

THE WATCHWORD

FOR THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE SALVATION OF MEN.

DAYTON, OHIO, MARCH 6, 1906.



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, THE NEGRO POET.

ALTON PACKARD-DES

The Watchword

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If you desire to examine both of these services, send for the sample copies. If you are satisfied that either one will suit you, send for twenty, thirty, or fifty copies, and practice at once.

Whatever you may do, let us urge upon you that the day be observed. Do not pass it by. It is being more and more observed, and this is right. What a blessed hope is the resurrection. Let us teach it to the children, and cherish the thought.

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W. R. FUNK, AGENT

DAYTON, OHIO

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THE WATCHWORD

VOL. 13.

DAYTON, OHIO, MARCH 6, 1906.

No. 10.

The Old Hymns.

There 's lots of music in 'em, the hymns of long ago,
An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know,
I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by,
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye."

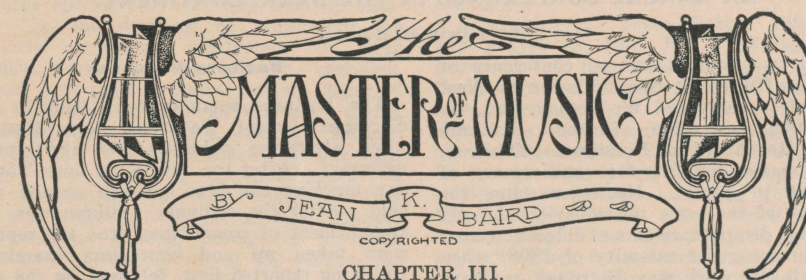
There 's lots o' music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old,
With visions bright of lands of light and shining streets of gold;
And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where mem'ry, dreaming, stands,
"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways;

And I want to hear their music from the old-time meetin's rise
Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies."

We never needed singin' books in them old days; we knew
The words—the tunes of every one the dear old hymn book through!
We didn't have no trumpets then—no organs built for show;
We only sang to praise the Lord "from whom all blessings flow."

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come—
Before the light has left me and my singin' lips are dumb—
If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass without a sigh
"To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie!"
—Atlanta Constitution.



CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL to-day was but a repetition of days preceding and following it. A score of problems were solved, several pages of classics were read, and dates and facts in history run off in marvelous rapidity. The singing did not improve in its saw-filing effect. If it were possible that the worst could be made still worse, the singing was so affected, for Brady did not respond as before. He sat silent, though with book open before him. The weather might have been the cause of this indifference, for the fall rain having set in the night before, the leaves were beaten from the maple-trees, and the gaunt bare limbs were not inspiring. On such days as this come no dreams of violet-grown woods. The falling drops, with a suggestion of sleet in them, made chimney-corners and open grates more acceptable to the fancy.

From an exterior point of view, the discipline of the class was excellent. Fifty books were held at the proper angle; fifty spines were straight and touched the back of the desk according to the law laid down by Miss Sanders. So much for the exterior! But young thoughts tired of routine were playing truant and lively imaginations were wandering far from school-room and discipline to regions where violets were always in bloom and lessons were never dreamed of.

Among these half-hundred pupils, Brady perhaps was the one whose home-life Miss Sanders knew best. Yet, that most was little. Of the majority of them she knew nothing beyond the school-room life. She had never visited their homes. This section of the city was composed principally of miners whom Miss Sanders did not care to know socially. To study them as parents that she might understand the home influences and environment of her pupils, she

had no time. Such conditions were idealistic. The schools were boasting that they were practical. She received the children into her school-room in the fall as a mass whose heads were to have a prescribed number of facts poured into them. When she dismissed them in the spring she was satisfied if this were done. Beyond that she accepted no responsibility. The spoiled and petted child and he who knew neither kindness nor caress received the same course of treatment from the hands of the teachers. The nervous, timid little girl who trembled in every limb and whose voice shook as she stood up to recite, and he whose muscles were brawny, who swaggered as he walked, and whose ambitions were towards the extermination of the Indian or the robbing of stage-coaches, were given the similar doses of brain-tonics. The fault generally lay not with the teacher. A course of study was to be followed, with the method of teaching laid down in black and white. She must relegate her ideals to the shelf with last year's bonnets or herself be relegated there. As that shelf had no bread or butter, the teachers decided that their ideals rather than themselves must starve. So they hid them in the farthest and darkest corner while they followed the chalk line.

Incidentally, Miss Sanders had heard something of the boy's home-life and family history. His mother was a sweet, gentle, refined woman of excellent family, but without courage or will to assert herself; a woman who had allowed herself to be robbed and mistreated, bearing it as a cross sent by Providence rather than making an effort to right herself.

Her husband was her inferior in every particular except will-power. He tyrannized over her and spent her income, yet she smiled

in patient endurance. Their style of living descended the scale rapidly. In a few years they went by gradual steps from a mansion to a cheap tenement on an undesirable street. Here the woman's pride and ambition failed her. She fell into a condition of listless indifference, passing her time in the reading of light novels.

This was all Miss Sanders knew of the boy's home-life—an exterior view at best. She knew nothing of his natural tendencies or in what direction his ambitions and talents might be directed. She knew not whether he had a stronger or weaker character than other boys.

Popular sentiment demanded that she fill this boy's mind, within a stated time, with a number of facts laid forth in certain pages of books, and to mark with blue pencil a number of written pages which he had prepared. This she did with conscientious zeal.

The idea of development had somewhere been lost in the course of study. Miss Sanders had remonstrated, but found herself in the minority. The powers that control school affairs laid down the law. She had no choice. To fail in a lesson was a crime. The sentiment, Succeed by fair means, or foul, grew among the pupils. Failure to recite received a sharper reprimand and more severe punishment than would have been meted out for the breaking of the laws of truth and honesty.

Miss Sanders felt that the reformation could not begin with her. The sentiment outside of school was forcing this condition of affairs. She struggled against doing this kind of work but at last was forced into the current and drifted along with the others. So it followed that she grew so hardened in the line of work that she never knew or suspected the impulses and emotions of the awkward and shabbily-dressed boy who sat so stolidly gazing at his open book.

During the morning her possessions had been moved to Mrs. Olenhausen's. After school hours, she also went to her new rooms with a roll of papers which were to be corrected that evening and returned to the pupils the following morning.

As she was passing through the upper landing, the door of the room adjoining her own opened and a man came into the hall. His appearance left no doubt in her mind as to his nationality. "German" was written over him from crown to sole.

He was tall but broad in physique and stout. He had a fierce gray mustache of ragged appearance, and prominent bushy eye-brows from beneath which peered keen gray eyes. His carriage was military. His hand rested upon his cane as though it were a sword. His appearance was that of a general rather than a teacher of music who found pupils scarce.

Miss Sanders had an eye trained for details. One glance, and she knew that his clothes were worn and shabby, although faultlessly kept in order. As he passed her, lifting his hat and bowing, his manner was marked by ease and courtesy.

One incongruity of the stranger's wardrobe impressed Miss Sanders. As he raised his hand to his hat, a jewel scintillated brilliantly, sending forth glints and flashes of color. No common gem could have such power. It was sadly out of keeping with the shabby coat and worn linen.

She acknowledged his greeting, and passed to her room. She was interested at once in her neighbor. Boarding-houses and lodg-

ings are sometimes caskets for rare jewels of character. Miss Sanders was pleased when she found an individual differing from the mass, or one whose way of living suggested mystery.

"He looks as though he might have stepped from some old German story," she said to herself. "He looks like the grim old general who spends his leisure recounting his experiences of war, a military gentleman retiring on half-pay, or an impoverished nobleman struggling to maintain the family dignity on nothing at all a year."

She permitted herself but a moment for such reflections. Then she began the disposal of her wardrobe in closet and bureau; put together a movable bookcase and arranged her books within it. The selection of her books showed taste and cultivation. They had been read and reread while written about the margins of the leaves were comments or criticisms. There were the German poets in the original, and one or two books of fiction in the same language.

Having finished her work, she opened wide the window, turned low the gas and sat in the moonlight to rest. The rain had ceased during the afternoon. It was clear now and the stars were shining. Beyond the few houses which stood on the outskirts of town rose undulating hills over which the moonlight played with shadows. Close all was silver, there, gray, and far beyond, blackness. Here were no jagged edges, or rough irregular heights. All was smoothed and rounded. All lines were curved lines as though Mother Earth, having sufficient of the rough, rocky heights east and west, had patted and smoothed these hills into gentleness.

Company was not essential to the comfort or happiness of Miss Sanders. She had been much alone. She had developed all her own resources for improvement and entertainment. She had grown sufficient unto herself. She read, walked, and studied alone. She attended church and walked off with little more than a passing nod to a few acquaintances. She was not satisfied with such a life. She realized that it was narrowing, but she made the best of things that seemed unchangeable. In place of fretting and fuming, she spent her energies to develop those resources which would yield her happiness.

She had completed a college course and spent one year in Germany before she had begun work as teacher. She had worked hard and success, in a fashion, followed. The board of education gave her the maximum salary paid in the grades. Yet, it was about equal to that paid to the foreign laborer who worked on the streets and not much more than that paid to the man who swept the building.

Popular sentiment demanded that she live in a good part of the city and dress in a way that would not bring discredit to her profession. Beyond that she was let alone. Her days were spent with intellects less mature than her own. She lacked mental tonic. There were hours when she felt desperate in her longing for intellectual companionship that was unprofessional.

This evening, after the school work had been finished, and her trunks unpacked and clothes put in order, she allowed herself a few moments for day-dreaming. She was thinking so deeply that she was wholly unconscious of all that went on about her until she was awakened from her reverie by the sound of a door closing, and some one in the adjoining room moving about. Until then, she had forgotten about the musician lodger next door.

This was one of the rare times when Miss Sanders gave up to discouragement. She was mentally and physically worn out. To her, there seemed no compensation for what she was giving up and the work she was

doing. So far, she had seen nothing to show that either a boy or a girl was stronger or nobler for her efforts. Had she felt otherwise she would have been content to labor. She was tired, nervous, and discouraged. Folding her arms across the broad window-seat, she let her head fall wearily upon them. She longed for a change in the dull routine of work. She was hungry for a word of encouragement. If she could, but for a moment, have a little brightness, a little tenderness come into her life, she would bear patiently the work and trials that followed. She had lost interest in school and books. She was growing narrow, hard and unsympathetic—the kind of a woman, she had always, in her heart, despised. When she had reached the depth of her despondent and bitter thoughts, she gave a sudden start. The atmosphere of the room had suddenly changed. A sweet and subtle influence filled the air. All the bitterness slipped softly away, and a calm came to her. She thought not of self or work. Indeed, she thought not at all, but seemed to be wafted away amidst ravishing sounds and exquisite perfumes. It was some moments before she realized the cause. It was the player in the next room. A master hand was touching the keys. It was Beethoven's Sonata to the Moonlight. It was admirably chosen, for it must have been on such a night as this, clear, still, and starry, that the composer played to the blind girl and her brother. There were love and sympathy and tenderness, and the player interpreted them all. The melody filled the air like a mist. It crept about like a soft gray vapor until every space was filled with harmony which faded away before the listener could fully grasp the message it bore. It was something not wholly tangible; yet infinitely tender, and sweet like the memory of a pleasant half-forgotten dream.

With but a moment's pause, the player passed from masterpiece to masterpiece.

"Ah," whispered Miss Sanders as though her voice might break the spell, "he is a musician."

The hour grew late. She neither moved nor spoke again. All the worries of the day had gone from her. Her emotions were on wings soaring aloft. She was on the heights far above care or perplexity.

When, after hours of playing, the music ceased, she arose and moved softly about as she prepared for bed, as though she feared to break the spell that hung about her.

(To be continued.)

Holding a Conference in West Africa.

AN ANNUAL CONFERENCE IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

By Edwin M. Hursh.

THE twenty-sixth annual conference of the United Brethren Mission in West Africa convened Wednesday, Jan. 10, 1906, in the United Brethren Church, Regent Road, Freetown. This conference marks the fifty-first anniversary of our work in Africa. Notwithstanding the hardships of the early missionaries, the sad losses and disappointments at different times, and then the great calamity of 1898, when nearly all our work was destroyed, we have a substantial conference and a large faith-



REV. C. W. SNYDER,
Acting Superintendent.

ful following in Africa. Of the forty-three native workers, preachers, and teachers, thirty were present representing the different districts and stations. The superintendent of the missions, Dr. J. R. King, presided over the sessions of the conference.

