

FIFTY THOUSAND A YEAR TURNED DOWN FOR AN IDEAL

One Night by the Sea of Galilee This Man Fought the Problem Out, Mammon Dangling a Golden Bauble Before Him to Tempt Him From the Master's Work

BY CHARLES W. DUKE.

W^{OULD} you call him a big man who held the reins over an international business concern that operated through 30 central distributing agencies with supervision over some 25,000,000 salesmen and whose specific job was to sell not alone to \$5,000,000 customers here in the United States, but to more than a billion buyers scattered through every niche and cranny of the wide, wide world?

Imagine a given clientele of 1,540,000,000—the population of the world. Suppose you had 33 per cent of these people on your books and that you had high commission was to sell to every single one of these billion souls. Remember that the greater portion of these billion prospective customers have never even heard of your particular line of merchandise.

Look at the field you have to cover in this new endeavor. Eighty million people in central Africa have never had your product offered there. In northern Africa are 40,000,000 more who are using another brand. Jumping over to Asia, you find 800,000,000 men, women and children of whom only a paltry few million are buying your goods. In India, with its 316,000,000 population, you have so far only gotten to 1,500,000. China, housing a full quarter of the earth's population, close to 400,000,000, shows only 437,000 buyers on your books. You are very anxious to get into Japan, where you have booked only 116,000 traders out of a population of 51,000,000.

How would you like to tackle such a job? Do you think it takes a pretty big fellow with a whole lot of courage to take a job that big? Do you think especially when the most of that staff of 25,000,000 salesmen have a good many irons in the fire and work at their jobs with you only one day out of the week? And isn't it fair to presume that the man who could hold down such a job would be dragging down a big mass of men when he was more than making good?

The man who holds down this particular job is drawing the magnificent salary of \$5000 a year. He works 12 and 16 hours a day and seven days out of every 31.1... week in the year. There are slight variations in his making much more money than he does, and yet he is entirely satisfied. In fact he turned down the offer of a big New York bank to become its manager of foreign business at a salary of \$50,000, or ten times what he is now drawing.

He is S. Earl Taylor. Five years ago he was secretary of the board of foreign missions of the Methodist Episcopal church. From a humble farm in Iowa he had gone into religious work from honest convictions and was giving his life to it. Having been graduated from Drew theological seminary he received his ordination ceremonies that would have elevated him to the position of a minister, preferring instead to labor as a layman. From his earliest activities he had conceived the idea of putting the church on a business basis and operating it like any other huge business enterprise.

The Wall-street offer was a tempting bait. With his knowledge of foreign markets, gained through his position as head of the missions board of his church, he could have plucked the \$50,000 salary and more than made good on a comparatively easy job.

Mr. Taylor had a reasonable amount of time to ponder the offer. He was just then departing for the West on business for his church and said he would have his decision ready when he returned to New York. While in Palestine he strolled one moonlight night down to the shore of the Sea of Galilee and sat on the bank alone, looking out over the dark water and the stars in the heaven. In retrospect he went back more than 1900 years to the time when Jesus Christ was on earth.

His thoughts wandered to the hills of Bethlehem and in mind imagery he pictured the night illumined by the opening of the heavens and the shepherds crouching in awe, and a multitude of angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The world was just bursting the bubble of world peace and Mr. Taylor was troubled as he wondered what the problem amid all the vexing problems that crowded the mind of the world.

The tranquil waters lay all unruffled before him, and he thought, too, of a later period of the life of the Master when Jesus, preaching in Galilee, walked by the sea and talked with the fishermen, Simon and Andrew his brother, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother. Through his mind flashed that same call to duty that rang out along these same waters 19 centuries ago:

"Come ye after me, I will make you to become fishers of men." Taylor's problem was settled. He got up from the bank of Galilee, went back to his hotel and wrote a letter to the New York firm declining the \$50,000 job. With it went the motor cars, the fine clothes and the entire into the fine marts of the world that would have been a part of the Wall-street salaried position. Instead, he traveled back to America, imbued with a new spirit of world service, a plan to rebuild the world while the very pillars of civilization were being shaken by the world war to rear a new structure with Christianity as the headstone of pure democracy.

