

The Call
of the
Little Blue Box

Dramatic Programme
By Mary Bosworth and Rachel Leverich



Foreword!

This *Missionary Programme* was originally prepared for the Autumn (1913) meeting of the Louisiana Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. It was presented for the first time in the Auditorium of Trinity Parish House, New Orleans. It drew such attentive interest and enthusiasm throughout the entire production, and left such a deep impression upon those who had the privilege of being present, that the two devoted Auxiliary women who wrote it were greatly encouraged; and have been finally induced to publish it for general use.

The practical effectiveness of this method of awakening interest in the cause of the "United Offering" may be estimated by the simple statement that within three days after the presentation of the programme, over three hundred *United Offering Boxes* were distributed.

"The Call of the Little Blue Box" tells wonderful stories of need and response from many points of the world field—tells them well—and tells them winningly.—It would be hard to bring to bear upon the mind and the heart a sense of one's responsibility in a sweeter, gentler, and at the same time more convincing way.

It is to be hoped that many other diocesan and parochial branches will make use of this delightful programme; and that they will be equally as successful in quickening the interest of the women of the church in the *great cause* it presents.

AUSTIN B. CHINN.

Part I.

Impersonation of 1889—Origin.

Impersonation of 1901—Growth.

Impersonation of 1913—The Present.



THE SPIRIT OF 1889.

(Dress in a flowing robe of white cheese cloth with crown on head of silver figures "1889." Hall dark. Curtains part slowly, Spirit stands in centre of stage encircled by stereopticon light.)

Just the unconscious thought of me was created in October, 1883, in the Church of Epiphany, Philadelphia, when 800 Auxiliary women gathered around our Lord's table for the first celebration of the Holy Communion to them as a representative body. Three years later, 1886, found me still only "a thought," but a *stronger one*. This year—1889—on October 3, I was really born, so you see I am only a few days old, but I hope, oh! how I hope to grow *stronger* and *stronger* and richer and richer every year! I believe I will too, because my name is "United Offering"—there is such strength in unity! On my birthday I heard some lady say that I stand for thankfulness, for sacrifice, for unselfishness, for love; and some other lady said they all would be thinking of me from the beginning of the year to the end—I love to be "myself" if it means all they say.

I haven't really any sisters, but I call the Junior Auxiliary my twin sister, because she was born at this very same time and she loves our Master's work just as I do! The Woman's Auxiliary is my god-mother and I know there never was such a loving, generous one anywhere!

Do you know on the wonderful day—the day that I was born—this dear godmother gave me a cheque—\$2,188.64—and it did look so big to me! All my very own. "*What shall I do with it?*" is what I keep saying. I resolved to give every cent to the extension of God's work—to give it all to train and send women nurses, doctors and teachers to lead women and girls to know Jesus Christ.

I did not carry out this plan, though, because the Board of Missions did not have enough money in their treasury to build a little church at Auvik, Alaska. I knew God wanted one there, so I gave \$1,000.00 to build it. I also gave \$600 to pay the salary of a missionary and the Board honored me by calling her the "United Offering Missionary." I am so happy in the giving of *my all* to Christ's work that I long for the anniversaries of my birthday—I want them to hurry up and come. Why? because the Woman's Auxiliary has promised to give me a cheque on every anniversary, and my dear little twin sister says she will add to it a mite, and with this money I will build hospitals and schools and supply them with splendid noble women to take the "cup of cold water" to God's children in all the world. I wonder how big my next cheque will be?

(Spirit keeps her position while curtains close slowly.)

SPIRIT OF 1901.

(Dress in a flowing robe of white cheese cloth with crown on head of silver figures "1901." Hall dark. Curtains part slowly, Spirit stands in centre of stage encircled by stereopticon light.)

This is my 5th anniversary, and each one has been a glorious and happy one! I have been growing so fast and have been so busy sending out workers and building schools and hospitals and churches that I have not had time to realize that I am now 12 years old. I say my 5th anniversary, because I only have a big celebration once in three years when the General Convention meets. But quick, quick, let me tell you of my big cheque this year from the Woman's and Junior Auxiliary—it is \$107,027.83. Oh! isn't that wonderful?—just wonderful—and how I do love every dollar and cent of that big sum, because it comes to me impregnated with the love and sacrifice of so many women and girls—and babies! Dear little baby boys and girls! I wouldn't forget.

for the world, to tell you that now they are a part of the Auxiliary. Their department came into being in October, 1891. They send me messages which declare their love for me and I am proud to say that many, many of their pennies and nickles are in that great big sum to-day—think of it, \$107,027.83? Haven't I grown and grown! Just think, twelve years ago I was *only* \$2,188.64 big!

There is one little boy in a Junior Branch somewhere—he does not not think that I know about him but I do—and whenever he earns or has given to him any money he divides it this way—"One for Jesus and one for me; two for Jesus and two for me—two left, I will give them to Jesus, because if I love Him I must give Him more than I keep for myself."

Little boys like this little Junior are making me grow. I am glad the babies know me. The prophet Isaiah said—"A little child shall lead them!"

