

# TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

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G. C. RANKIN, D. D., EDITOR.

Volume LIX

Dallas, Texas, Thursday, August 15, 1912

Number 1

## A WORD TO SCOLDING PREACHERS

A preacher can easily fall into the habit of scolding his people, and he practices it unconsciously. Nevertheless it is a very reprehensible habit and without any sort of justification. This does not assume that it is not necessary for him once in awhile to rebuke disorderliness and unwise living upon the part of any number of them. As a wise pastor and preacher he will occasionally find among his flock a condition that will demand very plain speech, but even then it must be administered in the proper spirit and in a proper temper.

What we mean by a scolding preacher is the man who stands in his pulpit frequently and before his prayer-meeting often and complains and finds fault with his people for not attending Church and prayer-meeting services. Of course empty pews at a public service, where there are members enough to crowd them if they were present, is very discouraging to the faithful preacher, but this is not sufficient excuse for him to lambast and fuss at the few who are present. Those who need his rebukes and criticisms are not present to receive their castigation, and those who are faithful and are doing their duty do

not need it and do not deserve it. It is an injustice to them and they get no edification out of it.

The preacher who degenerates into a scolding habit only makes the faithful few feel badly by his constant nagging at them and showing his petulant and irritable disposition. And really it exposes his own weakness and failure. For nine times out of ten if the people take no interest in the Church service it is because there is but little, if anything, interesting in the service. If, instead of quarreling at them from the pulpit, he would put himself to the trouble of taxing his brain to prepare something attractive and uplifting in his sermons, they would be apt to be present to hear him. But if he is dull, monotonous, rasping and repellant in his sermons, the most of his people will find entertainment somewhere else. He will be left to fuss and scold at the few who, from a sense of duty, attend the service whether they get much out of it or not. So instead of looking at the congregation for the cause of empty pews, the scolding preacher had better look at himself and his style of preaching, and he will usually locate the cause without difficulty.

## THE PROGRESS OF RACE SUICIDE IN FRANCE

For a number of years France has been face to face with a serious race problem. Her birth rate and her death rate have been running neck and neck with the advantage in favor first of the one and then the other. But the last report shows that the death rate ran ahead of the birth rate for 1911. This has led the leading and most authoritative publicist of France, M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, according to the American Review of Reviews, to make a searching investigation into this problem, and recently he gave the results of his research in his journal, L'Economiste, and the facts set forth are startling. His findings are worthy of notice.

According to the facts, in 1861 the birth rate amounted to 1,005,000 and the death rate to 866,000, showing a balance in favor of the birth rate of 138,000. In 1866 the births exceeded the deaths 126,000; in 1891 the births went to 866,000 and the deaths to 877,000, showing 11,000 more deaths than births; in 1900 the births dropped down to 827,000 and the deaths ran up to 853,000; in 1907 the births made a further drop of 773,000 and the deaths rose to 793,000, and in 1911 the birth figures dropped down further and registered at 742,100 and the deaths listed at 776,900, showing for this year that the deaths outran the births by 34,800.

From these alarming figures this distinguished writer proceeds to make some humiliating statements. He shows us that there has been no decrease in the num-

ber of marriages since 1861; yet there has been a decrease of over 250,000 in the birth rate from that date to 1911. The trouble resulting in this fearful state of things is not in the number of marriages. He justly places the cause of this trouble on moral grounds pure and simple. Rather he places it on immoral grounds. The families of France seem to have systematically determined to limit the number of children in each household to a minimum basis. In a great many instances there are no children at all in the French home, and in many others only one, and at most two children. He furthermore shows from the reports of physicians in the French hospitals that there are annually 100,000 abortions in those institutions, and that there are, practically, no laws in the Republic for the proper punishment of this horrible crime. Then this famous publicist and patriot makes the statement that if something is not inaugurated for the remedying of this condition of things it is only a question of time when France will end either in depopulation or denationalization.

And we are sorry to say that this moral evil, not to say crime, is not limited to France; it is finding its way into our own fair country. There is in certain circles among us a tendency to limit the number of children born into our American homes; and it is astonishing to know how many ordinarily good men and women, and especially women, who connive at this immorality. Were it not regarded as su-

perlatively indelicate, we could furnish facts and illustrations of the truthfulness of this statement. Large families of children are becoming unpopular, except in most instances in the homes of the poor and the ignorant. Wealthy and up-to-date families, as a rule, have but few, if any, children. Thousands of married women have become exceedingly smart and they have learned how to limit the number of children in their homes to the minimum number.

It seems to us, therefore, that it is incumbent upon the religious press and the pulpit to speak out with some plainness upon this immoral tendency in the modern home life of the people. Thousands of conscientious mothers would scorn and do scorn these evil practices, but there are thousands of would-be mothers who have persuaded themselves to believe that

there is no moral wrong in such ways of doing; and they systematically contravene the purpose and aim of Providence in their marital habits. Many of them not only seriously impair their own health, but inflict murder upon their embryonic offspring. For, in the sight of God, prenatal murder is just as criminal as to commit infanticide after birth. And the would-be wife and mother who willfully interferes with prenatal life is, in God's esteem, a murderess. This is a plain statement, but it is a necessary and a needful statement; and we are only sorry that the acceptance of a false standard of modesty by society forbids the possibility of making the statement even more emphatic and realistic. The sorrow and the pity is that the tendency of the times makes such statements absolutely necessary.

