the figures. Most of this walking has been done in the hills of New York, New Jersey, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama."

And on the experience realized from this constant walking, he has built this article.

F. G. W.

Walking is the only exercise available to all ages, needing so little equipment and yielding such big benefits.

By Alvin F. Harlow

Photographs by Thompson Bros., Knoxville, Tenn.

IT is a pleasure to those of us who are ardent protagonists of walking to observe that various Young Men's Christian Associations are taking an active part in the struggle to preserve the feet of the human race and prevent them from becoming mere functionless appendages; thereby also making a large contribution to public health and efficiency and giving many a city-bred individual an increasing realization of the wonder and beauty of God's out of doors.

There is no other exercise or recreation that is quite in

can play it with fifty or a hundred companions.

Finally, walking is the only exercise which requires no strained attention or concentration. You do it subconsciously; your mind is left free for conversation with friends, for pleasant reverie, for the study and enjoyment of Nature and all else that passes in panorama before you.

Walking is therefore a recreation for the mind as well as the body. It is really astonishing how the stimulation of the exercise, sunlight, fresh air and change of scene impart vivacity and optimism to a tired, discouraged brain. Walking has my undying gratitude for that there have been so many, many days when it has enabled me to forget all my troubles. I have started out for an all-day hike with a considerable load of care apparently weighting me down. When I came home in the evening, the thought would suddenly occur to me, "Let's see, what was I worrying about this morning?" And when I had succeeded in remembering what it was, often it didn't seem half as serious as it did ten or twelve hours before.

Another point of excellence in walking as an exercise is that it may be indulged in as mildly or as vigorously as one likes.

the same class with walking. It is a game that can be played by men, women or children, of any age from extreme youth up to octogenarians like E. P. Weston and Dan O'Leary, who can still do their several score of miles in a day. Walking requires no apparatus of any sort, no special costume, no prepared ground on which to play. You can do it on city or village street, country road, beach, wildwood trail or untrodden mountain side. It requires no skill, there is no competition, no one is unduly elated by victory and no one suffers heartburnings in defeat. You can play the game all by yourself or you

The convalescent or the semi-invalid may jog along at a mile or two per hour, while the husky, ambitious athlete may take pride in stepping off his mile after mile in ten or twelve minutes. In between these extremes lies the rational gait for most people. Four miles an hour is fast enough for the average person; to go faster than that will tire the amateur walking too quickly, and furthermore, the walk becomes too much of a stunt; it doesn't permit the mind to relax as it should. Remember that overstrain on the muscles generally means some wear and tear on the nerves also, and thus too strenuous a walk may do quite as much harm as good. If you are going over rough ground or stopping frequently to look at the beauties of the landscape, your rate may be reduced to three miles per hour, and you need not be



Beauty spots along the trails of the Knoxville, Tenn. hikers. On the left the camera looks out of Alum Cave, and above it looks toward the Alum Cave peaks from Indian Gap Trail, in the Appalachians.

ashamed of it. Mine has frequently gone even lower than that—and yet I usually get from fifteen to twenty-five miles of walking in a day, which gives me plenty of exercise.

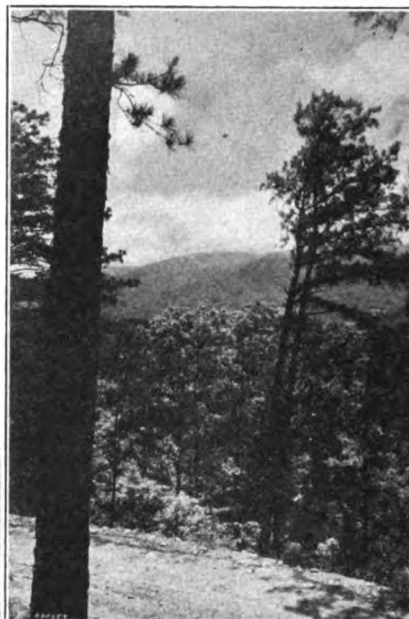
As a matter of fact, one of the most strenuous days of my life was that one in the North Carolina mountains when my companion and I, traversing a trailless country, were fighting our way through rhododendron and blackberry thickets along the crest of a razorback ridge, and consumed five hours in covering a little less than a mile!

WALKING has been and is still the thing that keeps me in condition in spite of a sedentary occupation. In my early youth I was almost a continual sufferer from colds between autumn and spring; and I had hardly reached manhood before my rather delicate digestion began to give way as the result of too much midnight pie, fudge, coffee, etc., during my college days. Until I was nearly thirty years old I suffered from this poor digestion and susceptibility to colds. Being interested in almost everything that can be seen with a pair of human eyes, I had always done a considerable amount of strolling through city, town and country; but not until I moved my place of residence to Chattanooga, Tennessee, did I begin doing walking that really

boulder-strewn gulches. I spent my vacations in long autumn hikes of a week or two or three through the mountains with one or two congenial companions, sleeping at night in mountain cabins or on the ground with only a blanket and the sky over me.

My indigestion had taught me even several years before this the importance of a light, balanced diet, with a small percentage of meat and pastry. From the time I began my mountain hiking there in Tennessee to the present

More of the grandeur of the Appalachians, not far from Knoxville. Right, looking from Cades Cove; center, hikers atop Mt. LeConte, one of the highest peaks in the range, and below, beautiful Rainbow Falls, along the trail up LeConte.



counted. The mountains surrounding that city tempted me into the wilds, and my walks became more strenuous, involving at times considerable cliff climbing and scrambling through great

During the winter now nearly past I have made it an almost inflexible rule to take a ten or twelve-mile walk every week-end—either on Saturday or Sunday afternoon. March is now passing,

and I have missed only two week-ends during the winter. In winter it is usually too cold for me to enjoy an all-day hike, and furthermore, I do my winter hiking on the city pavements, as country walking at that season is, in the phrase of the day, not so good. I walk on other days, too. If I have several places to visit downtown, I

walk from one to another. Any business man gets the same sort of exercise by walking to his office in the morning or back home in the evening or both. On Sundays my wife and I frequently wish to attend service at some church four or five miles distant (I should explain that we live in New York City), so we start early and walk.

EVERY local Association ought to have its walking club, and all the Association members ought to belong to it. Not everyone could take part in every hike, but there

is no one not actually incapacitated who should miss all the hikes. An admirable organization of the sort is that of the Knoxville, Tennessee, Y. M. C. A. The expressed objects of this group of enthusiastic outers are not only to promote the physical, mental, moral and social health of their members, but to encourage the conservation of natural beauty, flora and fauna and to acquaint their members and the public

generally with the grandeur and picturesqueness of the eastern Tennessee mountains.

This club, although organized under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., does not limit its membership to members of the Y. Anyone over sixteen years of age (ladies included) who is in sympathy with the objects of the club and who has been approved by the membership committee may be admitted. There are several ladies on the roster who are ardent members, and some of them are not the worst hikers, either.

By way of suggestion to others desiring to organize, it may be mentioned that the Knoxville club has eight committees. Perhaps the most important is the secret or unknown committee on Membership which passes on all applications or proposed names.

A second committee meets at regular intervals to plan the route of the next hike.

A third is the committee on arrangements, whose duties are onerous and whose respon- (Continued on page 372)

The Three-in-one Man

John W. Pontius, once in the pulpit, now desired by both business and educational institutions, stays in the Association because his joy is in all three lines of activity.

By Charles Phelps Cushing

UNLESS you know a critic's "slant" you aren't properly prepared to support or discount what he writes. So it is no more than fair to readers of this interview, and to John W. Pontius, its subject, to give clear warning at the outset that the writer's point of view is distinctly that of a layman, of an "outsider" who speaks without heed for what may or may not be the rule-book principles of Y. M. C. A. management, and in equally blissful ignorance concerning the editorial policy of *Association Men*.

In the way of a personal policy, it is his practice as an interviewer, first, to prowl around the lair of his intended victim for some hours; then to pounce swiftly before the prey has time to dig in and launch a counter-attack.

In this instance, the first thing I learned in the four or five hours of preliminary stalking is that the Central "Y" building of Columbus, Ohio, where John W. Pontius has his G. H. Q., is distinctly "on the map" of Ohio's capitol city. To test that point I stopped, one after another, half a dozen assorted types of citizens, to ask them where the building was and what it looked like. All answered promptly, and several did not attempt to conceal in their descriptions that it was a place regarded with much local pride.

And this pride is well justified. The architect, doubtless with John W. Pontius helpfully abetting him, has given Columbus a structure which not only is distinguished in design, but which subtly manages to convey to the beholder a feeling of the varied services which the plant performs. The tall buttresses and a few arched windows suggest the church; the general lines of the building, a school; yet you could not miss catching also the suggestion of the social center, the clubhouse, the "homey" place to live.

Out came my camera the minute I saw that fine facade; nor was I content until I had photographed it by daylight, twilight and by night, from half a dozen angles. The night view is the most striking, because John W. Pontius has had the inspiration of illuminating the upper stories with footlights. (At

no lavish expense, either, I was to discover later; it cost but nineteen cents an hour!)

This business of taking photographs, I should hasten to add, serves more practical purposes than merely pictorial. Invariably it lures many of the passers-by—real "men in the street"—into striking up an informal conversa-

tion that its unsavory setting at the time—the borders of the "red light district"—was an affair of only temporary duration. Today that site is valued at many times the purchase price, and one appraiser declares it worth perhaps as much as \$1,000,000!

Next they raised by public subscription in Columbus a sum unprecedented in local history; and, at last, despite a baffling interruption caused by the war, dedicated a plant which cost, complete, more than \$1,500,000.

And now, at the end of the first year of operation, the plant proves itself self-supporting.

These are matters of general knowledge; also that the membership of the Central "Y" includes men of all religious creeds; that the cafeteria is the most popular eating place of its type in town; and that the auditorium and club rooms—in this capitol of Ohio, a city of perhaps 275,000 population, which has become a community gathering place for the entire state—are as much used, by a wide variety of social organizations, as an old-time town hall. There is nothing aloof and forbidding about this plant; so the whole community, town and gown, business men and club women and youngsters, use it as a social center.

From signs and tokens such as these no Sherlock Holmes acumen is required to deduce that John W. Pontius is an extremely active citizen of the community, with an able business head and a genius for "mixing" with all sorts and conditions of men.

After dark I strolled into the big social room on the first floor of the building and loitered around for awhile, rejoicing to note how someone's firm hand had repressed ambitious interior decorators from making the scene take on the disheartening "impressiveness" of the average hotel lobby. Truly, this is a "homey" sort of place. In a window nook two women, resting after a shopping expedition, were matching samples of dress goods; in another, two young fellows in sheepskin coats, evidently truck drivers, were waging a checker match. Several crossword puzzlers were oblivious to all around them, including a large audience



John W. Pontius

tion with the photographer. Thus I learned what most impresses the ordinary citizen of Columbus about one John W. Pontius and his associates.

THE secretary of the Columbus "Y," it appears, has gathered into his directorate a large number of the leading business men of the city. They got their heads together and bought this corner plot only a block from the busy traffic of High Street, for \$100,000; having the keen business sense to vis-

"listening in" on a radio program of evening dinner music.

I SMOKED a pipe in the reading room next door, where for the twentieth time that day a casual acquaintance described John W. Pontius to me as "a reg'lar fellow." (We smokers are particularly grateful to anyone who recognizes our existence on this earth.) Then, sauntering downstairs to the cafeteria I laid in a good dinner, for which the check came to less than fifty cents; and was just about to depart when something on the table which looked like a small menu card caught my eye. Of all things—a menu card when you've already finished your meal! But this was mental, not physical fare. It read:

"Debt fascinates—then destroys its victim. It is like the fawning host who graciously invites his guests to dine and then poisons them at the feast."

That was another clue to the Pontius policy which I failed to grasp at the time, but soon comprehended once I got him to talking shop. He dined steadily upon the point that the Y. M. C. A. should serve as a "supplementary educational institution" and should labor at this job everywhere possible and incessantly.

An hour or so later, John W. Pontius, after a strenuous day, the signs of which showed plainly on his face (and gave me hope that I could the more easily batter down his resistance) was just slipping into his overcoat at the door of his office—8:30 p. m.—when I stepped up and introduced myself. He got out of the overcoat swiftly, Houdini fashion, and faced about. Now was the time to pounce, before he had a chance to "get set."

"First of all, Mr. Pontius, I want to warn you that there is one question which I always demand of everyone I interview before we get to anything else. It's this—how did you get into this work? Why, for example, are you a 'Y' secretary, rather than a minister or a business man or anything else?"

MY FIRST suggestion was prompted by a dim recollection that someone had told me he once trained for the ministry; the second was natural enough because in appearance and manner he is most like a business man. In his school days he was a track athlete and a football and basketball player; in the years since he has grown more stocky, but has managed to escape "getting fleshy." Height nearly six feet, I should judge; weight around 175; and looks in the pink of condition. Owns to 41 years, but the close-cropped straw-red thatch doesn't show a single grey hair. Steady blue eyes behind rimless bow spectacles. Doesn't much relish this volley of questions about his personal history, and talks briskly to get it ended quickly. While he is playing with a paper knife to keep his restless hands occupied, and I spot a 33rd degree Masonic ring.

The pulpit *did* claim him for a while;

business has bid for him, too, offering him a post as secretary of a Chamber of Commerce; and at this moment two mid-western colleges are trying to woo him away to become a college president. He sticks to the "Y" because he delights in *all* these lines of activity; here he truly can employ himself as a "three-in-one man."

Briefly, here's how he found his congenial vocation. The religious call, from his father's French Huguenot line and his mother's Scotch blood, was his first urge. From Alden Academy in Meadville, Pa., he went to Ohio Wesleyan, where he was graduated in 1906 with an A. B. degree. For a year after that he studied law, but the call to the ministry grew stronger, at the behest of his mother's desire that he train for the pulpit.

So he entered Boston University, warning the dean when he matriculated that he felt some doubts, as yet, about his real destination.

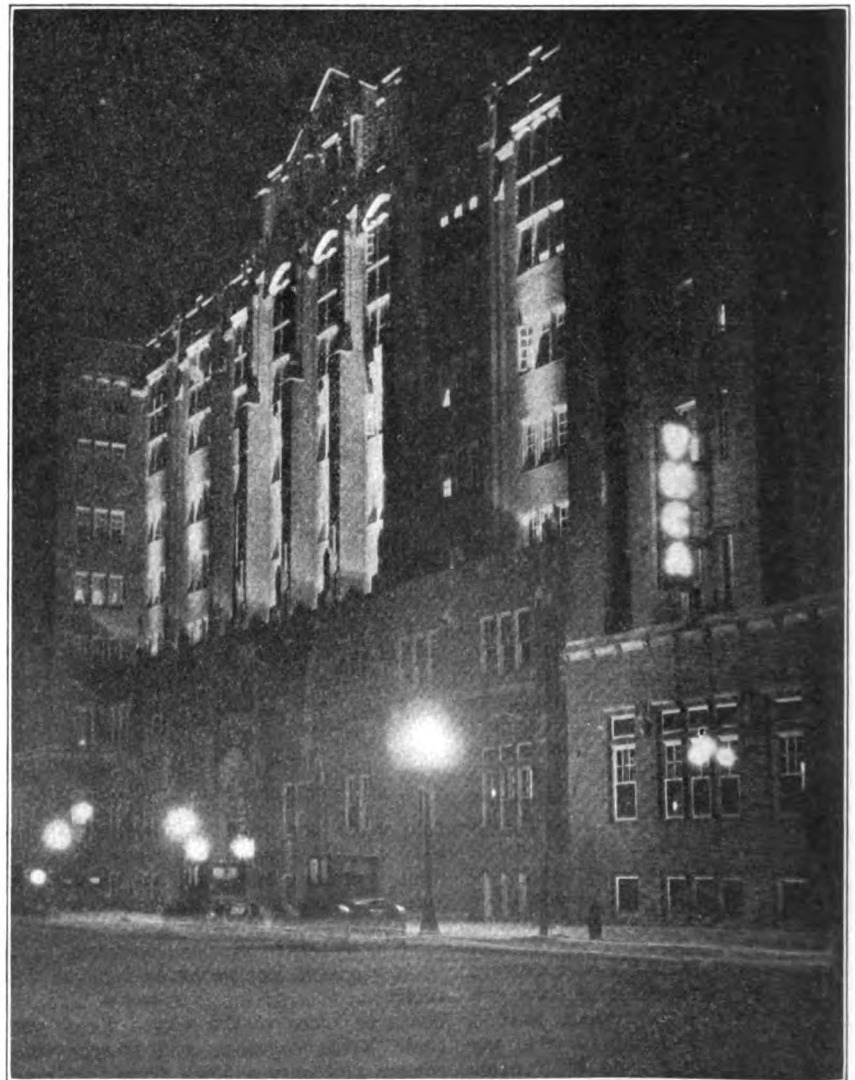
"The dean laughed," Pontius reports. " 'You'll do,' he said."

The problem of how to earn some of his expenses, meanwhile, he solved by getting a job as a waiter in Marston's.

"I was terribly self-conscious for a while, until I found that no one was paying the slightest attention to me. Then I had a good time and found out a lot of things about sociology and human nature."

After a few months he was fortunate enough to land a new job. The Central Congregational Church in old Chelsea offered him a chance to lecture to a class in practical and applied psychology. He warned his audience the very first night that he had doubts about his ability to handle the subject adequately, but they, like the dean of the University, assured him that "he'd do." And again he had a good time.

HE DIDN'T have so good a time in the next post open to him, as a lay preacher in an M. E. Church at Wood's Hole, the little port from which the steamers sail for old Nantucket Island. They treated him with the greatest respect; men tipped their hats to him when they met the young preacher on the streets; and when he went into a barber shop "the laughter immediately died" and he was forced ahead of his turn to get (Continued on page 370)



Columbus Central Y. M. C. A. at night. An unusual photograph taken by Charles Phelps Cushing.

What's Your Favorite Poison?

Life is largely a battle with poisons—we eat them, drink them, breathe them, “catch” them and make them. What they mean in keeping fit.

By Carl Easton Williams

DID you ever meet a man who made himself perfectly acquainted with you within two minutes, and then made you his confidant in many personal matters—perhaps because he knew a lot about you before he met you?

I met such a man not long ago, and before I knew he was telling me all about himself, and how he had taken up physical training from a high-priced “Professor” at a gymnastic “studio.” Then, not quite boastfully, yet not altogether modestly either, he confided how much money he required each year to spend on himself, in his personal living, being a single man, how much his tobacco cost him and how much liquor he needed. Apparently he lives like a Lord, or as a Lord is supposed to live, and now he has himself become a little dubious about the effect of his mode of living and its relation to his future—if any. He lit up another cigar as he asked me about this problematical future, and seemed to have no idea in any case of relinquishing or diminishing the consumption of his favorite poisons, just as if the little gymnasium work that he had started to do would counteract the effect of his dissipations. I might say that he is a brilliant kind of a fellow, whom one might call clever rather than sensible. Whether or not he is intelligent will depend upon your own definition of the word.

Can you tell me why the expression, “keeping fit,” has come in the minds of so many to be related almost exclusively to the idea of daily dozens? Apparently it is testimony to the effectiveness of advertising, since the term has been widely exploited in that sense. But keeping fit is clearly much more than a matter of muscular activity, however important that is. It is very much a matter of right eating, of suitable living conditions that provide the needed sleep, cleanliness, air and sunshine. And also, in large measure, it is a matter of freedom from poisons. Life is a battle with poisons, especially in civilization, and may well be visualized as such.

TAKE, for instance, the case of our new-found friend just mentioned, our alcoholic and well smoke-cured friend, who in lucid intervals wondered where he would land—and when—if he continues along the course that he has been following. He is living the civilized life with a vengeance. He spends most of his time in a stuffy office, in which the air in winter is drier than that of the Sahara Desert, as well as heavy with tobacco smoke.