Business Sessions.

The business sessions were held in the mornings except Saturday and Monday when afternoon sessions were also found necessary. After the devotional hour Thursday morning the first business session was held. After the ordinary preliminaries, the appointment of committees, etc., the reports were taken up and characters examined. Dr. King reported first, followed by the acting superintendent, Rev. C. W. Snyder. Then each missionary and worker reported in regular order in each succeeding session until the work from all the stations and schools was reported. Some of the reports were indeed very gratifying and showed much progress, while in some cases the work was hindered during the year by sickness and deaths and other causes. The splendid work that some of our native churches are doing here, our churches at home would do well to emulate.

To attend the meetings of such a conference is a splendid school for the new missionary. Many questions necessarily arise here in connection with the work and conditions that are entirely foreign to our work at home, and such questions, too, that require the utmost tact and skill to handle. But the presiding officer conducted every measure in such a deliberate way that perfect harmony and peace prevailed during the whole conference. The work of the year shows a substantial growth both in numbers and material strength. The last session was held Tuesday morning.

Evangelistic and Devotional.

The evangelistic and missionary spirit characterized the whole conference. The first three evening services were especially evangelistic in nature. Rev. C. W. Snyder preached the first evening, Rev. C. Judy the second, and Rev. A. T. Sumner on Friday evening. These services were all well attended with increasing numbers every night. A splendid impression was made on the people. We hope for good results. Special music given by the missionaries and native workers was a feature of these meetings much appreciated.

But the spirit of the conference was at its best in the quiet morning hour just preceding the business sessions. This was an hour of devotion and heart talks before God and the Word. The general topic of this morning hour through the week was "Soul Saving." A different phase of the subject was discussed by some one each morning. It led to real heart searching and a deeper consecration, with a new de-



A UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH IN AFRICA.

termination in every missionary and worker. This year ought to bring many precious souls into the kingdom. Young people pray with us for Africa!

Sunday Services.

Three special services were held on Sunday. In the morning at nine-thirty the memorial service was conducted. Dr. King presided over the preliminary exercises. Papers were read in memory of the departed ones. Miss Rilla Akin gave a most fitting sketch of the life of Mrs. Julianna Thompson and her invaluable service to our missions. Mr. C. A. E. Campbell spoke of Mrs. Bickersteth and others who died during the year. Rev. R. P. Dougherty preached the memorial sermon, taking for his text, Romans 14:7-9. Following the sermon the annual communion service was observed. It was precious hour to all.

At 2:30, the annual conference sermon was preached by Dr. King. His text was taken from Romans 1:14, "I am debtor." In spite of the fact that this was the hottest hour of the day, there was a good attendance. Every heart must have been touched and inspired by the earnest words of the speaker, and every one must have gone from that service with a deeper sense of duty to God and his fellowmen.

The annual missionary sermon was preached at seven o'clock by Rev. H. J. Williams. He preached from John 17:21. The native appealing to his own people to help save Africa was a forceful and effectual appeal. A liberal offering was given at the close of the service.

Public Missionary Meeting.

The most enthusiastic meeting of the conference was the public missionary meeting Monday evening. The house was crowded. Mr. Tuboku Metzger, B.A., clerk of the Freetown Police Court, presided over the meeting. In his opening address he paid a high tribute to the work our Church has done in Africa, and he especially congratulated the mission for having Freetown for its base of operation. Following his remarks he called upon the speakers of the evening.

Mr. Alfonso T. Caulker, of Mano, spoke on "The Call of the Mendis" after singing "Jesus Saves" in the Mendi language. A strong plea was made for the people he represented and that the tribal differences may soon be overcome. Mr. Thomas F. Halliwell, of Ronietta, dressed in his native gown, gave "The Call of the Temnis." In

his characteristic way he told how he was rescued by our missionaries and converted from Mohammedanism. The call he made for his own people should come to us with the force that the "Macedonian Call" came to Paul. Mr. C. A. E. Campbell spoke on "The Call of the Sherbro." The cry of these needy people is just as loud as the others. Rev. C. W. Snyder in the concluding address on "How Answer the Call" gave some striking illustrations, making the call a personal one, and to all for all.

It is so hard for us to appreciate the barriers to our mission work in Africa on account of these tribal prejudices. These three, the Mendi, Temni, and Sherbro are only a few of the many such tribes in Sierra Leone alone. From their speaking different languages and having different customs these differences have become very marked. In fact these tribal lines are more marked in places than the race distinction in America. It is very necessary that we heed the voice of these native men, the fruit of our own mission, and help them answer the call and break down these barriers.

Unveiling the Portrait.

On Monday, 3:30 P. M., a public meeting was held in Albert Academy. At this time occurred the unveiling of the portrait of the late Rev. Ira E. Albert, after whom the Academy was named. The portrait is a beautiful large crayon work in gold frame, presented to the Academy by his sister. A special program was prepared for the occasion.

After singing "Jesus Savior Pilot Me" and prayer by Rev. H. J. Williams, the principal of the Academy, Rev. R. P. Dougherty, introduced Rev. W. G. Nicol, M.A., principal of the Wesleyan High School, as chairman of the meeting. Following his introduction, Rev. Mr. Nicol addressed the assembly with very appropriate remarks. The portrait was then unveiled by Miss Minnie Eaton, after which a male quartet sang, "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Then followed three short addresses. Dr. J. R. King spoke of the earnest and enthusiastic life of Rev. Mr. Albert in Africa and his work in connection with our missions. Rev. R. P. Dougherty spoke of his intimate friendship with Rev. Mr. Albert and the inspiration of his life, as a student with him and class-mate at Lebanon



MR. ALFONSO T. CAULKER.

Valley College. Mr. E. M. Hursh spoke of the true purpose and ideal of Christian education as found in the life of our departed brother. After extending a vote of thanks to the chairman and singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" the benediction was pronounced.

To have before teachers and students of Albert Academy the picture of one who lived such a beautiful life should be a constant stim-

ulus and inspiration to good works. And in no better way can his name be perpetuated in Africa than to mold and build his high purpose and ideals into the character and life of Albert Academy.

A Boy Superintendent.

BY A READER.

Early last spring the Sunday school of the only church in a small town in northern Ohio elected a young man of sixteen as its superintendent. At that time the school numbered but one hundred, now the enrollment is at least fifteen more. The collections are larger than formerly, the entertainments better, and in all ways the school is in a much better condition than ever before. "All done by a boy of sixteen," so the villagers say.

When he was elected it was for the most part a trial. One of the best and ablest men of the church was made his assistant, but the boy took up the work like a veteran, letting no phase of it escape him. He might easily have been most severely criticized, as the educational standard of the neighborhood is far above that of the average rural community; but it is sufficient to say that he was successful and now the people of the town say, "Put the young people ahead."

Fifty years ago it was seldom that young people were identified with any religious movement, probably because they thought that their work might detract from their good times, yet a great work was carried on; then, what can we not now anticipate, when mere striplings are religious leaders? Add to this the endeavors of the older ones, and I repeat, What may we not expect? Why be pessimistic?

Only a Printer.

Only a printer? His finger tips
Give voice again to long-dead lips,
And from a past and hoary age
Recall the words of seer and sage.

No painter he—

But line by line he tells the tale
That colors give to canvas pale,
And masters old before us stand
With brush and palette clasped in hand,
So we may see.

With patient toil, while others sleep,
He makes the ages backward creep,
And knights in armor ride and fight
"For God, my lady, and the right."

No player he—

But at the magic of his hands,
The curtain rises in all lands,
And actors for a season rage
Their few brief hours upon the stage,
So we may see.

Only a printer? His magic trade
Hath all earth's scenes before us laid,
He moves his hands, old to our eye
Some scenes where soldiers fight and die.

A wizard he—

For he but waves his hands, and, lo!
The world with knowledge is aglow;
And by the magic of his art
The future's curtain draws apart,
So we may see.

Only a printer? His magic spell
Preserves earth's sweetest story well;
Of how on Calvary's cruel tree
The Savior died to make men free.

A prophet he—

For by his art he makes the Book
Wherein the weary soul may look,
And, looking, see the promise blest
Of home and love and endless rest—
Eternity.

—Typographical Journal.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

THE NEGRO POET LAUREATE.

"A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well."

Thus sings Paul Laurence Dunbar of his own master passions, the poet's passion of song. A poem is but a little thing, and yet the poet has a fame more lasting than has the soldier, the statesman, or the savant. Dayton is a fair city, the home of men of achievement, but when these are forgotten it will be recalled that Dayton was the birthplace and home of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet.

Mr. Dunbar was a born poet. As soon as he could write words and sentences there were indications of poetic genius. As he passed through the public schools of the city, this genius continued to manifest itself. His associates realized it. His teachers recognized the possession of this rare gift and encouraged him. In his high school career he was acknowledged to be the leader in debate and oratory and literary ability. He was the editor of the high school magazine and at graduation was the class poet.

There are many persons to be found who encouraged the boy poet as he wrote verses while serving as a judge's page or running an elevator in an office building. His first book of poems, "Oak and Ivy," was printed by the United Brethren House, the manager of the printing department standing between

Railway." After the Civil War he returned to the United States, coming to Dayton. Here he married Matilda Dunbar, a widow. Paul Laurence is a son of this union, born into a humble home, and reared in the surroundings common to his people. He was of pure negro blood.

His father, a plasterer, died when Paul was a boy and to his mother he owed much that was best in his life. His mother is a devout woman, held in high esteem by her neighbors, and it was she who nursed him in his long illness, which terminated in death February 9, her boy being less than thirty-four years old.

Once when asked to write an autograph verse, the same to be his favorite lines, he wrote:

"Den she tu'ns to 'Rock of Ages,'
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs am droppin',
W'en Malindy sings."

These lines were from one of his most popular poems, "When Malindy Sings," written to his mother:

"G' 'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
Ef you practise twell you're gray.
You can't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants an' rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings."

"You aint got de nachel o'gans
Fo' to make de soun' come right."



THE HOME OF PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

him and the House for the hundred dollars required. That was in 1893. The attention of William Dean Howells, a native of the Miami Valley, was directed to his writings and that eminent literary man wrote of Mr. Dunbar as the "Burns of his race." Introduced to the wider literary world by this eminent litterateur, Paul Laurence Dunbar entered upon a career that has been recognized on both sides of the Atlantic and which will live in fame. He was the author of twenty-one books.

He was born in Dayton, June 27, 1872. His father, born a slave in Kentucky, fled to Canada by way of the "Underground

You aint got de tu'ns an' twistin's
Fo' to make it sweet an' light.
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
An' I'm tellin' you fu' true,
When it comes to real right singin'
'Tain't no easy thing to do."

"Who dat says dat humble praises
Wif de Master nevah counts?
Heish yo' monf, I lyeah dat music
Ez hit rises up an' mounts—
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way to glory
To de very gates o' God."

"Oh, hit's sweatah dan de music
Of an edicated band;
An hit's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de land.
It seems holier dan evenin'
When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
While Malindy sings."

"Towsah, stop dat ba'kin, hyeah me!
Mandy, mak dat chil keep still;
Don't you heah de echoes callin'
F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
Th'oo de bresh of angel's wings,
Sof' an' sweet, 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,'
Ez Malindy sings."

The poet's home in the last years of his life was in a comfortable brick house on Summit Street, Dayton, and his library, or den, was the front room on the second floor, with a wide window to the east. A low couch was by the window, well covered with cushions. A comfortable reclining chair, a desk, a book case, and book shelves constituted the furniture. The book shelves were well filled, many of the volumes being autograph copies presented to the poet by the authors. Volumes of poetry were numerous. On the walls were many mottoes and pictures. There were verses in illuminated prints. Riley's "Kissing the Rod" was there and this sentiment of Stevenson's: "So long as we love we serve, so long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable, and no man is useless while he has a friend." An author's autograph copy of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" was signed by S. F. Smith. A certificate set forth Mr. Dunbar's participation in President McKinley's inauguration parade. There were many photographs of literary and theatrical people. There were indications of some friendships which perhaps were unfortunate.

