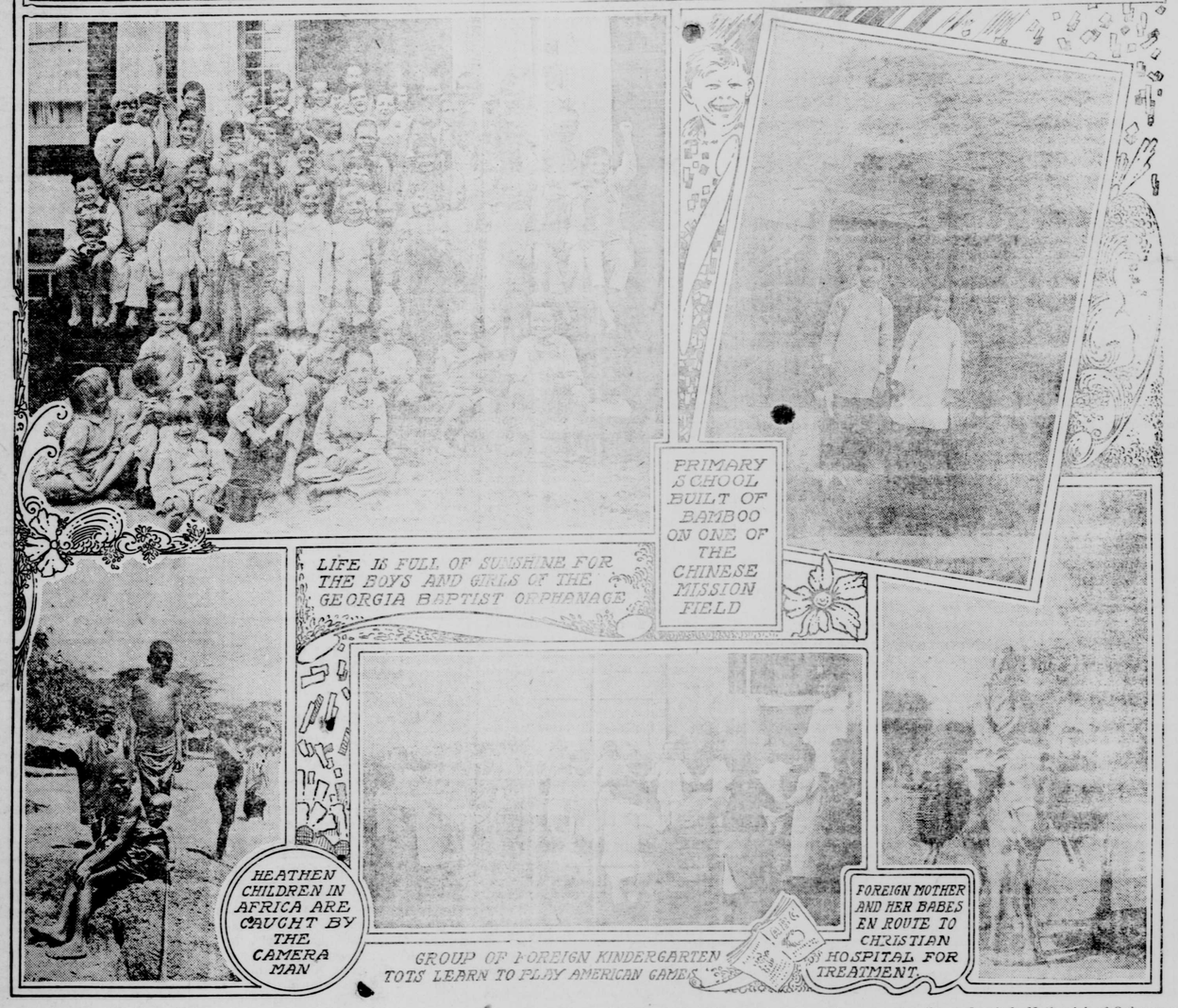
UPLIFTING LITTLE CHILDREN THE WIDE WORLD OVER



By FRANK E. BURKHALTER

Ever feel the thrill from the chubby arms of a little child near and dear to you as they encircled your neck in a fond embrace?