## CLARION CALL TO DUTY

Bishop Charles B. Galloway of Mississippi, deceased, was a great Christian citizen, orator and writer. The following from his pen will find a response in the hearts of all Christians and other good citizens:

I consider the covenant against the liquor traffic, with all its attendant crime, wretchedness and sorrow, as the "reform of the age." As its avowed purpose is to close liquor saloons, thereby removing temptation from the young especially, and aiding in correcting the drinking habit of society, the movement is denominated a "reform." Its object is reformatory, whatever may be its success. On this account, I call it "the reform of the age." All other public measures, in my judgment, retire into insignificance before its lofty purpose and promised benedictions.

Whenever a private right becomes injurious, noxious or offensive to the public good, the private right becomes subordinate to the public right which a community has to demand protection therefrom. Acts, innocent themselves, acquire from circumstances the quality of injuring the public. To carry arms about one's person for purposes of self-protection is in itself an innocent act, but when citizens generally do the same thing the tendency is to create disorder and cause the unjustifiable taking of human life.

The only question for the people to determine, precedent to the adoption of restriction or prohibition, is as to the effects of liquor traffic upon society. But that is beyond all controversy. The language of Judge Pitman is the experience of all criminal judges: "It is the universal ally of evil; the universal antagonism of good." Judges, Commonwealth attorneys and other civil officers, with a voice of startling unanimity, testify to the criminal results of the liquor traffic.

Moral questions, however public, that effect the spiritual life and, therefore, determine the destiny of immortal souls, must be the burden of ministerial solicitude and the theme of pulpit discourse. Churches in their organized capacity must never be complicated with partisan politics, I have before said, and on this prohibition question, that the Church, as such, can never ally herself with any political party, though every plank in its platform be in accord with the Sermon on the Mount. But this is a great moral reform and entirely non-partisan, having no purpose to disturb the party affiliations of any citizen.

If, however, the idea prevails that piety and patriotism are two incompatible sentiments

and cannot live in the same heart, then farewell to the prosperity and perpetuity of our governmental institutions. Such a doctrine is mischievous and dangerous; and if acted upon to its fullest logical conclusions, would bankrupt the morals of society and prostrate our grand Republic in the dust.

The sublimest type of patriotism is the beautiful blending of reverent devotion to God with chivalrous love of country. If, then, to preach the doctrine of temperance and to preach against the whiskey traffic as the cause of most of the sorrow, crime and shame of society, is to be a political partisan, I am content to be published as one now and forever.

The time has passed, therefore, never to return, for well-informed enemies of prohibition to ring the changes on "sacrificing personal liberty" and "substituting force for free will." The highest judicial tribunal in the land has opened the "wooden horse," and instead of finding "a disguised enemy to State sovereignty" has discovered only the panoplied and patriotic defenders of that ancient doctrine and the real "guardians of individual liberty."

Believing most profoundly in the righteousness of the cause of prohibition and its final triumph, and further assured that the unanswerable arguments sustaining it are made more apparent by opposition, I have no disposition to discourage respectful controversy. If our arguments be fallacious and our claims pretentious, they will and ought to be discovered and mercilessly uncovered. But, if not, truth will become more firmly rooted in the convictions of our patriotic countrymen and inspire them with a sense of the weighty responsibility upon them and the sublime opportunity before them. The logic of history urges on the great reform and sounds aloud the call for duty. The issue is upon us. Deny it as some may, deride it if others please, defy it if a few prefer, the issue is joined and is here to stay until our fair land is redeemed from the degradation of the liquor traffic.

"Once to every man and Nation comes the moment to decide

In the great strife of good and evil, on the good and evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, proferring the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep on the right,

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt the darkness and the light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, in which party thou shalt stand?

'Ere the doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against thy land?"





















For Old and Young

FROM THE SUNDAY AT HOME. By Edward J. Hammond.

Harry Martindale's Brown Book. A lad named Harry Martindale lived in a small seaport town on the east coast of England.

His father and mother were dead; he was quite alone in the world. He earned his bread by working on board a fishing smack belonging to a bold, bad man called "Captain Wild."

Harry's mother had taught him to love and worship the great God who, although so high in heaven, yet stoops to think of his people upon the earth.

There were wonderful stories in his book and Harry read them word by word, with keenest interest. Some of the writers of that little brown book had been fishermen, and St. Paul himself and sailed for many a voyage, and many of the stories were told in just the clear, simple, sailor-like way that sailors enjoy to read.

All the next day he drifted on. White sailed ships came in sight now and then and with every sail his hopes rose high. But the ships passed on without seeing him, speck as he was on that waste of tossing water, and as they passed Harry felt the bitterness of despair. Floating there in the silence and desolation of the sea, he took out his book to read. The 4th chapter of St. Peter's 1st Epistle was where he had left off when the boys had so thoughtlessly cut him adrift.

One of his associates, a lad named Tom Allen, would have befriended him if he had dared. In his heart he wished that he was like Harry, for Harry always seemed happy. Harry's eye was always bright and his words kind and true.