That Paul Dunbar had pitiful chapters in his life is well known by his acquaintances. One of his poems begins:

"Along by the river of ruin
They dally—the thoughtless ones,
They dance and they dream
By the side of the stream,
As long as the river runs."

Happiness did not long continue in Mr. Dunbar's new-made home in his marriage to Alice Ruth Moore, a writer of talent of New York, but the happiness of those years was the inspiration of some of his sweetest songs. The public may not learn the cause of the separation of the two gifted young people, but some poems are read with peculiar interest in connection with the unfortunate experience.

"She wrapped her soul in a lace of lies
With a prime deceit to pin it;
And I thought I was gaining a fearsome prize,
So I staked my soul to win it."

"We wed and parted on her complaint,
And both were a bit of barter,
Tho' I'll confess that I'm no saint,
I'll swear that she's no martyr."

One poem, "The End of the Chapter," is of pathetic significance in this same connection:

"Ah, yes, the chapter ends to-day;
We even lay the book away;
But, oh, how sweet the moments sped
Before the final page was read."

"We tried to read between the lines
The Author's deep-concealed designs;

But scant reward such search secures;
You saw my heart and I saw yours."

"... so close the book.
But brought it grief or brought it bliss,
No other page shall read like this."

Continued failing health brought the poet back to Dayton several years ago, and with his doting and pious mother he spent the days until the end. A commendable characteristic of Mr. Dunbar was his industry, and as long as he had strength he continued his literary work. The closing stanza of a poem, "Bein' Back Home," reads:

"Say, it's nice a-gittin' back,
When yore pulse is grovin' slack,
An' yore breath begins to wheeze
Like a fair-set valley breeze;
Kind o' nice to set aroun'
On the old familiar groun',
Knowin' that when Death does come,
That he'll find you right at home."

"Compensation" is the title of one of his little poems appearing near the close of his days:

"Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in his great compassion
Gave me the gift of song."

"Because I have loved so vainly,
And sung with such failing breath,
The Master in infinite mercy
Offers the boon of Death."

A poem entitled "A Death Song" in the dialect of his race shows poetic appreciation of his old home surroundings:

"Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass,
Whah de branch'll go a-singin' as it pass.
An' w'en I's a-layin' low,
I kin heah it as it go,
Singin' 'Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'."

"Lay me nigh to whah it meks a little pool,
And de watah stan's so quiet lak and cool,
Whah de little birds in spring,
Ust to come and drink and sing,
An' de children waded on de way to school."

"Let me settle when my shouldahs
draps dey load
Nigh enough to heah de noises in de road;
Fu I tink de 'v' long res'
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I's layin' 'mong de tings I's allus knowed."

But Dunbar's poetry was not sad. It was hopeful and joyous, reflecting in the main the spirit of his race. We have not the space to quote the poems that might show the range of his abilities, or enough to satisfy those who love poetry. But we must let the readers have one more, a "Hymn":

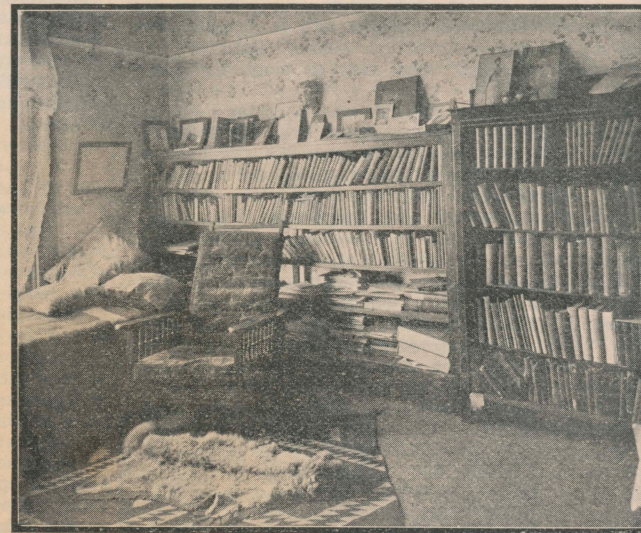
"Oh li'l lamb, out in de col',
De Mastah call you to de fol',
Oh li'l lamb!
He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill;
Come hyeah and keep yo' moanin' still,
Oh li'l lamb!"

"He Mastah sen' de shepud fo'f;
He wandah souf, he wandah no'f,
Oh li'l lamb!"

He wandah eas' he wandah wes';
De win' a wrenchin' at his breas',
Oh li'l lamb!"

"Oh tell de Shepud whaih you hide;
He want you walkin' by his side
Oh li'l lamb!
He know you weak, he know you so';
But come, don't stay away no mo',
Oh li'l lamb!"

"An af' ah while de lamb he hyeah
De Shepud's a-callin' cleah—



IN PAUL DUNBAR'S LIBRARY.

Sweet li'l lamb!
He answah from de bramble thick,
'Oh Shepud I's a comin' quick,'
Oh li'l lamb!"

A Visit to Paul Dunbar.

BY LULU MAY CLIPPINGER.

There are certain days in the life of every individual which cannot be wholly erased from memory. Such is the day when I was permitted to visit Paul Laurence Dunbar. For many years I had a desire to be-



A CORNER IN THE POET'S LIBRARY.

come better acquainted with this man, who though amidst discouraging environments, showed to the world that it is not race or color, wealth or position, that makes one's life impart cheer and sunshine.

Although I had been in the city of Dayton nearly two months, it was not until the

afternoon of the 27th of February, 1905, that I called to see Mr. Dunbar. Most of this time in Dayton I had spent almost within the shadow of his home, yet I did not know that he had been confined to his bed for a long time or I might not have had courage to make an effort to see him.

Immediately after ringing the bell, a tall, elderly lady opened the door, I asked her if Mr. Dunbar was in and if I might see him. In a most gentle and loving tone of voice she invited me in, saying she would ask him. I gave her one of my cards and she hastened up stairs leaving me to myself.

While sitting there alone in this strange home, my thoughts ran rapidly, but soon I heard the weak, deep cough, caused by that dread disease, tuberculosis, which has hurried so many ambitious bodies from this life. In a little while Mrs. Dunbar returned, saying, "Now, I suppose you know my son has been very ill, but he wants to see you; he wants you to come up; it will not hurt him if you do not stay long."

"Oh, no," I said, "it might make him worse, and I can see him again."

But she insisted that I go up for a short time and that he would be disappointed if I did not, so after removing some of my wraps I followed her to the room where lay this man of letters propped up with pillows.

I shall never forget those large eyes as they turned toward me, as I entered the room, and that long hand outstretched to grasp mine. At first glance at him, he did not have the appearance of a sick man, but by closer observation his breathing could be seen to be very irregular and his cough very annoying.

His mother left the room almost immediately, perhaps seeing that though strangers, we were not at a loss for topics of conversation.

Of course, it would be impossible for me to give a lengthy outline of our conversation. Almost as soon as I was seated, he caught sight of a Lebanon Valley College pin which I wore and asked me if it was the pin of the University of Pennsylvania. He seemed to have a very kindly feeling for this institution, saying that he had some good friends there.

At another time in our talk, as he was telling me of the book he was about to put out, and that the head and heart were willing but the hand refused to do its work, I remarked, "Yes, the head and hand work best together." Quickly his face lit up and he said, "Why do you say that? So many people will not agree with me when I tell them that."

It was very interesting to hear him tell of the many good friends he had among the white race, indeed his most intimate friends, outside of his immediate family, were white people.

He spoke very highly of the people of the United Brethren Church, how they had helped him in various ways and of the time when he went to their Sunday school, and I seem to see him yet as he lay back in his pillows laughing very heartily, as I said in a jesting way, "Why, Mr. Dunbar, you ought to be a member of the United Brethren Church." He then explained in a very plain, simple way why he became a member of the Methodist Church.

He seemed very much pleased to put his signature in the little book which was to go to Pennsylvania with me, and asked me to get him pen and ink. I had no trouble to find the pen, for it was among some manuscript on his desk, but the ink I could find nowhere, so he told me to go to the next room, his den, and look for it. I soon found it but oh! what an unsteady hand wrote the signature.

When I told him of my anxiety to speak to him he seemed surprised that I had not been to see him sooner and made me promise to come to see him again before leaving the city, but receiving a telegram of my mother's serious illness this pleasure was denied me.

But of all things which made lasting impressions on my mind that day was the devotion of Mrs. Dunbar. With what motherly care and anxiety she watched over her boy!

After bidding him farewell I left his room, expecting to leave at once, but was detained by Mrs. Dunbar begging me to sit down and talk. As I sat there in that sitting room listening to that gray-haired mother tell of the care and charge he was. I could scarcely help shedding tears. "Oh," said she, "I am only living for Paul; when he goes I am ready to go too. Oh! I watch those eyes and then I watch that heart till he wonders why I stare at him so, but I can't help it. I'm so glad you came; come again, do come again soon, before you go home. Miss, the white people are so kind to me; I don't know what I would do if it was not for them. I am sure I wouldn't be here."

But our poet is gone, his last poem is written, his last grasp of the hand has been felt. Where he erred may we do right and where he bettered mankind may we emulate him. Let us not weep for him but as he requests in his poem:

"When all is done, say not my day is o'er,
And that thro' night I seek a dimmer
shore;
Say rather that my morn has just begun,
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,
When all is done."
Chambersburg, Pa.

Leander Clark College.

IT WILL require some time to become familiar with this new name which comes to us as the successor to the name Western College. But any of our colleges could afford to change its name in consideration of a clean cash endowment of \$150,000.

That was a jubilant occasion when the College and its friends met to celebrate the securing of this endowment fund. There were speeches, and music by the College quartet and band, the addresses being punctuated by college yells and rounds of applause.

Hon. Leander Clark offered this College \$50,000 if it should raise \$100,000 for endowment. Later Andrew Carnegie was interested in the matter and offered one-half of the \$100,000. President Kephart and his assistants then went to work and the liberal-hearted people of our Church put down \$50,000 in cash, and Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Clark paid over their subscriptions.

The walls of the College will bear several interesting tablets in recognition of special gifts. One will express appreciation to Mr. Carnegie. Another will have this inscription:

"Erected to the memory of Jennie McIntyre Fletcher, in grateful recognition of the donation by her parents, Daniel and Jane McIntyre, of Ten Thousand Dollars toward the endowment of the Chair of English in this institution 1905."

The chair of English shall hereafter be

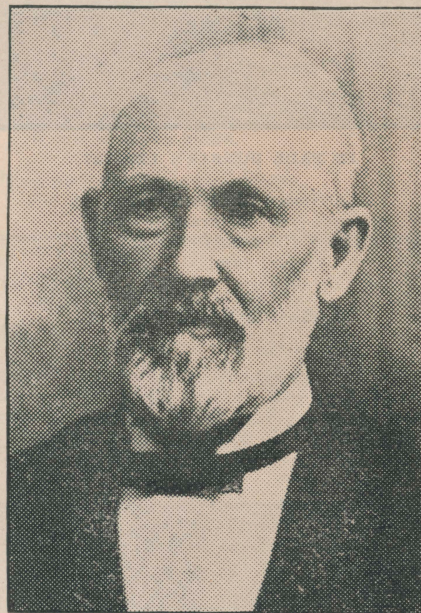
known as the "Jennie McIntyre Fletcher Chair of English."

The chair of chemistry and biology has been named the "Shambaugh Chair of Chemistry and Biology," in recognition of donations by the Shambaugh Brothers, of Booneville, at different times, of sums aggregating at least \$19,000.

Two marble tablets will be erected, one in recognition of donations by Mr. Solomon Lichtenwalter aggregating at least \$8,000, and one in recognition of donations by Mr. W. F. Johnston aggregating a like amount.

Our young people will be interested in a little information about Leander Clark, whose gift has done so much for the college.

Leander Clark was born at Wakeman, Huron County, Ohio, July 17, 1823. His boyhood days were spent on the farm with his parents. The training for a busy and successful life was begun in the public schools and later supplemented by a period of study at the Academy of Oberlin College. In 1849, with a party, he started across the plains and arrived at Sacramento, after a journey of seven months. In 1852 he returned to the States by way of the Isthmus of Panama and came to Tama County, Iowa, where he has since resided.



