

## GOLDEN RULE AND WORLD PEACE

By DR. S. PARKES CADMAN  
President of the Federal Council of Churches

In this powerful appeal for the adoption of the Golden Rule as a guiding principle in international relations, the great radio preacher holds up as an example in constructive international charity the work of the Near East Relief, which makes its annual appeal for the support of the American people on Golden Rule Sunday, observed annually in December.

NOTHING in the history of the American people of recent years so becomes them as their attitude towards the unhappy and persecuted people who have been the beneficiaries of the great work of the Near East Relief. At this season when the annual appeal for the support of this work is made, through the observance of Golden Rule Sunday, it is an overwhelmingly gratifying thing to hear the reports of the triumphs and successes of this philanthropy.

I have been hearing of the horrors of the Near East from the days of my

cal promises have not always been realized, at any rate we have tried to retain the credit of our people by contributing generously to this work, which we must continue to sustain.

As a churchman, I may be permitted to point out that the Near East Relief has contributed enormously to the cause of church unity. At Stockholm a few weeks ago I had the privilege of conferring with all the patriarchs and metropolitans and archbishops of the Greek church. They assured me that they have been drawn toward the West not by the common



DR. S. PARKES CADMAN

early youth, when Mr. Gladstone conducted his memorable campaign in which he denounced the Turk and urged that the Turks should be thrust bag and baggage out of their country. The horrors have continued ever since, but our country has been an instrument in alleviating them by contributions out of its abundance to the crucial need of the distressed orphans and what few unhappy relatives they have left to them.

We can do no better thing than to give for those who are in need, and thus make such merchandise out of our material welfare as to have credentials for the life which is to come. I do not take the attitude that there is anything much to praise about the American people in this matter, though I am proud of them, as we all are. It would have been a strange thing if we had not done as we have done.

When you think of the millions which are squandered in this country upon feminine devices for beautifying—which do not always succeed in realizing their object—when you think of the vast cost of trying to make mutton look like lamb, when you think of the multitude of surplus things with which we surround ourselves in daily life, and then see this work for far-off children, I think you will agree with me that even though our politi-

cal consent of intellectual minds nor by the doctors of the church, but rather through the work of Near East Relief. That work has won the hearts of great bishops as well as refugees and politicians. Truly we have seen the truth of the saying that a little child shall lead them. The little Armenian orphan, Zadi, whom thousands have heard sing and talk at the preliminary Golden Rule dinners in a hundred cities of this country, is a five-year-old representation of thousands of these Eastern peoples, whom we have approached not with theology or dogma but with those deeds of mercy which are the very essence of true religion.

There is a lesson of world peace in this philanthropic approach to the hearts of men. We must follow it up with this decision—that we will not allow the state in the future to dictate to the church or to any body of men as to what shall be their attitude toward peace and war. We must take our patriotism from the preaching of the prophets. Unless we want a future like this every fifty years to repair the recurrent waves of slaughter and devastation, we must cling to the spirit of the Golden Rule. The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven. It bleaseth him that gives and him that takes. It becomes the throned monarch better than his crown.

## The GOLDEN RULE in PRACTICE

A series of articles by prominent leaders on the Golden Rule as a guide in International Relations.

### PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING

By CHARLES V. VICKREY  
General Secretary of the Near East Relief

THE GOLDEN RULE is a universal creed. Everybody accepts it. Most people try to practice it.

Golden Rule Sunday is examination day—a day of plain living and high thinking; of self-measurement by the Golden Rule to see how big we really are.

Golden Rule Sunday comes midway between the feasts of Thanksgiving and Christmas.

On Thanksgiving Day we satisfy ourselves with good things. We survey our broad acres, bulging granaries, and busy factories. We re-appraise our unprecedented and soaring wealth of more than three hundred billion dollars, far transcending anything previously or elsewhere known in all the world. Not least are we thankful for government under which life and property are safe. Truly no people ever had as great reason for gratitude as have we in America on Thanksgiving Day, 1925.

At Christmas we again indulge in feasting and mirth, and share some of our luxuries with relatives and friends, some of whom are sore perplexed to know where to store the gifts that we pour into their well provided homes.

But on Golden Rule Sunday we express our gratitude and practice "pure religion undefiled before God" in a more vital way by considering "the fatherless and widows in their affliction" who, as worthy as we, by the vicissitudes of war, are bereft of everything. They have no lands, no granaries, no bank accounts, no savings, no employment, no homes, no food, except as the Golden Rule proves a vital reality in their lives.

It is proposed that on Golden Rule



Sunday, all persons who are disposed to make a practical application of the Golden Rule, provide for their Sunday dinner approximately the same menu that is provided, when funds permit, by Near East Relief for the tens of thousands of orphaned children in its care, most of whom are under twelve years of age.