"If you would only give up that stupid reading of yours," said Tom Allen, one day, "nobody could find fault with you, but it riles the fellows to catch you pouring over a book instead of joining in a bit of fun."

Three days after this conversation a vessel named the "Amazon," was beating up the English channel. She was a Norwegian, homeward bound with a cargo of salt. She was about thirty miles from the English shore, struggling along against awkward winds, when the lookout man called out that he saw something floating on the water a mile or so away.

bottom of the boat a lad was lying, fast asleep.

It was strange to find him sleeping there alone, and helpless upon the wide ocean. The sailors shouted to him but he did not awaken. Was it indeed sleep or was it death? They threw a coil of rope into the boat and the rattle aroused him. He stirred feebly and tried to lift himself up. Then he caught sight of the ship, and he stretched out his arms with a low cry, and fainted dead away.

They asked him how he came to be drifting there. His story was soon told. His name was Harry Martindale a fisher lad from the Norfolk coast. He had been reading his book in an empty boat, moored to the quay, when his comrades to tease him had cut the rope and the boat had drifted a long way before he had discovered that it was drifting at all.

This was all he had to tell yet the boy had suffered terrible agonies since the moment he left the side of the quay, where the ebb tide was running in quiet swirls and dimples by the gray and green stones.

At first he had thought to be able to row back, but the wind blew freshly and the ebb tide was strong. He struggled in vain. The evening came, gloomy and chill; the flat line of the coast sank below the edge of the sea; the night fell, and hungry, cold and weary he lay down in his boat to sleep.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are made partakers of Christ's suffering; that when his glory shall be revealed ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. \* \* \* Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing as unto a wise Creator." He read, and as the beautiful words came home to his heart his despair fled away. What if this were to be his death hour! Then Christ's glory would the sooner be revealed to him and he would be glad with exceeding joy! But life was strong within him and the pangs of bodily hunger were agonizing. He lifted his pale face to heaven and prayed that he might have strength to die; that his agony might not force him to doubt the love of God, and the nearness of Jesus, even in this trial of solitude and pain.

Another night passed and the third day dawned. Pain was gone now. He slept hour after hour. At last he awoke to see kind faces bending over him, and to hear kind, pitying tones, although the words were uttered in an unknown tongue. He was saved! The ship sailed on her voyage and carried Harry Martindale to the foreign port to which she was bound. It was many days, even weeks, before he came again to the little town on the Norfolk coast, where his old companions were thinking of him with guilty sorrow. They thought that he was drowned, and they knew it was through their fault. Tom Allen welcomed him rapturously; the others shrunk away, ashamed and afraid. Would he try to punish them to "serve them out" for what they had done? They need not have feared. Harry Martindale's little brown book had long taught him to forgive his enemies, to be gentle and kind to those who "despitefully used" him. To the village boys he was as he had always been, and they marveled exceedingly.

Perhaps this conduct of his did more to win them to see the beauty of his religion than mere talking would have ever done. Tom Allen openly came over to his side and begged that he, too, might hear the words of the little, brown book. "I can't read much," said Tom, "but if you would speak the words out aloud, now and then, maybe they'd make me a bit the better." Capt. Wild, that bad, rough man, had heard the story of the drifting boat; he, too, was touched.

Could it really be that "religion," the thing he had scoffed at all his life, had supported that young, weak lad through such a time of trial, and had kept his heart free from anger and the blackness of revenge. "Will you sail with me still?" he asked one day. "Yes, sir," said Harry, "my time with you was not quite up; that is one reason that I came home." Captain Wild, who had never spoken softly to a human being since he sailed the Norfolk coast, looked at the lad half curiously, half admiringly. "You are a brave boy for all your saintly ways, I do believe," he said. "Come on the smack and read until all is blue, if you choose. Let me see the man or boy that will lift a finger to you on board the 'Mary Ann,' that's all." And so Harry worked on board the fishing smack again just the same as before. And yet there was a difference. The boy's earnest, honest love to God had made itself felt. For many a year he sailed on board the "Mary Ann," and he prayed still for God's grace and power to aid him his whole life through, that when death came, indeed, he might be counted a faithful servant.

And when out on the black, hissing waters alone at his night watch, if he remembered the hours of his trouble and despair, he would thank God for them and "rejoice." For was not Tom Allen his dear comrade and brother, and did he not hope that the light of God's love was breaking through the hard, dark heart of his captain, too?

He was a lad at the time of our history, simple and ignorant of many things, yet he had learned the noblest, truest, holiest lessons from his little brown book.

THE STORY OF THE FORK. It is probable that few Englishmen of the time of Shakespeare used forks at their meals or even knew of their existence. In the year 1608 one Thomas Coryate, an Englishman, walked through France, Switzerland and a part of Germany. James I was then King of England, Henry IV was King of France. Shakespeare was writing his greatest plays and Bacon was laying down a new system of philosophy.