Or look into the beautiful frank eyes of that little loved one and contemplate the possibilities that lie hidden in that soul, or what you would not take in exchange for him or her who bears your name and is bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh?

Then possibly you have experienced something of that divine spirit that prompted the Man of Galilee to exclaim:

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones," and

"It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

And it is the belief of Southern Baptists in giving a large place to the welfare and all-round development of children in the Baptist 75 Million Campaign that they are pursuing a course that has the sanction of Christ Jesus, the proclamation of whose Gospel everywhere is always accompanied by larger attention to the physical, mental, social and spiritual development of children.

First Right To Be Well Born.

Baptists believe the first right of every child is to be well born; that, in the second place, every child has a right to normal and healthful nourishment and physical surroundings during its tender years; and in the third place, every child has a right to an education that is adapted to its needs, physical, mental and spiritual.

But what has all this to do with the Baptist 75 Million Campaign? you ask.

In the first place, while the welfare of the human race is sought in the campaign, beginning with the cooing tot in the crib and including all needy ones down to those far advanced in the evening of life, special consideration has been given the welfare of the little folks in such special programs as doubling the enrollment in the Sunday Schools throughout the homeland; strengthening the weak churches in both the rural districts and the crowded centers of population in order that they may be able to discharge their full duties to the communities in which they are located, thus providing better atmospheres for the rearing of children; enlarging the work of the Woman's Missionary Union and its auxiliary organizations in the training of children and young people in Christian character and service; provision of better schools in the rural districts, especially in the mountainous sections; the enlargement and fuller equipment of Baptist educational institutions throughout the Southland where children as they develop into young men and women can be more adequately trained for lives of social and religious usefulness at the same time their minds and bodies are cultivated; and the provision of Good Will Centers in the large cities and mining and factory districts for reaching not only the children, but helping the parents as well provide better homes and home surroundings for the little ones whom God has entrusted to their care and rearing.

Hospitals Help the Little Ones.

That the children who come into the world with weak bodies, who contract illness or are maimed by accident may have a larger chance to become sound in body and thus be equipped for a larger development, happiness and usefulness in the world, Southern Baptists have provided hospitals in almost all of their states, while under the impetus of this campaign the states which have not made such provisions heretofore have agreed to set aside certain sums raised during this campaign for the erection of modern hospitals within their borders. Indicative of the special interest taken in the welfare of children, special children's departments, with roof gardens and other modern equipment specially designed to meet the needs of sickly, under-nourished and undeveloped little folks may come and under the care of the best children's experts which the cities afford, have a larger chance to attain the normal healthy lives which it is believed God wills that they should have, have been provided in some of these hospitals.

But probably the largest contribution Baptists have made to the welfare of children in the South is in the establishment of the string of orphanages, there being one of these in practically every state within the bounds of the Southern Baptist Convention. And the largest possible provision is being made at these institutions for the homeless tots who have been robbed by the Grim Reaper of their natural protectors. Time was in this country when many people felt that orphans were entitled to little consideration further than a shelter, and for a long time they felt that if children without fathers and mothers were placed in homes where they got food and shelter in exchange for hard manual labor they had been really served. Of course, many childless couples with high ideals were glad to get children upon whom they could bestow their affection and whom they were glad to provide with a real home, but many more instances have been witnessed of persons securing orphans solely for the economic benefit they could reap from the labors of these helpless ones and the situation was neither happy nor helpful for the children involved.

Provide Homes For the Homeless.

In breaking away from this custom of placing children and in providing institutions as nearly like genuine homes as possible, where fatherless and motherless little folks can be developed in mind, body and soul under environments just as wholesome and happy as it is possible to procure, Baptists have been pioneers. Naturally, no institution can have the same environment that a real home, presided over by a natural father and mother, and connected with these parents only by brothers and sisters of full blood affords, yet an approximation of that ideal is had in a number of the Baptist orphanages of the South through the establishment of a cottage system where a limited number of children are placed in a cottage which they call home, under the supervision of a kindly, tactful matron and patron, who study the characteristics and qualifications of each individual, assign him or her to tasks as nearly in line with the actual bent of the child as practicable, and take as large personal interest in his or her problems and development as possible. Each of these cottages has its own garden, flower plat, wood yard and other institutions, affording special individual chores for the children, and except at school, religious services, picnics and the like the children are reckoned with in terms of the individual and the family rather than in those of the mass.