I love the Babies and the Juniors, but oh! I do long for the devotion of the women, 287,000 women who do not know me at all, many of them refusing to be introduced to me. What can I do to win them that I may grow and grow to millions by 1913? Only the women can make me grow so big, and I do want to be big enough to take care of all the women workers in the mission field. The Woman's Auxiliary and the Junior Auxiliary have spent lots and lots of money *printing* things about me, and it has helped me to grow, but I am going to ask them to talk and talk to crowds about me. *I must win them!*

I can not grow by myself—I don't want to grow by myself—the sweetest thing about me is that I live and grow as a result of *United effort—United love*, and I would not have it otherwise.

Looking way ahead, I dream and see 1913—I see the 287,000 self disfranchised women won for Jesus' work, and the pennies, dimes and dollars have grown until I hold my breath and say—"Is this me?" I see myself given \$3,427,350.00 and every cent of it is mighty! Oh! women will my dream come true?

(Spirit keeps her position while curtains close slowly.)

SPIRIT OF 1913.

(Dress in a flowing robe of white cheese cloth with crown on head of silver figures "1913." Hall dark. Curtains part slowly, Spirit stands in centre of stage encircled by stereopticon light.)

No, my dream did not all come true, but in dollars and cents I am bigger by \$200,488.17 and there is not any way of computing the greater love and interest manifested in me!

Listen while I try to tell you about my birthday party in Carnegie Hall, New York, on October 9th. Oh! it was a most wonderful party! Carnegie Hall was not big enough to hold all the women and girls who came, several hundred stood on the sidewalk hoping to find a way to get in—just imagine it!!

I grow so excited when I think of it, but I love to talk about it and because you were not there I have come to-night to tell you about it.

The women of New York arranged this party, and it was beautifully done. In each box one New York lady acted as hostess and welcomed six delegates from different states; every seat and all standing room allowed by law was occupied a half hour before the clock struck half-past two—the time set for the meeting!

On the stage 300 women and girls from New York churches assembled to lead in the singing of hymns, and in front of them sat Bishop Lloyd, President of Board of Missions, Bishop Tuttle, presiding Bishop of the Church in U. S.; and Bishop Greer, of New York.

Promptly this wonderful meeting opened with singing a hymn, and then can you picture not less than 6,000 women and girls from *all over the world*, voices trembling with the inspiration of the moment, repeating the creed to our Father who seemed closer to us at that time than ever

before? *Do* I make you feel what it was like—do you feel the thrill of that wonderful meeting?

Can you see Bishop Tuttle, old in years and work for Christ, but straight, strong and a Leader still, as he rose to speak to that mass of women? Many women pledged themselves to give more and more service to the Master's work as they listened to this dear old Christian soldier urging them with energy and enthusiasm to "go forward and fight the fight for Christ!"

Then followed a solemn stillness—what was it? The time had come for me to be announced; you could have heard a pin drop; it *seemed* you could hear the heart beats of that throng of women as they waited in breathless silence to welcome me, wondering how big I would be!

It was in Carnegie Hall, I filled every nook and corner of it—you see I had been presented in the morning on the altar of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine by women and girls from Auxiliaries all over the world, but the dollars and cents which give me some of my power to extend God's work had to be counted up. Instead of announcing me, this message came from the Church Missions House: "Offering so large we have not finished adding it up." For a moment, keen disappointment existed, then every heart reacted in the joyful fact that I was too big to be counted in *four hours*, and Carnegie Hall shook with a great thanksgiving as 6,000 voices sang:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost! Amen.

Everybody hurried that night to the Museum of Art because it was whispered that I would be announced during the reception. I wondered if that crowded building *could* be quiet to hear me announced! At 10 o'clock there was absolute silence and the message floated through that enormous building, "\$307,516.00 is the United Offering of 1913!" Then such clapping and cheering and the most wonderful of all my celebrations ended! Can the birthday anniversary in 1916 be so wonderful? Yes, yes, women, if my dream comes true!

Oh! I wonder, I wonder what is in the future for me?
(*Spirit keeps her position while curtains close slowly.*)

Part II.

Graphic Illustration of Things Accomplished:

1. Playlet "What Filled the Blue Box"

(We have authority to use our dramatisation of this story by Mary R. Berry, but are not allowed to print it. Our copy can be borrowed on application.)

2. Impersonation of Miss Thackara.
3. The Anvick Church.
4. Impersonation of Aki Kuro.

IMPERSONATION OF MISS THACKARA.

(Person dressed as though just coming in from the train. Stands informally in front of closed curtains. This allows shifting of scenery.)

I just arrived in your big city a few minutes ago; in fact, I have just come from the train. I am sorry the pleasure of meeting some of you before telling of my work, was denied me, but I was so very, very busy, I could not leave a day or so sooner than I did. I *love* to talk about *our* Indians out there; first, because I know when people hear about them they will pray for them and help them; and secondly, because I love them. Fifteen years ago I heard a call: "Come over and help us—come over to Arizona and help us." The cry came from the 20,000 Navajo Indians! Following it, I heard the voice of Jesus saying: "Go, ye, and teach all nations." I went. Having arrived at Gallup, Arizona, I drove over to Fort Defiance, where I found nothing—no church, no hospital, no building of any kind. There is a quarry near by, and after I knew the Indians, they helped me, and we built the stone hospital—later, Miss Cornelia Jay's friends in New York built the Chapel in memory of her. It is a significant coincidence that the hospital door opens on a walk that leads straight into the Chapel—and in the life of the Indian usually this is found to be true: from being relieved and cured in the hospital he continues on the "road of interest and inquiry" until he enters the "Great Family" circle through baptism.