Having partaken of the orphanage meal and entered into fellowship with the children overseas, we are asked to make such provision for them for the 365 days of the year as we should like to have made for ourselves, or for our children, if conditions were reversed.

Golden Rule Sunday will be observed throughout the United States in December, on behalf of the Near East Relief. This series of articles, by prominent public men who are supporters and spokesmen for this great philanthropy, is designed to call public attention to the background and purpose of the work and its need for general support.

## New Radio Set

Leonard Farlow believes in keeping abreast of the times, and to do so has installed a radio set at the Ollie Weberg residence, where he makes his home. The set is called the "Soden," and is a five-tube machine. Everett Richmond hung the aerial and soon we expect to have the waves which our office force has been wont to receive, slip across the road and be given to the world by Leonard's radio.

## Legion Basketball Team

The local American Legion basketball team has been practicing for some time and have at last located baskets and are able to "shoot" one once in a while. The team is made up of Zigenhagen, M. Woods, Renick and Bonney, guards; H. Wood, G. Morris, Britton, A. Morris, R. Crabtree and Talcott, forwards, while Miller will serve as center. Come on all you would-be basket shooters; our Legion team is prepared to show you how the great game is really played.

## Merry Christmas, and Paid in Full

How Silas Vaughan Contributed to Yuletide Cheer of the Needy.

By FRANK HERBERT SWEET

IT WAS an eloquent plea for the public building, an urge for its beauty, its value to the town, the educational gift to the eyes of youth. The speaker was hypnotic. He had been engaged for that.

Purse strings were loosened. Money poured freely—twenty, fifty, a hundred, five hundred. And it was Christmas. They went to Silas Vaughan, the grocer leader, a wealthy man of the town. People looked surreptitiously to see what munificent sum he would give.

At first a hand went into his pocket like the others, then came out and



the arms were folded. There was an audible gasp from watchful eyes.

More pleas came, more sollicitors went round, man to man.

But Silas sat there, arms folded, rigid, unmoved.

"Times are too hard," he was heard to say in answer to an importunate beggar. "It is a bad year for such a building."

"Not bad for me, and all those who

## CHRISTMAS ZEST

CHRISTMAS zest warms the heart and makes the heart glow. Do not let any outside cynicism rob you of this glow. Do not curl your lip and say you know the elevator man or the grocer's boy or the many others to whom you give a little Christmas joy is just looking for the present and is being polite for that reason.

Enjoy their pleasure in receiving. Enjoy yourself, in giving. And doesn't every one enjoy presents? When you say:

"He's looking for a Christmas present," you lose half your own joy.

When you say: "What an opportunity to add a little present to another person's Christmas," you have your own full measure of joy.

Christmas zest must not be bereft of any of its spirit.—Mary Graham Bonner.

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yield to noble impulses," said a neighbor in a voice that all could hear.

The next day was Christmas, with the grocery and drug stores open for a few hours. Silas Vaughan went to his desk and took out twice as many bills as ever had been allowed to accumulate before. Times were hard, and more were obliged to charge.

Fully half of the accounts were selected from the others, and several words written at the bottoms. That took nearly an hour. Then he slipped the bills into his pocket, put on his hat and coat, and went out, leaving the store to the clerks.

It was nearly closing time when he came back. That he occupied with packing and arranging a number of baskets with fruit and nuts and candy, which he sent out anonymously.

In the evening came a big church community Christmas tree.

Most of the donors of the public building were there, rather proud of themselves and not above circulating bits of criticism. When Silas entered, there was no uncertain air of chilliness in the room. A few nodded to him, but frigidly.

Silas appeared to take no notice, and found a seat near the front, where apparently he sat calm and unruffled. A poorly-dressed man down in front had been looking about expectantly, as though waiting for some one to speak. Suddenly he rose.

"I ain't no speaker," he called, loudly, "but I got suthin' to say. 'Bout the new buildin', I ain't nothin' to say, othy seems too much money for real need. An' I never liked horn-blowin'. Now, it's been an awful hard time for workin' folks, on 'count o' there bein' so much slack. First time I couldn't pay up in twenty years. I couldn't see no Christmas for me. Now, listen: This mornin' a feller carried papers all round. I got one. First, I felt 't was a sheriff thing, like.



Then I read on the bottom, 'I hope this will be the beginning of better things. Merry Christmas. Paid in full. Silas Vaughan.' Mine was thirty dollars. Si must 'a' given away more'n a thousand."

He sat down. Silas had lost all his composure. He tried to slip away. But hands and apologies were appearing from all sides. He was pushed to the platform and told to make a speech. He would have made a mess of it, but all were cheering so wildly no one could hear. So it did not matter.

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## The Christmas Spirit; It Can Never Be Cheap

SHE worked in what was considered a second-rate store in a big city. To her, though, the store was a beautiful one. And when it was decorated at Christmas time with its tinsel and gay Christmas touches, she thought it the most beautiful place on earth.