HON. LEANDER CLARK.

Mr. Clark was elected Justice of the Peace in 1855 and Judge of Tama County in 1857, which office he held four years. In 1861 he was sent to represent Tama County in the General Assembly. When the call for volunteers came, he resigned and enlisted as a private in the 24th Iowa Infantry. He was elected captain of Company E. In October, 1862, the regiment went into the field and Capt. Clark accompanied it for nearly three years, participating in almost all engagements. In September, 1864, he was promoted and as major continued with his regiment until January, 1865, when he was made lieutenant colonel. At the battle of Champion Hill, (Miss.) he was wounded in the face by a small ball. He also received a slight wound at the battle of Winchester, (Va.). In August, 1865, at the close of the war he was mustered out with his regiment. Major Clark bears the reputation of a brave soldier and officer.

On his return to civil life he served another term in the legislature and in 1866 was appointed Indian Agent for the Sac and Fox Indians. Major Clark was for

many years president of the Toledo Savings Bank, and has been intimately connected with the commercial growth of his section of the country.

Temperance Among Engineers.

Warren S. Stone is the Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. In an address recently made before a local division of engineers, Chief Stone declared that sobriety was now a necessity among the engineers, and he urged upon his hearers the truth that a man can't be a good engineer and a good citizen if he indulges in drink. He also declared that as their chief, it would be the crowning pleasure of his life if every member of the order were to become a member of some Christian church. In the course of his remarks he said:

"There is a standard that we may well follow which was set by our good old chief, Arthur, who never could find Brotherhood men so good but that he wanted them to be better. It was said of him that he was a temperance crank, and it is now said that Stone is a fanatic."

"The engineer should live the best life possible. He can't be a good engineer and a good citizen if he indulges in drink. Some men have said that it is nobody's business what they do off duty. I say it is just as important that a man leave drink alone when he is away from his engine as when he is at the throttle. Were I an employer of engineers no man could enter the employ who takes liquor of any kind."

The Seat of the Scornful.

In describing "The Old-Time Revival," in the March Everybody's, Eugene Wood offers the following convincing picture of a phase of boyhood:

"The rearmost bench of all is the seat of the scornful, the boys with long white crooked hairs sparse upon their chins, with Adam's apples that bob up and down on their throats; boys with quacking voices; boys that can chew tobacco without breaking out all over in a cold sweat; boys that have graduated beyond 'Gosh!' and 'Jeemses Rivers!' and are now clumsily trying others expletives, not without a vague fear of being struck by lightning. They're all smart boys. Nobody could possibly know as much as they do. You couldn't fool them, betch life. You couldn't get around them none, and tole 'em up to no mourners' bench. They know too much. And just to show the real manly spirit and spunk they have, all the time the preacher is telling about this place of the four D's, they are scuffling with each other in their hobbledohoy way, pinching, tickling, and cackling with laughter. Afraid? No, siree, Bob! Neither is the man afraid that whistles going through the graveyard after dark. But just the same they sit close together, for there is something, they don't know what, that draws them to these meetings, something that fascinates, something they are afear of because it is not of earth. If they were separated, one from the other, they know that it would get them. Wait but a little and you shall see it. What? Can it be seen? Can one see the wind that shakes the wheat field?"

Points from Uncle Ephraim.

Work comes befo' de wages.
De sharpes' briers has de purties blossoms.

Stovepipe hat an' white tie don't make de bishop.

Lub fills de cabin but not de dishes.

Dreamin' of 'possum widout settin' de trap ain't goin' ter ketch breakfus'.

Rabbit finds trouble when he gits prouder ob his big ears dan ob his long legs.

BIBLE STUDY DEPARTMENT.

REV. EDWARD S. BOWMAN, A.M., SUPT.

Keys to the New Testament.

Introductory.

To many Christian young people, the Bible is doubtless an uninteresting and unintelligible book. Were we to ask them the question Philip asked the Ethiopian, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" (Acts 8:30) they would answer as did he, "How can I except some one should guide me?" (Acts 8:31). With the hope of guiding the young Christian, pointing out the meaning of each book and its aim, the superintendent of the Bible Study Department of the Y. P. C. U. has arranged with the Watchword editor for a series of articles under the general subject, "Keys to the New Testament."

Each of the twenty-seven books, written by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, has a separate and distinct message from the Lord, and if we shall find the right key for each book, they will open to us and give the reader an insight into the book, which will not only be intelligent, but both interesting and inspiring. It is not the purpose of the writer to explain the text, but to give the key thought, key verse, and the divisions of each book, so that the reader can carry in mind the thought purpose of the book as chapter after chapter is read.

It is to be feared that many read their Bible as Mr. Moody use to say he hoed corn, so poorly that he always stuck a stick where he left hoeing in the evening so he might know where to commence in the morning. The main thought of a book will be poorly gained by reading a small portion at a time. It is hoped that these papers will inspire the reading of a book at one sitting, for there is a charm which comes to our Bible reading in so doing that can come in no other way. There are only a few long books in the new Testament and the longest of these can be carefully read in from one to two hours. Most of the books can be read in less than fifteen minutes. It is the desire of the writer to make these articles so helpful that many of the readers will paste them in front of each book in their own Bible.

The new Testament is not one book but twenty-seven short books by at least seven different writers. There is not only perfect harmony throughout but progress of doctrine. "Truths, found in germ in the Gospels, are historically illustrated in the Acts, doctrinally unfolded and applied in the Epistles, and symbolically presented in the Apocalypse." The Gospels give us the person and work of Christ. In the Acts we have the person and work of the Holy Spirit in establishing the church. In the Epistles we have an application of Christ's teaching and work as related to the life and growth of the believer. In the Revelation we have the consummation of God's plan and work through Christ and the church. Titus 2: 11, 12, 13 may be said to be the whole new Testament—Gospels, Epistles, and Apocalypse—in miniature.

Harrisburg, Pa.

Marcus Whitman.

Lesson IV., "Heroes of the Cross."

PROGRAM AND SUGGESTIONS BY G. W. ARNOLD

"My death may do as much good in Oregon as my life can."—Marcus Whitman.

The devotional spirit should be made prominent, carefully guarding against any tendency to mock piety. Prayers may be called for at intervals as the nature and spirit of the meeting may permit. A list of persons for whom prayer has been asked may be kept and read at the beginning of

the meeting. The study class should resolve itself into a praying band, praying definitely and fervently for missionaries, for money, for volunteers, for the Church, for the missionary interests of the Church, for the Young People's society, and Sunday school, and for each other, and those with whom the class is working. The growing interest of the study class will depend largely upon the papers on the special topics assigned. Avoid long, dry essays. It is better to have four or five boiled down, and sizzling hot papers of three minutes, on different subjects than one paper of fifteen minutes on one subject. In preparing the paper at home use a separator freely and bring to the meeting the real cream and read it fluently and effectively. The class should carefully avoid a tendency which may arise to become merely a social club. Yet it must encourage the social spirit, and must be free from stiffness and restraint. The spirit of mutual interest and helpfulness should prevail throughout the study. The best place for the class to meet is in a private home and the best way to recite the lesson is around a table with the leader or teacher at the head. You will find that a blank book in which the programs, outlines, assigned topics, and other items of interest and work is recorded will be very helpful at present and invaluable after the study has closed. Don't neglect the personal missionary work during the study of the lives and work of these heroes. It is wonderful what God can do with one thoroughly consecrated man or woman. Keep constantly before God the Christian's committal, "Here am I, send me?"

Meet ten minutes before the time for beginning the study if you can for social talk, introducing and recording new members and relating experiences in personal work.

PROGRAM.

1. Prayer. (Five minutes.)
 2. Scripture reading (Gen. 12:1-8). (Three minutes.)
 3. Prayer. (Three minutes.)
 4. Review. (Eight minutes.)
- Seek to bring out at least three leading lessons in each preceding lesson.
5. Questions and answers on the present lesson. (Pages 169-171.) (Fifteen minutes.)
- If the time will not permit the answering of all these questions in detail, the leader should select the most important ones.
6. Assigned topics for papers. (Twelve minutes.)
 7. Personal reports. (Eight minutes.)
- (1) Time given. (2) Homes visited. (3) Persons spoken, or written to. (4) Difficulties. (5) Apparent results.
8. Assignment of topics for lesson V. (See pages 255-6.) (Three minutes.)
 9. Closing. (Three minutes.)
- Ask the class to each indicate what, in their judgment, was the most important achievement of Dr. Whitman.

BIBLE READING.

Through the Psalms.

For the Quiet Hour.

BY REV. J. G. HUBER,

President of the Y. P. C. U.

Readings for March 11-17.]

MARCH 11. *Like the Palm Tree.* Psalm 92. The most striking objects is an eastern country, especially in the deserts, are the tall, straight, stately, and green-topped palm trees. The thirsty traveler is sure of springs of water near them and they bring forth most abundant fruit in old age. Are we like that in righteousness, growth, and fruit bearing? Are we like the mighty cedars of Lebanon for strength? To be planted right; to grow in the graces is to

flourish in glory. Blessed promise for his saints!

MARCH 12. *Unspotted Apparel.* Psalm 93. Our God is clothed with majesty and strength. His throne is established and the waves of evil cannot touch or stain it. Fashions change but the garments of holiness always become the child of God. Is it not strange that the humbly clad Galilean is popular with people of all lands and centuries? When did clothes ever make the man or woman? Would we not better be concerned chiefly about the raiment of piety and holiness? Should we not daily strive to keep our garments unspotted from the world?

MARCH 13. *Presuming Against God.* Psalm 94. Is not this a sin of our day? We flatter ourselves that God does not know or care, or that we shall somehow escape. Is not this running a fearful risk? Is it not gross impiety? May God forbid that my soul should fall into this sin, that I should ever enter into a conspiracy against goodness and justice. Though he tarry yet God will come and recompense for evil.

MARCH 14. *Grieving God.* Psalm 95. What can grieve him more deeply than a heart unthankful, insincere, and hard? How can we treat him thus? May he not reasonably expect far more from us than from ancient Israel just escaped from cruel bondage? Has he not done far more for us than for them? "O come, let us sing unto the Lord."

MARCH 15. *Out of a Full Heart.* Psalm 96. Surely the Psalmist had a rich experience and this is a glorious expression of it. Thrice we are here called upon to sing, sing, sing. Sing about what? Our Creator Savior, King. Our wonderful salvation and speedy and final deliverance. Should not an offering go with our singing? Yes. God requires an offering of prayer and praise and the tithe, a broken heart and a total consecration of ourselves to his service.

MARCH 16. *Sowing the Light.* Psalm 97. Not sowing in the light but sowing the light itself. What strange and wonderful seed! The man of light, the sower, was more strange and wonderful still. He is even now sowing and when the good man is overtaken with darkness how suddenly and mysteriously the light springs up. How his heart is strengthened and his face brightened in his trouble. As in the wilderness journey so ever with God's people, the pillar is a cloud of shade by day and a mass of light by night to guide them into endless day.

MARCH 17. *A Greeting to the King.* Psalm 98. This was David's welcome to the Messiah. In Luke first chapter we have Mary's song of praise. Then we know how the angels sang and the shepherds ran, and the wise men worshiped and poured out their gifts. His mercy and salvation are for all nations. All nature and all instruments of music may be used to join the voices of all nations to sing forth his praises and celebrate his triumphs. Oh, my soul join thou heartily in this great glad chorus.

Went About Doing Good.*

What did this supreme Man do with his life? He went about doing good. He spent it in the service of the criminal, the vicious, the outcast, the vast weltering masses of abandoned humanity. He took his life, with its superlative wisdom and goodness from his baptism to his crucifixion, and gave it in one continuous sacrifice in attestation of his sense of the worth of the human soul. The life of Jesus was equally his offering to the Infinite and his tribute to the dignity of man.—S. A. Gordon.

*Sunday-School Lesson for March 18, "Review for the First Quarter." Golden Text, Matt. 4:23.

THE WATCHWORD

H.F. SHUPE, Editor. W.R. FUNK, Publisher.