Having no knowledge of right eating, he eats according to whim and fancy, or whatever is most easily available. And incidentally he consumes now and again indefinite quantities of food-preservative chemicals. That indeed, you and I are likely to do. Almost in spite of yourself you will get your daily rations of sulphur dioxide and benzoate of soda, supplemented from time to time by sulphite of soda, borax, boracic acid, salicylic acid, formalin, saltpetre, copper sulphate, often used for green coloring, and many others. Only yesterday in a high-class down-town restaurant, the writer left his spinach untouched on his plate because of its unnatural bright-green coloring. Even arsenic has been found in cheap confectionery. Unfortunately experts—sometimes very profitably to themselves—disagree as to the harmfulness of these preservatives, used in small percentages, but Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, our greatest student of the subject, says that the use of any kind of chemical preserving agent is most reprehensible, not only because it is itself directly injurious, but also because it often disguises changes of the most dangerous character that may be going on, in meats, for instance.

By eating an unbalanced diet of too much refined, demineralized food our friend's teeth are probably pretty well “civilized,” making him one of the “four out of five” suffer-



ing from local infection, a form of systemic poisoning that we will refer to later.

Then, again thanks to faulty diet, our friend probably suffers from more or less intestinal stasis, commonly called constipation, and productive of more or less systemic poisoning through the absorption of an excess of toxins produced by intestinal bacteria—the thing frequently though loosely referred to as auto-intoxication.

A number of times each year our friend has a cold, which in each instance means a new dose of poison, making him dull, tired and sometimes full of aches. Once every year or two he has a more or less severe attack of the Grippe, or influenza, with its backache, fever and more or less delirium, and representing a very serious dose of poisoning. At any time, also, our friend is likely to have pneumonia, being more likely to have both influenza and pneumonia, and to have them “very hard,” just because his drinking has lessened his resistance to them.

THIS drinking itself, which Heaven knows was bad enough years ago when so-called good whiskey was available and the chief source of mischief was its straight ethyl alcohol, is infinitely more hazardous in these bootlegging days. A man who wants to poison himself can now do a much more thorough job than ever before, for he usually gets a whole collection of poisons, even more deadly than alcohol, in his drink. The recent growing death rate from alcoholism is not necessarily an index of the amount of drinking, but it does speak volumes as to the character of the stuff that drinkers, however few or however many, willingly and eagerly put into their



bodies. In 1920, the first year of Prohibition, the national death rate from alcoholism reached its low-water mark of 1.0 per 100,000 population. Then bootlegging became better organized, and the new liquor produced or imported became worse, and the death rate, while still below the pre-Prohibition level, went rapidly up, in 1923 being more than three times that of 1920. Due to consumption of first-class alcoholic beverages? Apparently not. For there is a significant decline in cirrhosis of the liver, a characteristic alcoholic concomitant, as noted between 1922 and 1923, suggesting that the increased "alcoholic" deaths were due in some part to the poisons other than alcohol contained in bootleg liquor. There may or may not have been an actual increase in drinking. It does not follow that there was. We only know that the minority who drink have been drinking worse stuff.

Now, it may be that our friend, of whom we have been speaking, gets the finest whiskey in the world, but there is not more than one chance in twenty—perhaps not that—that he does. He is probably taking on a lovely load of poisons far in excess of what he bargains for.

But as if our friend cannot in other ways get enough carbon in his cylinders, enough other poison with which to corrode his system, he naturally adds the toxins of tobacco. Nothing but the most expensive cigars are good enough for him, and plenty of them. However, he passes the time between cigars by smoking cigarettes, inhaling of course, and thus he manages to get his full daily rations of carbon monoxide gas, which in the garage he tries to avoid. There is nothing in the way of the poisons of tobacco that he does not acquire in ample measure, including furfural (an aldehyde fifty times more deadly than alcohol, which our friend also obtains in bootleg liquor, and likely to be found in cheap whiskey any where at any time), prussic acid, colidine, pyridine and others, to say nothing of the ever popular nicotine, one of the most destructive poisons known.

MARK Twain said of one of his characters, "He was generous to a fault; especially to his own faults." One of the most curious phases of human nature is the well-known and almost universal disposition to fool ourselves about many matters of self-indulgence concerning which we really know the truth.

Of course no sensible person wants to "kid" himself. And yet though we have all, unless actually illiterate, had the opportunity to know just what tobacco and whiskey are, we are always ready to discount what we have learned.

If I like to smoke, then it means nothing to me that Jack Dempsey and Paavo Nurmi do not dare to do so. While such athletes presumably represent the highest development of human vitality, with their marvelous strength and endurance, and while I know that they are still not strong enough to subject themselves to the influence of tobacco without destroying their endurance and blunting the fine edge of their strength, yet it is different with me, great little me. Of course I never put myself to any kind of test, as they do. But yet, in some mysterious way, I am proof against the alleged poisons of tobacco, even though such weaklings as Dempsey and Nurmi are not.



The hero of our story apparently makes that assumption. I might say that he has the almost characteristic underweight condition of the excessive smoker, with the skinny, lean stringiness of typical underdevelopment. There are, naturally, many things that may be conducive to a state of being underweight, including lack of muscular activity, but in some cases it is caused almost purely by excessive smoking, for the reason that in many cases that I have known a return to normal weight has been brought purely through the fact of discontinuing the tobacco habit, and with no other change whatsoever in the mode of life. That, to me, is significant.

I might say, also, that while I first thought our friend was in the forties, I learned that his actual age was thirty-one. And now, recently, he has started to "keep fit" through some gymnasium lessons, as if that would negate all the poisons with which he has burdened his system. Of course it will do him good, if not overdone, and it may even help him somewhat better to endure these various burdens, just as, for instance, trappers, cowboys, lumbermen, fishermen and other outdoor men can stand tobacco better than indoor workers. But no system of physical training can make poison anything else than what it is.

PROBABLY the least of the toxins enjoyed by our friend is caffeine, which he drinks at every meal, in coffee or tea. There has been considerable discussion and investigation of the effects of caffeine, which is a distinct stimulant. It is frequently held that in moderation its harmful effects are so slight as to be of no practical importance. This may be pretty nearly true, if one drinks one cup of tea or coffee each day, though depending upon the manner in which it is made and how strong it is. But Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute, holds that since caffeine is a drug it must be included in our list of poisons, and that over-indulgence is undoubtedly injurious in some measure. Three cups or more of coffee or tea, or of both, are held to constitute excess, and Dr. Fisk says that such an excess, over a period of years, may produce serious disturbances in the circulation and in the nervous system, including rapid pulse, increased blood pressure, restless sleep and possibly organic changes, "when these indulgences are added to other irritating factors that accompany unhygienic living." And this is the mildest of our common poisons.

Very popular in some quarters is the use of habit-forming drugs, notably cocaine, opium and its derivatives, morphine, codeine and heroin. Estimates of the extent of the drug habit in the United States vary from two million down to a fraction of that. It is probably something like one million, meaning that one person out of every hundred in this country uses dope.

But drug poisoning is not confined to the opiates. Millions of people, including our friend, habitually use headache powders, pills, or tablets, cathartics, and other self-dosing nostrums, usually with more or less pernicious results. According to Dr. Fisk, the use of headache powders is particularly harmful, not only because of the direct injury sometimes accomplished, but because they obscure the underlying and basic illness of which the headache may be a symptom, and which may be very serious indeed. Even the abuse of purgatives, according to Dr. Fisk, is a form of poisoning.

THE most serious and dangerous type of poisoning that we encounter, and the most carefully to be guarded against, according to Dr. Lyman A. Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute, is infection. It is the chief cause of physical breakdown, and focal infection is the most frequent and important type of infection that is at work. Many of these foci of disease are in the head, at the roots of the teeth, in the tonsils, cavities and labyrinths of the head. It is highly important that

(Cont. on p. 371)



"My Ex-Tough Friend Morgan Blake, Sporting Editor"

By Ward Greene

I HAVE known a good many sporting editors and sports writers in my time, from experts to the kids that figure the batting averages. And all of them—or so it seems to me now—were what they themselves called "tough bozos." If they didn't booze, swear, shoot dice, joy-ride and generally run riot, they thought tough and talked tough. Certainly I can recall not one who could remotely be considered religious.

So, when I started figuring batting averages on *The Atlanta Journal* for the princely sum of seven dollars and a half a week, and thus was on the way to a sanctum where Ty Cobb and Battling Nelson would stroll in and greet me with a "Hello, big boy", I spent my first savings on a striped silk shirt and a checked cap, hung a cigaret off one tooth and practised shooting my swears, wise-guy-wise, from the lower left-hand lip.

For I was going to be a great sporting editor, and I had to be tough. There weren't any other kind, were there?

However, this story isn't about me. It's about a tough sporting editor who isn't tough any more. As a matter of fact, he teaches one of the largest young men's Bible Classes in the South. Yet he's a great sporting editor. And I'm not—I'm only a writer. Maybe that recipe of mine was all wrong.

When I first saw Morgan Blake, he

had come to *The Journal* from Nashville, Tennessee, his home town, to take a desk hallowed by the tradition of such men as Grantland Rice, Innis Brown and others, whom I must hasten to absolve from any slurs cast in foregoing paragraphs. Messrs. Rice and Brown, of course, were not the men meant.

MORGAN in the beginning didn't look like a heller. He was a whizz at his job—"Sportanic Eruptions," very quickly became the town boys' Omar—and personally he was one of the most likeable chaps in the world, sunny-faced, open-handed and open-hearted—always there, as the saying goes, with the lick. You wouldn't ever have taken him for a rounder.

It must have been all of five years that I worked in the same big room with Morgan Blake. A considerable time before I left the paper, he had changed. I don't know how it came about. These things happen under your nose overnight without your realizing the hows or wherefores. I was on the city staff. Morgan, though his desk was not a copy-reader's whoop from mine, was occupied in an alien field. You see a man daily. You borrow from him. You swap stories with him. You read his stuff, he reads yours. You know him well enough to stick your feet on his desk and tell him what you really think of the city editor. But,



Morgan Blake

if you see not that man in his off hours, you know him not at all.

It might have been like this: One day you looked up and there was that man with his head sunk on his arms, one muddy foot curled around his chair-leg, a blowziness to his coat and a blowziness to his hair, his eyes closed, asleep. It is mid-morning. And suddenly you see that man for the first time in months. You see that he has—"gone tough."

I don't say that Morgan Blake shocked his colleagues. Newspaper offices are not exactly prayer sanctums. At the most we laughed when we noticed Morgan haggard-eyed in the mornings or when he left the office with two or three of his new boon companions who, everybody was aware, were sports in the jazziest sense of the word. Some of us, though, were sorry. He couldn't keep up that pace.

I don't say, either, that Morgan "went tough" in any bar-bum, gutter-rat way. He was still the same sunny-faced, open-hearted chap, only now he was definitely embarked on the perilous role of "jolly good fellow." What specific performances the role called for I can't say. He told me, when I asked him if I might write this story, "Just use general terms. You know—I went the gates—I shot the works—they'll understand."

So that was that. We see, then, two years and a half ago, an impressive kid's ideal sporting editor, with the silk shirts and the cigaret and the "Listen, friend," and all that goes

No Sackcloth and Ashes

I sincerely hope and pray that my religion will never be a sackcloth and ashes religion. I cannot conceive of the religion of Jesus Christ as a long-faced, solemn thing. I believe that God's gospel is the gospel of sunshine and his religion the religion of love.

I believe that a man should want to live in this world just so long as he can be of service to his fellow man and his God. I do not want to die until I have exhausted my ability for service. When that day comes I will want to die.

I can truthfully say that the days since I have taken Christ into my life have been the happiest I have known. For years I lived a destructive life. I am trying now to live a constructive life. It may be a bit old fashioned but I believe that the true measure of a man is the service he renders and the sacrifices he makes to help other people.

And I believe the closer a man is to Christ the more capable he is to render service and the more joy he gets out of it. And I believe that the farther a man is away from Christ the less likely he is to serve anything but his own selfish interests. If that be fundamentalism—then make the most of it.

MORGAN BLAKE.

with them; Morgan Blake, rounder.

Perhaps that was the answer, too. Perhaps Morgan, like others before him, had decided that to be a great sporting editor he had to be tough. The pity is—that in sports and writing about sports he found his chance. In baseball, football, fights, golf and the rest are bad as well as good. Morgan wasn't choosy. He shot, as he said, "the works."

At this point in the story there should enter, I know, something dramatic—a revival, a friend's hand-clasp, a tragedy, a heart-break, a burning bush, hand-writing on the wall, a voice on the Damascus road. But there was, I must confess, none of these things. I asked Morgan. He reflected a minute; then said, "I just took a tumble to myself."

I wasn't in Atlanta when the tumble happened, but I heard about it. Friends from out-of-town, old buddies from *The Journal*, one and all, when the conversation turned to home-town news, said,

"Did you hear about Morgan Blake?"

Some smiled a little. But the most of them immediately grew serious.

"He's stuck to it, you know."

And one or two had almost a bewildered, baffled, how-do-you-account-for-it look when they added,

"The funny thing is he hasn't really changed a bit."

THEY meant that Morgan, since the tumble, was the same sunny-faced, opened-hearted, there-with-the-lick chap that he was when he was "a jolly good fellow." And this was a little hard to believe in the light of the stories we, in New York, were getting—

That Morgan, out of a clear sky, came to the office one morning and told "the boys," from the editor to the apprentice printers, that he had taken Jesus Christ for his Saviour. Furthermore, he wanted to be congratulated. And, wondering and a little embarrassed (many of them), they congratulated him.

That, too, he had "told the world" as he told his friends. There was a night when he spoke over the radio. There was a morning when he addressed the Agoga Bible class at the Baptist Tabernacle. There was an honest article in a church paper. It was reprinted in *The Journal*. Other papers "copied."

That, again, Morgan was using his off-hours, where once he had used them with those boon companions, in going about the country preaching.

Do you dislike that phrase? Does it smack of sanctimony? Here are the facts: In these two and a half years, Morgan has spoken in approximately a hundred cities and towns in Georgia and Alabama on behalf of Christ. Often he was alone. Sometimes he was accompanied by a "flying squadron" from the Baptist Tabernacle. At some of the meetings, conversions ran as high as three hundred. Also, (Continued on page 387)

*SAFED THE SAGE,
unto the Editor,
learned and mighty,
sendeth greeting:*

In the good old days, if I journeyed to visit in Little Old New York, I did not creep in through Tunnels or Tubes like a mole that burroweth underground. I came into Jersey City or Hoboken, and crossed on the Ferry. And that was the best part of the Journey. For I know few sights more impressive than the Sky-line of that Great City as one may behold it nearing or receding as he standeth upon the deck of a Ferry-boat. And albeit I bring no railing accusation against the Tubes, yet I care not for them.

Now it came to pass that I went from Hoboken to New York upon a Ferry. And the boat was Crowded. And as the boat neared the Manhattan shore, the folks pushed toward the Bow. And there was much congestion.

But there was one man who had Plenty of Room.

He carried a Pot of Green Paint. And he might stand where he listed. No man crowded him.

But he purchased his immunity at no small cost. I would rather be crowded than



*The Parable of the
MAN WHO HAD
PLENTY OF ROOM
and sendeth it
on to the Editor*

thy House and Garage and Fences so much as thou wilt. But on the Crowded Ferry Boat of Life, thou needest Companionship more than thou needest Isolation, and there is no occasion for thee to spatter thy Paint on men of different opinions.

Wherefore, keep thy Convictions in thine own Paint Pot, and set it in the Cellar with a Board over the Top when thou goest across Life's Ferry. The Paint Shops are open to Other Men, and some of them prefer Another Color. And thou hast need of Companionship as well as Convictions.

Thus spake Safed the Sage.

to carry a pot of Green Paint.

Now I know some men who go through life with an Argument or a Grouch, and who never can sit down among their fellowmen for the space of Five Minutes without telling them about the Tyranny of monopolies, or the Second Coming of Christ. That is their pot of Green Paint. They have great influence in procuring the adjournment of groups, and the sending of their fellow men home at early bedtime.

Beloved, hast thou faith? Have it unto thyself. If thou likest Green Paint, use it on



The Watch Tower.



"But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet and the people be not warned, and the sword come, and take any person from among them . . . his blood will I require at the watchman's hand."—Ezekiel. 33:6.

ONCE again the law-enforcement societies of Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and points West are whooping it up on the trail of the obscene. More power to them. As a former chairman of the International Committee used to say, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they make a lot better time with somebody after them." Doubtless, these reformers will overdo the business; but the situation—novels, magazines, plays—stinks to heaven. There is a peculiar danger in all this for us in the Association. We may get such satisfaction out of cheering on these courageous hunters of the law breakers that we shall be content with our own glow of approval.

If we imagine that law enforcement is going to do the trick, we are due for a cold awakening to a gray dawn of bitter disappointment. This is not wholly or even primarily a question of protection. The real tragedy is that so many men enter their maturer years hampered in their efficiency and divided in their souls due to the terrible wounds they have suffered; their whole attitude toward the most glorious fact of life has been poisoned by false or imperfect information on sex, acquired under deplorable conditions. We can prevent such catastrophes only by the freest, frankest, and most patient education. Never mind the blindness of parents, teachers, or family physicians: that is no alibi for the Association.

We claim to specialize on the problems of men and boys. We ought therefore to attack one of their chief problems with all our energy. It is up to us to set a standard of frank and intelligent and sound dealing. It is our business to lead here. We repeat: there is only one sure protection against vice, and that is a soul free and unafraid by reason of the purity that comes with a wholesome attitude and a complete unflinching understanding of all the facts.

THERE is much talk about the advisability of taking soundings from time to time to discover the direction of our work, but it is very hard to get right down to the business of answering the question, "Just what are we trying to do?" If a boys' secretary begins to stir around to size up afresh the lay-out of the community, the general secretary is liable to become nervous. "Better get some groups going or something else doing. It's all right to survey your field but don't let it interfere with your work. After all,

Reformers

Soundings

Bills

Unity

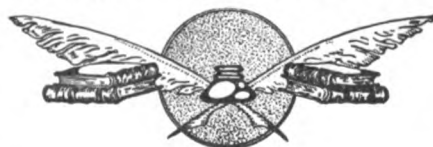
"Botherhood"

Income

you are here not to survey the field but to do your work"—such is the tenor of the admonition. Now, the boys' secretary only once in a while has the courage to answer, "And what is my work?"

There was once a secretary who was too busy to see men. After a while he began to wonder why no men tried to see him any more. An interesting note came into the office of ASSOCIATION MEN the other day. Speaking of Right-of-Way Week, a general secretary wrote: "It has been a pleasure for me to assist in this campaign as it has meant the paying of a personal visit to nearly 100 of our Senior members." He added some compliments on the character of the magazine which the modesty of the Editor forbids me to mention. The thing that is running through the mind of the Watchman is this: How many of us are there who leap forward to welcome a job that will bring (or force) us into direct personal contact with a hundred of our members? *If that stings you as much as it does me, kind reader, you have at least one very sore spot on your moral anatomy.*

THE Watchman heard a story the other day that he thought of sending on to his friend Safed the Sage. The trouble is that Safed scrawls out his stuff in such a large hand that nobody could miss it, and I am not sure that I want everybody to see this. A man in a very successful commercial enterprise said he did not want Association business, either from the Association or from secretaries. Pretty caustic remark: it appeared as if he was bluffing. Still the sequel proved he wasn't,



for he actually sidestepped quite a substantial order. Pressed further, he did not care to specify and said he had no particular person in mind. There was no single rankling spot in his memory. One of his friends volunteered the information that this business man had a strange constitutional dislike to waiting several months or a year for the payment of his bills. Was he fair on this point?

MEDITATION on the National Council meeting at Buffalo and upon the course of events since has been productive of some very optimistic musings. On this page the Watchman has expressed the conviction on several occasions that it is a great pity to belittle machinery and to talk as if unity of spirit and effort was something that had nothing to do whatever with ways and means. It is to be hoped that we shall not surrender ourselves to irrational ecstasies over the new Constitution and By-Laws; but we are discovering that they have opened up for cooperation roads which make the traveling toward unity incomparably easier than it was before. Men are brought together naturally. They confer by right of correct procedure. The special capabilities of numbers of laymen and secretaries are directly enlisted at points where they serve the movement best. No one feels that he is hornning in on someone else's business. It doesn't make much difference how you put the psychology of the matter: the fact remains that the mystic spirit of unity is felt most at the point where men are properly adjusted to the common task. Let us pray God to make us loyal and we shall reap our reward in unity. Meanwhile, let us not despise the plain means that He has put into our hands.

