

# Impressions of Our Southern Neighbor

By FRANK YEIGH

Who is our southern neighbor? Uncle Sam, of course—a hundred million or more of him—and her; cousins, neighbors, and mostly and overwhelmingly friends.

Traveling through his big parish—though smaller in area than Canada—one receives many impressions, and, it is hoped, learns some lessons for his own good, while escaping the danger of Pharisaism. Each country can afford to go to school to the other; each has something to learn—and teach, for their common good.

One realizes anew, for example, that the Church is America's biggest business in a country of big businesses. Dr. Carroll's annual flood of statistics reveals marked increases in membership and givings in almost every denomination, and equally a recovery from the setbacks of the war period. The critics who prophesied the passing of the Church as one of the results of the struggle and with, the decline of religion, are having their patience tried, for the Church persists in living—and life. One of the architectural sights of the present-day Chicago is the tower of the new Methodist Temple, rising I do not know how many storeys high, the eye refusing to count them all as the upper ones blend into one. Here, in the heart of one of the great cities of the century, is a giant structure built by and for a Church. The mere fact of this striking pyramid of stone and brick is puzzling to the man on the street who says the Church is an anachronism and a spent force.

Or take the headquarters of any of the leading denominations in the States—the Witherspoon Building in Philadelphia, for another example; or either 150 or 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, as centres of a bewildering array of religious and philanthropic interests. Look at the Bible Society Building in New York, for another visible and tangible evidence that neither the Bible nor the Church of the Bible is a dying concern. In city after city great churches and cathedrals are building, holding their own architecturally with the finest products of commerce.

But one constantly hears and reads that the churches are emptying; that there are fewer church-goers to-day than yesterday, and that the habit is dying out. Truly it is dying out—with some; with those, for instance, who have substituted their Sunday golf game for the church service, or who ease the conscience by giving a share of time to each. Even elders have been known to make this compromise between their religious duties and the clamant need of health, for the church hour is the most healthful hour—on the links. But are the churches emptying? Any individual experience is of necessity narrow in its limits, but it is worth what it is worth. It is a Sunday morning in Boston. Tremont Temple is a big church hidden in the heart of a business block. Entering late, one was shown to the top of the second gallery, where the last empty seat was utilized. At night the crowds made a queue an hour before the time of opening, attracted by good preaching as much as good music.

It is a week night in New York. One revisits the old Bowery Mission. As usual, it is full, although it is a small auditorium. What of the old-time bread-line, one of the most heart-rending sights in a great city? The breadline has shrunk from hundreds to scores, with much less distressful conditions manifested than formerly. Why the change? Prohibition, explains the superintendent.

But that is another story and out of its place. The Lenten season provided striking evidences of the habit

of church-going, even if the old joke is true that some religious folks go to church at least once a year—on Easter Sunday. Two great churches elbow each other in the heart of Pittsburgh. Each was filled for the half-hour Lenten service at noon-day. Detroit, through its Federal Council of Churches, occupied several theatres for noonday meetings through Lent, which were attended by thousands daily. I dropped into a Philadelphia theatre at the same time and found it filled with men and women who looked as if they had not lost the church-going habit from the quick way they found the hymns and the earnest way they joined in their singing.

Speaking of the Federal Council of Churches, city after city revealed the fact that this great co-operative plan taking in its sweep practically all the Protestant denominations, is functioning. In Detroit again its local Council materially helped in the passing of an anti-gambling law in the Michigan Legislature. Perhaps the time has come when Canada should grapple with this and other evils through the same channel of concentrated effort.

That America is not wholly given over to idolatry one has only to study the press of the country—the secular press—to learn. Hundreds of great dailies print a verse of Scripture at the head of their editorial columns; many others ran Lenten meditations through that season; others again give ample space to religious matter and church news. Some editors are surprised that religion has a news value. There has been a rediscovery of the Bible, and the fact that it, too, is the best of copy. There is less of sneer and more of support of things worth while. Even the stage is improving in this respect. Even the offensive caricature of the clergyman (always a Protestant; never a Priest or a Rabbi, mark you!) is lessening.

The religious note is markedly manifest, and more than ever in the past, at secular and social occasions. Speakers at imposing banquets strike that note over and over again without apology, meeting with a response in applause that shows the sympathetic attitude of the diners. Grace before meals is more observed at Club luncheons than possibly in some homes.