DAYTON, OHIO, MARCH 6, 1906.

Missionary Courage.

The very mention of the name of Marcus Whitman arouses missionary zeal if one knows the story of his life. He, a true herald of the Cross, never stopped for toil or hardship, but forged ahead into the great West, even to Oregon. Read the following heroic attempt to reach Oregon with no bridges, no railroads, no roads, but step by step the goal was attained. In the chapter in "Heroes of the Cross," given to this forerunner of Christ's gospel, this account is given: "At the North Fork of the Platte River, where they were to cross the fording, the quicksand bottom seemed to form an insurmountable barrier. The drivers would not attempt to cross. Then Dr. Whitman's sense and courage prevailed. Those who heard Dr. Whitman at the North Platte River bid the emigrants throw away their skin boats prepared for crossing and saw him for three days crossing and recrossing that wide stream, swimming his horse to find the best ford, and at last heard him order the teams and wagons to be chained together and driven in one long line across the ford for two miles, cheering the drivers, permitting not a moment's halt, lest they should sink in the quicksands, will never forget the man and the deed."

The Village Church.

The pastor of a village church told me that the year had been a good one. About thirty young people had been converted in a gracious revival and had joined the church. A good Young People's society had enlisted them in its work and the Sunday school had in its membership the people of the church homes. But with all the success of the year's work there had been no increase in membership. "At least twenty members have left the community," said this pastor, "most of them going into Hamilton, Cincinnati, Middletown, and Dayton. The president of the Young People's society went to town to live. Five of our families have moved away."

That story is the story of hundreds of other villages. Is it worth while to keep up the struggle in these villages and rural churches? Indeed it is!

The best members in the city congregations, the pillars in the churches, are from the rural communities. That is one reason why it is worth while. The saving of the young people in the country, their training in religious things, contribute greatly toward the saving of the city.

True, the city pastor gets the credit for growth in his church membership, while the country pastor appears at a disadvantage, but the country pastor is after all at the source of opportunity for doing good.

But there are other reasons. While the city population will continue to increase, drawing from the country, it should not be forgotten that the larger the cities become the more important must be the place of the country as the source of supplies for the cities. There will be no abandoned farms and depopulated country districts in the future. It is of supreme importance that the country church and the country school be perpetuated and maintained at their best.

A new book on this subject has just appeared. "The Country Town" is its title. It deals with the whole subject of the changing populations, but the practical value of the book lies in its treatment of the questions connected with the maintenance of the country and village church.

Referring again to the case cited above, when I drove into the village referred to, there were three churches there. A half dozen teams were hitched about each of two of them, so close that the neighbors chatted together while tying their horses. The third church held services at another time in the day.

What are the rural districts doing in the way of maintaining schools at an elevating standard? They are establishing central schools, combining the districts and providing conveyances for taking the pupils to the central graded school. If for intellectual training this is found advantageous, why should not the churches combine in country towns, that they may increase their facilities and effectiveness? That is a question worth thinking about.

In the mean time, continue to make your church, whether standing alone in the country, or one of several in the village, the best church possible. Support it, attend its services, make it a power. It is worth while.

Sam Hadley.

"My poor bums—my poor bums—who will look after them!" These were the last words of a man who had been a bum himself, but who rescued from the gutter many unfortunates of that class. Samuel Hopkins Hadley, or Sam Hadley as he was more familiarly called, went to his reward after twenty years of service for the lowest of his fellow beings as superintendent of the Water Street Mission, New York, commonly called the Jerry McAuley Mission.

Mr. Hadley was an Ohioan by birth and a descendant of Johnathan Edwards, the great New England preacher. While a medical student he fell into



intemperate habits. The saloon helped to drag him down, and he abandoned his studies and became a professional gambler. After fifteen years of dissipation he was a human wreck. One night he staggered into Jerry McAuley's Mission. He called upon God. God converted him. He became a new man, and during the rest of his life his testimony was clear and strong.

His conversion and the love and power of God was the great message he gave out everywhere he went. To hear him was ever to remember him. He was a happy Christian. He had been forgiven much and he was abundantly thankful. He was the friend of every friendless man, every homeless wanderer, every crook, every drunkard, every outcast. His kindness was often imposed upon and he knew it—he had been through all himself, but he was willing to be imposed upon with the hope that in the end the ungrateful wretches might be won to Christ. It was this Christ-begotten love which enabled him to win so many. It was his passion. In his dying moments, the physicians saw his lips moving, and bending their ears to listen heard him murmur, "My poor bums—my poor bums—who will look after them!" He was carried to his grave by men whom he had rescued.

Glad for the Day.

Rev. Z. A. Colestock, a veteran minister of the Pennsylvania Conference, now in the eighties, writes to the Watchword:

"I am greatly surprised and happy to learn of the doings and auspicious result of the Dayton Conference. I thank God that he has spared me live to see this hopeful movement in the direction of Christian unity, as prayed for by our Lord. Let it be 'The

United Churches of America,' with the hope that more may enter into this fellowship; and let all the people say, 'Amen!'"

To Seattle Next Year.

The Twenty-third International Christian Endeavor Convention will be held in Seattle, in July, 1907. This was the decision of the Trustees of the United Society at a meeting held in New York City. Kansas City, Minneapolis, and Los Angeles, presented urgent pleas for the convention, but conventions have been held previously in each State represented by these cities.

Seattle is in the great growing northwest, and the convention will have a fine opportunity to impress itself upon the country.

Shall It Be a Laymen's Conference?

The May Bible Conference at Dayton, will be held May 3-7, 1906. This year it will be conducted by a layman, a man who has been a great leader of men in his denomination.

Mr. J. Campbell White of Pittsburg, Pa., connected with the Men's Movement of the United Presbyterian Church will be the leader. It would be well to make the conference a laymen's gathering.

In this connection we are gratified to announce that Mr. White will be one of the speakers at the Biennial Y. P. C. U. Convention at Greensburg, Pa.

Our Young People's Anniversary Day.

The first Sabbath in May belongs to the Young People. For fourteen years we have improved this day in worship, in recalling our growth and triumphs, and in making a grateful offering to Christ's kingdom.

Through these years the pastors have nobly emphasized the organization, its principles and purposes, and given to it the inspiration of prayer and counsel, and sermons, and we hope they may do so again this year.

The societies have very generally used the program of exercises suggested by the General Union. We surely desire that they may do so again this year.

The program will bear upon our work in Africa and will in due time appear.

THE OFFERING.

The center of interest to us in Africa just now is the Training School in process of erection for the education of a native force of teachers and ministers. This will doubtless be the greatest achievement in material form that our church has ever made on African soil. If rightly managed and directed it will exert a phenomenal influence in the dark continent. Our executive committee believed that the young people of the Church would be ready to help forward this splendid project. As the building is already amply provided for, we felt we might raise a generous sum for the permanent equipment of the school. We all know that floor and walls do not constitute a school. However well built and beautiful, other things are needed to do good work. We therefore propose that our anniversary offerings constitute a sacred fund for the equipment of the Albert Training Academy. Our call this year is for \$1,200. Two years ago our offerings amounted to \$700. Last year they reached \$1,000.

We feel confident the \$1,200 is a mark that is not too high for us this year. Does any one think so? This is to be a voluntary offering and should in no case embarrass or interfere with Branch enterprises. We are so eager that Branches succeed in their own missionary endeavors that we would not place a straw in their way. Yet we believe we can shoulder this straw also and nobody's back be broken. Do we not all say so?

J. G. HUBER,
Pres. Gen'l. Y. P. C. U.

Christian Conduct.

March 18.

Matt. Chapters 5, 6, 7.

CHRIST'S LIFE. III. HIS SUMMARY OF CONDUCT; THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Notes and Helps by Rev. G. W. Arnold.

Daily Bible Study.

- M.—Conduct towards brothers. I. John 3:14-17.
T.—Conduct towards enemies. Rom. 12:14-21.
W.—Conduct towards the poor. Deut. 15:7-11.
T.—Conduct in prayer. Luke 18:9-14.
F.—Conduct in business. Rom. 12:9-13.
S.—Conduct in doing things. Jas. 1:22-27.

Program.

1. Doxology.
2. Prayer service conducted by president.
3. Song.
4. Prayer by leader.
5. Remarks by leader—"The sermon on the Mount."
6. Song.
7. Prayer service.
8. Three addresses: (1) The Gospel of the kingdom (Ch. 5:1-16). (2) The law of the kingdom as opposed to the Jewish teaching and practiced (Ch. 5:17-7:6). (3) The practical way into the kingdom (Ch. 7:7-27).
9. Song.
10. General remarks and experiences on the Constitution of the kingdom of Christ.
11. Personal questions.
12. Closing song and prayer.

Hints for the Leader.

Christ began his work by acts of helpful sympathy toward the poorest, the lowest, and the most helpless. He preached to and saved many of the greatest sinners. The people who surrounded him day after day, as subjects of his grace, were largely such as now fill our infirmaries and hospitals. But he had an object in the bestowment of his healing power upon these sufferers, beyond their relief from pain. By his acts of mercy and love to the lost and wretched he established in the minds of the common people the great truth, that there is love in the heart of God for every miserable sinner, and that no sinner is sunken too low for his hand to find him, or his grace to lift him up, providing the sinner will ask for and accept of his help on the easy conditions of forsaking his sins and turning to Jesus in full purpose of heart.

The Sermon on the Mount has been called the constitution of the gospel kingdom. In it Christ sets before the Jews the true principles of that kingdom, that it requires righteousness and the restoration to righteousness. He exposes the insufficiency of the formal and hypocritical Jewish righteousness; and with divine authority lays down the way into the kingdom by divine grace through obedience to him.

The precepts of this sermon are like the seven primary colors, capable of painting all beautiful lives that can be lived.

Bible Study.

Texts to be searched out at home. Prov. 13:7; Isa. 46:2; Psa. 25:9; Matt. 11:29; Psa. 107:9; John 7:37; Luke 7:35-38; Isa. 57:15; Psa. 37:11; John 6:35; Psa. 13:1, 2; Matt. 7:1, 2; Psa. 73:1.

Measuring Men.

Our Lord's scale—

1. Lowliness of mind.
2. Contrition for sin.
3. Childlike humility.
4. Hunger after purity.
5. Love toward fellowmen.
6. Promoters of peace everywhere.
7. Patient in persecution.

8. A life of trust and obedience.
- The world's scale—
1. Plenty of "spunk."
2. Self-indulgence.
3. Self-assertion.
4. Self-dependence.
5. Love of money.
6. Worry over misfortune.
7. Go with the majority.
8. Have a good time.

The Gospel of the Kingdom (5:1-16).

Jesus had been going about Galilee proclaiming the gospel of the kingdom, the good news that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. He opens the Sermon on the Mount by presenting: (1) In the first four beatitudes, the Strait Gate by which the sinner may enter into the kingdom or return to righteousness and obedience to God; (2) in the second four, the Narrow and Blessed Way of the citizens of Christ's commonwealth in the kingdom; and (3) in the remaining verses, the influence of the citizens of the kingdom in the world, as Salt and Light-bearers, saving and enlightening the world of mankind. If we would estimate character more by the standard of Christ's beatitudes than by what we shortsightedly call "results," we should find some of the sublimest fruits of faith among what are commonly called passive virtues; in the silent, patient endurance, that hides under the shadow of great afflictions. (1) In the quiet loveliness of that patient forbearance which "suffereth long and is kind." (2) In the love which is "not easily provoked." (3) In the forgiveness which can be buffeted for well-doing and take it kindly and patiently. (4) In the smiles upon the faces of the diseased and suffering ones, brightening the sick-rooms more than the sun. (5) In the humble heroisms of the household amid the daily routine of cares, small and great. (6) In the quiet conquests of love too divine to complain or find fault. (7) In restful trust in the Lord and waiting in faith and patience for him. The gift of the gospel kingdom—righteousness—will of itself shine if we cover it not. There is a spurious desire to shine that brings darkness within and around us. It is not "shine ye," but "let your light shine." This light is to shine before men. Good works are the fruit of its action upon the soul. Good works are, (1) the word of testimony, (2) the confession of Christ. The righteousness of the kingdom will confess Christ in everything and everywhere.