LAST month, in an exceedingly able and interesting article, the celebrated P. W. W. made many important comments on modern life. Not the least important of these was his reference in his first sentence to the Y. M. C. A. as being animated by "a spirit of *botherhood*." At no point in his long and useful career has this author more effectively illuminated his point than he did in this striking phrase. What, then, is this spirit of botherhood in the Association? Obviously, it includes first of all the pleasant habit, which appears frequently in the most unexpected places, of minding someone else's business before your own. This is a besetting sin of all practical men: Association work (Continued on page 381)

His Fame Did Not Come, He Had To Earn It!

Johnny Miner
worked his way
to Stardom.

By J. W. Dorst

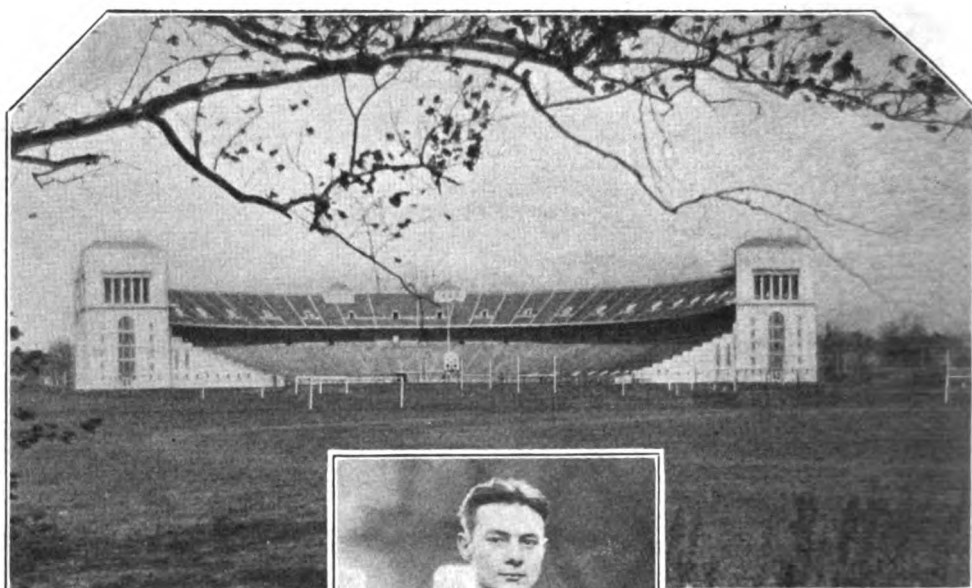
I HAD not lived in Columbus, Ohio, a year without hearing every detail of the prowess of Chic Harley, the famous Ohio State grid athlete, who achieved All-American honors and started the "ball a rolling" for the \$1,000,000 stadium of Ohio State with its capacity for 75,000 people.

Nor could I live there in 1923 and 1924 without hearing the everlasting praise of Johnny Miner, when the moleskins had been laid aside and the gym floor supplanted the gridiron.

Staying in my seat a while after the Butler-Ohio State basket ball game I heard the plaudits of Johnny Miner sung and re-sung. And there was reason for the praise. Butler had won the A. A. U. Intersectional Championship the previous year and the same team defeated Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois before coming to Ohio. It had been a beautiful game all through—cleanly played—hard fought and well handled by a keen referee.

I had been all eyes for Miner. (I do not wish to minimize the ability of his teammates, but I had gone to the game to see Johnny Miner.) The season of '23-'24 had ended with Miner on the All-Conference and All-Western teams at forward, and standing for the second time, with a rating of second highest point-maker in the Western Conference.

I was far from being disappointed. He was as much at home on the gym floor as Chic Harley had been on the gridiron. There was no fumbling, no faulty passing, wasted dribbling or aimless dashing about. He played with his head as well as his body. Only five feet eight inches in height, and weighing but 145 pounds, his perfect proportions made him appear slight. He was into every minute of the game. Intercepting a pass he was off like a streak.



Ohio State University



Johnny Miner

Stadium—Capacity 75,000

I watched his first dribbles open-mouthed. He literally seemed to dribble straight out before him, and his remarkable speed kept him apace with the ball and ahead of or around his guards. And he always dribbled effectively, ending with one of his high arching shots or a quick pass to his team mates.

After the Northwestern-Ohio State game a few weeks later we went down town to a Chinese Restaurant for dinner. Johnny lived up to his reputation. He was reticent regarding his own ability and reputation. I had been told he had no affected, exaggerated feeling of his own importance to the team, and would not talk, but after a time I pressed upon a year's acquaintance with him and learned something of his athletic experiences.

BORN at Mt. Carmel, Illinois, in 1901, he had come to Columbus in 1911. When fourteen years of age he joined the Y. M. C. A. and has been an active member ever since. He first played basket ball on a Church team under Guy Kessler's tutelage, and then came into the class teams at the "Y" where Kessler was Director of Boys' Physical Education. While a member of the "Y" leaders' corps and tumbling team during his sophomore year in East High School, he played his first year of three on the East High School Basket

Ball Team, being elected captain his senior year.

Inasmuch as he was ineligible to play on the Varsity team his Freshman year at Ohio State, he went out for boxing at O. S. U. He met with immediate success in this field although his previous boxing instruction had been acquired in but a few back alley "scraps." He won the light-weight intra-mural boxing championship of the University and the amateur championship of Ohio in that class. Sent to International Boxing Tournament at Madison Square Garden, New York City, Johnny finished third, being eliminated in the semi-finals.

That summer he spent several hours of three to four days a week on the gym floor of the Central "Y" with a basket ball, shooting baskets. His eye for baskets became un-

canny and has since placed him as the all-time basket ball man at Ohio State University.

WHEN candidates were called for basket ball in 1922 Johnny Miner was among them. A new coach, Harold Olsen, of Wisconsin, had taken hold of basket ball at State and was ready to produce a good team of real sportsmen. In trimming his squad, he was about to cut Johnny off, when Kessler, the former Y. M. C. A. Physical Director, asked him to give Johnny a chance. This was granted and Miner came through, ending the season as second highest point-maker of the Western Conference, and being elected to captain the next year's team for Ohio State. At this (Continued on page 386)

A. A. Hyde--A World Influence

His obedience to Christian principles, his view of money and his practice with it, his identification with Youth and Bible movements, his power to co-operate combine to make his life a power across the earth.

By Dr. John R. Mott

OVER one hundred years ago an undergraduate at Williams College prayed God that he might be enabled to exert a helpful influence that would reach out to the ends of the earth. When we remember that that was before the time of steamships, railways and telegraphs, and before the organization of any of the missionary societies of America, this must impress us as a very remarkable petition. Zinzendorf once prayed that he might be baptized into a sense of all conditions, that so he might enter into fellowship with all.

I do not know whether A. A. Hyde ever offered these same two petitions. I do know, however, that that for which these two men of prayer interceded has been realized in his life and experience. For well nigh forty years my work has kept me traveling over the world. The many missions of service on which I have been sent have taken me first and last to fifty-eight different countries, to most of them again and again. These repeated journeys have enabled me to observe the outreach of the influence of the gifts of Christian men. I should find it difficult to name any considerable part of the wide world field to which the unselfish work of Mr. Hyde has not penetrated. This accords with the discerning and fascinating history of his wonderful influence in Wichita, and in the Commonwealth of Kansas. How true it is that the light which shines farthest shines brightest at home; and that the blood which courses with most vitalizing power to the extremities surges forth from a heart that beats true and strong.

What is the secret of the world-wide influence of Mr. Hyde? What ideas did he hold most in prominence; what principles have guided or governed his actions; what attitudes and processes have characterized his life; what agencies has he wielded—which explain not only the depth but the wide range of his influence? First of all should be emphasized the power of his Christ-like life. His, without doubt, has been a Christ-controlled life. It has been a Christ-centered life. Christ has in reality been the center of his studies throughout all his years.

Once, when walking along the streets of Edinburgh, I asked Professor Henry Drummond to indicate three subjects which I might recommend to young

“Honoring Mr. A. A. Hyde for his stewardship of life, on his seventy-seventh birthday, March 2nd, 1925, as manifested in his public benefactions and consecrated support of Christian and humanitarian enterprises”—so ran the announcement of one of the important civic events in the history of Wichita, Kansas. Hundreds of his fellow citizens, and numbers of friends from across the country, were present at this notable anniversary celebration, and all caught a new vision of the splendid life of the guest of honor.

At this great banquet, Dr. Mott delivered the address of the evening, which is here printed.

men, the study of which would be most profitable in developing character and in ensuring largest helpfulness to others. He reflected during the time that it took us to walk one of those long Edinburgh blocks before he replied. He then said, “I would recommend to young men everywhere for such vital purposes as you have indicated, first, the study of the life of Jesus Christ; secondly, the study of the life of Jesus Christ; thirdly, the study of the life of Jesus Christ.” Such is evidently the conviction and belief of Mr. Hyde, for with him, everything in his Biblical or other studies has seemed to lead up to this Central Personality of the ages and of eternity.

WHAT is more important, however, he evidently has made Christ the center of his thought processes. If a man thinks self, he becomes selfish; if he thinks Christ, he becomes Christ-like. This is an unvarying psychological law in the spiritual world. We have so constantly been reminded of Christ by the attractive character of this man of God and by his absorption in unselfish activities, that we can be sure

that Christ is woven into the texture of his thoughts and imagination; in other words, that he has the mind of Christ. That Christ is also the center of his affections, those of us who know him could never doubt as we have seen his face glow when speaking of Christ, or when he was listening as others exalted Him. Many of us recall the saintly man who was able to say, “I have one passion; it is He, it is He.” Christ was at the very heart of his ambition. The great motive power with him was not that of accumulating worldly possessions, or of achieving worldly fame, but rather, that he could say that he was ambitious to be well pleasing in His sight. Might we not think of him, therefore, as being able to say with Saint Paul, “For me to live is Christ.” No limit can be placed on the outreach of the influence thus centered in the Source of vital energy.

Mr. Moody told us at Northfield of a layman in England, who said that the world has yet to see what God can do through a life wholly dedicated to Him. I am wondering whether you good friends in Wichita and those of us who, in a life of travel, have been able to trace the spread of influence, have not had an illustration in Mr. Hyde of what God can and does do through a life absolutely and unreservedly dedicated to Him and His unselfish program. This takes us into the secret of world-conquering power. Christ might have had a different method for spreading His influence over the wide world. He might have broken out from the heavens and appeared visibly from time to time in the different nations throughout the world; but for some reason, He has ever chosen to manifest Himself through the lives of men. It seems to have been His age-long purpose to communicate Himself inwardly to men; that is, to clothe Himself with men. In Mr. Hyde He has found one whose heart was so pure, whose spirit was so humble, whose will was of such sensitiveness, and whose life purpose was so unselfish that He could manifest Himself in and through him.

ANOTHER element entering into the world-wide influence of Mr. Hyde has been the fact that he has so faithfully wielded the forces of the prayer kingdom. He has had a profound belief in God—in an almighty God, in a

loving God, in an omnipresent God, in a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. My contacts with him have shown that he has conscientiously honored requests for prayer. He put himself with conviction behind the vital program of the Family Altar League. He has ever encouraged those gatherings such as the ones that assemble at Estes Park and on the shores of Lake Geneva and on the banks of the Connecticut, forever associated with that dynamic exercise called united intercession. So far as one can discover, prayer has ever been a precursor, an accompaniment, and a conservator in his launching or furthering of helpful activities.

This has made all the difference in the world in the productivity and outreach of his influence. It has been the difference between finding one's self turned back by apparently impregnable walls or being confronted with open doors and unending vistas of need and opportunity. It has been the difference between the painfully meager results which attend the labors of so many Christians, and mighty harvests unto the life eternal. In the face of such an example, why do so many of us leave unappropriated and unapplied this mightiest force for the transformation of individuals and communities, and for the generating and energizing of unselfish causes and movements?

Mr. Hyde's view of money and his practice with reference to its use have made it inevitable that his influence should be of a world-wide character. To him, money has been stored-up personality, to be regarded with that reverence which should characterize all thought and action with reference to personality. He has been referred to as being a tither. He is infinitely more than that. He regards himself not simply as the steward of one-tenth of his income or possessions, or of any other portion or fraction, but of all that he possesses. To him, the value of money, as of every other power or talent, lies in its relation to or possibilities for the Kingdom of God.

I have been a life-long student of beneficence of the rich and the poor. It has been my lot to follow through the use and influence of many millions of dollars. The period of observation of the power of these gifts has been sufficiently long to enable one to measure their relative potency or influence. With this as a background, let me express my strong conviction that there is a vast difference in the outreach of gifts. Consecrated money, that is, money given with purity of motive and thoroughly unselfish spirit, is, I sometimes think, omnipotent, omnipresent, and eternal. The reason is a convincing one—such gifts are in line with the eternal purposes of God, and are related to the life and program of Christ Himself, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

WHILE Mr. Hyde has accomplished a highly multiplying service in his many talks and articles on stewardship at gatherings of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, the Y. M. C. A. Conventions, and denominational gatherings, it has been his example, as one who practices what he preaches, that has had the contagious or propagating power. I do not wonder that one of the wealthiest men of the country told me that he wanted to have his son live for a period in Wichita that he might come to know this man, and thus to catch something of his spirit.

As I think of the far-reaching influence that Mr. Hyde has exerted through his countless gifts for objects at home and on every continent of the world, I am reminded by contrast of another life associated with the Middle West. It was that of a man whose name I will not mention, although a widely known character, who built up a fortune of scores of millions of dol-

lars many months before, when a bomb was exploded in his office by an embittered man who thus sought to take his life, and then to urge him in the light of such a warning to do good to others while he had the opportunity. The old man, who was then almost tottering to the grave, gave evidence that he was fully convinced of the worthiness of the cause, and that his heart was moved with a desire to respond, but his will had become paralyzed as a result of disuse and he could not act. In contrast with such a pitiful example, how the life of Mr. Hyde, abounding with unselfishness and wise generosity, shines forth! I have found it shining and illuminating the darkness in almost every land I have visited.

THE fact that Mr. Hyde has regarded himself as a sower, and that he has used the most vital seed, and sowed with such a prodigal hand, explains the fact that his influence has gone out to the ends of the earth. Here I refer in particular to his constant emphasis on the use of the Word of God. Through the American Bible Society, the Pocket Testament League, the Gideons, the World's Sunday School Union, and the Bible Study programs of the Y. M. C. A., as well as through denominational channels, he has greatly furthered the translation, circulation, study and application of the Christian Scriptures.

You will recall that De Quincy divides all literature into the "literature of knowledge" and the "literature of power." In the light of my observation, the Bible constitutes preeminently the literature of power. It is the book of victories. In its working, it reminds me constantly of a mighty dynamo, releasing light, heat, and energy. It has manifested unique power to awaken conscience. Dr. Miyagawa, in some ways the greatest preacher in Japan, told me that from the time he first became acquainted with the Gospels, his conscience would not let him do wrong. In my travels in the Levant I heard of a Mohammedan who said that the reading of the Gospel portions of the Bible caused his conscience to tremble. This creating, awakening, and making efficient the voice of conscience reveals its wonderful power.

The Bible has power to vitalize. Was it not Emerson who said of the words of Montaigne, "They are vascular; cut them and they will bleed"? With how much more aptness and force might we say the same of the words of God, which are in reality spirit and life. Everything prospers whithersoever this river flows. The Bible, likewise, has power to energize. Huxley has pointed out that the object of education is to enable a man to do what his education and conscience show him he ought to do. The Christian Scriptures, in a marvelous way, have ever been the medium through which has been communicated to the wills of men the power to take the step between knowing (Continued on page 374)

Youth

IN exercising his powers so largely through the channels of youth enterprises, Mr. Hyde has exercised high strategy; because in reaching the youth we thereby facilitate the achievement of all other worthy ends.

"Why is this?"

"The youth constitute the chief asset, because of their unspent years, their unexhausted energies, their unspoiled powers, their abounding vitality and their susceptibility to impressions."

lars. When this man was young and without any possessions, his father said to him, "Son, anybody can make a dollar; you save it." The young man took his father's word literally and made it a guiding principle. He thus employed only those muscles involved in gathering, grasping, and holding. For so many years he left unused the muscles involved in distribution and helpfulness to others that those muscles became atrophied.

On one occasion I went to him to enlist his help in an important undertaking. I had an ideal opportunity to present my cause, for he gave me nearly two hours that evening in his home. His wife was present, and was my ally, for she showed in unmistakable ways her sympathy with my appeal, and interceded most earnestly with her husband that he might respond favorably to my request. She went so far as to remind him of a solemn warning he had received not

Dr Cadman makes Reply

*Picked at random by Halsey Hammond, Bedford Branch, Brooklyn
from Dr Cadman's Sunday Radio Conferences*

QUESTION. Wherein do you consider lies the greatest act of Washington?

Answer. The fact that he preserved this Republic after he became President from being involved in the vortex of European affairs after the uprising of the French people.

Q. Have you any comment to make on an article in this morning's paper which says that the Inter-Allied report reveals Germany has secret army, with high command and a system of instructing men?

A. So long as the present military fever runs, as we see it in the evidence before the Commission on the air service in Washington, so long as men will persist in the stupid preparation for war, you can be sure that Germany will practice every art of evasion or otherwise to be armed, among those who are also arming. There ought to be a general disarmament, not only by Germany but by the other states as well.

Q. How do you reconcile the struggle for survival which goes on in the world of animals and vegetation with the New Testament teaching that God is love?

A. As a matter of fact, there is a great deal in nature that is oppressive to the believing mind. That is a good question. But still again, that struggle in nature drove men like Darwin and Huxley into agnosticism. But we are told by competent scientists that the struggle has been grossly exaggerated; that nature has her balances, checks and compensations. But, in any case, it is plain that God did not mean either animals or men to live in a fool-proof universe.

Q. Are not those carrying flasks "on the hip" equally as guilty as the boot-legger, defying the law?

A. Yes, and again yes. It is simply a betrayal of Americanism.

Q. What in your opinion should be the punishment of the master mind of a crime? Do you believe that he is as guilty of taking a human life as the one who actually did the killing?

A. Yes, you must always go behind the hand that strikes the blow and to the mind that originates the motive and the murder. The original motive-making man is the murderer. He is far more the murderer than the mere executive. I am in favor, in the present

condition of America, which I call barbaric, in its sin against the Holy Ghost in murder, of enforcing the capital punishment. I have consulted eminent men of the law and judges, and they tell me that the only thing cold-blooded murderers dread is capital punishment.

Q. Will you tell us what, in your opinion, may be done to bring about a general movement to put a stop to the growing use of liquor by our young people? The hip flask at public and private dances has become so common that it passes without comment.

A. This is the ghastly heritage we are beginning to reap by believing that we can outrage constitutional law in this country with impunity. In many instances, though not in all, they are following the example of their own parents. That is where the reform will have to commence,—home discipline. A boy or a girl of 16, up to the age of 19, should be under the control of their own parents. If they are not, there is something wrong with their parents. It is parental nurture and discipline which we need in this country far more than anything else, and the best kind will only come through religion. It is an act of cowardice to endeavor to lay upon the police or upon churches or institutions of learning the priesthood of the home. That must be discharged by parents and none other.

Q. What and where is the connecting link between mind and soul?

A. These divisions of our one nature are merely for mental convenience sake. You are forever one, and far more one than you even realize. The mind, of course, is spoken of as the mine of intellectual virtues, and the soul is supposed to be the life principle directing all other virtues, just as the imagination is the diffused power animating other faculties.

Q. Can Protestantism survive in Soviet Russia?

A. It can survive anywhere, in Soviet Russia or any other quarter of the earth, where they have faith to believe that Jesus Christ is the saviour of all men, and, therefore, their Lord. That is the great doctrine of Protestantism, and, by the way, it is of Roman Catholicism, also. It is the essence of Christianity.