But the Baptist 75 Million Campaign does not confine its interest in children to those of the homeland. There is now in Europe a commission representing the campaign studying to see how this movement can aid most effectively in the reconstruction of that country, especially those portions of it which were devastated most largely by contending armies.

"Twenty million dollars could be expended with economy and high Christian purpose in the care of the widows and orphans of our spiritual kinsmen in Europe who have suffered through these years of war and in the erection of houses of worship, schools and the like," Dr. J. F. Love, chairman of the commission, declared on the eve of his departure, and while it is not contemplated that this sum will be available for this purpose under the present program, it is the settled purpose of the campaign to aid reconstruction in France, Belgium, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, the Ukraine and other parts of Russia just as fully as possible and Dr. Love has urged the Baptists to greatly oversubscribe the $75,000,000 sought in order that there may be additional funds to apply to the European situation.

Uplifting Children of Many Lands.

And the work for the physical, mental and spiritual uplift of the children in Cuba, Panama, Mexico, Brazil, Argentine, Chile, China, Japan, Syria, Persia and Galilee, in which fields, also, missionary work is being carried on by the Southern Baptist Convention at this time.

With the exception of Japan the education of the people has been very backward and children are always the losers where ignorance and supersition prevail. In China, for instance in spite of the rapid progress that has come to that country within recent years, children have little or no chance for normal development except in those homes that have been reached with the enlightenment and love of the gospel. Girls are still unwelcome because of their small economic value, and there are still posted on the preserves of some of the wealthy residents whose estates adjoin the rivers such signs as, "No children shall be drowned on these premises." And the treatment for diseases prescribed by the heathen physicians in some of these countries is worse than death itself.

Shrouded in ignorance, superstition and sin as the lives of the children of these lands are in most cases, the missionaries representing the Southern Baptist Convention are convinced that schools for the enlightenment of the minds of the children, and modern hospitals where medical and surgical skill can heal their diseased and maimed bodies and put them on the road to happier and more efficient lives, are fundamental to the success of missionary endeavor and the moral and spiritual uplift of the people.

So part of the proceeds of the Baptist 75 Million Camaign will go to the establishment of kindergartens and other Christian educational intsitutions, hospitals and homes where orphans can be cared for in the foreign lands. Our missionaries have for a long time been handicapped by lack of money and other facilities. Frequently they have rescued children who have been thrown out to starve and after resuscitating them, given these outcasts a permanent place in their own homes, where many of them have grown into useful Christian workers.

Little Money Does Big Work.

For the sum of $25 a boy or girl can be maintained in one of the mission boarding schools for a year, while numerous native children are maintained and instructed in the homes of the missionaries at a cost of $12 a year.

Ozerinde Nathaniel, of Ogbomoso, Africa, was reared and instructed in the home of Dr. C. E. Smith, Baptist missionary, became a Christian and so ambitious was he to learn that after he had completed the schools in Africa he came to America and entered Virginia University at Richmond, where he took off all honors, at the same time working for all his expense money. He returned to Africa and is vice-president of the boys' academy in his home city.

A day school in China, one of the greatest evangelizing forces known to the mission board, and which is proving the physical, moral, mental and spiritual salvation of the girls whom it reaches can be maintained for about $70.

If so large a work has been done already, why the need of increasing it through the Baptist 75 Million Campaign? some may ask.

The answer is that the work that has been done in the homeland and on the foreign fields is a very, very small part of what needs to be done. The cry for help is coming up from hundreds of millions of helpless children in all parts of the world who need and crave the privileges and blessings of a great Christian civilization such as you covet for the children of your own.

It is to help answer this call that the campaign was launched. Other interests than those of children will be fostered at the same time.