Boys' and Girls' Self-Culture Club

Conducted by H. L. PINER, Denison, Texas

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

The Swiss Guard was a corps of mercenary troops in the service of France in 1792. That is, they were hired by France to fight in the French Revolution. Their special task was the defense of Tuilleries (two-lerize). The Tuilleries was a palace built in 1560 by Catherine de Medici, and subsequently enlarged and adorned by Henry IV and Louis XIV and burned by the Commune in 1871. It is connected by transepts with the Louvre (loov).

During the Reign of Terror, in 1792, the Swiss Guard defended this palace. There were nine hundred of these soldiers. The National Guard (of France) aided them. A great revolutionary mob surrounded the palace. The royal family fled. The King forbade the guard to fire, as he did not wish to destroy the people. But the mob pressed so hard upon this Swiss Guard that they had to fire in self-defense.

The enraged populace could no longer be restrained. They charged furiously upon the palace and at this juncture the French National Guard deserted the defense and joined the people. A terrible massacre ensued. But the Swiss Guard fought valiantly till seven hundred of them were slain. In commemoration of their bravery The Lion of Lucerne was chiseled in the solid stone of a bluff in the city of Lucerne, Switzerland. It is a colossal figure. The lion is wounded, a spear penetrating his body, and though he is in the throes of death, his huge paw is protecting a shield bearing the fleur-de-lis (flure-de-lee, 3) of the Bourbons. The bluff borders a small lake whose waters reflect with mirror-like vividness the great memorial. The sculptor, Thorwaldsen, designed the figure. Beneath the figure of the huge lion are the names of the officers of the Swiss Guard.

DO YOU THINK IT MODEST?

We have no desire whatever to criticize any modern social customs or business practices, but we offer to every girl who reads the Advocate a few simple questions which she must answer and which she will answer one way or another. Do you approve, as modest, the present styles of female dress, the whole tendency of which is to display the shape of the wearer's body and accentuate those lines that call especial attention to plump hips, shapely thighs and buxom busts? Are your sensibilities pleased or of-

Upon reaching Italy Coryate noticed something extremely curious, which he described at some length in his book of travels. The passage, with the orthography modernized, is as follows:

"The Italians and also most strangers that are resident in Italy do always at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meat; for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their fork, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that sitteth in the company of any others at meat should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all at the table do cut, he will give occasion of offense unto the company as having transgressed the laws of good manners; inasmuch that for his error he shall at least be browbeaten, if not reprehended in words."

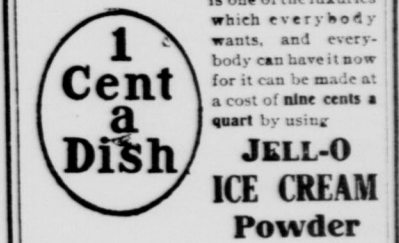
Upon inquiring into this strange fashion Coryate was informed that forks were generally used in all parts of Italy. Ordinary persons had forks of iron or steel, but in families of wealth and distinction the forks were of silver.

When the fork was introduced into England it was regarded with great contempt as a dainty, new-fangled notion, fit only for foreigners, dandies and other inferior persons. To use the fork was long considered a mark of effeminacy or a ridiculous imitation of foreign customs. Thus, in a play of Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a contemptuous allusion to "fork-carving traveler."

Ben Jonson, also, in one of his comedies, ridicules the new Italian custom of saving napkins by taking up meat with a fork.

The fork was slow in making its way into the remoter parts of the European continent. The French innkeepers, much against their will, were compelled to provide forks for their guests, because they found that polite travelers would not take food in the old-fashioned way. For a long time after the introduction of forks landlords did not provide their tables with knives, since every person was accustomed to carry and use his own knife. —Harper's Weekly.

ICE CREAM



Dissolve a package of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder (cost 10 cents) in a quart of milk (cost, say 8 cents) and freeze it, and you have about two quarts of delicious ice cream. Five kinds of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder: Vanilla, Strawberry, Lemon, Chocolate, and Unflavored.

for the stage. It is an allegory, but it maintains its dignity and forcefulness without the dryness of Bunyan. It is so full of the sweetness and beauty of perfect womanhood that it holds the interest at every point. The dictum of art is that you must preach, and so great a man as Henry Van Dyke prays to be delivered from the story with a moral. But Thomas Hughes of Rugby protests by shouting back to the critics: "Why write at all if we cannot deliver good morals?" However these be, "Every Woman" is a jewel of literary and of dramatic art, and it stands at the head of the morality plays of the centuries.

It stands at the head because of the extreme delicacy of conception, the fine treatment which is at once artful and artless, the perfect simplicity of staging, yet the masterfulness of dramatic principles, and, withal, the convincing method of presenting great vital truths of character. A very imperfect analysis may here be given:

God has given "Every Woman" three good friends: Youth, Beauty and Modesty. The world is a stage and men and women merely players. "Every Woman" may easily do things which modesty cannot approve and cultivate society which modesty cannot tolerate. In such an event modesty disappears, forsakes "Every Woman." If "Every Woman" continues such doings and such associations, modesty abandons her completely. Passion, the great play actor, seeks "Every Woman." Wealth offers every lure of pleasure, flattery plays fantastic tricks, conscience warns, then weakens, being unheeded, the swift game of modern social life is played. "Every Woman's" cheeks grow pale, the eyes become lusterless, beauty fades, youth disappears and "Every Woman" realizes through anguish what she might have known in the sweet buoyancy of maidenhood, that she must love and cherish her three friends if she would keep them. If you dislike this book, be sure the dislike is grounded in some fatal tendency to disaster. No right-minded woman can fall to prize the mighty truths upon which rest the worth of the book, for they are the same upon which rests the worth of female character.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Prompt notice should be sent us by the subscriber of any change of address either of postoffice or street address. This important matter should not be left to the postmaster, pastor, or anyone else. It will cost the subscriber only a postal card or a two-cent stamp to send the notice, and much loss of time be saved. A subscriber who fails to notify us is responsible for the loss incurred in sending the paper on to the old address. This rule applies also to the subscriber who does not notify us at expiration if he wishes paper discontinued.