Q. Which of the four gospels is the best for reading during the Lenten season?

A. It all depends upon your spiritual culture. If you are an advanced Christian, who is intent upon the power of the world to come, I would recommend St. John's beautiful and mystic treatment of the Gospel. To others, of course, the catholicity and human spirit of St. Luke would appeal. To many a young man I would recommend St. Luke.

Q. If a lawyer, because of his superior training or ability, obtains a verdict he knows to be unjust, is he considered morally responsible in any degree for the injustice done?

A. That is a very good question, indeed. I am not at all inclined to rule on the ethics of the legal profession. I have trouble enough to maintain those of my own. I know that every villain is entitled to his day in court, and to a defense, whatever the crime he is charged with.

Q. Do you believe the Constitution of the United States was inspired of God?

A. I believe that all great works are inspired of Him. I cannot stand before the Memorial building to Mr. Lincoln in Washington without feeling that, or before the Parthenon at Athens, or before St. Paul's Cathedral in London, or St. Peter's in Rome. But there are degrees of inspiration, and I don't think that I should say that the Constitution of the United States was totally inspired by the Lord, because it has required nineteen amendments and another is in the offing. What the Lord totally inspired does not need so much patching up afterwards.

Q. How can a person read to the best advantage?

A. By reading, and by reading that which, in the first place, offers you some resistance, including the best of fiction. Do not forget that Marlborough, the great General, said that all he ever learnt of history was through Shakespeare. Don't shut up a blind life within your brain. Do not think that you have everything under your skull that you will need.

Q. Books of fiction I find very difficult and almost impossible to read.

Books on philosophy, theology, psychology, give me great pleasure. Would you recommend that I compel myself to read fiction?

A. That is the most extraordinary case I have met with, and I want to heartily congratulate my friend upon his affiliations. He must have what we call "a superior mind." But I think, if he would have relaxation, he should try and read "Vanity Fair," the best of Balsac, or Victor Hugo, or dear old DuMaurer,—"The Three Musketeers." He might find there some pleasure, and even a grain or two of profit. Is there any boy who has not read "Treasure Island" of Robert Louis Stevenson? Who does not remember:

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,

Yo ho!

And a bottle of rum."

Q. Is physical health related to spiritual health, physical beauty to spiritual beauty?

A. Always and everywhere. I am one who has gone a long way in that direction in the last ten years. I have been taught, especially by some reading in psychology, that there is a relation between the state of mind and the state of one's health, and that that same factor plays a very vital part in one's experiences. The plainest face in this audience can be lit up with a light that never shone on sea or land by the glow from within the mind.

Q. What is our American moral heritage?

A. We owe everything to those who came here and founded these plantations originally. I speak of them all inclusively, whether Puritan, Pilgrim, Jew or Gentile, or, in some cases, the brave Hollander. We have a splendid tradition bequeathed to us, and I am always jealous that we shall not lose that moral greatness through craven fear.

Q. What are some moral problems of a growing and unfinished democracy?

A. Of course, that is a question which is just as large as the whole problem of democracy. In the first place, Democracy has not been able to bring about economic justice. The progress toward that economic justice has been too long delayed. Many men have flourished, both in the tyrannies of capital and of organized industry, so that the Christian Church should hold a balanced scale between both bands of offenders. I have to complain, while I am on this point, of being misquoted in a speech I made some twelve years ago. It is giving many people the impression that it is a recent utterance, since it is being printed now. I want the public through this method to understand that that document, or speech which the document contains, was delivered years past, since when much water has flowed under the several bridges. It may not represent all my views at the present time, although, on looking it over,

I have found nothing there which is specially obnoxious. But let me remind you that the Christian Church has no brief for any organized group. It preaches the everlasting right in the light of the Gospel, of its Lord, then leaves it to you to apply that light in whatever may be your social condition.

Q. What is the chief problem a Christian has to face today, and how does Jesus help solve it?

A. As a matter of fact, that question is easily solved in this simple answer. Let us commit our way unto Him, even now. The secret of the Christian life is that another lives in you. It is a great mystery, I grant you, but I think I would carry everyone with me who accepts the New Testament when I quote St. Paul: "Christ liveth in me, and the life I live I live by faith in the Son of God. Even this life in the flesh, Who loved me and gave Himself for me." That test is as the lifting of many veils. In the light of that single scripture you will find life, this great life. Let us begin to live it today. Let us here and now, as Lent comes and the cross is seen looming up, and Jesus, as the Redeemer, enters the picture of these Conferences, imprinted on every imagination,—let us surrender, if we are Christians or desire to be Christians, here and now unconditionally, absolutely and forever. If you are a Hebrew, go back to your great prophets. I challenge you on that, and show forth their glorious righteousness for the benefit of Israel.

Montreal and the Basis Question

By Gerald W. Birks

THE Montreal Association has not yet adopted the new Canadian Basis of Membership and it is probable that no final action will be taken before the Annual Meeting of 1926. In view of the fact, however, that Montreal delegates took an active part in formulating the new basis and securing its adoption it is probable that the pioneer Association in America will ratify the new plan.

The purpose of the new plan is to provide a systematic method for explaining to all new members, the statement of purpose of the Association, and for extending to them an earnest invitation to associate themselves with other Christian young men in maintaining the work of the Association and in making it more efficient.

It can readily be seen that this task will call for the development of a large corps of active members to assist the employed staff in this work of interview. Inasmuch as an explanation of the meaning of membership involves an

THIS is the third, and last, of a series of articles on the Basis Question, which has been much discussed in Y. M. C. A. gatherings, and which, undoubtedly, will be debated in future meetings. The other articles, in the February and March issues, were presented by R. N. McWilliams, of Canada, and Miss Mabel Cratty, of the Young Women's Christian Association.

explanation of the Christian meaning of life, it can be seen that the selection, training and organization of these interviewers will take time, as well as genuine religious leadership. We must abandon the assumption that desk secretaries can make the explanations and extend the invitations which every new member has a right to expect.

ANOTHER problem is found in the preparation of a diversified service

program both without and within the Association. It will take some time to balance our present "cafeteria" system of activities with a parallel system which will lead our members to forget self in the service of the Kingdom.

Inasmuch as the essence of the new basis is the development of a vitally interested and intelligent active membership, Montreal in common with other Canadian Associations will employ educational methods in making the change. Hasty and merely formal adoption of the new basis would defeat the purpose behind the new plan.

In order to insure the use of educational procedure the National Council's Committee on Active Membership has recommended the following steps and these are now being carried out in Montreal.

1. Secure endorsement of Boards of Directors, Committees of Management and employed staff to the resolution recom- (Continued on page 377)

Boys Work

The Signs of the Lives of Members



RED

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YMCA

The third annual B sion campaign sponse Club of Wilmington, feature of the March tended over ten sec Classes met in the h mores, were presi juniors and taught Employed Boys' P showing consisten of older boys and of becoming ecently held in Co State. eected by the State

Boys' clubs ions lasting three days ing "The Boy Allen University and which had be, the principal speaker month. ent J. B. Randolph of

There ege, T. B. Lanham, Presi with C. Sims, Allen University and Emp obias. One of the features of ent conference was a reception tendered e delegates by the Governor of the State, during which he shook hands individually with each boy and leader. After that a visit was made to the gallery of the Senate while a committee was in session, and one of the senators ked that work be suspended until he d send his greeting and encourage a the boys.

How Has County

The Boy Who Didn't Talk Much

I N ABILITY, Chester Connors, 15-year-old Lancaster, Pa., boy is just a little better than average. In perseverance he is a whole lot better, and that is why he was ready for the big emergency when it suddenly confronted him.

Everything he went into got every ounce of interest he had—swimming, gymnastics, leaders' corps work, Bible study—any activity in which he engaged claimed his full enthusiasm. And in the course of events, he absorbed his defeats without alibi, and noted his victories without comment.

The big test was put upon his courage last summer at the shore, when a swimmer beyond his depth, shouted for aid. Many heard, and the 15-year-old Connors responded. With even strokes he cut his way to the imperilled man. Returning, with a human burden probably seventy pounds heavier, ne had to fight a persistent, powerful undertow. It was a gigantic thing to do. Finally, after numerous complete submersions, he brought his burden in where helping hands relieved him.

Thomas L. Gibney was the rescued man. Weeks later he wrote to young Connors' father. He related the circumstances leading up to the near tragedy, and continued, "Venturing out a little farther than before, I found that I was beyond my depth, very tired, and the undertow carrying me farther out. After struggling for a few minutes and becoming exhausted, I was forced to cry for help.

offer to sen on either of is Doing," n, Chester, was the only one Boys and ch me, though there were were given at either t services a Schools. I was turn there we the other outdid th and effe fact tha prayer usually iences in est the work.

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I N how a boy of his age could unselfishly sacrifice his future to a stranger (Continued on page 369)

He "Cashed In" On His Spare Time



John Eareckson

"I T TAKES money, and I haven't any," John Eareckson told his friend, the wrestling instructor at the Baltimore Y. M. C. A. in response to a suggestion that he quit his employment, go into business for himself, and become a leader.

"Take on some spare time 'work,' was the advice then given him. "You are strong enough to stand it. If the first job goes well, get another, and so on, until you have your capital."

That conversation is four years old. The other day John

Eareckson's men completed a contract which paid him \$20,000. And it was the reward of merit, for to secure this particular job, he had to guarantee to finish 1,000 square feet of flooring a day. The first day his crew of twenty-five men finished 3,500!

Eareckson, a strong young man, whose work (Continued on page 369)

Helping Nature Help Him Grow

W ALKING experts look at Charles R. Howell, Toronto school boy, and member of Central Y. M. C. A., as a future world's champion. Those who view his scholastic attainments expect him to do whatever he sets out to do, and to do it well.

This story is quite a few months old, and during this time "Reg" has probably done a lot more worth talking about. But at the time it was written he had been awarded the W. J. Hastie physical efficiency medal, for his all-around progress in physical development.

As a high school student he was at the top of his form for two successive years, and previously, while in the public schools he won public recognition in oratory. These facts just go to show that he thinks of other things than muscles and stunts.

His receiving the Hastie award was recognition of a year's work he had put in, in addition to his school work, on bodily development. In that year he gained five inches in height, 25 pounds in weight, three inches in normal chest measurement, and 4 inch chest expansion. Not all of it, of course was due to exercise—he was bound to grow some—but his physical work made for symmetrical growth.

What systematic training meant for him is shown (Continued on page 369)



Chas. Howell

Now Come The

Sinclair Lewis has produced in this work, perhaps, is as good as *Main Street* or not so good. Other books

ARROWSMITH, By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Co. (\$2.00).

THIS is Sinclair Lewis's third really important piece of work. You may say what you like about the first two; the fact remains that the author wrote two terms into the American language, *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Though we must use capitals, these are now common nouns in every sense of the word. Perhaps the author had a premonition that he could not turn the trick again for he has given us a name this time that is a bit too clumsy for such ordinary usage. It is doubtful if we shall talk much about the Arrowsmiths in our midst in the same way we refer to the Babbitts.

I have had as yet no chance to discuss this book with men out in the great open spaces or under the eternal sunshine of the Pacific Coast, but the thoughtful readers on the Atlantic Seaboard seem agreed that this work ranks right up with *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Henry Seidel Canby places it between the two, above *Main Street* and below *Babbitt*. For my part, I am not so sure; because I think *Main Street* is in some ways the best of the three. Two Scotchmen were arguing about a bag-piper's ability. The defending Scot swept away his opponent's criticism that the piper could not keep the tune with the remark, "Fich wi' the tune: look at the endourance of the man." The first and the last of these three show a steadiness of purpose and an evenness of tone, even above *Babbitt* I believe, which marks them off as superb works of artistic endurance. They carry through.

Sinclair Lewis is the real American social satirist of America. He may be limited in vision, he may lack sensitiveness; but he sees what he looks at clearly, steadily, untiringly. The characters in *Arrowsmith* are types, like all the rest. We think of Arrowsmiths, Gottliebs, Capitolas and Holabirds, just as we think of Babbitts and Carol Kennicotts. Very few of his characters actually become individuals. Still that is the essence of satire, after all. There is no use satirizing a single individual unless he or she be very prom-

inent like Mary Pickford, or Henry Ford. We will not lose that the story of *Arrowsmith*: I read the book and yourself on sight. Dr. Herbert L. Graveland once said to me: "I have reading, with the greatest with no pleasure, this book will be the experience of the first but there is no question about the absorbing interest.

There remains one thing to Some imaginative writer in each of these stories and rewrote from another point of view. of the leading characters tell Sinclair Lewis has no "imagi- that is, he was never really in- of these people.

FREDERICK H. some

THE SECRETS OF THE EAST, by Oliver Huckel. Thos. Y. Crowell Company. (\$3.50).

TO relay to the reader in a few words what a writer says on a given subject is the function of a reviewer of books. The reviewer should be critical yet his "bricks" need not be too numerous. On the other hand a page or two of "puffs" may spoil the whole thing. A sympathetic approach which points out defects and mentions the high lights is more to the point.

Writers of Entertainment



TARKINGTON

more importance than the shadow of the famous robber, James Whitcomb Riley, and Meredith Nicholson. With these he roamed about the country, on long walks, and doubtless, caught from them that disease which makes an author.

Tarkington went to Princeton University where he plunged into all kinds of varied activities. One of the shows on which he worked as an undergraduate was brought out from the dust a few (Continued on page 379)

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His is

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(Continued

on page

376)

I have found nothing there which is specially obnoxious. But let me remind you that the Christian Church has no brief for any organized group. It preaches the everlasting right in the light of the Gospel, of its Lord, then leaves it to you to apply that light in whatever may be your social condition.

Q. What is the chief problem a Christian has to face today, and how does Jesus help solve it?

A. As a matter of fact, that question is easily solved in this simple answer. Let us commit our way unto Him, even now. The secret of the Christian life is that another lives in you. It is a great mystery, I grant you, but I think I would carry everyone with me who accepts the New Testament when I quote St. Paul: "Christ liveth in me, and the life I live I live by faith in the Son of God. Even this life in the flesh, Who loved me and gave Himself for me." That test is as the lifting of many veils. In the light of this single scripture you will find little this great life. Let us begin.

it today. Let us hang chapters to Lent comes, and which he tells about

Confucius and Gandhi. He makes Confucius live. His hour's interview with the great Indian is vividly related. Here is a choice bit. Gandhi is speaking: "Would I like to see America? If you mean the skyscrapers of New York City, the great railroads, the big factories,—I do not care to see these evidences of great material success. But if I came to America, I should want to see the heart of America. I would go among the people, I should go among the slums and see whether the people were contented and happy. I

should try to investigate Tammany Hall—you know what I mean. Material success and achievement mean nothing to me unless the people are cared for rightly and unless the spiritual ideals of the nation are maintained."

Dr. Huckle is an interpreter. He leaves it to the geographies, guide books and atlases to give precise information about places and peoples. At times he is a reporter, telling his story graphically and forcefully. He tells us what the Orient thinks of us—and the telling thereof will do us good. Dr. Huckle's view-point is that of one who understands, hence, that of a friend. He believes that a friendship between America and the Far East will be mutually helpful. His is not the book of an alarmist. Nor is it a book (Continued on page 376)

Boys Work

The third annual B'sion campaign sponse Club of Wilmington, feature of the March tended over ten ses Classes met in the h mores, were presi juniors and taught Employed Boys' P showing consisten of older boys and after of becoming ecently held in Co State. fected by the State

Boys' clubs irons lasting three days ing "The Boy Allen University and which had be, the principal speaker month. ent J. B. Randolph of

There ege, T. B. Lanham, Presi with C. Sims, Allen University and Emp' obias. One of the features of ent conference was a reception tendered e delegates by the Governor of the State, during which he shook hands individually with each boy and leader. After that a visit was made to the gallery of the Senate while a committee was in session, and one of the senators asked that work be suspended until he could send his greeting and encouragement to the boys.

Houston Now Has County Branch Operating

ORGANIZED as a branch of Houston Central, Harris County, Texas, Association has been established, with a full time secretary in charge. This form of organization is in line with the recommendations of the Blue Ridge Conference Commission, and more than half the total budget is provided by Houston. This insures a proper supervisory relationship, a central meeting place for county conferences and conventions, the use of Houston's boys' camp and many other advantages for the county branch.

Bartlesville Boys Back Afternoon Meetings

THE fourth year of boys' Sunday afternoon meetings at Bartlesville, Okla., will include 21 sessions culminating the Sunday before Easter. These are boys' religious meetings, officered by boys who arrange the programs. The last part of each meeting is given over to the story hour. Annually these meetings have resulted in numbers of boys following up their Christian decisions by joining some local church on Easter Sunday. A systematic attendance record is kept and at the end of the series those attending a certain percentage of meetings receive special recognition.

Troy's "Association Day" Welcomed By Churches

FIVE years ago Troy, N. Y., inaugurated a plan of observing an Association Day in the churches at a time of year unconnected with any financial or membership campaign. This year 33 churches accepted the Association's

offer to send representatives to speak on either of two subjects, "What the Y is Doing," or "Christian Leadership for Boys and Men." Some of these talks were given at prayer meetings, others at either the morning or evening church services and others before the Sunday Schools. Wherever the whole service was turned over to the Association there were two speakers, one boy and the other a senior member who usually outdid the men speakers in clearness and effectiveness of presentation. The fact that the Association's services at prayer meeting or church each year usually draw larger than average audiences indicates the breadth and interest the community has in Y. M. C. A. work.

Indianapolis Uses Good Publicity Plan

IN a seven days membership campaign, Indianapolis Central added 1,186. The forces organized for this effort were made up almost entirely of young men and each of 150 workers actually produced results. Interest in the campaign was stimulated by several novel advertising plans—one including the use of a government airplane dropping thousands of Red Triangles over the city and some complimentary membership tickets. Toy balloons were also sent up with membership cards attached entitling the finder to the Association privileges free. One of these was picked up 600 miles away in West Virginia. Assimilation of new members here has been carefully thought out. Each new member attends one session of an explanation meeting held semi-weekly the year round at which the ideals and benefits and purposes of the Association are gone into thoroughly. Attendance at some one of these meetings is compulsory.

San Francisco Boys United in Clubs

IN San Francisco Central 1,700 boys are linked up in Association club work, through the operation of the plan to harness the gang spirit and divert it along channels of character building. Beginning with the boy of ten, there is for him and his pals up to twelve the "Friendly Indians," five groups of which have a total membership of 250. After he passes twelve, the boy goes into the Pioneer clubs of which there are 35 in San Francisco, with the number increasing, and with a membership of over 1,000. For lads from sixteen to eighteen belong either to the Comrade or Hi-Y Clubs, 11 of one and 4 of the other, with an aggregate member-

ship of 300. Additionally there are 3 employed boys' brotherhoods for ages from fifteen to eighteen and also the Young Men's Division including the ages of eighteen to twenty-four. Every group of boys has its creed or ritual, and its tests which include competitive requirements for school attainments, church activities, service at home, nature study achievements, helpfulness to others and the like.

Foremen's Club Formed in Ottumwa "Y"

ORGANIZATION of a Foreman's Club in Ottumwa, Ia., followed the completion of a course in foremanship which was put on at the State College at Ames through the suggestion of the Ottumwa Association. At the final meeting of the class the 17 who received certificates attended and decided to take steps to further the development of industrial education in the city, the immediate outcome of which was the organization of the Foreman's Club. Its purpose is the development of individuals comprising the membership, and the promotion of industrial education in the city. This club through unanimous vote decided to ally itself with the local Associations. This club hopes that the movement it has started will spread through the State, eventually bringing about a federation of foreman's clubs.

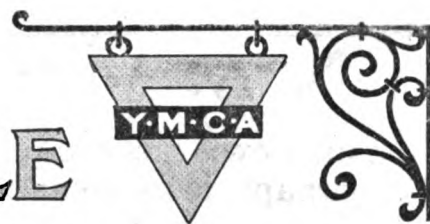
Health Week Helps Many La Crosse Citizens

WITH splendid cooperation given by city and health state departments and other civic organizations, La Crosse, Wis., promoted a very successful health week which was under the direct auspices of the Physical Department. The lobby was converted into a center of posters and health literature and displays emphasizing the importance of good health. A feature display was "Health Pills," an exhibit arranged on a long table comprising all kinds of balls, canoe paddles, fishing rods, skis and other athletic equipment. Nurses from several hospitals visited the exhibit, and the hygiene and psychology classes from State Normal School also held one session in the lobby. Other features were health lectures and movies.