The Law of the Kingdom, as Opposed to the Jewish False Teaching and Practice (5:17-7:6).

Jesus did not criticize or belittle the law; he expanded it, showing how it embraced the thoughts and intents of a man as well as his outward actions and words. He brought out the real spirit and intent of the law by exposing its perversions made by the scribes and Pharisees, in an effort to free themselves from its obligations. They limited the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" to simple murder or the death blow, when the true spirit and intent of that law calls for large-hearted and open-handed benevolence.

The commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," was confined to the actual, gross act of adultery, when the spirit of that law is "Thou shalt not lust." Upon this depends the true idea of all social purity, and the protection and maintenance of the family and home on which our society and government rests. Christ is not only the living

gospel but is also the living law. He republished and reinterpreted the law of God in all its truthfulness, purity and sanctity, and taught us its true spirit and inmost meaning by this sermon and by his own perfect obedience. He unfolded the law in its length and breadth, and gave us in this remarkable code, (1) its letter, (2) its spirit, (3) its principles, (4) its rewards, (5) its penalties, and (6) its standards. He came not to destroy the law—Ten Commandments—but to fulfill. To fulfill—that is what the noonday does to the dawn. He so interpreted that law to the human heart and conscience, and so exemplified it in his own incarnate life, as to cause it to be known and accepted by all who will, as the law of life and righteousness. If the spirit and purpose of this portion of the Sermon on the Mount were more continually remembered and obeyed by all true believers they would recommend Christianity to the world far more than they do.

The Practical Way into the Kingdom (7:7-27).

There is one end and purpose in every human life, and that should be put first of all. We were not only made by God, but for God, to love him, to serve him, to praise him, to live in fellowship with him, to do and to live in his holy will, and to feed upon his holy Word. Jesus in this section of the sermon opens the door into the kingdom by his assurance of God's free grace being offered to every one that asks, seeks, and knocks. Although we deserve nothing from God, yet coming to him according to certain simple conditions we are assured of ready and easy access to his kingdom.

The way of access is by the Strait Gate and to walk in the kingdom in the Narrow Way laid down in the beatitudes at the opening of the sermon. There is a Wide Gate and a Broad Way which always beset and endanger us in this world, the Wide Gate which represents false teachers and the Broad Way which means a false profession. It will be well for us to notice the number of contrasts here used—two gates, strait and wide; two ways, narrow and broad; two classes, few and many; two destinations, life and destruction; two trees, good and corrupt; two fruits, good and evil; two things done to trees, hewn down and cast out; two houses; two foundations, rock and sand; two builders, wise and foolish; two storms; two results, one stood and the other fell. Those who do not receive the blessings of the kingdom don't ask for them. Those who have not found pardon or peace have not sought, and those who are outside of the kingdom of God have never knocked for admittance.

The storm-bursts of life are the tests that try the foundation of our faith and hope. Happy the one who can sing in the midst of life's tempests.

Personal Questions.

How often have I read the Sermon on the Mount?

What is Christ's first call to me?

Does my Christian light shine with or without effort on my part?

What assurance have I that I am in the kingdom?

Where do I stand in the list of twos given above?

FACTS ABOUT CANCER.

A new booklet published at considerable expense by L. T. Leach, M. D., of Indianapolis, Ind., tells the cause of Cancer and instructs in the care of the patient. Tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc., and is a valuable guide in the management of any case. It advises the best method of treatment, and the reasons why. In short, it is a book that you will value for its information. It will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of ten cents, stamps or coin.

Christian Endeavor.

Twenty-five years ago in a New England town, there was started a movement that has swept over nations, empires and kingdoms. Like a mighty revival wave it stirred the church in city, town, village, and country place. Under the leadership of the enthusiastic Dr. Francis E. Clark and his cabinet officers, during this quarter of a century, an untold amount of good has been accomplished. For all this we praise God.

One of the forces associated with and flowing from the Y. P. S. C. E. is that it is not denominational. It belongs to all churches. All churches are alike connected with it, and are enjoying its blessings in one form and another. While it is true that we as a church had a few similar societies over thirty years ago, and these were doing splendid work, yet the endeavor organization gave the impetus to enlist the tens of thousands of young people in a higher life.

When, as one of the results of this movement, a young people's mass meeting was held in Dayton, Ohio, about 14 years ago, the present church name, "Young People's Christian Union," for our general organization was adopted. Many local societies choose to be known as "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor." The convention wisely gave that permission, which is incorporated in our Constitution. At several of our biennial conventions there has been agitated the question of changing our general name to that of "Christian Endeavor." This was more definitely proposed and advocated at the convention held in June, 1904, at Winona Lake, Ind. There was a strong sentiment in favor of the change, but it was defeated. We think it should have been done. To turn in as a part of this great army would have honored God and the Church.

Our energetic President, Rev. J. G. Huber, in his report to our last General Conference uses these words: "We rejoice in the inspiration of world-wide fellowship enjoyed by many societies through affiliation with Christian Endeavor." Why not all, every one of our societies throughout our Zion enjoy this fellowship.

Two of our aggressive, intelligent lay-delegates presented the following to the General Conference:

"We recommend that all our local societies be denominated Y. P. S. C. E. and that we adopt the model constitution of the

Christian Endeavor Society with the pledge; that our denominational union be a union of all the local Endeavor societies of the denomination." Yet a minister said that "The majority of our young people are not in favor of anything of the kind." The paper was lost.

When there is so much union in the air, drawing closer together, what helps to bring it to pass more than the joining of head, heart, and body to the Christian Endeavor army? At the Pennsylvania Annual Conference last October, the writer presented this resolution which was adopted: "That we request our Young People's Christian Union to change their name to Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, so as to be in harmony with the work of the United Society of Christian Endeavor."

The time is ripe to pass over into this marvelous movement. In the opening of another twenty-five years, let our Executive Council prepare and bring to the Greensburg Convention next June, a strong recommendation to this effect.

W. A. DICKSON.

Dillsburg, Pa.

Summer Schools.

Many young people are thinking about attending summer schools. We call their attention to the superior advantages of the summer schools of our own colleges. Take Otterbein, for instance. With a faculty of at least a dozen members, with its equipment of the college, with the advantages of low rates for boarding, etc., there are offered six departments of study, Normal, Business, College, Music, Art, and Preparatory. Otterbein students are in demand as teachers. We suggest that you write to Pres. L. Bookwalter, Westerville, Ohio, about the matter.

If you are living within the territory of any of our United Brethren colleges or academies, write them for information about their summer schools. It will pay you.

Department for Branch Junior Superintendents.

MOTTO: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13).

MRS. G. W. KITZMILLER.

DEAR COWORKERS: East Ohio Conference Branch is to be represented at the Biennial Convention, by a good delegation. Listen to a sketch from a letter received from one of its workers: "No doubt, East Ohio will be well represented at the Biennial Convention. I am in hopes I shall be able to go. Have never attended a Biennial, and will cut out our State Sunday-school Convention this year, and take this instead, if at all possible."

Responses from No. 8 on statistical blanks, have begun to come in from Lower Wabash Branch. In sending out the blanks, the superintendent of this Branch, Miss Cora Jordan, also sent each of her local workers a card with name of local Junior society, Branch, and the question in No. 8 on blanks. Each was addressed to the General Junior Superintendent. The first local to respond from such an arrangement from Lower Wabash, is Miss Eva Shoddy, Redmon, Ill.

To-day a letter comes from Miss Pearl Jackson, of Thomas, Okla., asking for statistical blanks and suggestions for work for the exhibit. The blanks and suggestions will be sent Miss Jackson, also her name forwarded to Oklahoma's Branch Superintendent.

Oklahoma Branch has held the Banner for two years. Who will carry it off at the next Biennial? Remember, dear superintendent, that small branches stand on an equality with the larger ones. The Banner will be awarded to that Branch making greatest per

HEAD NOISES
BOOK FREE

HOW TO STOP THEM

A wonderfully helpful book on head and ear noises and how to cure them is being given away absolutely free of charge by its author, Deafness Specialist Sproule, the famous authority on ear troubles.



This book contains medical advice that will be of great value to those who are afflicted with buzzing, ringing noises in the head and ears, or snapping in the ears when the nose is blown. It was written to show them how to be rid of such annoying troubles, and it explains just what causes these distressing head and ear noises. It shows how they are often the forerunners of loss of hearing and how, if neglected, they may result in Deafness. Best of all, it points out the way to cure them absolutely and permanently, so that the ear is in perfect condition and the hearing clear and distinct. Fine pictures of the head and ear passages illustrate the book.

If you want to get rid of your head and ear noises, send for this book and find out just what to do. Write your name and address on the dotted lines, cut out the free coupon and mail it to Deafness Specialist SPROULE, 444 Trade Building, Boston.

FREE HEADNOISES BOOK COUPON

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

cent. of gain. Multiply the number you gain (organize) this year, by one hundred, and divide that number by the number of societies you had last year. Do you not see?

Another thing to remember: If you cannot carry off that Banner, try for the Missionary Banner. This is to be awarded according to the following plan: Divide total amount of money given to missions, by the enrollment of Juniors in your Branch. This gives amount per member. This plan was suggested at the conference of Branch Junior Superintendents at Winona Convention, by Mrs. May Howard, our missionary now in Japan.

Dayton, Ohio.

Indiana Branch Convention.

The next annual convention of the Indiana Branch Y. P. C. U. will be held at Georgetown, Ind. The date is July 24-26. Rev. J. E. Shannon of Marion, Ind., whose work was so acceptable last year, has again been secured to assist us.

W. ED. SNYDER, Branch Pres.

How to Make Money

I have just learned how to make money real fast and easy, too. I have not made less than \$56 a week since I began, and one week I made \$118. Isn't that grand? I am saving my money, too, and do not lose a day. I am selling medicated gloves; they are easy to sell, being so cheap, only 30 cents a pair, and they make the hands so nice and soft and are so durable. It is a picnic selling gloves: you do not have to talk at all; people want them as soon as they see them, and many buy half a dozen pairs. Write to the Common Sense Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 121, and they will start you and tell you how to sell, either at home or by canvassing. I have several friends selling gloves and all doing fine. If you want to make \$5 to \$10 a day, try the glove business; you cannot fail, as the gloves sell themselves. I am so proud of my success that I cannot keep still about it. Miss L. A. C.

For Over 60 Years

Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of Mothers for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with perfect success. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all pain, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHCEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. 25 Cents a Bottle.

An Old and Well-tried Remedy

In East Tennessee.

The East Tennessee Y. P. C. U.'s are deserving of much credit in the way they are pushing the Young People's work in a number of places.

Knoxville station has a constantly increasing interest. The members are regular in attendance, and they tell me, also, that their pastor is a great help to them.

Bookwalter has taken up the monthly business and social meetings, and finds them both interesting and helpful. Their pastor, J. M. Knight, is a whole host within himself.

Forestdale Society is doing good work. Her members are ready and willing; still, we need more of God's personal help in our meetings, and ask for the prayers of all our Y. P. C. U. societies.

Our branch convention will meet in August, at Johnson City. Forestdale has had a great loss, which is Johnson City's gain, Miss Sallie Miller having moved to Johnson City, as Mrs. George Brown.

SYLVIA BAKER SMITH, Cor. Sec.

Minnesota Branch.

Any one wishing to communicate with the Corresponding Secretary of the Minnesota Branch, Y. P. C. U., will address her as follows,

MRS. ROBERT CULBERTSON,
R. F. D. No. 4. Rochester, Minn.

New Society.

A Y. P. C. U. was organized at Athens, Rochester charge, St. Joseph Conference, with the following officers: President, Lillian Dawson; vice-president, Effie Heater; recording secretary, Edith Miller; corresponding secretary, Gladys Dawson, Akron, Ind.; treasurer, Jennie Heater. Rev. J. W. Lower is pastor. The society has about 40 members.

Society Activities.

Rev. Stanley Roberts gave a stereopticon lecture on "A Trip on Horseback Through the Holy Land," for the benefit of the United Brethren Y. P. S. C. E. of Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 21. The officers are: M. E. Stone, president and chorister; Francis Hansen, secretary; Arthur Angle, corresponding secretary.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Allentown, Ohio, was organized March 28, 1905, and has fifty-five members. They paid the sexton five dollars and the pastor three. They had a box-supper and made over nine dollars. They also gave ten dollars to the new United Brethren church at Elida, and have pledged twenty dollars for their own church. Eleven of the Christian Endeavorers have been converted this winter.