Advertisements for BLYMYER BELL'S, MENELY & CO., BOWLDEN BELLS, and BELL'S, FRAYS, CHIMES, including descriptions of church bells and school bells.

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Lecture on "Fools and Funny Folks," 9 p. m., by Dr. Boaz.
Dumas Circuit.
Saturday, Sept. 14, 11 a. m., sermon by Rev. J. M. Sherman.

First Church, H., Sept. 15, 8 p. m.
Irene Cir., at Malone, Sept. 21, 22.
Huron Cir., at Ft. Graham Sept. 23, 29.

Cisco District--Fourth Round.
Eastland, 8 p. m., Sept. 6, 8.
Ranger, at Pleasant G., Sept. 7, 8.

Plainview District--Third Round.
Slaton, at Prairie View, Aug. 24, 25.
Lubbock Sta., Aug. 25, 26.

Sweetwater District--Third Round.
Roscoe Mission, Aug. 17, 18.
Snyder Mission, Aug. 24, 25.

Hamlin District--Third Round.
Jayton, at Cleremont, Aug. 17, 18.

Vernon District--Third Round.
Tolbert and Fargo, Aug. 17, 18.

Abilene District--Third Round.
First Church, Aug. 11, 12.

Abilene District--Fourth Round.
Merkel, Sept. 1, 2.

Denton District--Third Round.
Denton, at Dudley, Oct. 19, 20.

Vernon District--Fourth Round.
Dumont Mis., Sept. 14, 15.

Cleburne District--Fourth Round.
Cleburne, Main Street, 11 a. m., Sept. 8.

Messico District--Third Round.
Marshall, at the Circuit Parsonage.

Navasota District--Third Round.
Trinity Sta., Aug. 11, 12.

Hillsboro District--Fourth Round.
Covington and Osceola Sta., at Osceola, Aug. 31, Sept. 1.

Itasca Sta., at Itasca, Sept. 1, 2.

Weatherford District--Fourth Round.
Weatherford, First Church, Aug. 18, 19.

Cleburne District--Third Round.
Walnut Springs, Aug. 17, 18.

Waxahachie District--Third Round.
Ovilla Cir., at Sardia, Aug. 17, 18.

Gatesville District--Third Round.
Corvell, at Lees Junction, Aug. 17, 18.

Corsicana District--Fourth Round.
Dawson Station, Sept. 1, 2.

Brownwood District--Fourth Round.
Winchell, at Winchell, Aug. 31, Sept. 1.

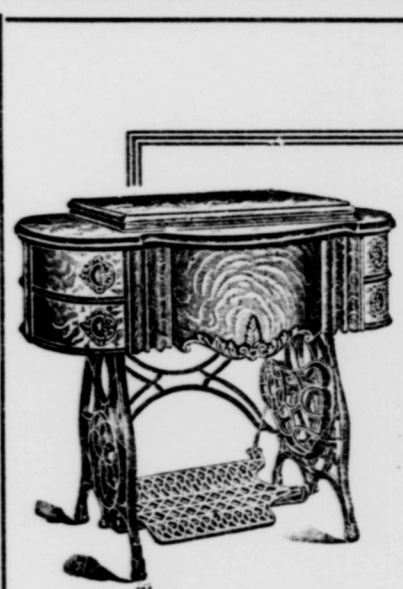
Georgetown District--Fourth Round.
Hutto Cir., at Robinson Chapel, Aug. 31, Sept. 1.

Waco District--Fourth Round.
Austin Avenue, Aug. 25.

Marshall District--Third Round.
Harrison Cir., at the Circuit Parsonage.

Beaumont District--Fourth Round.
Beaumont, First Church, Sept. 1.

Beaumont District--Third Round.
Marlin, at Minerva, Aug. 17, 18.



HOW About It?

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Woodville, Nov. 2, 3.

Tyler District--Third Round.
Murchison, at Phillips Victory, Aug. 17, 18.

Brenham District--Third Round.
Bellville, at Camp G., Aug. 17, 18.

Pittsburg District--Third Round.
Dalby Springs, at Dalby, Aug. 17, 18.

Brenham District--Fourth Round.
Bellville, at Camp G., Aug. 17, 18.

Jacksonville District--Third Round.
La Rue, Aug. 17, 18.

San Augustine District--Third Round.
Hemphill and Brames, Aug. 17.

Beaumont District--Third Round.
Woodville, Aug. 17, 18.

Marlin District--Third Round.
Milano, at Minerva, Aug. 17, 18.