Boys Engineer Meeting in Glendale

THE February Father and Son banquet, an outstanding event in Glendale, Cal., was handled solely by Hi-Y boys who organized carefully to see that the banquet (Continued on page 366)

the Sign of RED TRIANGLE





My Life Work

The finest shaving cream you will ever know

Let me send you a tube to try

By the Chief Chemist

Gentlemen:

One of our creations is Palmolive Soap—the world's leading toilet soap. Now in less than 4 years, Palmolive Shaving Cream, too, has gained top place.

Will you do us the courtesy of trying it?

We asked 1,000 men what they most desired in a Shaving Cream.

We made up 130 formulas which we discarded.

Then we attained, by many times over, the best Shaving Cream in existence. Today Palmolive Shaving Cream is winning men by the millions, as they try it.

Don't change from the cream you like now until you see what Palmolive Shaving Cream does. But make this test. Try ten shaves, and let the results show if we have excelled the rest.

- 5**
New Delights
- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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 - 3—Maintains creamy fullness 10 minutes.
 - 4—Strong bubbles hold hairs erect for cutting.
 - 5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

We have also created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Sample free with the tube of shaving cream. Clip coupon now.

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10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
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Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee,
Wis. Address for residents other than
Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del.
Corp.), 3762 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

At the Sign of the Red Triangle

(Continued from page 365)

served the greatest possible uses. There was a committee on fatherless boys, a programme committee and others on decorations, serving, music, publicity and reception. At the speakers table outstanding Californians were present, including the Governor, speaker of the House, the State assemblyman and others.

A special personal work budget to be used in presenting pocket Testaments to members following personal interviews was provided by the directors at Spencer, N. C. These interviews are carried on not only by the staff but by the directors themselves and have been found to be helpful. The Spencer Employed Boys' Booster Club recently converted an old bowling alley into a gymnasium which has brought on increased interest in club activities.

A broadcasting outfit has been presented to the Association of Pawtucket and Central Falls, R. I., and is used to widen the influence of the Sunday meetings and musical programs. This is Station WHBO!

An epoch in the new history of Louisiana's growing interests in the state program of the Association was marked at the annual State Convention, where strong layman from many parishes met to discuss Christian leadership for young men. Among developments was the decision to add to the state staff a Hi-Y secretary.

A course in matrimony is being offered to members at Chicago Central. It is promoted by the Social Department and will be carried on along the lines of lectures, followed by questions and answers.

A man who, until a dozen year ago, was unable to speak a word of English, was the winner of the oratorical contest conducted by Houston's public speaking class. He is Dr. P. J. Speck, a native of Saxony, who during his twelve years in America has mastered the language, has graduated in dentistry and developed a successful practise.

Progress during two years of Association work in Bangor, Maine, is indicated by comparative figures: present membership 591 opposed to 274 in 1922; physical department attendance 14,630 now as against 5,014; weekly attendance at the boys' Bible classes now 180 as against 50; annual operating budget \$34,200 as against \$26,000.

Under the unanimous request of his 18 fellow directors, H. G. Hill has accepted his fourth consecutive term as President of the Nashville, Tenn. Association. During his administration the Association has not only cleared his current indebtedness but has extended its service to boys and young men of the community. Mr. Hill has given his attention to many phases of the Association program.

In the death of Samuel McCollom, Association work in Paterson, N. J., suffered a great loss. As President of the Board of Directors, he was instrumental in bringing about an effective grasping of the expanding opportunities of the Association in that field.

d nothing there which
A series of obnoxious. But let me on the Bible: that the Christian tendency of 12 no brief for any or-building at Yolo. It preaches the of 18 weeks. Light in the light of the of those in at Lord, then leaves it are attracted by that light in what-religion. our social condition.

Physical Education today, and how

The annual volleyball? of fact, that the Northwest will r of fact, that April, in St. Paul. A solved in this is expected. Last year's commit our from several States conow. The more are expected to stfe is that championship honors this mon, great Something of an innovation in hink ciation equipment in the introduce of an indoor golf course by the Ne London, Conn., Association. A professional has been secured to give instructions and will meet a demand for a place for beginners to learn and for experienced players to regain their form for spring outdoor playing.

Five basketball leagues composed of 24 teams, have played upward of 225 games at Du Bois, Pa., during the season, just closing. This total does not include games played by Boy Scout troops, a townshop, high school or four grade school non-league teams. Du Bois reports the keenest interest among business men in physical work this this past winter than ever before with volleyball a leading feature of competition.

In the annual New Jersey State Y. M. C. A. indoor athletic meet, Paterson athletics won with a total of 16 points, while Passaic and Newark were tied for second with 13 each. Associations entered in addition to these, were Trenton, Plainfield, Elizabeth, Summit, Rahway, Bayonne Industrial and Bayonne Central, Jersey City, Camden, Montclair and Orange. A total of 137 athletics competed.

A round robin handball tournament has just been completed at the St. Paul Association. There were 57 entries. Preparation is under way for the city championship which will also determine what players will be sent to the national tournament at Cleveland late this month.

Competing in the National Basketball Free Throw championships, Amsterdam, N. Y., finished first in national team score wit ha total of 380. Amsterdam's intermediates finished fifth, and her juniors, fourth. In individual scores, a representative of this Association tied for third place.

The past winter's activity of the Verdun Community Branch, Montreal, has been largest in its history. Seventy-two hockey teams representing 500 boys and young men made up 11 leagues which played every week day and evening. Ages of players ran from 19 to 25, and the leagues were organized to represent school, church and community life with athletics of various nationalities and creeds. Cups were given to the winners.

An elimination basketball tournament for the city amateur championship was fostered by St. Paul this Spring for the first time. Heretofore this title has been in much dispute due to the fact that there had been no organized elimination tournament.

Boys Work News

The third annual Bible class extension campaign sponsored by the Hi-Y Club of Wilmington, N. C. has been a feature of the March activities. It extended over ten sections of the city. Classes met in the homes of ten sophomores, were presided over by ten juniors and taught by ten seniors. The Employed Boys' Brotherhood, here, is showing consistent growth and is hopeful of becoming the largest in the State.

Boys' clubs in Flint, Mich., are raising "The Boys of India Fund," \$51 of which had been secured early in last month.

There is in Trenton, N. J., affiliated with Central Y. M. C. A., a junior Employed Boys' Brotherhood, composed entirely of youngsters of Italian parentage. It is the Italian-American Club and has as its service job the sponsoring of activity for newsboys. The newsies will get one gym class a week, and through the Italian-American Club will be brought into contact with educational religious and social influences.

With 256 boys representing eight branches of the Pittsburgh Association, a recent city-wide rally of pioneer clubs was successful. Delegates were boys from 12 to 14 years.

Each month has its special significance to the boys of the 12 pioneer clubs at Evanston, Ill. February, for instance, was home relationship month during which the boys studied the program from three points of view (1) their own, (2) their fathers, (3) their mothers, with a fourth meeting of all three factors. During March church relationships was the topic.

In Dover, N. H., is the Marathon Pioneer Club composed entirely of young Greek boys. It has 14 members and is affiliated with the Greek Orthodox Church. Not only are the boys enthusiastic over this organization but their parents are endorsing it solidly.

A junior boys' class in Bible study in Du Bois, Pa., has 52 boys enrolled with average attendance at meetings of 35. A cadet boys' class enrolled 48, 31 being the average attendance.

The boys' Saturday night entertainers, who a year ago in Bartlesville, Okla., started to put on a weekly amateur show for younger boys and girls have continued to grow in popularity until attendance runs beyond 250. The older group of boys trains the younger ones in the matter of entertainment.

Each week in Williamsport, Pa., groups of boys are taken on educational tours. During this past winter this Association put on its first winter camp with 24 boys participating. A stamp Club, sponsored by a local business man, has also been organized.

Since the first of the year the degree team of the Coatesville, Pa., Hi-Y Club has put on its induction ceremony as a part of the organization of four new clubs at Downingtown, Parkersburg, Pottstown and Lancaster.

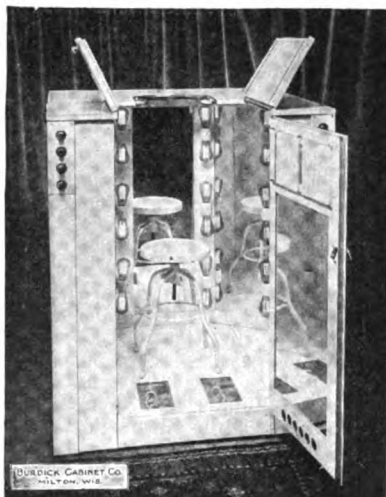
At the annual banquet of the Omaha, Nebr., Association evening school, 100 students were in attendance with J. E. Davidson, former President of the Montpelier, Vt., Association presiding and E. W. Pierce making the principal address.

"Babe" Ruth—

Prince of Pill-Swatters—went down South to take off fat and get into condition for the annual pennant drive.

It isn't necessary for you, Mr. "Y" athlete, or you, Mr. Business Man, to go South when you notice that it makes you puff to lengthen your stride or lace your shoes.

Eight minutes a day in the *Burdick Light Bath* will keep your ribs clear of fat—your system free of poison—and so stimulate all the vital processes that you will have a world of "pep" and endurance for keen business or athletic competition.



Every up-to-date "Y" should place a Light Bath at the disposal of its members.

Pin your address to this picture and we will send you our Bulletin 25 on Light Bath Therapy and technique.

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Institution and Home

The problem of the Association building is to combine the efficiency and service of an institution with the atmosphere and associations of the home.

These results are much more easily obtained in hundreds of association buildings where the use of



creates that distinctive, wholesome, sanitary cleanliness which is expected of a properly managed institution and which is also characteristic of the home kitchen.

Wyandotte Sanitary Cleaner and Cleanser provides crystal-clear glassware and faultlessly clean china and silverware in the cafeteria. It maintains wholesomely, sanitary cooking utensils and kitchen equipment, refrigerators, sinks, and where all food is prepared, handled or stored, it is especially useful and profitable.

Moreover, it has a use in all departments of institutional operation.



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supply man

The J. B. Ford Co., Sole Mfrs.

Wyandotte, Michigan

Campaigns and Buildings

One of the most successful of the Financial Service Bureau campaigns during February was conducted by Schmidt at Bradford, Pa., where a goal of \$125,000 was over-subscribed. From there Schmidt went to Jersey City to take charge of a Y. W. C. A. drive for \$800,000.

In Kalamazoo, under Goodwin's leadership, workers secured \$23,000 on an objective of \$22,575.

The Nebraska State campaign, under Coykendale's leadership, resulted in \$15,000 being secured with more coming when larger Associations take up the matter of state budget later.

Workers in Geneva, N. Y., directed by Baer, secured \$16,700 for current expenses.

The \$15,000 objective was obtained in Jamaica, L. I. for the Y. W. C. A., in a campaign directed by Jordan.

Augusta, Ga., secured \$20,000 for current needs, under the leadership of Northcott, just added to the Bureau's staff.

March assignments are, Schmidt in Jersey City for the building campaign, \$800,000; Goodwin in Clifton, Ia., for a current expense effort; Ackley in St. Petersburg, Fla., on a \$500,000 building canvas; Booth at Pasadena for a \$225,000 improvement effort; Baer at Daytona, Fla., in a building campaign of from \$200,000 to \$300,000; Hatfield at Parsons, Kans., in a current expense drive; Jordan at Bangor, Me., in preparation for a current expense effort; Northcott at Henerdson, N. C. current expense.

On a quota of \$3,000 citizens of Dover, N. H., recently secured \$3,315 in a short campaign directed by the State Committee. This represents Dover's share of the Strafford County Association budget.

During the latter part of March, Bation Rouge, La., opened its \$175,000 building, while Shreveport's new \$500,000 Association home will be ready for occupancy in the early Fall. Another high spot in Association in progress in Louisiana is the situation in New Orleans, where advance steps are being taken looking toward a building campaign.

Recent cornerstone layings for new Chicago Association buildings were Austin Department and Englewood Department, each of which will cost \$750,000. These are the first two of the \$4,600,000 expansion program planned for the present year.

In the biggest money raising campaign for community welfare in the history of the city, Bradford, Pa., secured \$125,000 and at the same time enlisted the support of leaders in business and professional life. An organization of 165 did the job. The fund will provide a new swimming pool and will take care of the year's current expense.

Steps are under way in Marshalltown, Ia., looking toward the erection of a joint Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. has ing in line with the discussions of last spring's Blue Ridge Small Cities Conference. Sentiment here has crystallized through the fact that during the past five years the Y. W. C. A. has had one day per week in the Y. M. gym and pool, and the building has

been the center of community activities for both sexes. Tentative plans for remodeling the building to meet this increased use have been drawn.

Among recent openings has been the boys' building of the colored Association in Cincinnati. The dedicatory addresses was delivered by Charles P. Taft 2nd, a member of the General Board of the National Council and an active local layman.

The annual current expense campaign in Jackson, Mich., is under way as this issue goes to press. On a \$35,000 budget, the community is asked for \$16,830. Two years ago Jackson had a mortgage indebtedness of \$23,000 of which more than \$17,000 has been paid off.

Beginning a financial campaign on Sunday afternoon was tried this year by Bloomington, Ill., with splendid results. This gave a day and a half before the first report meeting, which as a result was highly encouraging. The goal of \$16,000 was over-subscribed by a total of 867 contributors. Bloomington's membership, 1,567 is the largest in its history.

For remodeling and enlarging the colored branch, Columbus, Ga., has been assigned \$10,000 from the Army and Navy Department. This building will be largely used by the thousand colored troops located at Fort Benning, the Government training school just outside of Columbus. In addition to this amount, Columbus people have given \$2500. This Association building, incidentally, was the first constructed for colored people in the south.

A farm of 115 acres to be used as a permanent camp site, will be presented to the Morristown, N. J., Association by the local Rotarians. The location has an altitude of 1,000 feet and already has adequate facilities for camp features. There will be sections for white boys and colored boys this year and next year provision will also be made for girls.

In the annual canvass at Lynn, Mass., the gifts of 1,356 people combined to make a total of \$35,921 which will be used in improvements and to apply on indebtedness.

During May Omaha, Nebr., will launch a campaign for \$75,000—a current expense effort which will provide for an increased program of work during the present year and which will take care of current indebtedness. The building will be thoroughly cleaned, partially redecorated, and some new equipment added.

The fourth annual "nip and tuck" membership campaign at Chattanooga, Tenn., ended with 3,231 signed up. The goal was 2,250. The new boys' building and the McCallie Lake playground program were instrumental in this increased interest in the work of that Association. One of the energetic teams was made up from members of the American Legion.

Announcement is made that through the gift of a friend, whose name is withheld, of \$250,000, Chicago College is to have its student dormitory. The new building, which will comprise the east wing of the present college building, will cost upwards of a quarter of a million dollars, will be completely modern, providing residence accommodation for 130 students and will embrace a cafeteria to serve the entire

student body. Plans are being made to speed construction with a view to occupancy in 1926.

Town and Country

Union meetings have found a fine response to the appeal for more consecrated religious training in the home. "Five fellows went into church last night. More will follow." This was the postscript on the letter of a school superintendent where a Gospel Team Program was put on the week preceding in Kent County, Michigan.

One of the teachers in a Madison County, Iowa, high school recently made the statement, "I am only too glad to give what little I can toward the support of your Hi-Y Work. In my classes I can nearly always pick out the Hi-Y man by his general attitude, interest and helpfulness in his work."

A loose leaf standard letter size Handbook for Leaders is furnished each man in charge of Burlington County, New Jersey, groups. Each month additional loose leaf sheets with program suggestions for the month are mailed these Leaders.

During the last two weeks in January and first two in February, Angelina County, Texas, put on social hygiene campaign, reaching nine communities, 1,200 men and boys, using the three-reel picture "Venereal Diseases" the first two weeks and the four-reel film, "The Gift of Life" the last two. Pictures were accompanied by appropriate talks by competent men.

Two superintendents of schools, one coach and three old Hi-Y members are leading Hi-Y or Pioneer groups in Madison County, Iowa. Both the superintendents and the coach were either Hi-Y members or were officers of their Student Y in the college they attended. Needless to say, they are firm supporters of the work.

Eleven Father and Son Banquets, with the likelihood of two more before the end of the season, is the record in Burlington County, where a speaker and orchestra, special song sheets and general suggestions from the County Office have helped each affair become a vast improvement of those affairs fathers and sons used to have in the woodshed together.

An intensive campaign for subscriptions for ASSOCIATION MEN in Storm Lake, Buena Vista County, Iowa, resulted in 177 subscribers. Five groups participated in a contest for one week. A group of ten business men had charge of ten boys, each man assigned to a boy whom he instructed in salesmanship. First prize was one week in camp.

Closer cooperation between the County Sunday School Association and the County "Y" is a matter which is being given increasingly careful study in Burlington County, New Jersey. A committee from each Association has been appointed to head up this study and even go carefully in the advisability of a united finance appeal, with instructions to report at the March 31st meeting of the County "Y" Committee.

Production of leadership is shown in the following facts from Gloucester County, New Jersey:—Sixty-seven men

are leading groups of boys in the capacity of leaders or assistant leaders. Twenty-eight of this number of leaders were former group members. Forty County Committeemen are serving in connection with the Gloucester County work. Seven of these were former group leaders and nine of the County Committeemen were former members of local committees, some of them still retaining this relationship. Seventy men are serving on local committees, twelve of whom were former group leaders or still retain that work. Three members of the County Committee are members of the State Committee.

A three-man staff is the objective of Polk County, Florida. Steps have already been taken to add as the second man, a physical director, to be responsible for school and community play ground work and for men's and boys' outdoor set-up and volleyball classes over the county. They expect to add an educational man within a year.

From Members' Lives

(Continued from page 363)

whom he had known but a few hours." "Now what I can't understand about all of this," commented the senior Connors, "is why the boy did not tell us about it, until this letter came, several weeks later."

And the only explanation is that, Chester Connors, probably did not attach any more significance to this rescue than that time when he pulled a sputtering "kid" out of the swimming pool he was supervising. The mechanics of the job was much the same he probably figured, and let it go at that.

He "Cashed in" On His Spare Time

(Continued from page 363)

was scraping hardwood floors, enrolled in the Baltimore Association's wrestling class, in those days of four years ago, because he wanted recreation that would test his strength, and his friendship with the leader grew from the start. He became adept at the mat game, entering tournaments and becoming finally district champion at his weight. He has also participated in national amateur competition.

He continues his active interest in this sport in spite of the increasing demands of his growing business. And, likewise, he allows no abatement in his work with boys. From a boys' brigade, as a member, his interest grew, and today he has his own brigade, connected with a small church in a needy district. There are fifty boys in it, and he is in energetic charge of all of its activities which include a summer camp.

Helping Nature Help Him Grow

(Continued from page 363)

in this table, kept by the Physical Department at Toronto Central Y. M. C. A., of which Howell is a member:

At 13½ years	At 14½ years
91 lbs.	116 lbs.
5'2" -----	Weight -----
11½" -----	Height -----
27" -----	Neck -----
29½" -----	Chest N. -----
24" -----	Chest E. -----
29" -----	Waist -----
17" -----	Hips -----
7½" -----	Thigh -----
11½" -----	Calf -----
	Arm -----

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SPECIMEN OF TYPE

THE book of the generation of
Jē'sus Christ, the son of
Dā'vid, the son of A'brā-hām.
2 A'brā-hām begat I'saac; and
I'saac begat Jā'cob; and Jā'cob A'brā-hām

No. 5 L. French Morocco, limp, round corners, red under gold edges, linen lining... \$5.00

No 10 L. Persian Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners, red under gold edges, leather lining... \$6.00

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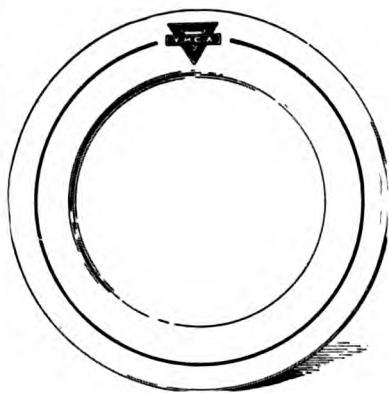
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Wichita Honors A. A. Hyde

ALBERT A. HYDE, a strong, modest, wealthy, and Christlike citizen of Wichita, on March 2nd, attained his 77th Birthday. Three thousand of his fellow citizens gathered together in their large forum assembly arena to testify publicly and impressively to their vast esteem for the man and for his "life of faith and labor of love" as a follower of his Lord and Saviour. On the floor of the arena nearly 1200 citizens and other friends dined together that evening, while 2000 others assembled in the capacious galleries of the forum. A section of the galleries adjoining the stage was reserved for and occupied by a large group of colored citizens who contributed a fitting song service as part of the after-dinner ceremonies.