She loved the jewelry that was sold there. Sometimes she would hold a bit of cardboard from which hung a cheap earring to her ear and would think that when she got her pay the following week she might buy a pair. They were certainly becoming and would be more so when off the cardboard.

How crowded the store became around Christmas time. The people would look and admire and buy. She would be so busy. It was splendid to be busy, and even to be tired with the Christmas rush. There was something so stimulating about the Christmas rush.

There were several floor walkers in the store—an extra one was added for the Christmas season. True, their presence was not so magnificent as the floor walkers in the great, expensive stores; but they were grand to her. And she loved to say, with a beautiful manner:

"Just a moment, madame; I will call the floor walker."

And then, this Christmas, greater happiness than ever came to her. A most wonderful floor walker came as an "extra," but they said he would be taken on for good—he was such a capable man.

And she took him on for good. For hadn't they fallen in love with each other at once?

Oh, to some the store might seem cheap, the people in it might seem funny imitations of the people who belonged to the very expensive stores. But there was glorious Christmas happiness in that store. For it radiated the Christmas spirit. And the Christmas spirit can never be cheap!—Mary Graham Bonner.

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## Expensive Presents Do Not Give Most Pleasure

MR. AND MRS. GORSE were invited to spend Christmas with Mr. Gorse's wealthy sister on her farm. "But we can't; we can't," insisted Mrs. Gorse. "Our rent has been raised this year, and living is so dear in town we cannot afford presents that even her children will enjoy."

"It's us they want, and not our gifts," rejoined Mr. Gorse. "You leave the presents to me."

On Christmas Day the Gorses drove up to the big white country house in their flivver. Such a welcome as they received. Not an idle nor an embarrassing moment—even for Mrs. Gorse who discarded so reluctantly the weight of city poverty. Laughter, music, fun prevailed. And after dinner, when the grown-ups peeked into the nursery to see what the children were doing, Mr. Gorse had his triumph. The children had discarded their expensive toys, and sat in a circle on the floor playing industriously with some ten-cent magnets he had brought.

"You know our children's likes better than we do," said the charming hostess, as she led the Gorses back to the living room. "And nothing I received pleases me so much as the books you brought me, unless it is to have you here on Christmas day."

Even Mrs. Gorse knew that her words rang true.—H. Lucius Cook.

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## HIS GENEROSITY



"I hear that you are going to give your mother-in-law an automobile for Christmas."

"Yes, but it is guaranteed not to run more than half way from her house to mine, without breaking down."

## Coconut Balls

Into a saucepan put three cupfuls of granulated sugar, add two cupfuls cold water and boil until sugar spins thread from tip of fork dipped into it. Into this sirup stir a good-sized coconut, grated—the prepared dry coconut does not answer the purpose quite as well—take saucepan at once from fire and turn contents into bowl or set saucepan where candy will cool quickly. When cool enough to handle make into balls with the fingers, roll in powdered sugar and wrap in waxed paper.

## Common Type

Jud Tunkins says his folks always put off their Christmas arrangements so that along about the 23rd of December they have to shop both early and late.—Washington Evening Star.

## All Did Their Bit to Make Christmas Merry

EVERYBODY in Brompton knew that it was all the Hammonds could do to make ends meet. A big family and a small income is not a combination to make easy living. Yet at Christmas time the Hammond family managed to have all the good

things that go with the day and to be able to purchase the gifts of love that mean so much.

It was all due to the plan that Mrs. Hammond had worked out when the children were small. Several weeks before Christmas a contribution box was placed in the Hammond dining room; across it was written in big letters of red and green: "Do your bit to make Christmas merry," and each member of the family was supposed to contribute something, be it ever so little. And it was surprising, just as soon as the box was put up each year, how many wonderful ways cropped out for earning extra nickels and dimes. Even little Tim, in spite of being only five, contributed his mite to the cheer fund. And the fun the family had in trying to fill the box—why, it was nearly as good as Christmas itself! Each evening it was held up and weighed by the smaller children and they always agreed that it was getting so "awful" heavy; when it was opened just before Christmas there was always a shout of surprise and joy, and they declared that it contained much more than they had thought it would. And now they were spending the money that was made up of so much sacrifice, such planning and scheming as there was to get the most out of it. And when Christmas morning dawned there was no happier family in all Brompton—the Christmas family fund had brought them so many good things.—Katherine Edelman.

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## Creamed Dates

Stone the dates, roll in sugar, and put a piece of fondant in place of the stone. Roll again in granulated sugar. Fill with nuts or peanut butter instead of fondant if desired.

## Origin of Carols

Few, if any, Christmas carols were ever sung in Scotland, while from earliest times the custom has been universally prevalent in England, France, Italy and other countries of the European continent.

## Just Before Christmas

The hour was very late. Little Willie—Mamma, where do you suppose Santa Claus is right at this moment? Mother—I wish I knew.