Calling together the representative men of every Protestant denomination in a fair city at Garden City, N. Y., he told them of the remarkable vision he had had by the Sea of Galilee. He pictured virtually the whole world engaged in the most Titanic struggle it had ever known. He told them bluntly where Christianity had failed in setting off such a catastrophe. He visualized with word pictures the horrible state of affairs when the last guns had been applied and the smoke of battle had cleared from the fields of carnage. He drew their attention to the prophecy of the idealists, that out of the war would come a great league of nations that for the future would make all wars impossible.

"But the world cannot be reconstructed by a formula," he told them. "No mere agreement among diplo-

mats can heal the wounds of war. No international constitution, however perfect in its phrasing, and no mere economic revolution, however sweeping in its scope, can bring about the universal reign of peace and good will among men. Such a peace is the fundamental aspiration of every human heart, but it cannot be realized through force; it cannot be realized through government and it cannot be realized through law alone. World democracy can and will be realized only through the practical application of the religion of Jesus."

Mr. Taylor told this ecclesiastical assemblage that the fate of Christianity was at stake and that the churches would fall miserably in the hour of greatest need unless they rose triumphantly to the situation growing out of the war. While they sat transfixed hearing him tell how armies could never raise the level of civilization nor political agreements bring about the millennium of world peace because all the peoples of the earth were not yet viewing the problems of the world through a common point of view, he sketched his plan for world realignment. Not a world revival of emotionalism, but a practical, business-like plan of healing the wounds of the world with food and clothing and then adding facilities for education and democratic enlightenment.

"What will it cost?" they asked him.

Mr. Taylor, the business executive, said his answer: "Five hundred millions of dollars."

They were amazed at his audacity. Where would \$500,000,000 come from when the churches were having their own troubles keeping out of debt? They said it couldn't be done and they

NEAR-BOLSHEVIST REFUSES TO TRY OUT OWN THEORIES

Advocate of Manual Labor for All, Even Members of Professions, Declines Invitation to Relieve J. J. Montague of Chores.

A 27½ bolshevist has been in here, telling me how the country ought to be run. He isn't in favor of putting melinite in Christmas packages, or blowing up children's parties with T. N. T. These things, he says are advocated only by the extremists.

His idea is to get the nation's work done with the least possible effort. At present he says, the many have the monopoly of the hard work, and the few have a cinch on the soft snaps. He wants these divided fifty-fifty.

For example, he says that Douglas Fairbanks ought to jump over precipices and lasso grizzly bears for four hours a day and spend the other four hours of his working day feeding planks into a buzz saw.

After John D. Rockefeller completes his daily four hours of coupon clipping, it would be best for the state if he wallowed docks or walked a police beat for four hours.

It is his belief that the dentist who sells you teeth or the doctor who clips out your appendix should go off watch at twelve o'clock noon and turn their unfinished business

his plans in dead storage and get himself elected premier of Poland."

"True. But do you think the six Brown brothers could lay aside their saxophones and go round delivering lectures on esoteric Buddhism to your women's finishing schools?"

"Sure they could. All they'd need would be a few books. And if they didn't know what they were lecturing about neither would anybody else, so what would be the difference?"

"Then, in your opinion, Jack Dempsey ought to punch the bag in the morning and spell William Dean Howells or Mabel Herbert Urner on their fiction stunts in the afternoon."

"Certainly. The one thing people of Dempsey's class need is to learn to write. The whole state benefits when the individual benefits."

"How about burglars? Would you set them preaching sermons when they had finished cracking a crib?"

End of Burglary Forecast.

"Theoretically there would be no burglars, for everybody would have what they wanted, and there would be no necessity to steal anything. But until the perfect state is attained it



over to the white wing, who has been tiding up Main street.