After dinner Mr. Hyde said these few but most fitting and well chosen words:

"Anyone would have a heart of stone if he did not feel to the very depths of his being the honor conferred here by making me a representative of what you feel in your hearts to be the basis principle of life. For this I thank you. I personally am not worthy of the attention you are giving me but I appreciate the fact that the principles underlying my interest in Christianity do merit attention and so it is these principles you are recognizing rather than the man who stands for them."

Souvenir books were distributed at the tables to each guest carefully enumerating among the many gifts of Mr. Hyde a few to twenty-one well chosen Christian agencies in Wichita, and to eight similar agencies in Kansas and to forty-one directed elsewhere as far as to the ends of the earth. Of these seventy agencies sixteen belonged to Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association movements. The gifts were all wisely directed to points and phases of greatest need and received acknowledgement of their vital influence in meeting that need.

Before the after-dinner speaking, a pageant was given on the stage visualizing the dream of a world at peace, devoted to a purified, genuine Christianity, in complete accord with the teaching and life of Jesus—exemplified also in the life and beneficence of this Christlike apostolic citizen of Wichita.

A bronze bust of Mr. Hyde was presented to the city and officially accepted by Mayor Frank Dunn.

Henry J. Allen, former governor of Kansas, and fellow-townsmen of Mr. Hyde was one of the speakers of the evening, and Dr. John R. Mott, the other. Dr. Mott's address is printed in full in this issue of *Association Men*, beginning on Page 359.

RICHARD C. MORSE.

The Three-in-One Man

(Continued from page 352)

into the next chair. That sort of thing he didn't relish at all, nor the fact that the laughter didn't start again until he was well outside. He longed to get closer to people's lives. Here he felt he was not quite succeeding in doing it. Folks flocked to his church, particularly the young fellows; but when he looked over the register at the end of the year he had to own that the congregation actually was no larger than at the beginning.

No, he wasn't quite happy here. So he welcomed the chance in his second year at the university to try something wholly different. The Boston Central "Y" asked him to help out—in the billiard room. He was expected to keep the cues in good shape, and, when an extra player was required, to take a hand in the game. Thus he "got to be something of a billiard shark."

But the reason why he began to feel that at last he was getting his feet on solid ground was that he "found he could do so much real good here." In his very first week on this job, for example, he found a chance to lend a hand to a down-hearted actor who was in a difficult moral tangle.

That gave John Pontius his first keen interest in the "Y." Soon after that he got a chance to study the organization in its broader aspects. He and a senior in the university were chosen as

delegates to attend a convention of the Y. M. C. A. in Washington in 1908. On the boat to New York and at the convention he met men who confirmed him in a desire to try this field as his life work.

HIS first assignment was as a State Students' Secretary in Iowa. From there he went to the International Committee as a Field Secretary for a group of Eastern States. After that he spent a year as Secretary of the Ohio State University Association. Thence he went to the post of Secretary at the City Association in Columbus; and in Columbus, with successive promotions, his work has been centered ever since, except for the interruption of the months he spent overseas on various fronts in 1918—a period he heartily "would like to forget."

Do not surmise from this phrase, however, that he is of a mind to ignore the changes which that vast upheaval brought about in a thousand forms in all our lives. Of those changes he is profoundly conscious; and they have caused him, he relates, to make his theory of operation more definite in every detail. A chart, which reminds one of those solar system diagrams so prevalent in our newspapers at the time of the recent eclipse, is the visual method by which he tries to explain his philosophy in the clearest possible terms.

In this diagram the Y. M. C. A. is not

shown as a satellite of the church. The sun of this social system diagram is not the church nor the school. It is the home. The church revolves around the home in one orbit; the school in a separate orbit, next; outside of these, the "Y." And he stoutly contends that the "Y" is co-equally responsible to the church and to the schools in their educational work.

Take it or leave it; that is the core of the philosophy of John W. Pontius. Never have I met a secretary more emphatic in his contentions concerning the "central importance" of the home, or more ardent about the obligations of the "Y" in these changing post-war days to become in the fullest sense "a supplementary educational institution."

Your Favorite Poison.

(Continued from page 354)

anything of this kind should be cleaned up, and on this ground it is highly problematical whether dead teeth should ever be retained, even if the root canals are filled. Particularly one should investigate carefully if he experiences any undue fatigue, if he is inefficient or lacking in energy.

What is usually called autointoxication, says Dr. Fisk, is not that in the strict sense, because even though it has reference to the absorption of toxins generated in the intestinal tract, these poisons are produced by bacteria, and are therefore not of the body itself and must be classed with external poisons along with the poisons of other invading infections. The character of the diet, however, has much to do with it, through producing intestinal stasis.

It is important on this account to use natural foods, such as whole grain products rather than the refined, whole wheat bread rather than white, natural brown rice instead of polished, honey instead of refined sugar, fresh vegetables instead of canned when possible, green salads and raw fruits in season and in abundance, baked apples and stewed fruits instead of starchy deserts and pastries, with plenty of good milk, but only half or one third as much meat as commonly. If constipation is obstinate, use bran also, for it has high food value any way, particularly in respect to Vitamin B. With correct diet you will avoid much of the chronic poisoning through this source from which probably a majority of the people suffer.

It would seem that with poisons on all sides of us we would do well to sidestep those that we know. We are likely to eat poison, to drink it, breathe it, absorb it, "catch" it or make it, now and again, in more or less minute quantity, almost irrespective. It does not come in bulk, like cordwood or water. It is powerful because concentrated. Every particle of poison is something that the body must fight. It is one of the jobs of the liver to fight poison, to

(Continued on page 373)

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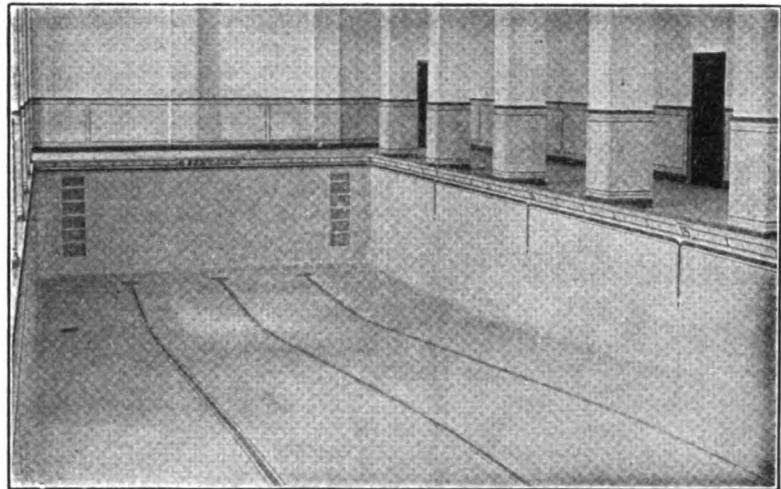
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You've Feet To Use— Do You Use 'Em?

(Continued from page 350)

sibility is great. They arrange for hotel accommodations for the group when necessary, arrange for conveyances to the point of starting the hike, and all adjunctive details.

Another committee works out menus for individuals and groups for one day or more, also gives advice as to clothing, as few people know what to wear or how to plan their food for hiking. This matter is printed in booklet form for distribution.

One very important committee will have charge of logging, making, marking and measuring trails. The club emblem will be stamped on metal disks and tacked on trees along the trails for the benefit of all hikers who may come that way. Information about these trails will be put in booklet form from time to time. This is a very excellent public service.

A devotional committee arranges for religious services which are held on all hikes when the club is out over Sunday.

A publicity committee keeps the newspapers well informed as to the activities and special events of the club, and finally a committee on records keeps a large scrap book in which a chronicle of the hikes is kept, with pictures, pressed flowers and any other souvenir calculated to recall vividly the pleasures of a particular occasion.

The by-laws of the club call for regular monthly hikes on the third Saturday or Sunday of each month, and on holidays. Special hikes may be arranged for at any time on the application of ten members.

THERE are possibilities for much enjoyment and great profit to soul, mind and body in such an organization as this. I particularly like the determination of this club to aid in conservation and prevent vandalism. Work of this sort is sadly needed in America today. One of the Cleveland, Ohio, Associations has for several years been doing a valuable work by training the younger boys in hiking and all the love of and respect for Nature that goes with it. Once get a boy thoroughly imbued with the spirit of a clean, Nature-loving hiker, and something of it sticks to him all through life.

There is much in the way of elaborate outfit that one can buy for hiking, but some of the most efficient and most enthusiastic hikers that I have ever gone out with simply wore their old clothes and carried their lunch wrapped in a scrap of paper and stuck down in a coat pocket. I could never see the reason for carrying a rucksack on a one-day hike, unless you want to give the muscles of your trunk and shoulders some additional exercise. One of the greatest mistakes made by most hikers is that of eating too much food. One of those little under-arm canvas pockets which hang by a strap over one shoulder and which cost about 25 cents, I believe, carries all the food that my wife and I ever eat at our noon lunch.

I am a trifle over six feet tall and therefore feel that I am entitled to as much food as anybody; but my noon lunch on a one-day hike consists of two rather small sandwiches—one containing a little meat, peanut butter or boiled egg, the other with marmalade, apple sauce, or jelly; two cookies (or three, if they are very small) and an orange or a banana. Nowadays, when we are hiking in the vicinity of New York, where we are suspicious of the springs and wells, we carry a pint vacuum bottle also with a hot drink in cool weather and vice versa. When we were in the Southern mountains, where one could kneel down and drink from almost any brook without fear, the vacuum bottle was not so often used. But remember that putting too much food in your stomach is worse than putting too heavy a knapsack on your back. It poisons you, shortens your wind, uses the blood that ought to be rushing to and from your fingers and toes, slows up your speed, makes you lopy and more apt to stumble and slip.

Of course your clothing must be loose and comfortable. Tight collars, high heels and pointed toes are absolutely out of the question for hiking; and I had almost included thin stockings, also. Your shoes ought to be broad in the toe, at least half a size larger than those you wear in town, and the extra space filled with a thick, soft woolen sock. If you dislike the scratching of the wool, wear a thin silk sock next the foot. I do not favor leather puttees for hiking and climbing. It seems to me too much like putting the leg in armor, when it ought to be loose and free. You will find that professional walkers don't wear them. Canvas leggings, not too tight, or knickers with long woolen stockings are better, in my opinion.

One of the greatest assets of the hiker (because it promotes mental recreation) is intelligent curiosity. The walker who closely observes and studies the things that he sees on his perambulations and tries to find out the meanings that lie behind them will not only store up many pleasant and interesting memories, but will add greatly to his stock of useful knowledge—and will find the joy of his walks growing ever richer thereby.

In *Association Men* for May, ALVIN F. HARLOW will have the first of two articles on "Nature's Thorns." It will take up the poisonous vegetation of which hikers should beware, and will touch upon methods of treatment for such poisoning.

The second article, to appear in June, will be about poisonous reptiles, always lurking for the unwary.



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Your Favorite Poison.

(Continued from page 371)

distoxicate it. When an occasional old sinner lives long in spite of his favorite poison it is because he has an unusually good liver, and probably no other poison. But we should make that job for the liver no bigger than we can help, the fight no harder.

WE are learning to avoid, with the help of science, the poisons of some of the more formidable diseases. Others we have not yet learned how to sidestep. They still constitute our greatest enemy. But we can fortify ourselves against them through right eating and the cultivation of bodily cleanliness, which includes freedom from other unnecessary poisons. If we thus maintain the highest degree of vitality, then we shall have a better fighting chance if we should meet with infection of any kind. But instead of keeping as fit and as vital as we can, too many of us are negligent, after the manner of our friend with reference to whom we started this discussion.

The trouble is that we are prone to play with poison so long as it does not kill us instantaneously. We like to ignore the fact that anything which is destructive in large quantities is also—to some indefinite extent—injurious even in small quantities. And when we find ourselves beset with so many varieties of poison, self-made and external, even in small quantities, the total burden may easily become a formidable matter, how formidable only the needlessly high mortality rates among our middle-aged people can indicate.

As to the cumulative effect of poisons, however mild, or if deadly however limited in quantity, over a period of years—well, the word "cumulative" is not yet to be found in the active vocabulary of the average human. As to looking ahead twenty years, that is an act usually restricted to matters of life insurance, business and finance, but not yet a part of the average man's thinking in relation to health and fitness.

And yet, if we are sensible we will begin to look forward not only twenty but fifty years, and at least so far as the known poisons are concerned we will end our intimate acquaintance with them. Personally I am going to do as little poison fighting as I can. I am writing this on my forty-fifth birthday, and I can see that during the next forty years I am going to need all my strength for doing my work, for keeping alive this sensitive body-machine of mine and for enjoying life. I have found in this world many things to enjoy that are bigger and finer and for that matter more thrilling, than any kind of stimulant or narcotic ever discovered, and I want to keep my nerves sound, my senses sharp and my head clear so that I can enjoy them. I want to

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A. A. Hyde

(Continued from page 360)

duty and doing duty. A Jewess at the University of Melbourne remarked to me that the reading of the words of Christ had the strange effect upon her of making her wish to obey them.

Up and down the world the Bible has shown its power to transform. Each one of us can recall individuals whose lives present convincing demonstrations of this fact. Every traveler here has witnessed the same phenomenon with reference to whole communities. I have often contrasted the state of the life of village communities in French Canada, where for many years I spent my summer holidays, with the little village of Oberammergau in the Bavarian Highlands. In the latter village, for generations the community has been saturated with the knowledge of the Gospel records, and has sought to emulate its teachings, even to reproduce the life of its Central Figure.

LANGUAGES have been completely transformed by translation into them of portions of the Scriptures. This has been accomplished through a two-fold process—the elimination of the bad, and the weaving in of the good. Is it not a striking thing that where the Bible is best taught and most widely known, the peoples are most intelligent and free?

Christ is the greatest influence in the greatest nations. His words have shown their power to elevate the most lapsed and degraded peoples, and to raise up from among them men of saintliness and might. They have likewise shown a marvelous power to kindle in the life of youth the passion for unselfish and constructive helpfulness. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the influence all over the wide world of one who so industriously, and with such depth of conviction through many years, has given himself to broadcast sowing of seed of such germinating and highly propagating power. He has scattered here and there handfuls of corn on the mountains. It has been given to some of us to see in far away lands the fruit thereof shake like Lebanon.

In identifying himself with the youth and with the youth movements Mr. Hyde has found another secret of influence so expansive that it has irresistibly flowed out to earth's widest bounds. In exercising his powers so largely through the channels of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Sunday Schools, and other youth enterprises, he has exercised high strategy: because in reaching the youth, we thereby facilitate the achievement of all other worthy ends.

Why is this? The youth constitute the chief asset, because of their unspent years, their unexhausted energies, their unspoiled powers, their abounding vitality, and their sus-

ceptibility to impressions. They are in the midst of forming habits that will cling to them all their days. They are in the period when life attitudes and tendencies are determined. These are the days when visions are formed that control men in after years. They constitute the most creative moments in the life of men. What can be more highly productive than conserving and utilizing aright this great power?

One class of youth seem to have made a very special appeal to him, namely, the youth that throng the high schools, colleges, and universities. I do not recall that he ever turned a deaf ear to an appeal in the interest of the work of Christ on behalf of the studying youth at home or abroad. You recall the German proverb. "What you would put into the life of a nation, put into its schools." Any idea or ideal which we would see dominate America or any other country must first lay powerful hold upon the young men and the young women who are preparing themselves to become the leaders of tomorrow. Therefore, in furthering the establishment of High-Y Clubs and Employed Boys' Brotherhoods; in fostering the student summer conferences in different parts of America and in foreign lands; in strengthening the hands of student evangelists; in generously backing the Student Friendship Fund,—Mr. Hyde has gone to the spring of the waters and cast the salt in there.

ONE of the most important factors entering into the world-wide influence of Mr. Hyde has been his notable power of cooperation. The most serious difficulties and antagonisms among men have ever been those of race, nationality and creed. The recent years in the life of the world have been characterized by a startling development of such divisive forces among men. It is not strange, therefore, that one who has lived so near his Lord, and who has so deeply pondered His teachings, should have recognized the necessity of magnifying the forces and processes which tend to draw men together. Senator Root has said that you can measure the stage of advancement of nations or individuals by their ability to cooperate with others. When we apply that truth to this servant of God, it at once reveals in a striking manner the range and depth of his influence.

He has been a true and loyal member of his denomination. In fact, he has been exemplary in this relationship. At the same time, he has emphasized with great force and wisdom true interdenominationalism. In no sense has he stood for undenominationalism, which would seek to reduce to the least common denominator those of us who belong to various Christian Communions. On the contrary, he has stood for interdenominationalism, which means something with vastly

more power and richness. The reason why you and I, as Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or what not, value that which is most distinctive to us, is not that it is ours, but that we honestly believe it embodies the truth. Mr. Hyde, therefore, asks, Should we not keep ourselves in such relation to the Christians of other names that we may share with them that which we most value? In innumerable speeches and articles he has stood for cooperative effort. This doubtless explains his warm advocacy and unflinching backing of enterprises such as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Federal Council, the Student Volunteer Movement, the World's Student Christian Federation, and other causes that unite all the Christians who acknowledge the Lordship of Jesus Christ.

He has shown his belief in cooperation in the international and interracial spheres as well as in the interdenominational. While, as every one of his townsmen well knows, he is an American among Americans, he likewise believes with passionate conviction in the Kingdom of God and in a world-wide Christian fellowship which should embrace men of all nations and races of mankind. His emphasis in this respect is most timely and telling.

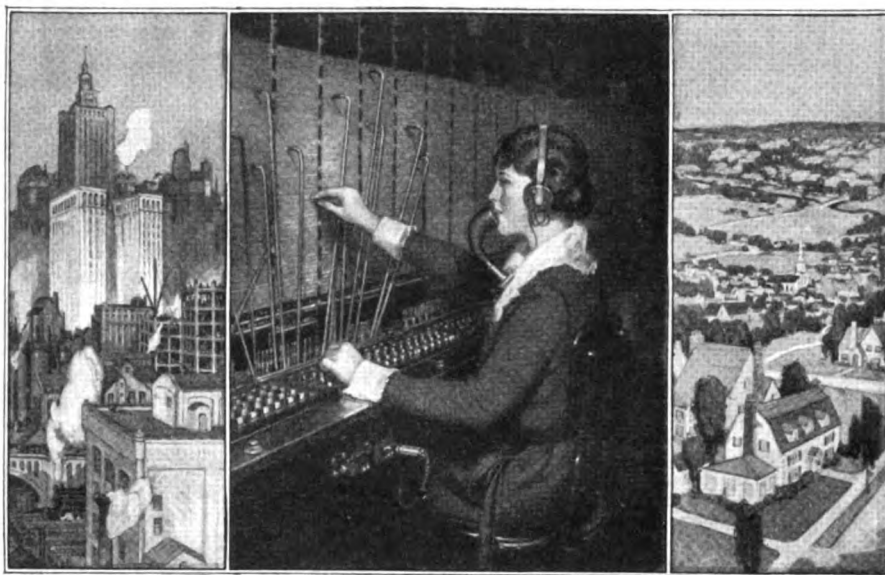
The reasons are convincing. In the years right before us there must be a closer drawing together of the Christians of various Communions, nationalities, and races, in order to counteract the divisive forces which are manifesting themselves to such an alarming extent on every continent; also that the Church of Christ may declare a more effective witness and emphasize more truly its ecumenical character. This is needed also in order to augment greatly the financial resources at the disposal of the Christian cause, through obviating unnecessary duplication and consequent waste, and through liberating latent financial energies.