Jacksonville District--Fourth Round.
Malakoff Cir., at Malakoff, Sept. 5.

San Marcos District--Fourth Round.
Kyle, at Kyle, Aug. 17, 18.

Pastors Take Special Notice--

1. Have your list of Stewards made out with care...

2. Take equal care in answering Question 28.

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE

Austin District--Fourth Round.
Bastrap, at Bastrap, Aug. 22.

Liberty Hill and Leander, at Liberty Hill, Sept. 28, 29.

NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE

El Paso District--Fourth Round.
Le Mesa, Aug. 17, 18.

Albuquerque District--Fourth Round.
Magdalena, Aug. 14, 15.

PECOS VALLEY DISTRICT--FOURTH ROUND

Dayton, Aug. 10, 11.

San Angelo District--Fourth Round.
Milos, Aug. 12.

San Angelo District--Fourth Round.
Milos, Aug. 12.

ALBUQUERQUE DISTRICT--FOURTH ROUND

Magdalena, Aug. 14, 15.

Albuquerque District--Fourth Round.
Magdalena, Aug. 14, 15.

PECOS VALLEY DISTRICT--FOURTH ROUND

Dayton, Aug. 10, 11.

Dayton, Aug. 10, 11.

Dayton, Aug. 10, 11.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. E. HIGHTOWER, Editor, Georgetown, Texas.  
REV. A. E. RECTOR, Assistant Editor, Galveston, Texas.

All communications for this department should be sent to either of the above addresses.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN TRANSITION.

That the International Uniform Lesson System is doomed to pass away in a very short time is apparent to every student of the Sunday School. It never was based on sound educational principles. The Bible is a composite book, the product of many minds containing every kind of literature from the most fascinating story to the wisdom literature and the complicated processes of St. Paul. There is abundance of pedagogical material in it for persons of all ages and stages of mental development. But this material should be sorted and adapted. The Uniform Lesson System was an attempt to make the mind at the lesson rather than adapt the lesson to the mind. It was like making any number of suits of clothes from a single pattern and then expecting every member of a large family to wear one of those suits. Naturally, there were a great many misfits, and teachers found themselves burdened with the endless and complicated task of trying to make a lesson made on an adult pattern fit the mind of a small child, and the reverse. A revolt against such a system gradually took form in the mind of our best educators who are interested in Sunday School work, and grew until it resulted in the adoption of the alternative graded lesson system, which is rapidly displacing the uniform lessons. Our Sunday school people are used to the uniform system, and some of them have as much reverence for it as they have for the King James version of our Bible. In the minds of some of our people, to use another translation of the Bible save the version of King James is profanation. Just so, many of our Sunday School workers have never known anything in connection with Sunday School work save the Uniform Lessons. To thrust a new system upon them before their minds have become accustomed to the idea would be to excite their opposition and render the success of the advance movement difficult if not impossible. To move too fast in a matter of this kind is to invite a disastrous reaction. It is better to proceed more slowly, in order to be sure of the ground traversed. Then there are good conservative people who are naturally suspicious of everything that is new; and it is better to exercise a reasonable amount of patience toward their prejudices. But let the progressive Sunday School worker keep on being progressive. Let him keep the leaven of correct ideals fermenting in his Sunday School, whether it has sufficient strength to leaven the whole lump at once or not.

### KEEPING PACE WITH THE ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT.

In many of our Sunday Schools the other departments are not keeping pace with the elementary classes. Unless this defect is remedied with all speed it will result in further wholesale losses to the schools during the intermediate period. There are many schools that have a separate room and good equipment and teachers, and even the Graded Lesson System in the Primary Department, that make no pretense of grading, and no special effort at effective work in the more advanced grades. The result is that as children leave the primary classes they find such a contrast in the work of the junior and intermediate grades that they soon lose interest and show a disposition to leave Sunday School. Effective work in the elementary grades is not an unmixing blessing unless followed by the same character of work all through the school. If the graded literature is to be used in the elementary department, whether it is at once introduced into all the school or not, it should certainly be placed in the different departments as fast as the children that are accustomed to its use advance. And the teachers in the junior and intermediate grades should study their work as carefully, at least, as the elementary teacher. Otherwise very few of the elementary scholars will stay in the school to reach the senior department.

### THE EDITOR'S BOOK SHELF.

For some months the editor's field work has almost kept him from reading, to say nothing of reviewing, the latest Sunday School books. He has lately read one, however, which deserves more than a passing notice. The title of the book is, "The Sunday School of Today," and the author is Rev. William Walter Smith, A. B., A.

