

The
**PRESBYTERIAN
SURVEY**

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES

MAY, 1924



The Famous Alamo, one of the show places of San Antonio, Texas



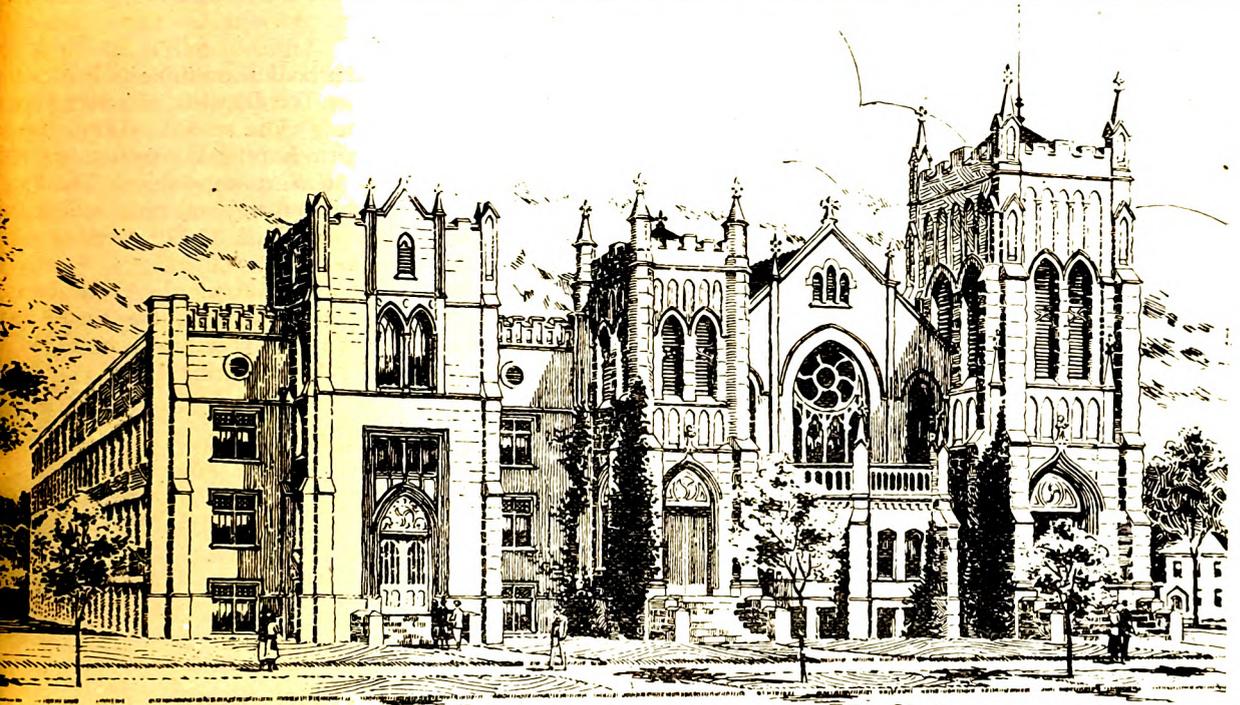
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Vol. XIV

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First Church, San Antonio, Texas, where the General Assembly will convene on May 15.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY NOTES

R. E. MAGILL

The annual meeting of our General Assembly will convene on May 15, 1924, in the First Presbyterian Church, San Antonio, Texas. The Assembly has not met in Texas since 1904 and the session this year promises to be one of unusual interest. San Antonio is one of the most beautiful cities of the Lone Star State and a place that abounds in historic interest.

The Alamo with its rich associations with the early days of the Southwest will be a point of great interest to all visitors.

The First Church which is to be the host of the Assembly is one of the oldest and yet one of the most prosperous of our organizations in Texas.

Dr. P. B. Hill, the pastor, and his live membership are making careful preparations to give the Assembly a royal welcome.

A number of Ad Interim Committees are to make reports which will afford opportunity for "Much Palaver" and we trust wise conclusions will be reached.

A number of amendments to the Book of Church Order will be submitted which if adopted will clarify this very much muddled document. The suggestion to churches as to a method by which they may become

legally incorporated bodies is not to be incorporated as an amendment to the Book of Church order and it is hoped no time will be wasted in discussing academic matters.

A report on a Bureau of Vacancy and Supply will be submitted and it is greatly to be desired that a plan may be worked out which will assure every church a pastor and every pastor a church. At present we have over 400 churches without pastoral oversight and about 100 ministers who do not seem to have regular work.

The committee to study conditions in our border Synods will have an interesting report and it is to be hoped that plans will be suggested which will avoid duplication of effort in this day when sixty-five per cent of America's population is still out of the evangelical churches.