Of the $20,000,000 apportioned to foreign missions a considerable sum will go to sending more missionaries to foreign fields to proclaim the gospel to adults as well as to children; $12,000,000 will go to home missions for its work of evangelism, enlistment, church building, mountain schools and the like in its vast field, along with special work among the foreigners, Indians and Negroes; $11,000,000 will go to state missions in an effort to win to Christ the 13,000,000 unsaved white people within the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention; $20,000,000 will be applied to Christian education in enlarging and endowing the Baptist educational institutions of the South; $4,800,000 will go to the hospitals; $4,700,000 to the orphanages; and $2,500,000 for the relief of the aged ministers of the Baptist church who have worn themselves out in the service of God on salaries that have permitted them to save nothing for old age.

But investment in the salvation of the children will bear larger and larger returns throughout the years because millions of them will live long enough to bless others and to raise up still other children who will pass on these blessings to others yet unborn.

Punctured

By ANDERSON HALEY

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P-z-z-zzp! B-s-s-ssh! With the sickening swish of escaping air and the harsh grinding of brakes the gray roadster came to an abrupt stop. Jack Raynor sprang out and glanced sharply at his front tires. They were unmistakably flat.

"Well, of all the cursed luck!" he exclaimed in dismay. "Both of 'em and not an extra tube or casing. Nothing for it but to vulcanize the holes!"

Then unaware that a pair of startled brown eyes regarded him intently from behind the roadside tangle of bushes, he proceeded to say other things, uncomplimentary things about the road and the people who frequented it, things which it is unnecessary to repeat, but for which he will doubtless be pardoned by the veteran motorist.

For the mercury had already climbed to the "ninety-in-the-shade" mark. Presently, having exhausted his vocabulary, he flung off his coat, collar and tie, rolled back his sleeves and fell to work jacking up the front wheels.

Meanwhile the owner of the brown eyes, sensing the gravity of the situation, slipped unobserved from her hiding place and, berry pail in hand, sped across the adjacent cornfield to the small brown house beyond.

For a moment she lingered hesitatingly in the doorway. Then she disappeared within. When she came out again she was wearing a crisp brown linen dress with a deep white collar, in place of the faded blue calico, and she had on the bronze shoes and stockings ordinarily reserved for Sundays.

"I wonder if I dare," she whispered to herself in suppressed excitement. "But I'm going to, anyhow. It's the least I can do. He'll never guess now it happened. And it is dreadfully hot and dusty out there. Besides," irrelevantly, "he is splendid looking even when he's angry."

Ten minutes later, as Jack Raynor was ruefully contemplating two sharp tacks that explained the flat tires, his attention was attracted by a rustling in the bushes and, even as he looked, a slender girl of nineteen or twenty emerged, carrying a shining tin pail and a basket. His swift appraising glance noted that she was unusually pretty, with shy brown eyes, an abundance of soft brown hair becomingly arranged, and cheeks that glowed pink beneath their healthy tan.

"I thought you might like a fresh drink," she began timidly, extending the pail. "It—it's so warm this morning—and we do have good water—and on the way I picked these peaches—they're just ripe enough to eat," she concluded setting down the basket.

To Jack Raynor, tired and thirsty from his strenuous work, the sight of the sparkling water was indeed welcome. Smiling his thanks, he accepted the pail and drank eagerly.

"I don't know whether you are a wood nymph or just a sort of human angel," he said returning it to her, "but I was longing for a drink, and I more than appreciate your thoughtfulness. I always felt I should know a nymph if I saw her—that like you, she would be all in brown, with a hint of wild roses in her cheeks and sunlight in her hair. Won't you sit down, Wood Nymph?" he added politely, spreading out his coat by the roadside.

"I—I mustn't," she replied, in the same soft voice, "because you see I don't know you and—"

"Oh, if that's all I can soon set you right," he responded gayly. "I'm Jack Raynor of the state highway department. I'm looking up the route for the new state road, and I was getting on pretty well until the Greyhound," indicating the car with a nod of his head, "picked up a couple of tacks. I was just cursing my luck when you came along to prove the truth of the old adage about the 'silver lining.' And I'd much prefer to have company while I repair damages."