And here, again, these modern and popular gatherings of business and professional men in Rotary, Kiwanis, Lion and similar organizations are, in their respective programmes, demonstrating applied Christianity in a most arresting and practical way. It was the Easter week when the writer was privileged to speak at an Ohio Rotary Club. He was asked to bear definitely in mind the character of the season and the day in his remarks. At the table, as one of the guests, was a crippled child, his frail little frame held together by bands and straps. Do you wonder that the men of Ohio and many other States have underwritten a big campaign—financial and personal—for the crippled childhood found in every centre? It was the child in the midst of the gathering, and surely the Lover of Children, whole and maimed, must have been pleased. Indeed, these modern Club men have

a commendable rivalry in good works and sensible philanthropy which is Christlike in its essence.

Nor is it all by proxy. When the officer of a Western Rotary Club showed me his city, after the mid-day luncheon, where do you suppose he motored to? To three hospitals—one for cripples, in which he knew every child, addressing them by name. He had been there before? "Oh, yes," he explained, "I drop in every day to see the poor kiddies and take them something. My wife and I get more fun out of this than anything else we do." Need it be added that, in nine cases out of ten, you find that these doers-of-good are active Church members and therefore trained to service.

I maintain that all the signs are encouraging. I doubt if the assailants of the Sunday are making much headway. In centre after centre there is an active public opinion aroused by this danger. The men in public life who violate the decencies are not holding their own, while those who have high standards are recognized as safe leaders. The moral sense of the people is not deteriorating. The Ten Commandments are still in force.

What of the Volstead Act? Several significant impressions remain, chiefly that the net results are beneficial; markedly so, and after allowing for all evidence to the contrary. Several independent journals, like Collier's Weekly, have sent out experts to report on the working of the Act. This particular one, who avowed himself a wet, gave striking evidence that not only is the law working fairly well in the main, but that public opinion is coming to the point where it will deal with the law-breaking bootlegger. Canada may well take notice. Hospitals, courts, and goals provide evidence hard to refute.

Finally, what would the United States churches, either as denominations or congregations, do without their Canadian leadership? Many of their leading pulpits are occupied by sons of the Dominion, and many an important church official was once a Canadian. Take, for example, the Protestant Episcopal Church. No less than five of its Bishops are of Canadian birth—Bishops Charles H. Brent; Charles Scadding, now of Western Oregon, born in Toronto; Rowe, of Alaska, who has planted little churches all over that possession, and who was born at Meadowvale, Ont.; Charles P. Anderson, of Chicago, and Frank Du Moulin, of Ohio. Oddly enough, all are Trinity College men. Presbyterian churches claim many an ex-Canadian in almost every city, and they are found too among the Christian workers everywhere. The two or three million of Canadian birth or extraction in the United States population represent our loss and their gain, though the account has been to some extent evened up by reciprocity in humans.

### FARMER FLIES HIS OWN PLANE, FALLS, AND IS INJURED

Fell 150 Feet in First "Solo" Flight and is Now in Regina Hospital.

Henry Doucette, aged 33, a farmer of Windhorst, Sask., was seriously injured last Thursday afternoon when he fell 150 feet from the aeroplane he was attempting to fly home. Doucette had purchased the machine for \$200 and it was his first solo flight. The machine was completely wrecked. Doucette may recover.

### SIX FEET OF WATER IN STREETS OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Cloudburst Strikes Nebraska City and Traffic Is Demoralized.—Fatal Floods in Wyoming State.

A dispatch from Omaha, Nebraska, under date of September 28 says:

"With Nebraska in the grip of a violent rain, wind and electric storm, a tornado struck in Council Bluffs, Iowa, just across the river from Omaha to-night, doing heavy damage. It is not known whether any loss of life resulted. A cloudburst struck Omaha and Council Bluffs at 7 o'clock. Water is running in the streets in both cities from three to six feet deep. Street car and automobile traffic is demoralized. Appeals from flooded families were pouring into the fire and police departments.

"A tornado which struck Oshkosh, Neb., to-day, injured a score of persons and demolished a dozen dwellings.

"A fire is reported to have broken out in the downtown district of Council Bluffs, Iowa, a short distance from here, after a tornado had visited the south section of the city.

A portion of the Strand Theatre, which is located on the bank of Indian Creek, is reported to have collapsed, as have a number of houses."