When I objected to this on the ground that the white wing would have little skill either in filling teeth or digging out appendices, he said that would be as nothing compared to the value of setting up the nation's work on a catastrophe. He visualized with word pictures the horrible state of affairs when the last guns had been applied and the smoke of battle had cleared from the fields of carnage. He drew their attention to the prophecy of the idealists, that out of the war would come a great league of nations that for the future would make all wars impossible.

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would help the burglar to preach and it would give the preacher a useful understanding of the burglar's point of view to play the jimmy for a brief period each day."

"But everybody can't do everything." I objected. "You can't expect that each individual is going to have time in the course of one existence to take a hack at every trade and profession."

"That is quite unnecessary. All that is needed is a change from mental to physical labor, so the burden of physical labor will be divided.

"The lawyer will have his choice of the job of plumber's helper, railroad freeman, millhand, anything that is hard work. That will, in addition to relieving the worker and giving him a taste of the intellectual life, keep the lawyer in line physical trim, thus raising the standard of health, which is highly important for posterity."

"But the plumber's helper that



S. EARL TAYLOR

Who organized the "Centenary World Rebuilding Programme" and whose plan is to carry the wares of the church to every individual in the whole world.

did the old cry of "the churches are always begging for money."

One lone man stood out for his programme against them all. Mr. Taylor went to his own church and after fighting his way from trench to trench had the satisfaction of seeing the "Centenary World Rebuilding Programme" launched. The first thing asked for was money. Money,

money, always the same old problem. The people were tired of giving money. They had subscribed to liberty bonds, war chests, Salvation army drives, Red Cross drives and drives enough to drive the average breadwinner mad. But organizing 100,000 "minute men" all over the country and submitting to their constituency a complete programme for world re-

construction, with a wonderful survey—a marvel of business efficiency—showing the needs of every nation in distress, Mr. Taylor and the Methodist set out to start the ball rolling. When the last subscription had been totaled in it was found the sum of more than \$187,000,000 had been subscribed!

America went forth to make the



world safe for democracy, but Christian forces must now go out and make democracy safe for the world," Mr. Taylor told his people.

How did they start? To spend the \$187,000,000! By sending long-tongued missionaries and smooth-tongued preachers to preach brimstone gospel! They did not.

They began to build orphanages in France and Belgium for the fatherless and motherless waifs. They sent food and clothing into suffering Italy and Austria. They sent medicines into the Balkans. They went into other countries where the people were dreaming of getting what they had wanted through militarism.

In Singapore they found a city willing to give \$1,500,000 for a college and hospital. They matched Singapore with a like amount. A rich Chinaman immediately added 26 acres of ground to build it on. Over in Malaysia the Dutch government agreed to give four-fifths of the cost of a hospital.

One man's dream set the whole world thinking and then doing. When the success of this initial endeavor became known millions of "boosters" grew where once the "knockers" had flourished. From that seed, planted in the mind of Mr. Taylor the night he sat dreaming on the banks of the Sea of Galilee, the night he determined to become one of the fishers for men instead of Wall street money, has grown the full tree of the most

notable enterprise ever launched by the Christian forces of the world.

It is known as the Interchurch World Movement of North America. To its support have rallied more than 20 of the leading Protestant denominations, with 25,000,000 communicants and 200,000 "junior salesmen" in the Sunday schools of the country. It proposes now to raise the stupendous sum of \$200,000,000 and to address itself to the task of bearing the lamp of a democracy based upon Christianity to the more than 1,000,000,000 people of the earth who have never known it. Its survey for a world-wide campaign will be launched next month. It is launched at a psychological moment when the fate of a proposed league of nations hangs in the balance.

"Will the new interchurch movement take a definite stand on the labor and capital problem?" Mr. Taylor was asked the other day.

"Most assuredly," he replied. "It must demand something more. It must demand that the problems of the employe and the employer be worked out under the inspiration of Christian fellowship and that industry be organized not to satisfy the individual thirst for wealth, but to extend to every one the highest possible opportunity for joyful service."

"Will it oppose bolshevism?"