The Indians think nothing of riding 100 miles to service, or to bring their sick to the hospitals. Sometimes when I see them coming into the Chapel, I cannot help but compare *their love* for the Church, to that of so many men and women in Christian cities, who think it a *hardship* to ride or walk 10 blocks to Sunday services! The only way I can explain it, is that *one really loves*, and the other *pretends to love*. We are so busy at the Hospital of the Good Shepherd, that days are never long enough to allow us to administer to all who ask for entrance. Dr. Wigglesworth performs the surgical operations; I do the nursing and we have a housekeeper. As the years have passed, some of the hardships have disappeared. Now we have a bath room and the water is in the hospital—it used to be brought in buckets from a well. This would mean drudgery in a private home, but try to imagine what it means to carry all the water for a hospital in from a well! There were so many other hard things to do, besides, which made the water proposition harder. My friends, there isn't any doubt about it in my mind,—*I know* God gave me the strength, the extra strength, to do all this—to begin the hospital of the Good Shepherd—because He wanted His children, the Navajos, to be cared for—to know Him as their Father.

It seems to me I hear somebody wishing to know of our patients? I love to talk about them, but there have been thousands, so I must choose only one or two. The Navajos live in mud tents, I call them, but they term them "Hogans"—a fire is built in the centre and over it they huddle for warmth and to cook. Their children crawl around alone in the hogan when their parents are out—of course the mother-hearts here to-night realize at once the danger of such an arrangement. Once, several years ago, a little boy crawled into the fire and was burned almost to death. He was brought to me at the hospital and his life was saved, but he was crippled and used crutches. His name is Jim, and he is now a very dear Christian boy. Mr. John Wood, of the Board of Missions, visited us at the time Jim was just hobbling around, and the boy aroused his interest. We talked it over and decided that he ought to be sent to a hospital in St. Louis—there was no money; we could only pray to get it! God answered our prayers and put it into the heart of a gentleman in Texas to respond to Mr. Wood's appeal for Jim; he gave the money, and now Jim can walk as well as anybody, and he is a useful Christian man!

I wish I could show you a picture of a very pretty Indian girl named Mattie at her baptism in our Chapel. She came to us to be *made well*—God blessed our efforts and she did get well. After she knew the Saviour, she *heard His command to serve others*, and she wanted to obey it—you see she loved the Christ—so she said to me one day: "Little Mother, I want to try to nurse like you do." She worked and studied hard, and now Mattie doesn't wear Navajo blankets, etc., but a trained nurse's dress and her hands are full of gentleness and healing for the sick among her own people. She is a strong, beautiful, young Christian woman now and a splendid nurse. There are many others like her and like Jim. Isn't the work then worth while? I love the Navajo Indians, and I believe they love me—yea, I know they love me, because I love them and it is true that love begets love. They call me "Little Mother," and I am proud of the gift of such a nickname. Now, I have another title which I dearly love, too, because it is the result of the love of some Christian women, some Juniors, some babies, all over this glorious land of ours, and this title is "A United Offering Missionary."

THE ANVIK CHURCH.

(Hall in darkness. Church bell rings 3 times. Curtains part slowly, showing church with light inside shining through windows. Around church is arranged white cloth and leafless shrubs to represent Alaska in winter. Person presenting this kneels behind church hidden from view. Bell rings 3 times again—very short pause, 3 more rings, then speaker begins to read with great expression. Stereopticon light is slowly put on now with moonlight effect—growing brighter until following words are reached: "Three or four years before I came, etc."—then all lights on until speaker begins to sing hymn, then repeat moonlight effect. Have melodeon behind scenes; play hymn 586, "Lord, Speak to Me," etc.; change 1st person to 3rd person in the hymn. Bell rings again, while curtain closes slowly.) (Kodak picture and dimensions of church to be had on application.)

On the stillness of this November night, when the winter snows are on me, banked against me, and all around me, and the wind is murmuring its song of night, and the great moon is shedding its light of love, my bell—the bell of Anvik Church, Alaska—rings!—rings out its glorious message! The same which was sounded 1913 years ago in Bethlehem and which, because of its truth, its power, its love, its divineness, has brought Life wherever it has been taken. I, the Anvik Church, am filled with the joy of it; the very air about is charged with the spirit of it; and the life of the natives has been changed by the wonder of it. Oh! great has been its influence in the twenty-three years that I have lived in Alaska. Just twenty-three years ago, *thankfulness, unselfishness, love*—called by name the United Offering—built me, and my bell rung for the first time! I tingle all over now at the remembrance of that first blessed ringing: all around was ignorance, wretchedness, disease, sin of a heathen people, when slowly into the awfulness of it my bell—the Christian bell—rang out: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy!" Far reaching have been the notes of that first ringing—the echoes have not yet passed away!

Blessed day it was! I love to think of it!