Such cooperative effort will strengthen the intellectual leadership of the Christian forces. It will wondrously enrich the Christian fellowship created by our Lord. It will afford the triumphant apologetic which He had in mind when He prayed that we all might be one that the world might believe. As Mr. Hyde has also pointed out, it will enable Christianity to make a far more convincing appeal to men of large affairs, through presenting to them the greatness, the wholeness, and the oneness of the missionary task at home and abroad. It will appeal to the imagination of youth, and call forth their heroic devotion as nothing else will. Above all, it will result in liberating irresistible spiritual energies and make possible unexampled spiritual victories.

The world situation calls today as never before for the exercise of such world-wide influence as that which has gone forth from this humble and unobtrusive life. It is a situation un-

precedented in opportunity. Open doors confront the cause of Christ literally on every hand. We have entered upon days which are also unprecedented in danger. As I pointed out in a recent address, the next fifteen years bid fair to be the most dangerous in the history of the Christian religion. There are different reasons for this, but among them I call attention to only one, and that a very good reason,—the fact that so many more Christians now than ever before have awakened to the solemn and awful implications

of the Christian Gospel. They are beginning to see, as Mr. Hyde has seen, that Christ meant what He said; that His principles are not intended primarily to be contemplated, discussed, and admired, but, at all costs, to be obeyed and applied. Let us each draw from this never-to-be-forgotten day of intimate fellowship with our friend,—whom God grant we may have spared to us for yet many a year—and of meditation upon the springs of his influence, life-giving and world-conquering inspiration and resolve.



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Now Come the Arrowsmiths

(Continued from page 364)

of politics. He does not believe that "never the twain shall meet," but seeks the common bond of spiritual life which unites East and West.

FRANK B. LENZ.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE STATE, by S. Parkes Cadman. Macmillan. (\$2.50).

THIS is one of those interesting reviews of history that come from the pen of an eager and active participant in the affairs of the day, a genuinely broad-minded partisan but a partisan nevertheless. Dr. Cadman's reading is very wide and his personal experience has been both vivid and profound: he cannot be ruled out of court as a mere man of action. But in his case, contrary to our attitude toward the scientific historian, we do not try to consider the book apart from the man. Man and book together make up this *Christianity and the State*. As we follow him through his analysis of the present situation back into the story of the development of the Church and of the State, the interest is steadily in his flashing opinions on the splendid pageant.

Upon his historical and contemporary survey, this author has built up the basis for his final appeal to American Protestantism in the closing chapters of the book. Here he sets squarely before us the great question of the day—to bring about world peace. As usual he turns the idea around and around, for he is more artist than logician at all times, until he makes us see what he is driving at. The first part of this book is hard reading because Dr. Cadman will not stay right in the middle of the road. His spacious humanity is constantly appealed to by attractive paths to the right and to the left. But as he nears his climax the course is clear and we can even be profoundly thankful for the pleasant detours along the way.

DEVOTIONAL LEADERSHIP, by Gerrit Verkuyl, Ph. D. Fleming H. Revell Co. (\$1.25).

THIS little book of Dr. Verkuyl's is properly described as "private preparation for public worship." Readers of Paul Micou's *The Conduct of Brief Devotional Meetings* will remember it as a manual of the greatest value to those who in the course of their service as Christian laymen are called upon frequently to lead a period of devotions. The same problem on a wider scale is recognized in *Devotional Leadership*. The emphasis in the sub-title calls vivid attention to the chief difficulty with such gatherings—we seem to think that no preparation is necessary: that is the reason why they are frequently such hopelessly barren assemblies. Leaders who would carefully prepare a fifteen minute talk are often prone to

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plunge into "devotions" with either a mere form, which may be quite inadequate to the occasion, or with nothing at all but an implicit faith in their luck.

The subjects treated cover such themes as the nature and requisites of devotion, building a devotional program, worship in song, culture in prayer, and devotional giving. There are subjects for discussion and research and a bibliography for each chapter. A captious critic might with some reason object that at certain points the

author falls back upon the conventional where he might have explored new manners of devotion; but the general lines of his treatment, would certainly enhance the value of many meetings which are now non-spiritual. O. M.

Montreal and the Basis Question

(Continued from page 362)

mended by the Convention to local Associations in Canada.

2. Hold conferences of active members in local Associations to educate, enlist and recommend action to the constitutional gathering of such Associations. The Committee will issue a form enlistment. Two ideas should be emphasized in these conventions:

(a) The necessity for enlarging the group of *actual supporters and workers* of the Association if it is to continue on the present basis. We undoubtedly face increasing competition in physical, social and educational work. We are in urgent need of volunteer service in recruiting membership and soliciting subscriptions. It seems that this kind of membership is not being maintained and cannot be maintained except through faith in the religious value of the Association. Hence the necessity for a *real* instead of a nominal basis of membership.

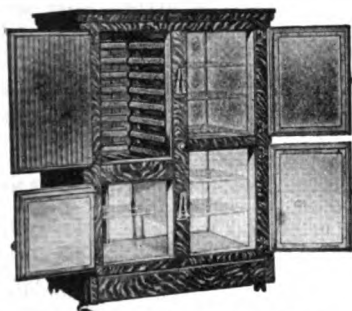
(b) The present religious crisis—the urgent need of young men for a gospel which will meet present conditions—the call for laymen and young men to personally discuss the real meaning of life with young men.

3. If the new plan commends itself to these groups, notice of motion should be given at the Annual Meetings in the Spring of 1925 calling for the necessary changes in the Constitution to be dealt with after the International Convention for 1925. The Committee earnestly recommends to the local Associations that sufficient time be taken to educate the directors and members and employed officers as to the religious significance of the new Basis. The Committee believes that the time mentioned above is necessary to accomplish this purpose and to provide for the necessary adjustments in both organization and administration.

4. The preparation and general distribution of a piece of printed matter containing the recommendation of the Convention with explanations of the reasons underlying the action, and practical directions for putting it in force.

5. The preparation by the National Council of a uniform national active member's application form, active membership ticket, and framed wall card stating the purpose and basis.

6. Local Associations should confer with the National Council regarding the legal steps necessary to bring their Constitutions in harmony with the new Purpose and Basis."



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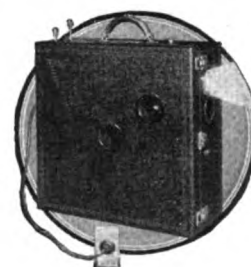
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"A WORD TO THE Ys"

Devoted to the International Association of Y's Men's Clubs. For information address Secretary, 56 Butman Street, Beverly, Mass. News should be sent to R. T. Pender, 31 Norcross Terrace, Lynn, Mass., and must reach him by the 8th of each month to insure publication.



"The greatest thing attempted and achieved by any Y's Men's Club in the country" was the verdict of visiting officials at the banquet held at the Lawrence Y. M. C. A. by the Lawrence, Mass., Y's Men Feb. 19, which climaxed a successful drive of a week to raise \$12,000 for permanent repairs and additions to Camp Lawrence, the Y. Camp for boys and young men at Lake Winnebago, N. H. The club not only succeeded in raising its \$12,000 quota but reached an excess of \$500 over that amount, which proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Lawrence tribe once they don war-paint and flaunt the insignia of the Gold Star-Blue Y-Red Triangle braves, are gold-diggers extraordinary.

President Henry Grimes of the club and his loyal cohorts received the congratulations of District Governor of the Y's Men, Horace Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., and the mayor of the city. So much interest did the club focus in its drive that the newspapers came out with headline broadsides announcing its success. This is the surest indication that the club has made itself an important factor in the civic life of the city as well as a big booster for the Y.

"Alec" otherwise P. W. Alexander, our former big chief, says that it is the only time he remembers a Y's Men's activity getting into headlines and one of the few examples of any service club being awarded such conspicuous mention anywhere in these great states.

At Galt, Ontario, comes the word that the Y's Men have pledged themselves to carry on the "Community Chest" as a part of the service program for the Big Y. A Christmas dinner was given for the boys and successful effort to increase the club membership was made. Let's hear from Galt again.

In cognizance of the importance of winning the plaudits and encouragements of the fairer sex, the New Haven Y's-acres arranged a "Ladies Night" recently. Notable achieving hands have been lent many of our clubs through the added assistance of the ladies, and indeed Vancouver is always talking, yea, even boasting of their Y's-menettes. Some of the cities where our Y's brethren hold forth might find that there is ample reason for an auxiliary Women's club to further the social and civic life of the club.

Down in Dallas, Texas, Y's Men are well caught in the whirl of interesting programs. One week they lunch at the newspaper offices and hobnob with those Knights of the Pen, and the next week they are entertaining state Y officials, notably, Urban Williams, new state secretary. These Y's program round-ups a vital factor in attracting the best element in the community to an increased participation and interest in the club. After all a program does count.

Members of the Malden, Mass., Y's Men were the guests of the Wakefield club recently, and the club once more extended its hospitality, deservedly a high honored brand, to a neighbor. Melrose, Mass., in turn entertained the Wakefield members despite the fact that they are well immersed in the plans for a minstrel show. And that reminds us: Are the members of your club acquainted with the Y's braves in the next town? And if the next town has not a Y's organization why hasn't it?

J. H. Crocker, national physical director for Canada, spoke on "Canada and the Olympic Games" at a recent meeting of the club at Sherbrooke, Que. Also comes the news that the most successful Father and Son banquet ever held in that city was given under Y's auspices recently.

The Milwaukee club was entertained royally by the Milwaukee Journal a short time ago, with "Doc" Schnieder well in the foreground of events.

A "Shadow Show," in which many of the pet idiosyncrasies of members, were disclosed, a talk by George Listman, Mass. director of physical education, and a tremendously successful Father and Sons banquet, sponsored by the Y's Men's Club of Gloucester, Mass., are among the engaging events of the month recorded at that far-famed sea town. The banquet proved to be one of the biggest and best of its kind ever known in the annals of the city. Three hundred boys and men were entertained.

Y's Men of Lowell, Mass., played hosts to the Lynn club at a joint meeting and frolic on March 2. After a "scrumptious" meal, the members entered the lists in various games and pastimes. It is astutely reported that the Lynn boys won even marbles, although nothing definite could be elicited concerning the outcome of the billiard tournament, for a champion of the cue is listed on the Lowell roster.

Last month in these columns was printed a message from our Y's Dad

"Alec," in the form of a clever cross-word puzzle, actually evolved out of the complex convolutions of his own gray matter. With this was the glad news that successful solutions would receive a prize. Such generosity and big-heartedness on "Dad's part would almost cause one to believe that he has a Scotch surname. We hereby suggest that members solving this puzzle be awarded a niche in the Y's Men's Hall of Fame; and as a further inducement will accord all successful aspirants an order—"To Have Some Pie." This includes the coconut custard variety. Please do not crowd.

The original Y's Men of Toledo, Ohio, hold a special weekly meeting in the Y gymnasium before their regular dinners, thereby emphasizing their belief in physical as well as mental alertness. Further reports indicate that a Y's Father and Sons supper added lustre to the already well known hospitality of that club. Classification talks by the members have tended to liven up the usual meetings.

An intensive campaign for more members has been inaugurated by the Y's-acres of Ottawa, Canada. The members have also undertaken the task of interviewing by telephone or in person 250 Y members who have not been using their memberships. Just to show that they have the right spirit, Y's individuals are taking turns at their branch Y in making Y life more happy.

In the swim with other local service clubs, the Canton, Ohio, club has participated in joint meetings with other civic organizations of that city in order to become more versed in the local problems.

"Boosting Belleville" is the slogan of these Canadian Y's hustlers, who are backing up a program to open up a toboggan slide for the kiddies. They are also backing the civic "Clean-up" campaign, a summer Community Camp and are supporting a spring "Old Boys' Re-Union."

Temple, Texas, Y's Men are growing. Reports indicate a good increase in the membership.

If "quips and pranks and wanton wiles" of print are any criterion, the tribe at Knoxville, Tenn., must enjoy their weekly news letter. It contains many bright personals and incidentally indicates a growing membership.

Waterloo, Iowa, started something again by inaugurating a guest night, when each member brought with him as a guest his highest ranking employer. Secretary Heald reported that some of the biggest business men in the city, including officials of other service clubs were among those who enjoyed Y's Men's hospitality.

A joint meeting of the Canton, Ohio, and Alliance clubs at which customary fraternal hospitality was dispensed was a recent event. Alliance reports a busy session during the Y. M. C. A. financial campaign. The weekly letter prints a list of the absentees in each edition.

"Alex" Solves His Puzzle



Writers of Entertainment

(Continued from page 364)

years ago, brushed up a little, and once more displayed on the stage by the Triangle Club of Princeton University. It is called *Julius Caesar*. This revival made a big hit to judge by the enthusiasm the night I saw it. Tarkington as a student shone as artist, author, composer, musician and actor. It is rumored that he received some education.

Again, we have to record a long period of disappointment which befell this ultimately successful writer. He relates that in the year 1895, he got one pen drawing accepted by *Life*. Then they returned the next thirty-one. After that, he devoted himself entirely to writing. At the end of five years the gross returns from the labors of his pen were \$22.50.

At last his story *Cherry* was accepted but not printed. Meantime he began to work on *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Just how a man from Indiana should have chosen this theme is impossible to say. He cast and re-cast the story several times. It was run in *McClures' Magazine*. There is good reason for its immediate popularity for there have been very few romantic stories written in America that can compare with it. It is really a short story, of course, though surely that need not be urged against it; for it is compact, clearly conceived, and certainly has the requisite punch. With his reputation, therefore, well on its way, he began work on the *Gentleman from Indiana*. Its appearance gave him a real standing and the story *Cherry* was brought out into the light and sent on its way.

The rest of the story is more or less public history. Novels and plays have followed one after the other in quick succession. There is more variety in his work than one realizes until he has laid it all out before him and examined it. *The Two Vanrevels*, *Cherry*, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and a play, *Beauty and the Jacobin*, are historical romance. *The Gentleman from Indiana*, *The Conquest of Canaan* and *Alice Adams* represent a pleasant type of small-town experience that has found its way into a good many American stories. When we turn to *Penrod* and *Seventeen* we find the reproduction of his old boyish experiences, the shows in the barn, the blood-curdling dramas, and the difficulties that beset all youth trying to grow up. I understand some of the young intellectuals claim that Booth Tarkington doesn't know much about the present day boy. I record their opinion without comment for what it may be worth to the reader.

In another group we must class *The Turmoil* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*. These books are more solid pieces of work presenting as they do, aspects of American life which are really concerned with the present day. These books are much closer to reality than *The Gentleman from Indiana*, not only

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YESTERDAY I was having a lot of fun going over the best sellers of the current season—fiction and general. It's an interesting list: shows very well what a variety of taste affects the American Peepul—some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold, some don't seem to mind if they are aged the full nine days. Now, take the fiction, frexamp. PETER KYNE, GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON, and JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD chip in with their "he-man" stuff. McCUTCHEON's *East of the Setting Sun* takes us back to the kingdom of Graustark. What I like about CURWOOD is that his men shoot straighter than they do in the movies. There's an awful lot of popping in the films that doesn't seem to land anywhere. . . . In the character parts we might include LINCOLN's *Rugged Water*, KATHLEEN NORRIS's *Rose of the World*, ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK's *The Little French Girl*, and, best of all, EDNA FERBER's *So Big*. Might as well put in here WALPOLE's queer and wonderful story about the grandma age, called *THE OLD LADIES*.

. . . . Then there's some stiffer material, novels with a purpose, like FORSTER's *A Passage To India*—race problems—and PERCY MARKS' lambasting of a younger generation in *The Plastic Age*. *The White Monkey* is GALSWORTHY's high-brow contribution, somewhat duller than it needed to be. The whole list is pretty creditable, you see. They are all worth reading which is more than you can say of some best sellers of the past.

. . . . I can't go down the whole non-fiction list but it is interesting. MARK TWAIN's gossip about his own life is real American goods, all wool and more than a yard wide. HENDRICK's book on *Ambassador Page*, Class A right through, still sticks up near the top. Sorry I can't see PAPINI at all. That *Life of Christ* of his is in this humble opinion a terrible dud—for everybody but the author and the publisher. Still it sells on, so somebody must like it. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE's *Woodrow Wilson* should interest both Republicans and Democrats. . . . Then there's one masterpiece that sticks like a leech among the non-fiction headlines. Do you know which knife to eat with? Should you knock the lady down before or after presenting her to the gentleman? What is wrong with my stance at afternoon tea? EMILY POST wrote *Etiquette* just to answer these questions. The big sales suggest there must be a lot of Americans polishing up their manners in order to horn into the upper classes. There are some people in Long Beach, Cal., on the streets of Chicago, and in the New York subways—to say nothing of way stations—that need the book.

. . . . WIGGAM's two popular scientific treatises *The New Decalogue of Science* and *The Fruit of the Family Tree* belong partly in the fiction list: they are as fanciful tales as some of the novels. That second one on Eugenics will make you sick about your ancestors. One of the most deserving of all of popular distinction is BEEBE's *Galapagos: World's End*. I never cared as a boy to hunt butterflies or stick beetles on a pin to a strip of linoleum, but I can go off indefinitely with BEEBE on his bug hunting expeditions. With BEEBE in these United States I feel as if we can hold up our heads when some Englishman quotes W. H. HUDSON, good as he is.

Now here is the moral of the tale. You don't have to write cheap stuff in America today.

OWEN MORGAN.

Writers of Entertainment

(Continued from page 379)

because they are written by a mature man but because their view point is markedly different.

The Magnificent Ambersons was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1918 for the "most wholesome picture of Amer-

ican life." *The Turmoil* is a tense story about a big go-getter. The lighter tales are all pleasing to read.

For myself I must confess that several times during the past few years, getting a little tired of too much realism, I have spent a very pleasant hour over that more than Sabatini-like Frenchman, so lively in love and so dauntless in war, Monsieur Beaucaire.

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(Continued from page 357)

is very difficult to do properly, and it is therefore a great comfort to set it aside and run the simpler jobs that fate has allotted to other people. To the casual observer this rushing about produces a marvelous illusion of speed.

Then again, the man dominated by the spirit of botherhood is always het up over some detail or other. It may be a casual remark in a letter from a brother secretary, it may be an overcharge of ten cents on a bill, it may be the cut of a traveling secretary's trousers. Or some National Council man may feel aggrieved because there was no band at the station on his arrival in Podunk, Calibraska. In the spirit of botherhood we are convinced that the policy at Nobb Center is ruining the movement; in the spirit of botherhood we feel that no conference is complete unless it is kept constantly alive by our strident complainings; in the spirit of botherhood we blame John R. Mott for what is our own fault. In short, in the spirit of botherhood we take our own virtues and the other fellow's faults too seriously. In the words of the classic song, Ain't it funny what a difference one little dropped R makes?

SOME merit, gentlemen, there is in that suggestion from Ohio about building a building down from the top. It is to be hoped that no one will permit his sense of humor to prevent him from giving careful ear to the messages broadcasted at intervals from YMCA, Cleveland. Tune up to the very long wave-length; tone down your amplifier, but stay at the instrument. It is good news, too, to hear that Columbus, in the same state, has had a record year in making ends meet. There is something in all this that we need to study very carefully and sympathetically.

There is one cloud across the future, though. We seem to see dimly as through a glass a general secretary announcing important news to the staff: "Men, I'm sorry but we shall have to cut our program this year. Our income from the building has not been as much as expected. There is new cafeteria equipment to be bought, too. For the time being we shall have to cut some of our service features—particularly our big Bible study effort and boys' clubs—just till things straighten out a little. You see, we can't cut the income-producing features because then our income would fall still lower." In view of the history of this movement, this is not a wholly satisfactory dream.