The young people of the Riverside United Brethren church, Muncie, Ind., gave a most enjoyable surprise party on their pastor, Rev. J. B. Parson, in honor to his thirty-second birthday anniversary. He was the

recipient of a very useful present, showing the love and esteem with which he is held by the young people of his charge. Contests were the feature of the evening, the prize for the most correct answers being won by Miss Cleo Smith. Light refreshments were served.

ORLIE M. MADER.

Society News.

The Y. P. C. U. of Union Chapel, West Virginia, was organized with the following officers: J. H. Linaweaver, president; Mattie M. Dawson, vice-president; R. B. Dawson, secretary; Wm. B. Dawson, treasurer; M. H. Marston, corresponding secretary.

The Herndon Chapel Christian Endeavor society laments the loss of an earnest worker, Hugh Kelley. Beautiful and appropriate resolutions were adopted by the society. W. B. Wamsley is president, and Mrs. Jessie L. L. Wamsley is corresponding secretary.

The Y. P. C. U. at Weston, Oregon, has received ten new members this year. The society is in very good condition. The following are the officers: President, Wilbur Wood; vice-president, Amelia Nordean; recording secretary, Elsie Read; treasurer, Beatrice Wood; corresponding secretary, Josephine Payne; organist, Lena Vanslyke.

The Ames, Iowa, Y. P. C. U. is prospering. The officers are: President, Peter Van Gilt; vice-president, W. H. Doggett; secretary, Joe Doggett. There is also a fine Junior society with 58 members, its officers being: Superintendent, Lottie Deal; assistant superintendent, Laura McCoy; treasurer, Jerry Reynard; chorister, Rena Beckwith.

A Noted Minister and Doctor
of Atlanta, Ga., Has Hit
on a New Idea.

Those who have long doubted whether there really is a permanent cure for catarrh will be glad to learn that a southern physician, Dr. J. W. Blosser, of Atlanta, Ga., has discovered a method whereby catarrh can be cured to the very last symptom without regard to climate or condition. So that there may be no misgivings about it, he will send a free sample to any man or woman without expecting payment. The regular price of the remedy is \$1.00 for a box containing one month's treatment.

The Doctor's remedy is radically different from all others, and the results he has achieved seem to mark a new era in the scientific cure of catarrh, foul breath, hawking and spitting, stopped-up feeling in nose and throat, coughing spells, difficult breathing, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis and the many other symptoms of a bad case of catarrh.

If you wish to see for yourself what this remarkable remedy will do, send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 459 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., and you will receive the free package, and an illustrated book.

Literature.

The Country Town.

Here is a subject that interests a large number of Watchword readers. The problem of the social and religious welfare of the rural districts is one of vital interest. The author of this book fully and authoritatively goes over the industrial and social changes taking place in the country towns and rural regions through the trend of population to the cities. The cause of this movement to the manufacturing and business cities, and the consequent result on the country is an interesting study. The book presents a hopeful view of the case. The country is in no danger of being depopulated;

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Cout, Lumbago, Sciatica, when drugs and doctors fail to cure you, write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy which cures me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 30 years standing. This is no humbug or deception, but an honest remedy which you can test without spending a cent. Address:

John A. Smith, Dept. 25,
306-308 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

3 ROSES FOR 10¢

Frances E. Willard, pure white. Magnifico, deep red. Wm. Asker, bright pink. The above roses, strong plants on their own roots, not mere slips, sent prepaid for 10c. Guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition. Will bloom this summer. Tell your neighbors about this wonderful offer. Order them to-day.
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8 Price-winning Chrysanthemums, 25c.
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The above three collections mailed prepaid for 50c. Catalogue of all kinds of roses, plants, bulbs and seeds sent free.

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256 pages, cloth, \$25 per 100; 30c. each by mail.
A returnable copy for examination will be mailed on request.
Published by the publishers of the famous "Gospel Hymns,"
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago.

the larger the cities, the more must the soil be made to yield sustenance.

How to preserve the church and the school in the rural communities, and increase their effectiveness, is the main purpose of this book, which we hope our country pastors may read.

Additional reference to this book shall be made in the Watchword.

By Wilbert L. Anderson. Introduction by Josiah Strong. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York City. Price, \$1.00 net. Order from the U. B. Publishing House, Dayton, Ohio.

The Development of the Sunday School.

How the live Sunday-school worker would delight to go through this book, with its four hundred pictures! And all may, for it costs but 50 cents—66 cents if sent by mail—and it is a big book of 732 pages. Of course it costs much more than the price named, but the leaders in the Sunday-school world want to distribute 100,000 copies. More than 10,000 have already been sold, and another 10,000 have been printed.

The book gives the development of the Sunday school from Robert Raikes's time to the last International Convention. It has 125 contributors, among whom are Bishop Vincent, Dr. Hurlbut, Prof. Brumbaugh, Dr. Hamill, Dean Sanders, Robert E. Speer, Charles G. Trumbull, Dr. Levi Gilbert, Dr. W. H. Geistweir, Dr. Blackall, Dr. Hazard, President Sherer, and Rev. Carey Bonner. The four hundred pictures have wide interest. It is a handsome book, and is a veritable encyclopedia of Sunday-school matters.

Send orders to W. N. Hartshorn, Chairman International Committee, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

By the faithful plying of the shuttle of daily duty we weave white raiment for the soul.—Mary A. Stafford.

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UNCLE HARRY'S COLUMN

The first letter this week is from a Junior whom all of you would be pleased to know personally. Just note his age and read how he turns first to our column. Here is the letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I wonder if the children who read the Watchword can guess why a boy in his 82d year, always turns the first thing to see what the boys and girls have written from week to week? Well, I think lots of them, and there are lots of them to think about. They are real soon to take the places and carry the loads which we older boys and girls are to lay down. Then I have quite good hopes that they can and will do better work in the world than we have been able to do. So I rejoice at their so soon and so earnestly beginning in the work. May all keep at it, and thousands of others join the ranks.

J. G. BALDWIN.

Akron, Ohio.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: As I have never seen any letters from our Sunday school I thought I would write one. I live on a farm. Last fall we built us a new house. The place where I go to Sunday school is three miles from Grenola. My papa is superintendent. I have one brother and one sister. My day school teacher's name is Miss Delia Thompson and my Sunday school teacher's name is Mr. Floyd Seff. We get the Watchword in our Sunday school, and my brother gets the Boy's World. He gets it as a Christmas present. I like to read it.

JESSIE CASTER.

Grenola, Kan.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I am eight years old. I go to the Memorial United Brethren church. Our pastor is Rev. S. B. Wengert, and we all like him very much and think he is a very fine preacher. He comes to the Junior society almost every Saturday. He always explains the lesson and has interesting things for the girls and the boys. Our superintendent is Salesa Westenberger; assistant superintendent, Annie Moyer; president, Alma Capp; vice-president, Katie Leob; secretary, Lulu Deitrich; treasurer, Stephen Moyer; organist, Alma Capp; librarians, David Hollinger, Joseph Gamler and myself. We have taken the Watchword for about five years. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. Our superintendents are John Bleistine and J. Robert Blouch. We are having revival meetings just now and are having good meetings. We have six seekers just now. I go to school every day. My day teacher's name is Martha Poorman and I like her very much. We are having lots of snow just now.

HARRY HIMMELBERGER.

Lebanon, Pa.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: As I have seen no letters from Oblong, I will write one. I am eleven years old and belong to the Juniors. My sister, Marietta also belongs. Our president is Frank Price. I am vice-president. Mamma is superintendent. We haven't had any meetings this winter. My papa is Sunday school superintendent. I attend Sunday school every Sunday. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Lulla Leggitt. My day school teacher's name is Miss Eva Balm. Rev. N. E. Royer is our pastor. We take the Watchword and I enjoy reading the letters from my "cousins" very much.

ALTA CORTELYOU.

Oblong, Ill.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I read the Watchword every week and I have never seen a letter written to you from here. I go to church and Sunday school. The pastor is Rev. W. H. Blackburn. My teacher's name is Mrs. Lydia Wilt. I like to go to church and Sunday school. We have a large school, over one hundred scholars. I am only eight years old and I am in the third grade in the day school. I have several good books. I like books. My teacher last winter gave me a book for going to school every day. It is entitled, "Golden Deeds." I have gone every day but one this winter. I was sick that day. Our teacher in the day school is Mr. Boches. The superintendent's name in the Sunday school is David Marteeney. He likes little boys and girls, and we all like him.

LIEBIE TREVORROW.

Milford Station, Pa.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I am a little girl eight years old. I go to Sunday school every Sunday that I can. My teacher's name is Miss Nellia Jenkins. Our pastor is Rev. Mr. Lea. Our superintendent is Mr. Smith. My day school teacher is Miss Blanche Earp.

HAZEL BAKER.

Forest, Ohio.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I promised you some time ago if my letter was published I would write again. So I will keep my promise. Our pastor's name is Rev. J. W. Miles. He closed a very successful revival meeting a few weeks ago. There were 39 accessions to the church and quite a number of conversions. My two sisters and I united with the church. They are holding union meetings in Jackson now. There is an evangelist here by the name of Dr. J. H. Elliott. They hold their meetings in the opera house and it is filled to overflowing every night. Next Wednesday is their great rally day and there is to be a great Sunday-school parade. I am in the fourth grade now. We are going to celebrate Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays Thursday. I have a recitation; the title is "Abraham Lincoln." Uncle Harry



JUNIORS OF CORBIN, KANSAS.

did you get any valentines? I got 34 at school and 2 through the mail.

ETHEL L. EUBANKS.

Jackson, Ohio.

I did not get one valentine this year, but I am pleased to hear of the happy exchange of valentine day greetings between my nephews and nieces. It is a very pretty custom. I am glad to hear from you again, especially since you have such good news to tell, the news of your conversion.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I am eight years old and I go to day school, and I go to Sunday school when I can. My teacher in day school is Miss Hannah Raugh and my Sun-

day-school teacher is Mrs. Yingling. Our pastor is Miss May Whitehead. I belong to the Junior society. I have three brothers. My papa and mamma and my oldest brother belong to the United Brethren church.

IRENE KENNEDY.

Bellwood, Pa.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I have seen so many letters in the Watchword, I thought I would put one in too. I am the only girl in our family, and I am nine years old. I have four brothers and two are married. I go to the United Brethren church. My pastor's name is Rev. H. A. Shaffer. My Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Young, and our superintendent is Mr. Muckley. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. My school teacher's name is Miss Evans.

MYRTLE FREED.

Magnolia, Ohio.

Gigantic Power of Victoria Falls.

A company has been formed to develop the great Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi River in Africa, as a source of electric energy. These falls rank among the greatest cataracts in existence. The total descent of the water is more than 400 feet. At Niagara the total amount of energy running to waste has been reckoned at 7,000,000 horse power, but the corresponding energy of the Victoria Falls is said to be no less than 35,000,000 horse-power. When utilized, it is thought that this energy can be employed for working a large part of the South African Railway, and that it can be transmitted by cable to the gold mines of the Rand, 300 miles and more away.

Junior Pictures.

Junior superintendents who send pictures of Junior societies for the Watchword should remind the Juniors that it will be a number of weeks before the picture can appear. It takes time to get the cuts made, then about two weeks before the paper appears, and besides these conditions we usually

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57 Washington St., Chicago

THE JUNIOR MEETING.

The Story of a Boy and a Giant.

Topic for March 18.

Scripture: I. Sam. 17: 4-11, 32-37.

MRS. G. W. KITZMILLER.

General Junior Superintendent.

DAILY USE WITH BIBLE.

- M.—The two camps. I. Sam. 17: 1-3.
- T.—The giant's challenge. I. Sam. 17: 4-11.
- W.—David in camp. I. Sam. 17: 12-24.
- T.—David's question. I. Sam. 17: 25-31.
- F.—David's weapons. I. Sam. 17: 38-40.
- S.—The victory. I. Sam. 17: 41-51.
- S.—The story of a boy and a giant. I. Sam. 17: 4-11, 32-37.