It has been "good tidings" to these people, as it has been to the world, for it has lifted them to a higher plane of life, even in so short a time. Three or four years before I came to make sacred this little spot, the Master's work was begun here by one of his Californian children—Rev. Mr. Parker, who stayed just about one year; then my rector—Mr. Jno. W. Chapman—came! He has served this part of the Great Family for twenty-five years, and splendid has been his work. My! but so many changes have taken place since we came. I love to compare the conditions of "To-day" with those of "Yesterday," for even though there is yet much to accomplish, great, great things have been done. On nights

like this, I like to dream about it all—it makes me so happy! Many are the times I have heard my rector say: "When I first saw these people, I thought I had never seen such filthy, wretched creatures—they were unwashed, uncombed, and covered with vermin, and with sores which resulted from eating filthy food, and which from the want of cleanliness would often be seen covering the whole of the scalp or an entire arm." Mr. J. E. Spurr, of the first United States Geological Survey, said, after a visit here some twenty years ago: "The impression I carried away with me was one of extreme disgust. The whole place was a human sty. . . . The houses were mere shacks, built of poles laid close together, with holes in the centre to allow the smoke to escape. Most of the people whom we saw had the appearance of being diseased. Whole rows of the maimed, the halt, the blind, and the scrofulous sunned themselves in front of the huts. We were glad to turn away from the most dismal and degraded set of human beings it had ever been my lot to see. Eight years before that time it was worse still. Even the mere shacks had not been built, but every one lived underground, in darkness as well as in dirt." Poor people! they just didn't know how then—they hadn't been told—but now they have, and the underground hovels and miserable shacks have largely been replaced by cabins built of logs, which are reasonably clean and simply furnished. The superintendent of the schools for this district recently wrote my rector that he had visited several Indian camps on his way down the Yukon this year, and that he found the worst of them better than *the best of years ago*. When I hear such things, I can look far head into the future and can see the Light growing stronger and stronger. Mighty is the influence of the Cross! Why, oh why, do the Home people leave *some* without it? I wonder, oh, I wonder!

In the past, with the physical and social life so low, polygamy followed in consequence; *now*, on account of the general recognition of the institution of a Christian marriage, polygamy has about disappeared; and I, the Anvik Church, glory in it, because I know that when family ties are held sacred, and the little child loves a father and a mother and is surrounded by the atmosphere of "Home," then is the beginning of a better man—a better race! To climb upward is hard, but when one step has been taken, a second can be too!

In the past, there were no schools, but ignorance everywhere; *now* a large part of the younger people have had more or less schooling, and most of them speak English. They are also taught how to raise vegetables, how to make useful things, as boats, sleds, etc., and the sawmill, which is connected with the Mission here, has helped to make the people handy about using lumber. So the natives are being trained to take their places in God's world; to replace uselessness with service; to have standards and ideals where before they had nothing. They now have begun to live!

In the past only the heathen priests were here with all their superstitions and sinful customs; *now* there is one here who bears the message of the Risen Christ; and here on this spot where once only the cold snows of winter fell, the natives come to receive the sign of the Cross in baptism; to kneel in worship of the Great Father of all; to partake of the Divine Life in the Holy Communion!

I love, Oh! I love to feel the tread of their feet, which are slowly being loosened from the chains of degradation; to see their heads bowed in prayer to a listening God; to hear their song of praise as it ascends on this cold Alaskan air up—up to the Throne of Grace. It is all so wonderful—so wonderful, that even if I am way far up in a snow country, I LOVE MY EXISTENCE, but, I shudder when I think I might never have been—if some women of the Auxiliary had not loved the United Offering and worked for it, I, the Anvik Church, would not now be here, and—still more we would not have in Alaska our great, splendid bishop—Peter Trimble Rowe. A few days ago he said: "I would not be the missionary bishop of Alaska—there would be no missions in Alaska—if the women of the Auxiliary had not made it possible. Missions are

manned by women; they are doing a big work and doing it well." Yes, *some* women and *some* girls are doing a tremendous work; but "*some*" is not sufficient, it must be all, if the Great Call is to be answered. I would love, oh love, to feel that in all the dark heathen places of the world, the Christian bell was ringing, and to know the Cross towered over all. This dream of mine can be a beautiful reality, if *all* the women, everywhere, just do their part.
Sing hymn 586.

IMPERSONATION OF AKI KURO.

(Person dressed in Japanese girl costume. Stands in front of closed curtains and talks informally.)

Honorable ladies and gentlemen, this is me—Aki Kuro—I love to come to-night to thank you much for sending Sensei to make me a Christian girl—you call her Miss Sally Peck, we call her "Sensei."—I love "United Offering" because it gave the money for Sensei to come!

I am fourteen years old, my mother does not love me just the same as Sensei does—I will like to explain, and I will not try your honorable patience. My mother does not know Jesus, Sensei knows Him and loves Him so much—I believe that is all the difference. My mother tried to sell me to a Geisha House—it is a life of shame—and they would pay her \$14.00 for me, but Sensei found out and saved me. Sensei gave my mother \$14.00 for me, and I am always to live with Sensei in the Mission School! It is everyday happiness, happiness all day long! I am learning to sew, cook, read and write—best of all I know now how to say my prayers and sing your hymns to Jesus, and it is the first thing we do every morning! Sensei does not know but every day I ask Jesus to show me how to learn much so I can help Sensei teach in the Mission School. Sensei says He listens to me and I am honorably happy!