The girl seated herself gracefully and watched him with interest as he took out his vulcanizing outfit, affixed a rubber patch, clamped it into place, and lighted the gasoline in the container. While he was waiting for it to burn out he sat down beside her.

"Now suppose you tell me about yourself. Of course I know you are a wood nymph, but even they must have names—otherwise there would be no end of confusion."

"There's nothing very interesting to tell," she replied quietly, her eyes fixed on the flame. "I'm Rose Carey, and father and I live in the brown house over there. He carries the mail, so I'm alone all day. He used to be a school principal, and then he developed tuberculosis and was ordered to stay out of doors, so we bought this little place and came here to live. With the mail route and the garden we get along. I had to give up high school, but he has taught me evenings. Mother died when I was a baby—there are just two of us—and I wouldn't for anything have him suspect I'm dissatisfied. In summer, with the flowers and berries and chickens, it's not so bad. But winters are lonesome—sometimes I just long to see the real world."

For a moment Jack Raynor was silent. Then, to hide the depth of his sympathy, he sprang up quickly and busied himself with the vulcanizer.

"Wood Nymph," he inquired presently, "couldn't you be persuaded to have lunch with me? I brought a substantial one along, and it's only fair to share it with you, since you've supplied the drinks and dessert."

Then, taking her acceptance for granted, he fished out a large box from the rear of the car and deposited it beside her with the comment:

"If you like you may set the table while I finish pumping up these tires."

To them both the wayside meal was a delightful adventure, entered into wholeheartedly and in the spirit of comradeship. Jack Raynor found himself more and more impressed by the charm of his companion and she herself under his approving gaze grew momentarily more radiant. Her face lost its wistfulness and her brown eyes sparkled with fun. He was sorry when, the lunch hour over, she rose to go.

"It's been a wonderful party, Wood Nymph," he said smiling down at her. "I have you to thank for turning my bad luck into fortune—now that I know where you live perhaps you'll permit me to stop without the excuse of repairs. Meanwhile here are the fateful tacks to remember me by."

But even as he laughingly extended them a change came over the girl. She drew back with a little shudder and turned her head away. But the gesture was not quick enough to hide the tears in her brown eyes.

"Why, Wood Nymph," he cried in genuine concern, "what's the matter? Have I offended you? Surely you know that I didn't mean to—I——"

"It—it's not you, it's—oh, you'll never want to see me again when I tell you—I put those tacks in the road myself."

"You put them there?" he repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, be-because I—I wanted something to happen, because I was tired of seeing just the dust of the cars and never any of the people—I put the tacks there this morning when I came out after berries—then behind the bushes I waited—when your car came along I heard what you said and realized the damage I'd caused. I was frightened. First I thought I'd run away, but I wanted to make up a little for what I'd done—so I brought the water and the peaches. When you treated me so like a real friend—I—I couldn't bear to explain and spoil it all, but now," she added, miserably, "I can't let you go without confessing. I'm sorry about the tires, and," fumbling in her pocket, "I'd like to pay for them with my berry money, then I wouldn't feel quite so—so like a—a bandit," she finished, helplessly.

"You poor little girl," he said gently. "Don't you realize I'm grateful to those very tacks for helping me to find you—and of course I can't accept your berry money. But I'll tell you what, you can make it up to the Greyhound, if you like, with your own society, say twenty miles per tack."

With relief he observed that the brown eyes were smiling again.

"You see," he went on, "there's a prospect of running the road through your father's land—naturally that would considerably increase its value. I'll be over to talk to him about it some evening soon, and we can arrange about the ride then. Is it a bargain?"

Offer as it was, the handclasp sent a thrill through his veins. With reluctance he released her slim brown fingers.

"Except that it wouldn't be playing fair, I'm mightily tempted to turn bandit myself and carry you off; but I warn you it will take more than tacks to keep me off this road in the future, and just by way of farewell," he said, climbing into the car—he knew he should kiss her in another moment if he didn't—"let me say that you've achieved your wish, Wood Nymph, something has happened, sure enough, but I'm afraid this time it's a puncture that can't be vulcanized."