AIMS.

Truth exemplified in the life of David. The boy who trusts God need not be afraid of anything that is right.

Thought to be emphasized. David dared face Goliath, because he knew God was greater than a wicked giant.

Work for the little Juniors. Cuttings or drawings,—shepherds, crooks, pebbles, sheep, sling, shield, the tents of Israel on one mountain, the tents of the Philistines on another.

Pictures to impress the mind with the lesson. Wilde, 433, 476.

BIBLE OUTLINE

(for superintendent's talk.)

- David, the son of Jesse. I. Sam. 16: 11-12; 17: 12-15.
- Anointed king. I. Sam. 16: 13.
- Saul's armor-bearer. I. Sam. 16: 14-23.
- Goliath of Gath. I. Sam. 17: 1-11.
- Sent by his father to the camp of the Israelites. I. Sam. 17: 17-21.
- David hears of the challenge of Goliath. I. Sam. 17: 22-30.
- David prepares to fight Goliath. I. Sam. 17: 32-40.
- In the name of Jehovah David meets and slays the giant. I. Sam. 17: 40-51.

STORY OUTLINE.

David, a shepherd boy, called from attending his father's sheep, to be anointed king of Israel. He returns to his work; but his skill in playing the harp leads to his being

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To the people who suffer from weak heart, short breath, pale lips, cold hands, and feet, poor circulation, dizziness, fainting spells, palpitation, weak, sinking, or smothering spells, pain in side, shoulder, or left arm, irregular pulse, sitting up to breathe, swollen ankles or dropsy, etc.:

A word with you. I am a practicing, graduated physician, with over a quarter of a century's experience in treating human ills.

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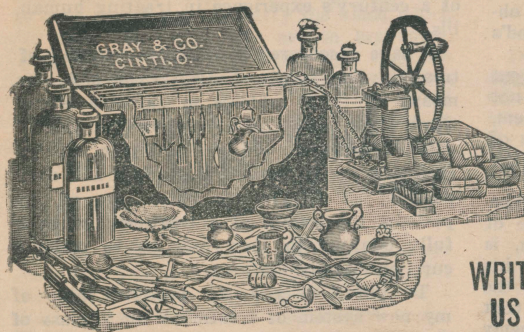
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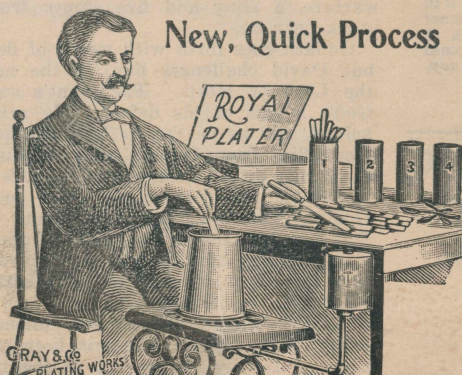


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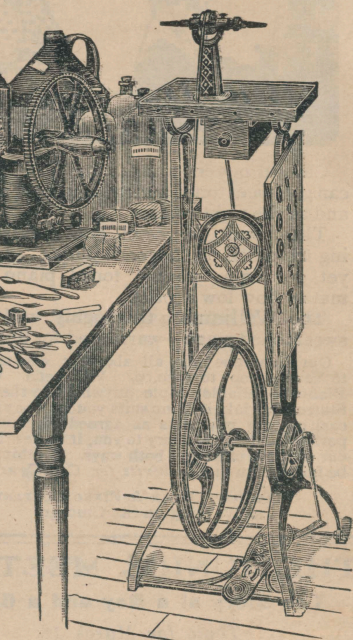
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Why Slave Longer for Some one Else
to make a profit out of you? Remember
your employer will only pay you a salary
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Why not go in business for yourself,
reap all the profits and get a standing in
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In this era every bright man and wo-
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ploy help and to make money. It is just
as easy to make money for yourself as
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If you are making less than \$35.00
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\$20.00 to \$35.00 and expenses weekly
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Revolvers; in fact, all kinds of metal
goods. Heavy plate warranted. No pre-
vious experience necessary.

"I got \$301.27 in two weeks doing plat-
ing," writes M. L. Smith of Pa. (Used
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"The first week I had my outfit I made
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Demand for Plating is Enormous. You
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You can do plating so cheap that every
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Furnish complete outfits the same as we

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To plate 6 teaspoons requires about 3
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We teach you everything, furnish re-
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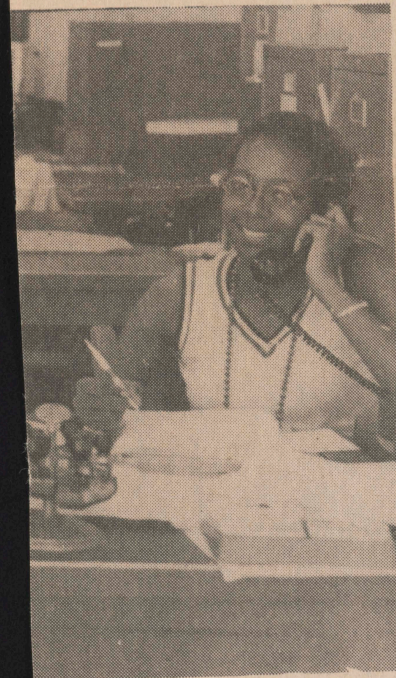
Above firm is thoroughly reliable and will do just as they agree. The outfits are just as represented and do fine plating, and after investigation we consider this one of the best paying businesses we have yet heard of.—Publisher.



The St. Louis Association of Colored Women's Clubs, Inc. at its 30th Annual Convention June 3, 1972 passed a resolution offered by Miss Julia Davis to extend its appreciation of the life and works of this great American poet, by recommending to Mayor Alfonso J. Cervantes that June 27, 1972 be proclaimed **PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR DAY**. This day marks the centennial of his birth in Dayton, Ohio.

Witnessing the signing of the proclamation are members of a special committee: (left to right seated) Mrs. Marie S. Mays,

President of the association, Mayor Cervantes, Mrs. Margaret R. Maiten, representing the State and National Associations. (left to right standing) Dr. Herman Dreer, historian, Mrs. Alma Allen, member Resolutions Committee, Andrew J. Brown, Principal of Dunbar School, St. Louis; Mrs. Felicia Alexander, daughter of Rev. George E. Stevens, Pastor of Central Baptist Church when the poet appeared in recital in our city, and Miss Julia Davis, who offered the resolution.



mer Program is Marsha McFarland's Midtown Gateway Center, cafe and Beverly Mathews. Eight high school students through NYC.



The Stowe School, 5759 Lotus, has been chosen to receive the 1972 Mayor's Beautification Award in recognition of the school's neighborhood beautification and anti-litter campaign. Receiving the trophy from Mayor A. J. Cervantes are Odell Williams (left) and Vanzella Coe, eighth grade students.

and houses sold must meet standards as set out in St. Louis City Ordinance #51637, with amendments ("Minimum Housing Standards") and Ordinance #56091 ("Lead Poisoning Con-

ed as energetic and had a desire to become the top boss of the insurance company rather than just a salesman.

Lashley and Miss Carolyn Collins, his fiancée, had

er, Diane C. Verslues and Diane Wekenborg.

Included in this class are two young married couples, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Hall of Galesburg Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Michael L. Riley of Keokuk, Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Hall were married before entering the school together. Mr. and Mrs. Riley were married in December 1971 during their senior year of training.

The Homer G. Phillips Hospital School of Radiologic Technology will also confer diplom-

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Select Shank Portion

WAS 49c
Fully
Cooked Ham
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Paul Laurence Dunbar Day Proclaimed

WHEREAS, Tuesday, June 27, 1972 marked the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the most famous black poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, in Dayton, Ohio, and WHEREAS, Dunbar, the poet laureate of his race, caught with his pen a glimpse of every phase of Negro life - their homes - the cabin - the field - their labor - and their song - all were recorded for the world in his verse and prose, and

WHEREAS, the St. Louis Board of Education has honored this great American by naming the Dunbar School at 1415 North Garrison for him because of his contribution to American folklore, and

WHEREAS, the St. Louis Public Library and the St. Louis Association of Colored Women's Clubs, Incorporated, and other civic groups have called on our entire community to reread and appreciate the literary contributions of this American poetic genius, now, therefore, I Alfonso J. Cervantes Mayor of the City of St. Louis, Missouri, do hereby proclaim Tuesday, June 27, 1972 as

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR DAY in St. Louis, and I enjoin each citizen of St. Louis to add to the appreciation of the arts that will enhance his own life by familiarizing himself with Dunbar's life and works.



PROCLAMATION ISSUED . . . Miss Julia Davis displays Proclamation issued by Mayor Alfonso Cervantes observing the 100th Anniversary of the World Acclaimed poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, June 27, 1972. The request was initiated by the St. Louis Association of Colored Women and Miss Julia Davis.



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Dry beer is easy beer.

You know how any dry drink is, it doesn't fill you up. Stag comes on per
Sits easy . . . one beer after another.

Stag shows you something great about beer.

Goins

how they had to sacrifice jobs in the Sheriff's office because they

incident that almost caused a major riot out there.

Forrest, R.H. H. Lee



MISS JULIA DAVIS...reads passage from one of Paul Laurence Dunbar poem to interested students.

Jurisdiction 1

Excerpts from State Dinner of
61st Annual Convocation of Juris-
diction Number 1 held on May 27th.
Bishop Wm. Turner State Bishop
Mrs. Ella Bronaugh, State Super-
visor.



RETIRING QUEEN...(right to left)
present queen Mrs. Annie Lee

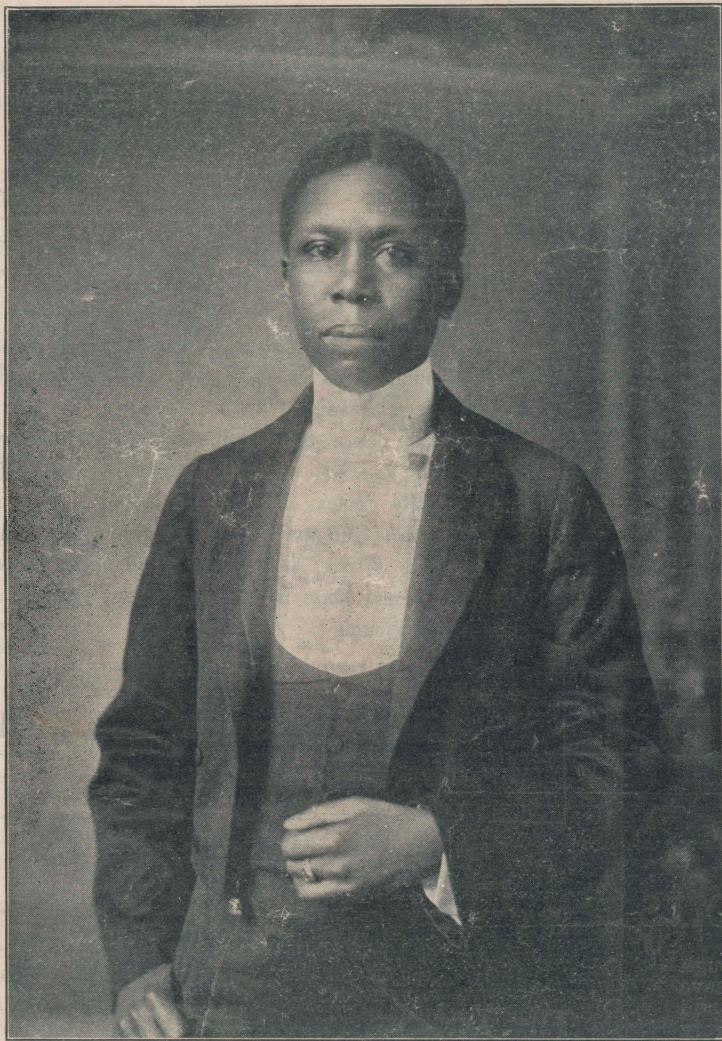


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THE WATCHWORD

FOR THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE SALVATION OF MEN.

DAYTON, OHIO, MARCH 6, 1906.



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, THE NEGRO POET.

ALTON PACKARD - DES.