"It will fight any and every agency that strikes at the very roots of Christian democracy—the home, the school, the church, where a man may worship according to the dictates of his own conscience. It will stand for those principles of life that the world stands for now, but that are the fundamentals of our modern civilization—the civilization in which man has attained the fullest development of character."

"What is the programme of the new allied church movement in a nutshell?"

"Service. The men of every other nation are our brothers in the strictest biological sense. The one God is the God of all. We cannot civilize through force. We cannot uplift through exploitation. We must serve in the spirit of Jesus, who became the servant of all. The trouble with the league of nations has been that neither Woodrow Wilson nor any other living man who worked on it was able to get a perfect document. Why? Because all the nations involved have not been raised to the level of a common viewpoint based on the practical ideals of a true democracy—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

Mr. Taylor is the dominating genius of this big business corporation. He will "sell" service. He is thoroughly equipped for the five-year programme. Put your finger down on any spot on the world map and he will tell you immediately the "trade" conditions; what the people most need, how many are there and how best they can be served. Back him up with a powerful organization put together at Cleveland last September when the general committee of the Interchurch World movement launched the worldwide drive. No phase of the work at hand was neglected. There are committees on home and foreign surveys. There is a committee on industrial relations to study the underlying causes of industrial unrest, to combat bolshevism.

"The Interchurch World movement is designed to get and to give to the church one vision of the whole task confronting it as a world organization. In other words, to mobilize the whole church for service to the whole world, and to co-ordinate its present divided and diversified activities. It affords to all churches the opportunity for the reassertion of the place of the Christian church in the world. It presents to the individual the opportunity to help make the church what we would wish it to be—the greatest constructive force in the new world which is in process of building."

"It is no secret, but one of the commonplaces of history, that we call our Anglo-Saxon civilization, founded upon the evangelical conceptions and democratic principles of religious belief, has been and is the pioneer in all the successful missionary enterprises of the world. England and America lead all other nations in these efforts at world betterment. But from those to whom so much has been given much is demanded. Christian England and Christian America must continue to do this pioneer work. No other nations can. None others seem even disposed to attempt it."

"Yesterday many good people thought of the church as an institution to give comfort to the dying, and prepare the souls of those who ask forgiveness for the day of judgment and the unknown life beyond. Today we are beginning to realize its greater mission. For individual sin it still offers the one and only remedy, but if it is to be a power in the world that is, it must apply the principles of Jesus to heal not only the individual, but the social life."

Under the influence of Mr. Taylor and his co-workers, the church itself no longer is to be a pretty-windowed little structure opening its doors only once a week. It is to be a community social center. It is to be open day and evening, every day. It is to contain libraries, industrial exhibits, moving pictures, hospitals and dispensaries, and every possible aid to the social and educational life of the adjacent territory. With the passing of the saloon the church is to become the meeting place, the forum and the recreation center of the worker seeking diversion and instruction in leisure hours.

"If we failed not to give these human needs at home, the millions who have been deprived of drink may be expected to turn to other forms of vice; and if we do not rise to our present opportunities in the world at large we cannot claim the promise of peace on earth and good will among men."

The biggest sales manager in the world confidently believes that he is backing the best merchandise the world ever has known—a sure cure for the sick heart of the world—and he believes his staff of 25,000,000 American salesmen will bring 1,000,000,000 buyers within the next few years.

HAVE YOU YET FALLEN FOR "COUNTLESS WORTH MILLIONS"?

Many Tolerably Smart Americans Have, Probably Thousands, and Game of Benevolent Old "Priest" Is Going on as Actively as Ever.

HAVE you received a letter from some one in Denmark, or Norway, perhaps, explaining that the writer is a priest or minister, or even a minor local official, thoughtfully inclosing an authenticated document to prove his status, and telling you of the sad plight of a beautiful young Russian countess, hardly more than a child, who needs only a little assistance from a noble American, such as you are, to escape the dire perils now surrounding her and to live happily ever after in the beautiful land of freedom, enjoying the benefits of your friendship and the \$4,000,000 now in a safe deposit box in New York, and which will be hers as soon as she can reach America?