A report from Council Bluffs says four persons are known to have been killed and a fifth is reported to have been killed in the tornado which visited that city the same evening, uprooting trees, blowing down houses and sheds. Four of the dead were killed when their home collapsed. They are a woman and three children. The rear of the Strand Theatre on the bank of Indian Creek collapsed but no one, it is said, was injured.

From Louisville, Nebraska, comes a report that eight persons were killed and thousands of dollars' worth of damage done. The eight dead are members of one family.

Sheridan, Wyoming, reports one life lost and damage in excess of \$200,000 as the result of the flood in Big Goose and Little Goose Creeks which overflowed their banks early in the day. The northern and eastern sections of the city were flooded with two to four feet of water. The flood appeared to have reached its crest in the afternoon, both creeks falling about two feet during the evening.

The rainfall has been reported as "incessant," and much damage has been done.

### WAR-TIME PURCHASES NOW HARD TO CARRY

Mortgage Indebtedness Forces Midwest Farmers Off the Land.

The early nineties covered a dark period for agriculture, both in Canada and in the United States. During the worst of that period potatoes

sold at 25 cents a bag and less, and prices of other farm products were in proportion, cheese selling as low as six cents per pound.

In the Middle States, according to Wallace's Farmer, conditions in some respects are worse now than they were then. The purchasing power of farm products is, it is true, a little higher; but in Iowa, for example, the mortgage debt is ten times as great and the interest burden is at least eight times as great now as they were then. This crushing blow of mortgage indebtedness is the result of the inflation of farm prices in the corn belt States during the war, an inflation that more than kept pace with the advance in prices of farm products, farms in many cases changing hands at \$400 to \$500 per acre. Such prices were not justified even by war-time values of food products and now that farm products have come down to pre-war levels mortgage indebtedness incurred in buying high-priced land involves an unbearable burden on the new land-owners.

There was some inflation in farm lands here, too, during the boom, but nothing like that which occurred in the Middle West, and to that extent agriculture is on a better basis here than it is there.

### CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our sincere thanks to friends and neighbors for the kindness shown during our bereavement through the death of our infant son.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hugill.



**YOUR BOY and HIS FUTURE**

NO one starting out in life ever expects to fail. Youth is always hopeful, but hope alone cannot bring success.

If your hope is to see your boy a success in the world, securing independence and comfort—the vision of so many, yet the attainment of so few—adopt a regular savings plan for him now, and teach him in his tender years the value of saving something out of every dollar.

THAT WAY LIES HIS SUCCESS.

**THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA**

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$519,000,000.



**Cheap Power FROM Good Windmills**

**TORONTO**

**Running Water!**

**When and Where You Want It**

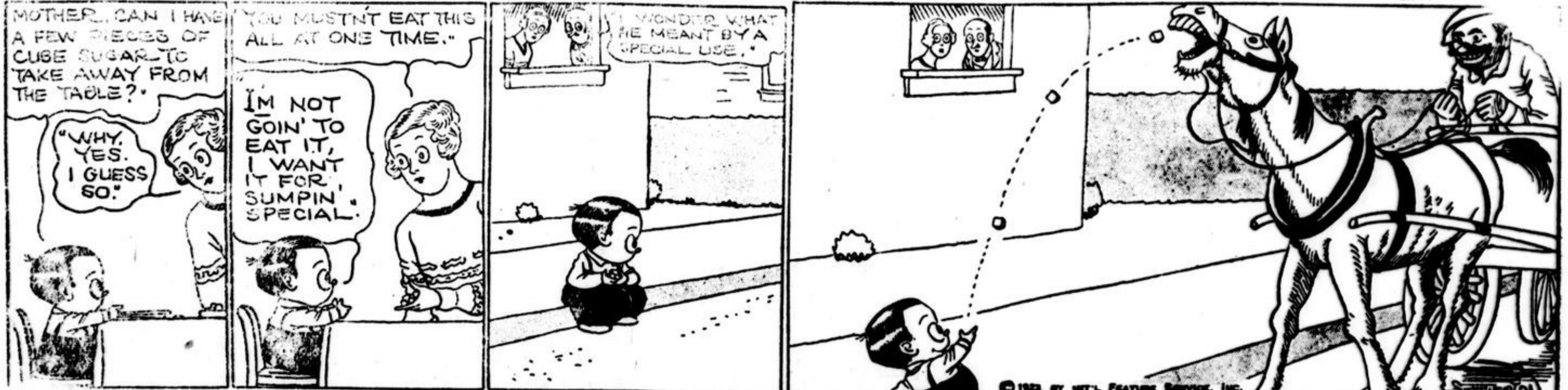
On any farm of average size at least one hour a day—36½ ten hour working days a year—are spent in the irksome, wearying task of pumping water. 36½ days which one of my Toronto Windmills will give you for profitable work, rest or recreation—besides supplying running water wherever you want it.