I will be glad to go back to Japan—I am longing to hang my honorable eyes on Sensei—I love her with all my honorable heart and my little United Offering Box too! I say every time I drop something in: "This will help to send somebody like Sensei to tell other girls about Jesus"—it is my honorable joy! I am glad to come to-night and I give you honorable greetings.

Part III.

THE NEED:

1. Telegrams - "The Great Call"
2. Reception - All Boxes Invited.

TELEGRAMS—THE GREAT CALL.

Scene: Miss Emery's private office at Church Missions House. Curtain goes up with Miss Emery seated at her desk in deep thought. (Telegram girls dressed in regular telegraph boy costume—each supplied with telegrams on telegram blanks, etc., and enter at times appointed.)

The great tri-ennial meeting is over, all the delegates of the Woman's and Junior Auxiliary Branches have left New York and we are beginning another three years' work.

For so many weeks all of us here at the Church Missions House worked hard, very hard to arrange for it. I really thought I would be so tired to-day that I wouldn't even be equal to thinking.

The truth is that I love the work so much that I don't want to stop thinking and planning for it, and I don't really care if I am talking to myself.

I can hardly believe the united offering this year is \$307,516.00. So big and wonderful, yet I wonder how many appeals will come for it that cannot be answered by it? There are 500,000,000 women in all the world who have never been told of Jesus Christ—what am I saying? Surely I am mixed up with my mind so full of all the wonderful meetings in October, I will just put down on this pad an itemized list and add it up—I am sure I am wrong.

69,000,000 Pagan women.
128,000,000 Confucian women.
95,000,000 Hindu women.
73,000,000 Buddhist women.
100,000,000 Mohammedan women.

465,000,000 Total.

Gracious! I wasn't far wrong, and it is appalling to think about it! There are 238,000,000 Christian women in the world—a mighty army, and we ought to have *won* for our Master that 465,000,000 who are in the harem and zenana, and in the fields as laborers and burden bearers. They are caste-bound and foot bound, and soul bound, and we, who breathe this free air of a Christian land, cannot understand their wretchedness.

Why haven't we been to tell them of woman's best friend—Jesus Christ? It is because so many Christian women do not see Christ as their leader and hear Him calling them to take their places in the ranks—I wonder why it is so?

(Enter telegram girl from China. Read aloud cable telegram:)

Shanghai, China.

Miss Emery,
The Church Missions House,
New York.

Can we have some of the United Offering to make the blind women and girls of Shanghai see? It only takes \$8.50 to restore the sight of one. Not enough money to supply treatment, appeals are so numerous.

DR. JEFFREYS,

Surgeon in Charge, St. Luke's Hospital.

There waits in China to-day, 100,000 blind people who are perfectly curable and there they remain day after day, year after year, in their unending night, waiting, *waiting, waiting.*

St. Luke's relieves some, and when they recover from the operation and look up into the doctor's face and say "Master I can see," the picture of Jesus curing the blind man comes to us, and we hear the voice of Jesus saying: "Far away in China I was sick and ye visited me, Well done!"

(Enter telegram from Rutherfordton, N. C.)

I wish I could read this to hundreds of Christian people and stir their hearts! Everybody believes in *home* missions and *this* is home missions, so they would be sure to help! If *everybody* does believe in Home Missions, why is it that the mountains are so full of men and women who cannot read or write, and of children as wild as partridges, untaught and unbaptized. (Read aloud the telegram.)

Rutherfordton, N. C.

Miss Emery,
281 Fourth Ave.,
New York.

Won't you come over yonder and give us a teacher like Miss Florence? Will the United Offering this year answer this pitiful wail from the mountains?

F. D. LOWELL,
Missionary in Charge.

Mr. Lowell has one school at White Oak, N. C., and every day he has to refuse admittance for want of teachers and room. On Sunday when services are held in the school building it is inadequate again—just as many stand outside crowding the windows as there are inside.

Poor Mr. Lowell, he will have to wait three years for the next United Offering—this one of 1913 is all given away already.

Oh! how I do hate to tell him so—maybe I can get some Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary somewhere to send him a teacher—that will be a useless effort because I know all the Branches have already made their pledges for the year. My only hope will be to get some congregation to give a part of its Easter offering to send some teacher, like Miss Florence, to those poor little mountain children. The Missionary Spirit is growing in New Orleans, that far Southern city—I will write to some of the rectors there and ask them *to lead their* congregations to give a part of their Easter Offerings to answer this pitiful wail from the mountains. They are God's children just as we are, and I know He is longing for somebody to help them—through the school they will know and love Him; I will try.

(Enter telegram from Alaska.)

When Jesus said: "Go in my name to every creature in the world," He knew all the world would need Him. Here is a message from Tanana, Alaska, and I must find the courage to say again there is not a cent of the United Offering left. Oh, it is hard, hard.

(Read telegram aloud.)

Tanana, Alaska.

Miss Emery,
The Church Missions House,
New York.

We close our year without debt but also without a cent for expenses for hospital this year. Will you ask for some of the United Offering for us that this hospital may continue its blessed ministrations

FLORENCE C. LANGDON.