M. M. D. There are a few handles to Dr. Smith's name, but let us not be prejudiced against him on that account. He is an Episcopalian, and his official designation for the present is "Educational Field Secretary for the Second Sunday School Department of the States of New York and New Jersey." The book also has a chapter on Sunday School architecture by C. W. Stouton, A. I. A. (whatever that is), and an introduction by Rev. Lester Brader, Ph. D., "Chairman of the Executive Committee of the General Board of Religious Education." After learning all this from the paper cover on the back we naturally expected an unusually good book. But we soon found that the flavor of a bird may not be safely inferred from the color of its plumage. The best thing in the book is the chapter on Sunday School architecture, a very important subject, which is not even mentioned in a great many Sunday School treatises. Apart from this the book is a sort of working manual for Sunday School workers in the Episcopal Church. It contains sixty-seven illustrations of maps, wall charts, blackboards, certificates, visitation cards and the like, all of which are perfectly familiar to every Texas Sunday School worker who has visited an institute or conference, or looked through one of the catalogues of our Publishing House. The plans which it suggests are familiar to every well informed worker, and may be found in a number of books that sell for less than half the price of this book. It is in the main a good safe, conservative book and well bound. There is one point, however, where, at the risk of seeming presumptuous, we dare to disagree with so learned a man as Dr. Smith. He insists that every school should be graded, and graded not according to age and size, but according to the scholastic attainments of the pupil. Such a system might bring satisfactory results among the Episcopal children of New York, but it would only serve to make a mess of things among the Methodists of Texas. It would tend to drive from the Sunday School the very class of young people who need it most, the backward young men who get little or no encouragement at home. In planning the classification of a Sunday School it must be remembered that in most cases attendance is not compulsory, but voluntary, and not increase, the difficulty of keeping pupils in the school and doing effective work. The method of grading insisted upon by Dr. Smith would frequently throw the backward sixteen-year-old boy or girl into the Junior department with boys and girls of ten or eleven years old, with the result that the aforesaid sixteen-year-old would never be seen in the Sunday School. The only system of grading a Sunday School that will stand the test of actual wear and tear, is a classification according to age. And this is what the International System of Graded Literature contemplates. We are sometimes led to believe that some of our so-called Sunday School experts have never been either Sunday School pastors, superintendents or teachers. And we think there are books better suited to Methodist Sunday School workers than "The Sunday School of Today."

### THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

The above is the caption of the leading editorial in the Advocate of August 1, 1912. It is a good, sane article. We trust the readers of this paper will get the Advocate of that date and read the editorial again. From the last paragraph of said editorial we quote these words: "Just in this connection our Sunday School owes a debt to the children. It ought to be their religious training school—the place where they are instructed in matters religious and made strong in the elements of religious life. No Sunday School has done its duty by its children until they are converted and members of the Methodist Church. Were our Sunday Schools wide awake at this point, what a wonderful increase we could report annually in the membership of the Church." This leads us to remark that, as things are, eighty-five per cent of the accessions to the membership of the Church come through the Sunday School. Manifestly with whatever faults it may possess the Sunday School is the liveliest institution and the greatest evangelical force among us. Were every department of our Church as wide awake as the Sunday School what a wonderful increase we would report annually in the membership of the Church. Further, while the Sunday School is doing so much for the Church

what is the average Church doing for its Sunday School? In many cases letting it take care of itself and compelling it to pay for the privilege of existing at all.

### A STORY OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

By J. B. Cranfill.

In a 12-mo volume of 213 pages, published by the Fleming H. Revell Co. and sold at 75 cents a copy, Mrs. Ish May Mullins, the distinguished wife of President E. Y. Mullins, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has given us a bright, inspiring and thrilling story of life in the Kentucky mountains.

In the first chapter of the book, Mrs. Mullins introduces to the reader "The Boy from Hollow Hut," and this is the title of her charming volume. This mountain boy, Steve Langly, is the hero, and his accidental acquaintance with the great outside world and what came of it forms the web and woof of this helpful and inspiring recital.

To the uninitiated reader this book will bring a number of surprises. For instance, on page 19 we have the following concerning the dense ignorance that abounds in these mountain districts.

"The subjects of schools had never been discussed in the boy's hearing. His father didn't believe in them, there wasn't a book, not even a Bible, in all the scattered little remote mountain community, and if the boy had ever heard either books or schools mentioned before, the words had made no impression on him."

It also develops in the unfolding of the story that Steve Langly had never seen or heard of a clock or watch, or any other sort of time piece. There is no record that he even knew of sundials. I cannot believe that these descriptions are overdrawn, because Mrs. Mullins is not only a woman of splendid literary tastes, but her love of the truth is so strong that she would not knowingly paint the picture darker than it is, even to point a moral or adorn a tale.

The question of the American mountain men has been one of engaging interest ever since this continent was settled. Mountain men were the strong right arm of Gen. Washington during the American Revolution. In foreign lands their conferees are found in the Boers of South Africa, who so long and so stoutly resisted the encroachments of the English soldiery in the mountain regions of the Southern States conditions are now practically what they were a hundred years ago. Far from centers of population, remote from railroad and daily papers and innocent of even the simplest forms of education, these mountain men and their progeny have gone on in their simple way, making moonshine whiskey and maintaining their medieval feuds.

In a recent article in the Independent, one of the college presidents of the Kentucky mountains gave some pictures of the different forms of weapons that had been brought into the college halls by sons of these Kentucky mountaineers. They ranged all the way from brass knuckles to 44-calibre automatic pistols and included dirks, slung-shots and Bowie-knives. It is said that even in the districts of traditional civilization our

people have not wholly outgrown these engines of destruction, but that they abound in the mountain districts and are used with terrible effect is not only portrayed in the work before us but is simply attested by the current press reports from these remote scenes of carnage.