A religious census of Kalamazoo was undertaken by the Ministerial Alliance, with the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. cooperating to the extent of accepting responsibility for the organization. Important facts on the religious life of the city resulted from the subsequent canvass.

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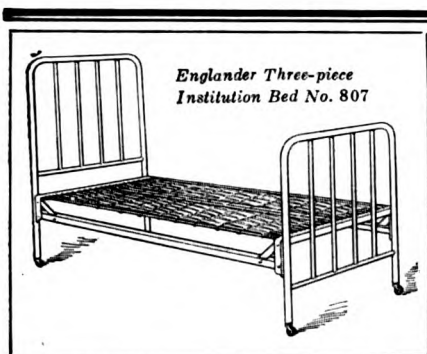
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He Called It "Hokum"

(Continued from page 348)

was tempted to go into the Army dressing room and ask the team what they thought of prayer. But upon second thought he decided not to waste the time, being absolutely certain what their answer would be.

Some of those praying athletes were on the Army eleven in 1924. Hence the writer was not surprised when he heard that the coaches were for a second time confronted by the spectacle of their players—or some of them at least—petitioning the Almighty for such strength, courage, skill and resourcefulness as He can give.

NOW the writer has been engaged in chronicling sports over a period of nearly fifteen years. Before that he was a reporter in New York, face to face with every sort of thing: crime, disaster, business catastrophe, riots, strikes—everything in fact that goes to fill the columns of the daily press.

In the nature of things he ought to be hard-boiled. And he is. He wants to be shown. He has to be shown to the end that he avoid being a dupe, or a practical accomplice.

And so he ought to be prepared in writing matter of this sort to face the question: "Do you really believe what you have written?"

The answer is *he does believe it*. As with most writers for the press who in young manhood came face to face with the bitter realities of life there was a period when stark doubt attained supremacy in his mind, when he looked upon whatever manifestation of life, even lofty manifestations—and the journalist encounters many of these—without any sympathy other than that species of artistic atunement which is wholly professional and relates exclusively to the turning out of a good story.

But as he has grown older and seen more of life and got deeper beneath the surface of events and of personalities the writer has come to share with Hamlet the belief that man's philosophy does not encompass everything that exists in this world; that, in fact, there is something over and above the cold, ordered philosophy of life and affairs.

There is an athletic director of a university in the west who came to that seat of learning as a football coach. He had intended to study for the ministry, but the necessity of earning a living and supporting dependent relatives forced him into the world. He had been a star varsity football player at his university and this gained for him a position as football coach at another college.

He was—and is—a praying man. For a few years he had great success with his elevens and then unexpectedly a political situation arose in the college. It revolved around the appointment of a popular graduate as coach to succeed the coach in question.

PURELY with the idea of sidetracking this coach he was removed from his position and made athletic director, a post which had always amounted to little at this institution. In other words he was destined at an early date to be shunted out of the college. The objection to him was that he was too good, his ethics too rigid, his ideals too exalted.

What happened? With the larger field of endeavor lying before him, freed of the confining work of coaching the eleven, he developed the possibilities of his office and has made himself not only a force in the athletic department but throughout the university; a man whom athletes and students generally and faculty members point to as an example of the finest type of manhood that intercollegiate athletics produce.

He can go out on the gridiron—often does—and take the ball and give the players all the practice they can stand in tackling a line cracker; he can put on the gloves with the heavyweights of the boxing team and give them better than they send—and in the evening he can stand up and offer a prayer that moves men's souls.

There is another director of athletics in the west who bulwarks his labors in the coaching of various teams with mind purely devout. No one in the middle west, whatever his collegiate affiliation, speaks of him without reverence and vast admiration.

At a game this season in which two celebrated elevens were engaged this director in question had opportunity of leaving his own team and watching the two famous football outfits play their game.

After it was ended he went to the coach of one of the elevens and took him by the arm.

"John," he said (the writer is concealing the real name) "John, you are not doing all you should do for football. You are hurting the game."

The coach stared at his mentor.

"What do you mean?"

The other man then set forth certain expedients which he with his years of experience had detected and which were giving this coach's team an unfair advantage. It is quite probable that the coach himself had not realized this. At all events he nodded.

"Thank you," he said. "I'm glad you spoke." Thereupon he outlined what remedies might be applied.

It takes a very great man indeed and a man highly respected to go to the coach of another team and talk as did Alonzo Stagg that day.

Drop in at the University of Minnesota some day and see what that sterling Christian character Fred J. Leuh-ring is doing with athletics at the Gopher university.

Yes, the writer likes to be shown but such men as Stagg and Leuh-ring and scores upon scores of athletes, coaches and directors have shown him long ago—and are still showing him.

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The Negro

(Continued from page 346)

eye that the brain and the character were developed. In emotional religion, the Negro was already sufficiently a Christian. What he had to be taught was that God is served, not only with the whole soul but with the whole mind and the whole body. The Negro, with his aptitude for using long words, learned also to be a farmer, a carpenter, a mechanic; and, more important still, a teacher of these vocations to others of his race.

HERE, then, were men who dared to assert that the remedy for race hatred was not ignorance but knowledge, not under-development but efficiency. And the education was needed on both sides. It happens that I have written the biography of that "unofficial statesman," Robert C. Ogden, who was the inspirer of the great movement for education in the south which will ever bear his name. Many of the whites were almost as poor and almost as ignorant as the Negroes themselves. And among them also, there has been a renaissance, a new birth, a discovery of what the late Ambassador Page, himself a southerner, called "the forgotten man." The old south is rapidly disappearing and a greater south is emerging into a noble destiny. And it is with no despairing spirit that we have now to write of the Negro problem.

Let us deal first with its darker aspects. That a hundred or more citizens of a western nation should have been lynched every year, the great majority of them colored but a few of them white, is a phenomenon which has astounded the world. Other nations have had to deal with a color problem just as serious as that which confronts the United States.

South Africa, for instance, has a minority of whites, including women, who live amid a majority of blacks, not as civilized as the American Negro. But the whites in South Africa do not find it necessary to protect the honor of their white women by burning Negroes alive, and then printing photographs of the scene in the press. Nor is it always to be assumed that a Negro, thus immolated, is always guilty of the offence suggested. Often he is not only innocent but a martyr to the greed of his persecutors.

While slavery has ceased in the south, peonage continues in certain areas. And in some flagrant cases, reported from Georgia, it was assuredly astonishing that white men, of otherwise blameless character—church members, in fact—should have allowed themselves to flog their Negro laborers, and when these poor fellows had worked out their last ounce of strength, to throw them chained into a river or compel them to dig the graves into which they were afterwards buried



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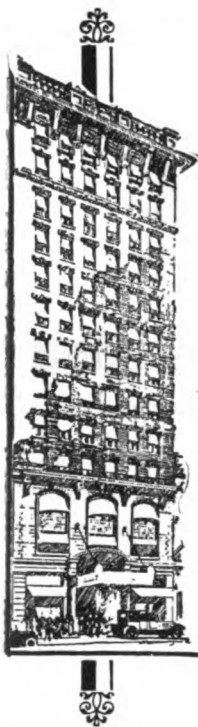


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alive. The trouble over the Negro is not merely sexual; it is economic. And usury is a bondage, only less oppressive than chattel slavery itself. Many a Negro has believed, not without reason, that his life and limb will be endangered if he asks for a plain statement of the real indebtedness on which he is paying interest.

Happily, it can be added that these abuses are diminishing. The attempt to revive the Ku Klux Klan looks, at any rate a grotesque failure. To class together Negroes, Roman Catholics and Jews as enemies of the one hundred per cent, or Nordic American, has reduced the well advertised cause of race-discrimination to an absurdity. And it has shown that color of countenance is not by any means the only badge of caste. Throughout the south, too, there are growing up civic committees, on which sit whites and blacks side by side, so discussing interracial differences in the area assigned. Lynching has recently declined in frequency and it is hoped that this much needed improvement will be maintained. Also the alternative policy of educating the Negro is steadily developing and producing the results which were anticipated. On both sides, there is created a more wholesome frame of mind.

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NOT that this race problem is confined to the south. The northern Negro complains of a discrimination which is none the less galling because it is polite rather than brutal. At a great university like Harvard, he graduates with the highest honors. His books are admired by the critics for their literary style. Yet the club of his own university, ignoring the white blood in his veins and seeing only the black blood, refused him admittance. He is a distinguished actor. Tens of thousands of whites applaud his interpretation of a great character. Yet at the annual banquet, where actors themselves honor the finest acting of the year, he thinks it tactful to join the company when the eating is over. He is Booker Washington, yet, as an American citizen, he cannot take a bite of lunch at the White House with Theodore Roosevelt without provoking a public sensation. And a young Indian gentleman, of long Christian ancestry, who has not a drop of negro blood in his veins, finds it awkward in hotels and is actually excluded from a Y. M. C. A. because his face is sunburned. It is race morbidity running to the ridiculous. And it bears most hardly upon those colored citizens who, by birth, and accomplishments are nearest the white standards.

Nor is it the Negro alone who is today resentful of this humiliating discrimination. In the cities of India, the high class native, rich, it may be, and educated in England, finds himself excluded from the Englishmen's club. The argument of the English man is that the Indian it at full liberty to start clubs of his own. But this does

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not remove the soreness. In such an Indian community, a white man would be welcome.

In France, they have simply thrown down the color bar and—as Lord Milner would put it—"damned the consequences." A colored painter from the United States proceeds to Paris, marries a Frenchwoman and is received everywhere in society. So was it in England with Coleridge Taylor, the musical composer, whose wife was British and, with her husband, recognized by society in London. I was present at the Albert Hall when Coleridge Taylor presented his great cantata *Hiawatha* to one of the most brilliant audiences of the season. Yet in New York, I could not have asked this distinguished man to lunch with me at Child's restaurant without creating a scene.

IS it suggested, then, that all clubs, and all legislatures, and all public offices, and all hotels, and all churches, and all restaurants, and all homes be thrown open, here and now, to men and women of color? Not at all. I come from a country, England, where, according to Tennyson, "freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent." Because you invite a friend to lunch one day, it does not follow that you want him everyday—still less, that there is any likelihood of his marrying your daughter.

It may be well to have white churches and colored churches. But that is no reason why, once a year, a white preacher should not conduct worship for a colored congregation and a colored preacher conduct worship for a white congregation. No one wants to sit next to a dirty person at the theatre, but, from that, it does not follow that race is a bar to entire cleanliness—otherwise Negroes should not be employed as waiters and as porters in Pullmans.

There is a great story of a white southern woman suffering a sudden illness in a train where the only physician was a black doctor. For a time, her friends were ready to see her die in torture rather than employ this highly-skilled professional man. And having thus humiliated him, they had at last to beg him to undertake the case. He saved the white woman's life and changed the feeling of one family, at any rate, towards his race.

And so with clubs. I belong to two clubs in England where color is no bar. The mere fact that we admit some colored persons does not mean that we need admit all who would like to be members. We can exclude a Negro or an Indian just as we can exclude a white. But, on the other hand, if we so desire, we can and do elect them, in individual cases.

Take a colored leader like W. E. B. Dubois. Is it not a pity that abilities and an idealism, so genuine as his has been, should be antagonized by social rebuffs? It is by cooperating with

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colored leaders of ability that a white civilization can best meet the delusive propaganda of a histrionic agitator like Marcus Garvey who thinks that there is salvation for his race in running a Black Star Line of steamships.

It is in Christ that we find the spirit which enables us to carve out, step by step, the path of friendship between all peoples. When Paul offered Christ to Athens, the intellectual capital of Europe, it was on the express condition that God, hitherto unknown, should be revealed as the creator of all men, made of one blood. In Christ, there was to be neither Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free. We cannot have Christ, as we ought to have Him, on any other terms. And whatever be our sacrifice of sentiment, of reasonable sentiment, Christ, who led Livingstone across Africa, where Stanley found him, will be our exceeding great reward.

At the International House in New York, a young southern white man found himself one morning with a Negro shaving at the next mirror in the washroom. His feelings surged within him; but he got the better of them. As Paul brought Trophimus the Ephesian into the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem, so did this man bring the negro into the temple of his friendship. And the middle wall of partition between them was broken down.

His Fame Didn't Come

(Continued from page 358)

Writing "he still sits on the throne as king of the point-makers in the Western Conference," to quote the Ohio State University "Lantern," having to his credit 139 points to his nearest rivals' 124 and 114.

Johnny is an outstanding type of clean athlete. He has never been put out of a game for personal fouls or similar causes—has never talked back to an official, or with an opposing guard no matter how much he is "roughed up." He is a real team worker and does not take a shot at the basket if a team mate is in a better position for a shot, but passes to him.

He has grown up with the Association and in the Association and is a fair product of the influence of its gym and physical director in building a clean, all-round sportsman before another educational institution—Ohio State University took him over. He is almost through at Ohio State, and his thoughts of future athletic work bring him back to Central with his "Y" membership, and his old friends.

For use in the interests of boys and young men of the city, Indianapolis Association has been left \$150,000 in the Will of one of its friends. This is the largest bequest Indianapolis has received. To the Association of Pawtucket and Central Falls, R. I., Mrs. Florence E. West left \$3,000.

"My Ex-Tough Friend"

(Continued from page 356)

he teaches the Agoga Bible class of more than two hundred young men.

I do not believe Morgan Blake, who conducted "Sportanic Eruptions," speaks sanctimoniously. I have heard him recite "Casey at the Bat" too many times to believe anything like that. And my opinion isn't necessary. I have better evidence.

ON the Sunday after the University of Georgia football team played Vanderbilt last Fall, the team stopped off in Atlanta en route for Athens and everybody, from the head coach to the substitutes, went to the Tabernacle to hear Morgan. He had previously spoken at the State University, whose young men, I might say, are just as rambunctious as any University's young men. A Georgia professor said to me the other day: "Morgan Blake, I believe, is the best influence for good the University of Georgia knows."

And what—you may well ask—has all of this done to Morgan Blake, sporting editor?

Well, I believe he calls it something else now—"Athletic Ejaculations" perhaps; these sporting editors like frequent variations in titles and cuts—but its the same column. Better, of course. No man can write as good a column on two hours sleep as he can on eight. This one has lost none of the old flavor. It is still the town boys' Omar. And the page where it appears is about as peppy as you'll find anywhere.

Visiting the old stamping-grounds recently, I found a seat in Morgan's sanctum. The usual layout that clutters most sport sanctums was about. A guy I knew was a professional gambler. A rah-rah lad in a coonskin coat and pants that might have housed the unemployed. A prize-fighter. His manager. A nondescript who borrowed a cigaret and said, "Listen, friend, I seen I had him groggy, so I—"

And Morgan. He grinned on the professional gambler and shook hands with him. He put the college boy at his ease after the latter's rather awed, "Mr. Blake." He got the prize-fighter's lingo. He lingoed it right back to the prize-fighter's manager. He zipped a sheet into the typewriter; then flashed a look over his shoulder. "Be with you in a second," he said to my friend, the nondescript, "gotta catch a make-over."

The nondescript borrowed another cigaret, and hung it on one tooth.

"Great guy, this Blake," he spat at me off his lower left-hand lip. "Religion ain't made no difference to him. Got it—sure. Don't kid yourself. If you ain't mighty careful, you'll catch it from him. But he don't rub it in. Makes you think there may be somethin' in it. Huh? Watchu think? Listen, friend, I knew him when—"

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Jacobson, E. B., Ironbound, Newark, N. J., res.
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Mayne, C. M., to Grand Rapids, Mich.
Miller, E. D., to Morenci, Ariz.
Pedersen, E. M., Miami to Douglas, Ariz. (R.R.)
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Convention Calendar

STATE BOYS' CONFERENCES

Hammond, Louisiana—April 3-5.
Morristown, New Jersey—December 4-6.
1925 SUMMER SCHOOLS
Lake Geneva, Summer Quarter Chicago College—June
22 to July 31.

Lake Geneva—June 24 to July 22.
Hollister—June 17 to July 1.
Chesapeake—July 7 to July 21.
Estes Park—July 15 to July 30.
Blue Ridge—July 17 to July 31.
Estes Park, (Industrial Railroad and Business Execu-
tives)—July 20 to July 25.
Silver Bay—July 20 to August 28.
Pacific Palisades—July 22 to August 5.
Couchiching—August 4 to August 21. (Tentative).

SUMMER STUDENT CONFERENCES

Waveland, Miss., on the Gulf—April 27 to May 4.
Kings Mountain, N. C.—May 29 to June 8.
Hollister, Mo.—June 5 to June 14.
Silver Bay, N. Y.—June 11 to June 18.
Lake Geneva, Wis.—June 12 to June 21.
Seabeck, Wash.—June 12 to June 22.
Blue Ridge, N. C.—June 15 to June 24.
Blairtown, N. J.—June 20 to June 26.
Estes Park, Colo.—August 22 to August 31.

MISCELLANEOUS

Interstate Group (Delaware, Maryland and District of
Columbia), Hagerstown, Md.—May 15 to May 16.
Third General Assembly in the Interests of the Y. M.
C. A. Service with Boys, Estes Park—June 4 to
June 12.

Student Secretaries' Assembly, Camp Gray, Mich—
June 27 to July 15.
Bible Study, Camp, Camp Gray, Mich.—July 17 to
August 3.
Conference on Human Relations in Industry, Estes
Park—July 17 to July 19.

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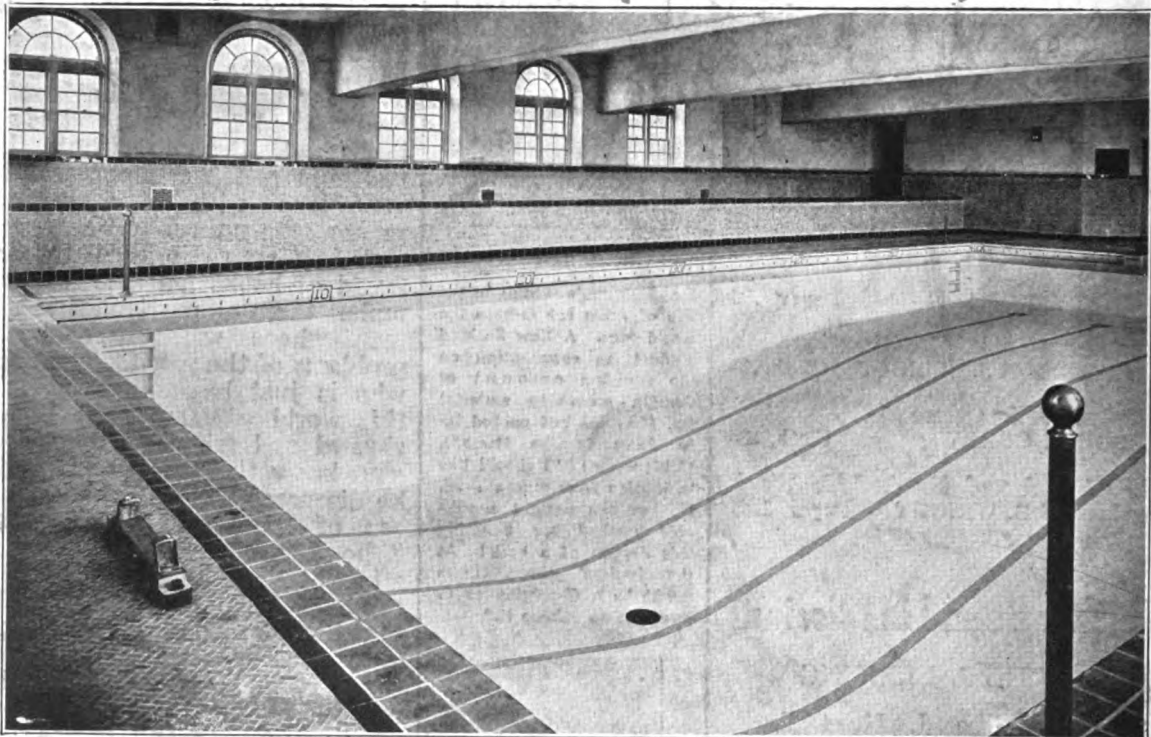
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