If you haven't yet, it is highly probable that you will, if your name was ever published as a fairly generous contributor to the Red Cross or any other war charity, or the fact was otherwise established that you are tolerably well-to-do and generously inclined.

Besides the letter from the "priest," there will probably be a certified copy of the birth certificate of the little countess, a photograph of the beautiful child, and a clipping from a Russian newspaper giving a blood-thirsty account of the execution of all the rest of the noble family and the mysterious escape of the noble countess; likewise comment on the fact that the vast treasures of gold and jewels known to have been collected by this noble family have not been found. The good priest has thoughtfully inclosed English translations of the Russian documents and clippings. It all appears most convincing. It is left to your honor to keep the whole affair a secret, lest ruin fall upon the little countess. It sums up something like this:

You are flattered at being selected as the champion who is to rescue the persecuted maiden.

Your sympathies are genuinely aroused.

It isn't going to cost you a cent. This is made very plain. On the contrary, the countess' family has always been famous for the lordly gifts bestowed by it upon any one rendering even a slight service. In an instance of this kind—well, you can just imagine!

If you will, the priest begs that you take the girl into your own home, as your ward. Except for you she will be absolutely a stranger and friendless in a strange land, and the possessor of \$4,000,000 in cash. If you have a son or nephew, who knows what war happen? The girl is very beautiful and charming.

You can't possibly get into any difficulties, and when the girl is safe with you, and you are free to tell the whole story, the noble part you have played will arouse the greatest admiration and praise.

Just write and say that the girl may come to you, that you will give her shelter and friendship and prevent her being robbed of her fortune, and she will start at once.

You wouldn't fall for this? Well,

maybe not, and then, again, maybe you would—a great many tolerably smart citizens have—how many it is impossible to say; as most of them have kept it to themselves; but judging by the number who have made complaints to the police departments and to the department of state, the number probably runs into the thousands each year, and has for many years past. For this is nothing more nor less than the famous old Spanish prisoner swindle, which first began to claim victims during the Cuban war for independence, brought up to date.

Bit of Cash Necessary.

Should you reply to the first communication received, agreeing to befriend the little countess, you would receive word that she would start for America as soon as it could be arranged for her to secretly leave the Russian frontier where she is hidden, and another clipping from a newspaper stating that it was suspected by the authorities that the countess was still in Russia and that a close search was being made for her and the vanished fortune. A day or two after would come a further communication from the "priest," inclosing a key to the safe deposit box in which is the girl's fortune, and requesting that you take from the box and send to the writer \$1000 to defray the countess' expenses in reaching America.

If you live in Philadelphia the safe deposit box will be in New Orleans, say, or if you live in St. Louis it will be in New York—always a couple of days' travel. The chances are twenty to one that a busy man would draw the money from his own bank, postponing the reimbursing of himself to a more convenient time. To increase the probabilities of this, there comes a cablegram, so timed as to arrive on the same day as the letter inclosing the key to the safe deposit box, in which the "priest" states that the Russians have discovered the identity of the little countess, and that the only hope of saving her lies in bringing the petty officials of the village where she is hidden, and who have not yet divulged their part in the whole story, to safety over the frontier. There is not a moment to lose, and the money should be forwarded by cable order—a delay of a single day will be disastrous, and the fate of the lovely girl too horrible to contemplate. Her life and more is in your hands. Send \$1000 at least; it would be better to send \$2000, in case unforeseen difficulties arise.

Perhaps you would be able to get money, but even substantial business and professional men have done so to make this swindle a profitable business for many years.

This is only one of the many elaborate swindles which are now being worked over me in America. I need not before in history have crooked rascals such a harvest as they are now doing, and it behooves the smartest of us to keep both eyes wide open and watch our step.

She Corrects Him.

Cleveland Press.

He—I'm afraid raw sugar is going to be scarce.

She—That will make no difference to us. We always use the cooked kind.

You wouldn't fall for this? Well,