The one bothersome task, that of oiling the windmill in all kinds of weather, is overcome in the Toronto Self-Oiler, which requires fresh oil only "once a year." Friction and wear are practically abolished. Toronto windmills, too, can be made absolutely self-regulating in operation.

The "Toronto" Tower will stand for a lifetime because it is the heaviest, strongest and best-braced one built for any windmill. Let me explain why I believe this is one of the biggest conveniences you can have.

JOHN SHUTZ, DURHAM, ONT.

### LITTLE JIMMY



MOTHER, CAN I HAVE A FEW PIECES OF CUBE SUGAR TO TAKE AWAY FROM THE TABLE?

WHY, YES, I GUESS SO.

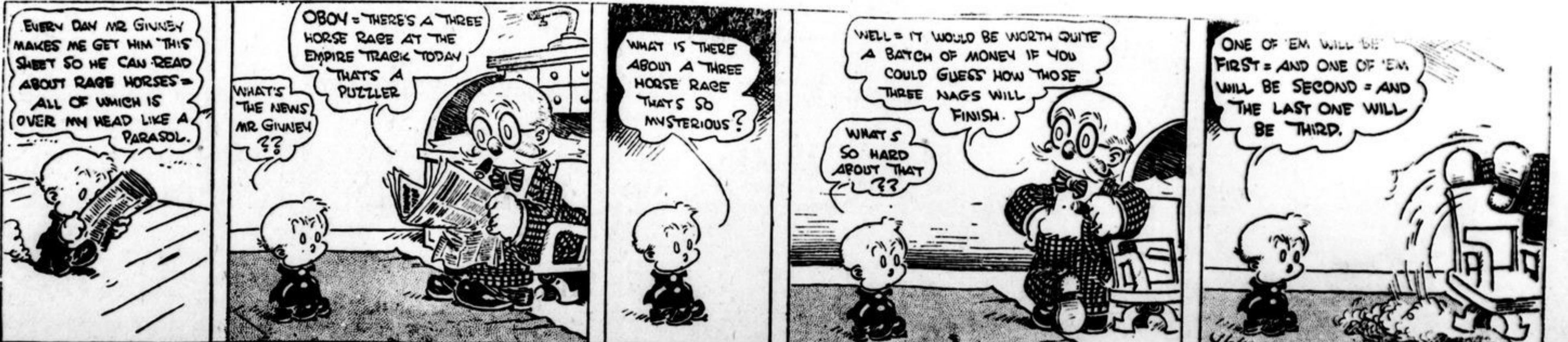
YOU MUSTN'T EAT THIS ALL AT ONE TIME.

I'M NOT GOIN' TO EAT IT, I WANT IT FOR SUMPIN' SPECIAL.

WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY A SPECIAL USE.

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### JERRY ON THE JOB



EVERY DAN AND GINNEY MAKES ME GET HIM THIS SHEET SO HE CAN READ ABOUT RAGE HORSES—ALL OF WHICH IS OVER MY HEAD LIKE A PARASOL.

WHAT'S THE NEWS, MR. GINNEY??

OBOW—THERE'S A THREE HORSE RACE AT THE EMPIRE TRACK TODAY. THAT'S A PUZZLER.

WHAT IS THERE ABOUT A THREE HORSE RACE THAT'S SO MYSTERIOUS?

WELL, IT WOULD BE WORTH QUITE A BATCH OF MONEY IF YOU COULD GUESS HOW THOSE THREE NAGS WILL FINISH.

WHAT'S SO HARD ABOUT THAT??

ONE OF 'EM WILL BE FIRST—AND ONE OF 'EM WILL BE SECOND—AND THE LAST ONE WILL BE THIRD.

**Maltana**

The New Whole Wheat Bread

10c A LOAF

Made in Durham by **E. A. Rowe** Baker & Confectioner