The report on the problems of the country church will discuss a vital matter and should arouse us to the fact that our small town and city churches cannot grow unless we adopt intelligent and aggressive plans to reach the people in the open country. At present fifty to seventy-five per cent of the country churches are of the Baptist and Methodist persuasion with probably

Mrs. Albert R. Bauman.

A Tribute of Love

Thousands from every part of our church will be saddened by the news of the sudden and unexpected death of Mrs. Albert R. Bauman, of Montreat. She was one of the dearest friends I ever had, and one of the loveliest characters I ever knew. In her face of rare beauty and attractiveness shone the light of a spirit naturally warm and loving, made brighter still by the grace of a simple, unaffected and unconscious piety. Her voice which was naturally sweet, and which had been well trained, there was always the spiritual tone which made her singing of the Gospel message so impressive and so inspiring. I happen to know that she regarded her gift of song as an entrusted talent, and that she consecrated it whole-heartedly to the service of the Master she loved. Whether on the concert

platform or in the social circle or in church she sang as the handmaiden of the Lord. But it was the singing of simple Gospel songs in which she most delighted and in which she most excelled.

In all the years that I have been connected with Montreat Conferences I regard hers as the greatest single contribution that anyone has made to their lasting spiritual impression. Not only in this connection but in the entire social and religious life of Montreat she will be sorely missed. For the bereaved husband and family the prayer, in which I am sure that many will share, is that the Lord will hear them in the day of their trouble, send them help from the sanctuary, and strengthen them out of Zion.

S. H. CHESTER.

"LITTLE JOURNEYS" IN JAPAN

BY TRAIN

LOIS M. ERICKSON

I.

HERE in Takamatsu, within a radius of three or four blocks from our house, we have a railway station, two steamship piers, a public garage, an airplane hangar, stage coach stables, and jinrikisha stands. In the city there are some ten thousand bicycles, and we say nothing of tricycle delivery wagons and baby carriages. Don't think I am trying to be funny; baby carriages are used to haul everything from fish to lumber, and bicycles carry anything portable. Bales of cotton, packing boxes, frames for doors, cases of beer—anything. Just as the bicycles and the baby carriages, though of different make, have a use and a flavor all their own, so the jinrikishas, too, and the boats and the cars have been taken over and adapted to Japan, and are in many ways quite unlike their Western counterparts. Shall we not enjoy our little journeys together, you and I, for some "little journeys" through this far-off land, stopping to notice what is new and interesting, and never forgetting the reason why we should be in Japan at all?

Our first trip will be by train to Sakaide to conduct a cooking class. Honorable Bird, the cook, accompanies us. She suffles along in her wooden shoes carefully carrying a tin oven which peeps coyly out from its banana wrappings. Each of us is encumbered with a heavy basket containing the "makin's" of the feast and all the spoons, knives and other implements we need, down to the ginger ale bottle with which to roll out the biscuits.

We find the third-class waiting room quite full. Old countrymen in blue cotton kimonos; frisky little boys in suits of "foreign clothes," trousers half-way to the ankle, bright blue socks, and green rubber shoes; little girls gay in red capes, purple hats, green dresses, and pink stockings; students in black cotton uniforms of hats and trousers shivering in the cold wind which blows through the open doors; pilgrims in mushroom hats and white cotton leggings; a few soldiers in red-

faced khaki; mothers with babies on their backs or at their breasts; a young sport in military boots and leather breeches with a sorry black cape topping the magnificence of his legs; a priest and his priestlet . . .

The ticket seller hands us our little red pieces of pasteboard without embarrassing questions. If we had been traveling second-class, we should have bought our tickets from the second-class waiting room. There are no first-class coaches on the trains in our province, and very few anywhere in the Empire—a concession to Democracy made during the war. Over on the mainland the newer trains have coaches much like those used in America, but the third-class cars on this third-class line are funny. The engine with its sawed-off front looks like a toy; no need for cow-catchers in this country. The engineer and fireman are beardless boys. They wear spotless suits of light cotton cloth, and white gloves. All along the sides of the cars there is painted a strip about six inches wide; blue for second-class cars, and red for third. In the middle of this strip is hung a sign which tells just where the car is going, a convenience we miss greatly when we go home on furlough.

Another excellent idea is their plan of setting up three or four sign-boards on either side of the track at each station, giving the name of the station, its next neighbor up and down the line, with the distance to these neighboring stations. Thus, no matter where one's car may happen to stop, he can find out for himself at once these interesting points. The station clock is always placed where it may be seen from the train, and the station platform extends evenly along the side of the track just ready to be stepped upon as one leaves the train. No need for the porter's or the brakeman's cumbersome steps, and that is well, for there is no porter, and there is no brakeman! Neither is there a conductor, but the station master who comes out at even the most forlorn "jerk-water" station resplendent in his uniform with