This hospital began in Miss Langdon's room on September 18, 1909. Patients came in the very first day, some with sores, cold, and chronic diseases. After the natives found out how Miss Langdon helped them, they felled logs and built a place bigger than the one room; it looks like the country stores down in Louisiana, not like the charity hospitals of our big Christian cities, but I imagine it is wonderful and beautiful to those who go there for Miss Langdon to make well. As Miss Langdon wrote me this spring, "I have it all to do myself, Bishop Rowe did not have a nurse to send to help me this summer, neither have we a clergyman

to care for the spiritual needs." All along in far-off Alaska, and I have to tell her that the United Offering cannot help her this year.
(Enter cablegram from Philippines—READ IT AT ONCE.)

Bontok, Philippines.

Miss Emery,
The Church Missions House,
New York.

The girls need a dormitory so badly. Will you give us enough of the United Offering to build it? It means saving the girls of Bontok.

BISHOP BRENT.

If a messenger came running into this office now and said: "A girl is drowning in the river, come and save her"—I cannot swim, what would I do? Without hesitating I would run and *find somebody* who could swim to save her!

That is what I must do now! The treasury of the Board of Missions is obligated beyond its capacity already. The United Offering is all appropriated, but I must find somebody somewhere to build this dormitory and save these girls from—from what!—from slavery and sins of heathenism.

(Enter cablegram from Japan—Read cablegram aloud.)

Kumamoto, Japan.

The American Church,
Care Miss Emery,
The Church Missions House,
New York.

Will the United Offering send us a young woman this year? I need the help of one very greatly.

MISS RIDDELL.

What a wonderful power in Christianity that it makes Miss Riddell find her happiness in caring for the lepers of Japan—and there are so many lepers in Japan. Twenty years ago Miss Riddell visited the Buddhist temple of Honmyoji where lepers go to pray to the idols. She saw the poor, filthy wretches in every state of living death. Men, women and children kneeling on the steps praying to the god who was once a leper. She asked and found out that the government was doing nothing for these lepers. No charity, civil or religious, was shown them. Immediately she determined to found a Christian mission and a hospital. She did it and the hospital named "Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope," opened in 1895.

Last spring a Buddhist priest visited this hospital for the sake of a leper in whom he was interested. "There is nothing like it in Buddhism, nor in all Japan," he gratefully acknowledged when he had seen the work that is being done. "Do not thank me," said Miss Riddell, "It is because I am a Christian, a follower of Jesus Christ, that I try to do these things. You must thank Him."

"Then," said he, "will you give me some book that I may learn about your faith?"

Miss Riddell gave him St. John's Gospel with parallel texts in Japanese and English. Who knows what a wedge of power this may prove?

I love to think of this hospital. It is easy to see Christ in every nook and corner of it; it strengthens me and humbles me and read over and over again the description of a leper baptism as told by an eye witness. Here it is in this Sept., 1913, copy, of Spirit of Missions. (Read it):

Can anybody read it and keep the tears back. Can anybody read it and not feel the power of Christ? Oh! if everybody would read it, I know they would want to help.

(Enter telegram from Utah.)

How glad I would be to get these telegrams, if I could wire back:

"Cheque goes to you to-day," or "Miss So-and-So leaves to-night to go to you."

(*Read aloud the telegram.*)

Vernal, Utah.

Miss Julia Emery,
281 Fourth Ave.,
New York.

Miss Edwards cannot go on living in the shack she occupies now and keep her health. Can you, *will you* give some of the United Offering this year to build her a little house? Please do not say no.

BISHOP SPALDING.

Miss Edwards started work in Vernal in 1910, sixty miles from any railroad, and only fourteen church people in the town. How strong must her faith be!!! Now she has a branch of the Girls' Friendly Society, numbering sixty. There is a boys' club and a boarding house for girls. The United Offering is all gone, not a cent left.

I wonder if I could find ten women who will be willing to do without a new Oriental rug this winter, and instead give me the money for Miss Edwards' little house? It will not hurt to ask, I'm going to try.

It is six o'clock and my office must close. A good thing I wanted to think and plan to-day. I certainly have had it to do. All would be well if I only had a deep full pocketbook somewhere.

(*Press buzzer for Telegram Girls—All come in at once.*)

Why, why—how did four of you happen to come? Oh, I suppose in my worry over all these calls I must have pressed the call button four times. Well, I have to say "No" and I may as well get over with it.

Sometimes telegrams carry joy. What do these carry?? Only disappointment to those faithful workers, and I must sit here and *know* that they are eagerly waiting for the answers I have sent. If, only the women and girls who do not give to the U. O. *knew* the great need and then would *stop* and *think*. So many people never think about anybody but themselves.

When I came in here this noon I said I was happy. Am I happy? Yes. I am happy when I think of all the appeals the 1913 U. O. is answering. But, when I think of all these telegrams calling for help that has to be refused, I am miserably unhappy. Is it right for me to feel so? Oh! how can I help it when I know these telegrams with "No, No, No" written in them are flying over the wires because—I have to say it—because of the selfishness and thoughtlessness in the world. How can we call ourselves Christians and be selfish? I don't know—I don't know.

I said the United Offering of 1913 was big—is it BIG? The United Offering will never, *never* be big enough until *every* woman and girl has a full share in it—will never be *BIG* until it answers *all* of the Great Call!

RECEPTION—ALL BOXES INVITED.