Rose Carey watched the gray car until it was lost in the white dust of the road. Then, womanlike, because in her heart she knew the answer perfectly well, she said aloud:

"I wonder what he meant by a 'puncture that can't be vulcanized?'"

Suffering Caused by War.

The name "barbed-wire disease" is found by Bing and Vischer to have probably originated in Switzerland, and it applies to a very marked functional mental disorder. The symptoms, recognizable in most men confined more than six months behind barbed-wire fencing, are severe in about 10 per cent of all prisoners. Increased irritability appears first, followed by diminished power of concentration, and there is much complaint of loss of memory of persons and places. Insomnia is a secondary symptom. Some prisoners have diminished eyesight, many grow suspicious, all tend to pessimism, some reaching an extreme in several days at a time of speechless torpor. Forgetfulness of words is very striking.

CLINIC HAS PROVED WORTH

Organization Established by Boston Firm Well Worthy of Imitation by Other Employers.

A pioneer medical clinic, established 15 years ago to protect the health of 600 employees, and gradually enlarged and expanded until it now cares for a total of 2,700—that is the record proudly held today by a well-known Boston firm. At the time of its organization the medical director was in charge of the clinic in the capacity of director and visiting nurse. Now the clinic is in charge of a practicing physician and surgeon, assisted by three full-time graduate nurses.

During the influenza epidemic of last winter, over 350 employees were treated per day, with only six deaths during the entire course of the dreaded disease. All cases were given careful individual attention and, in instances where no family doctor was in attendance, immediate arrangements were made for medical care.

It is the policy of the nurses in the clinic to advise all employees with whom they come in contact to be insured, an activity which the firm itself handles through an employees' organization. The purpose of such advice is to secure insurance for all employees in order that they may receive its benefits after one week's illness.

This arrangement does not place a premium upon the employees' being ill, and at the same time the clinic cooperates in the matter of insurance.

A dental clinic is in a formative state and, no doubt, will be established in a short time. The plan and method of administration and organization is simply in the making, but it is safe to say that the dental clinic will be as efficient as the medical clinic.

The Modern Hospital, in describing the clinic, says that it has fully proved its value in protecting the health of the employees of this particular company and merits the commendation and imitation of other mercantile and industrial establishments.

HIS WORD OF REAL WORTH

World Would Be Better if There Were More Like This Omaha Business Man.

An Omaha newspaper man has a motor car, remarks the World Herald of that city. Last spring he had it painted. Not long ago the surface began to develop an amazing series of cracks like the "crow's feet" about an old man's eyes. The man greeted the cracks with amazement rapidly becoming disgust. Every time he looked at the car he lost his appetite and his good temper.

The other day the car was taken to the paint shop. Its owner was fully prepared to hear that he had used the wrong kind of polish, that he had let the car stand out in the sun, that anything and everything had spoiled the paint except that the paint itself was at fault.

The painter looked the car over.

"If you'll bring it in, I'll do it over," he said. "The varnish must have been bad."

It was all over in two minutes. The man's faith in human nature jumped several hundred per cent. The sky was clear; the whole world was set in rosy hue.

Here was a man who didn't dodge responsibility, who tried no excuse, who backed his work with his word and made good his word.

Isn't it a pretty good policy?

Loves His Melon.

Watermelons have been high in price this season, but "Uncle Joe" Cannon has gone right ahead eating them. It is a habit acquired by him when he was a small boy in North Carolina.

Consequently the eighty-three-year-old statesman waits each year for the arrival of the watermelon season, and just as soon as the ripe ones begin to arrive Uncle Joe may be seen sticking a big chunk of something red into his mouth. Sometimes he goes at it "coon fashion" and plays a solo with his lips on a long, red slice, throwing away such implements as knives and forks.

Uncle Joe can tell when a watermelon thumps right and knows by the color and general appearance whether the melon is sweet and juicy or was pulled too green.

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