Steve Langly is just the type of boy you would wish your boy to be. When he first emerged from the shadows of the mountains and looked out upon the larger life, his soul expanded with his mind. This was true until in the last chapter, we leave him a strong, alert, highly educated, consecrated man, whose heart beats responsively to the needs of the simple folk where he had his birth.

In times like these, when the accumulation of money seems to many to be the main thing, it is unspeakably refreshing to meet, either in fiction or in fact, a man like Steve Langly, who turns his back upon the allurements of a business career that promises the highest material success, and goes back to the people of his childhood mountain home, and devotes the strength of his heart and brain to their mental and moral education.

The talent for making money is a vulgar gift at best. It is not far removed from the greediness of the pig which complacently grunts as he eats his swill. Among the so-called captains of industry not more than one in ten, as I would judge, knows how to construct a grammatical sentence. The money-lover has the money-scent in his nose, just as the hound can scent the game. There is nothing ennobling, nothing inspiring and nothing philanthropic in the low-browed business of amassing wealth.

This is the view of life that Steve Langly held, and notwithstanding the insistent enticements that beckoned him to enter upon a business career, he larked back to the far-off land where his mother lay buried and we leave him there, happy in the thought of his self-sacrificing service and rejoicing in the fact that he has chosen the better part which cannot be taken from him.

This is a high ideal which Mrs. Mullins has outlined for us. It is one to which every young man should aspire. Anon we witness the outgoing of some foreign missionary, who, on bended knees, has yielded to the cry of the lost nations of the earth, and who has heeded the call to go out as a Christian missionary. It was just such a call as this that came to the humble fisherman of the Galilean Sea. It is such a call as came to the Apostle Paul, who in his Pharisaical ignorance was persecuting the Church of God. Down through the ages the still, small voice of the Spirit of God has arrested men and has so revolutionized their lives that they have turned their backs upon all the temptations of this world and their faces toward the ripening harvest fields of earth to the end that the love of Christ should reign supreme in the sinful hearts of men.

Fiction has its charm and purpose, but I have never yet been reconciled to that class of fiction that is written only to entertain. Some of it does entertain most splendidly, and after the few hours spent in its perusal the heart is thrilled, but this is what I call the butterfly class of fiction. It dazzles and allures but does not edify. In writing her book Mrs. Mullins has

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chosen not only to give us an entertaining story, but to leave upon our hearts a new incentive to nobler things. As I closed the book and left Steve Langly surrounded by his mountain friends and kin, fighting there the age-old battles against ignorance, intemperance and lawlessness, I realized anew how empty is every life that is lived for self alone, and there came to me a resurgence of that hunger for usefulness that bounded to my heart when in the virgin freshness of my surrender to Jesus Christ I arose to ask the Pauline question: "What wilt thou have me to do?"

I leave this book to be read by those who may be interested in mountain life or who may desire to find new encouragement and inspiration for their own life conflicts. It will be a wholesome addition to any library and will, as I believe, be especially helpful to the young.  
Dallas, Texas.

It may be thou dost not love thy neighbor: it may be thou thinkest only how to get from him, how to gain by him. How lonely, then, must thou be! How shut up in thy poverty-stricken room, with the bare walls of thy selfishness and the hard couch of thy unsatisfaction!—George MacDonald.

To be poor is not always pleasant, but worse things than that happen at sea. Small shoes are apt to pinch, but not if you have a small foot; if we have little means it will be well to have little desires. Poverty is no shame, but being discontented with it is. In some things the poor are better off than the rich; for if a poor man has to seek meat for his stomach, he is more likely to get what he is after than the rich man who seeks a stomach for his meat. It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness. It is not the quantity of our goods, but the blessing of God on what we have, that makes us truly rich.—C. H. Spurgeon.

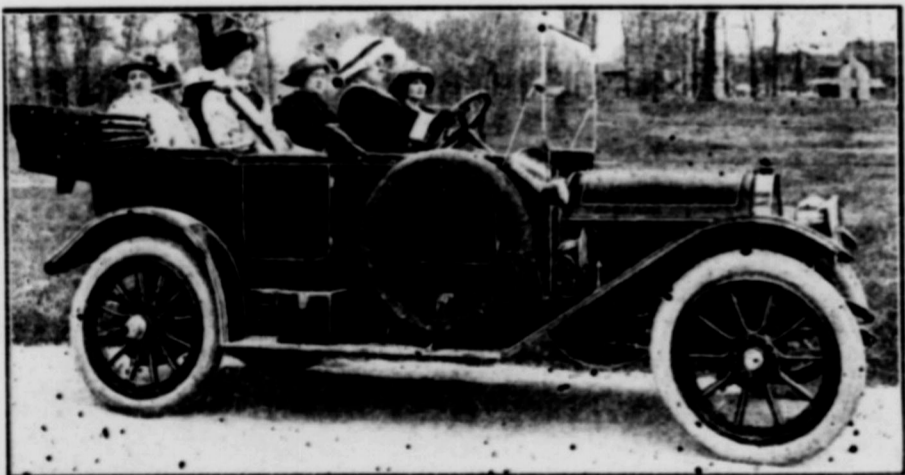
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