(*AT centre back of stage have boxes to stand about 5½ ft. high and 2 ft. broad—cover front of this pedestal effect with dark green crepe paper and veils—behind this sits the person who is "Mother Box" with candle in candlestick and matches.*)

(From "Mother Box going out on each side in V shape have a plank shelf about 8 in. broad and about 4 ft. from floor. On this shelf tack green crepe paper to represent curtain falling to floor. Behind this curtain shelf effect sit all the girls or women representing the various boxes, each with a candle in candlestick, noiseless matches and a blue bow on each candle.)

In centre of stage arrange 300 United Offering Boxes to represent "The Pile" of 287,000—do this by making a frame work in V shape, cover it tightly with cloth and sew each of the 300 U. O. Boxes on it to look like a pile. Behind it crouches the girl who speaks for "the Pile."

(Stage and hall dark when curtains are drawn. Lighted candle first goes up behind "Little Mother Box.")

Little Mother Box: "I am so glad it is such a lovely night for our reception for then so many will come. I love these nights when I, the little Mother Box, and some of my Box children who are out in the world can meet together and talk over experiences. I hear the bell—some one must be coming" (a few seconds elapse) (Light No. 1 goes up): "Oh! Child Box, I am so glad to see you."

Box No. 1 (Invalid)—"And I am so glad to be here."

Little Mother Box: "Tell me about your life."

Box No. 1: "I am in the hands of a cripple girl, who has to sit in a chair all day long. She loves me dearly and takes great delight in dropping her pennies and dimes within me. She says as long as she cannot walk about and help others, that I am her biggest joy, because now she feels through me she can be of some USE in the world. She feels that life without service is valueless."

(Light No. 2 goes up before she finishes.)

Little Mother Box: "What a happy time you must have, but let us hear what my other Child Box is doing."

Box No. 2 (Minister's Wife): "I was given to a minister's wife, and you might think I was in a place where I felt "at home," but I don't—I don't. She does not seem to know very much about me; she never talks to her friends about me either—really I am very lonesome! Sometimes a nickle is jingled to me—but—but—I am not contented there. She is too indifferent to me." (Light No. 3 goes up just before No. 2 finishes.)

Little Mother Box: "That's too bad, Child Box, but often where interest should be strongest and where love the deepest, an opposite condition is found. What a pity it is! But what has my little newcomer to say for herself?"

Box No. 3 ("Filled at the Last Minute"): "Well, Mother Box, the first thing is I have nicknamed myself "Filled at the Last Minute," and now I'll tell you why. You know we give up twice a year all we receive. Well, I sit—and sit—and sit—alone—empty—all the time until about the day before the gifts are turned in, and then! such a scuffling and hustling around for pennies, you never did see! One purse and then another is opened by my mistress, hunting for pennies—finally, some are dropped in, to be taken out in a few hours. These contributions are not sweet, and I can't tell them all the beautiful things they are to do, because she gives them to me "at the last moment"—they do not seem to be a part of me." (Light No. 4 goes up before Light No. 3 finishes.)

Little Mother Box: "Poor child! Poor child! Your life makes me sad! There is my Box child, though, who always has good news! Tell us something quick to brighten us up."

Box No. 4 (The very Full Box): "I am in the very sweetest house in the world—everybody loves me, everybody thinks of me all the time! Lonesome? I do not know what the word means! Oh! I am so happy! This family says I must always be "very full," so that I can shed much sunshine in God's world. They certainly do see that I am "the very full Box," for sometimes I can not move, I am so heavy, heavy, heavy." (Light of No. 5 goes up.)

Little Mother Box: "Oh! how I wish all my Box children had such homes. Mother Box often thinks of you all out working for the Master, and it makes her mighty happy, but the way some of you are treated hurts—yes, hurts me—and Him too!"

Box No. 5 (Junior Auxiliary Child): "Now, Mother Box, listen to me, for I have something sweet to tell you, and it is about a little child. I was given to a little girl with brown curls, who goes to the Junior Auxiliary. She lovingly put me on her dresser, and every day she talks to me and tells me how much she loves me—she tells me how each penny was gotten: Sometimes it was because she walked instead of riding; sometimes it was because she did not buy candy; sometimes it was because she helped around the house. Her little hands drop them in so tenderly, I love to

feel them on me. I believe the Father watches her in these little acts of sacrifice, and it must delight His great love to feel and know she loves Him so." (Light No. 6 goes up.)

Little Mother Box: "I believe, too, that acts of service, love, and sacrifice delight Him, but indifference and selfishness have their effect also. I wonder if people who do live *just* for the pleasure of 'self' ever think of how they are hurting the world; of how another part of the Great Family is wanting and suffering because of them; of how they are hurting One who died that they might live."

Box No. 6 (Society Girl): "No, Mother Box, I hardly think they do; and if, sometimes by chance they do, they say nothing about it. I was brought to a young lady who is rich and who has lots of time to work for the Master. She simply took me to get rid of the canvasser, for as soon as she departed, this young lady threw me up on a shelf in her closet—fortunately, but strangely, not in the fire—and there I stayed for months, empty! covered with dust! I could hear her life as it went on, and it was one continual round of selfish pleasures: this ball and that tea, or this luncheon or that bridge; how this dress was made or that one should be made—going out, going out, going out all the time! Everything for self; nothing for God's needy and poor and ignorant. Her mother is equally as ungrateful and is unconcerned with her great responsibility as a mother. Just so long as her girl is a social success it matters not what part in the Master's workshop is left undone. I was miserable there, because—because, even if I am just a little Child Box, I *want* and *long* to be of service—of use. Mother Box, I was glad when there was general cleaning to-day, to be knocked off that shelf, for I am tired, tired of doing nothing." (Light No. 7 goes up.)

Mother Box: "Yes, I know you are—I know just how you feel, but there are many such houses as that—I don't call them 'homes,' because 'home' has a sweeter and deeper meaning than has such a family as you have been living with. 'Home' spells 'love' and where there is a full love, one's fellow man is a part."

Box No. 7. (Business Woman): "Mother Box, I like to hear you talk of 'Love,' for that is what we all stand for, even if we do stand empty sometimes. It is a pity a wrong 'proportion of values' is taken, for then the really great things are undervalued and the really worthless things are over valued. I, with a note, was put on a table in a strange room yesterday morning. All day I heard nothing, but about 5 o'clock, some body entered the room, came over to where I was, read the note, and said: 'Excuse me, I am a Business Woman, and haven't time to fool with such a nuisance as dropping a penny every Sunday, and whenever I have a blessing. My time is more important to me, but *when* I can afford it, I will go to church and put something into the plate.' With that I was thrown on the floor—but, as though in a dream, I seemed to hear the women of China begging for a teacher—the women of Alaska for a nurse; I seemed to hear a child's cry of pain in Mexico, because there was no physician; I seemed to see dark, outstretched arms in Africa lifted to an unhearing, wooden god, because no one yet had taken to them the Light. Oh! poor blind woman! to hold the things of this world at the cost of her fellowmen. What a richer life hers would be, if only it was seasoned with sympathy and love for all God's children. Mother Box, she works hard, but—but—she loves little." (Light No. 8 goes up.)

Little Mother Box: "You are right—she loves little, and there's the pity, for love is the biggest thing in life. It makes duty sweet; it softens the rough places; it is happiness. I pray God such cramped lives will some day wake up and take their places which *no one* can fill. I wish we had more true Auxiliary women, for that would mean more Juniors, more 'Little Helpers,' more men!"

Box No. 8 (True Auxiliary Woman): "You are right there, Little Mother Box, for the home where I live, is an example of just what you say. I have been for years the companion of a true Auxiliary woman. She cares for me as she does for her own children, and that love for

me has planted 'love seeds' in those around her—her husband—her children. With the happiest faces and tenderest hands, the pennies, dimes and dollars are given to me; many times it spells 'self-denial,' but nevertheless it is gladly done, because it means the spreading of the Great Father's Kingdom. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God,' is the leading thought of her life; daily duties, everything is measured by that yardstick. She *loves* her Master and does His work; the children love and serve too, because the mother does; the father does his part also—it is a home where the fullest and truest love dwells and when I say that, I have said all." (Light of No. 9 goes up.)

Little Mother Box: "Yes, Child Box, you have said all."

Box No. 9 (The Missionary Box): "But, Mother Box, I was surprised to find here in the home land so many without any interest in us at all. I live with a trained nurse, a missionary, who was sent out by the United Offering, and who lives in a far-away country; though only a few Christian women are there, every woman has a little blue Box and would not be without it, because, seeing what a tremendous and glorious work we are doing, they want to have a share in it. (*Light goes up behind "The Pile."*) Tell me, Mother Box, how many neglected, unclaimed little child Boxes are there here with you?"

One from the Pile: "I will tell you—287,000—287,000! and I wonder, oh, I wonder how long we are to stay idle. We are impatient to do something, anything! What *is* the matter no one asks for us? Is it because they do not know about us and what we do? Or is it because they do not care? 287,000 women without one of us among them—think of it! Then again, think of what it would mean for all of us to go out into the world! Wonderful things could be done—mighty results could be obtained! Oh, Mother Box, can't you find us a home?"

Little Mother Box: "I am just as unhappy about you as you yourselves are. I wish, with all my soul, that you each had some one to love you! I will pray to the Father to tell me what to do to make these 287,000 women love you."

One from "The Pile": "Yes, Mother Box, pray to Him—pray that the Divine Love will awaken in them the glorious world-wide vision, for then—then we all will be taken—we all will be loved—we all will have a Home and be useful at last."

Part IV.

Impersonation of 1916 - The Future.

SPIRIT OF 1916.

(Dress in a flowing robe of white cheese cloth with crown on head of silver figures "1916." Stage setting same as Box Reception, all candles having been removed. "1916" is crouched down behind "The Pile"; Stereopticon the only light. As curtains part "1916" slowly rises up to full height and impressively gives her message.

I am "the Future" that "1913" wondered about! I am the "United Offering-to-be" 1916! What will I have grown to then? What will I be?

I am listening to the "Great Need" in the mission field calling, calling to me: the disease which the physician or nurse can heal; the poverty which the visitor can relieve; the ignorance, the teacher can dispel; the darkness of the soul to which the evangelist can bring the light of God. Will this "Great Call" wait in vain to be answered by me?

I am watching the 287,000 little blue boxes named after me—United Offering Boxes—only little pieces of pasteboard, yet each has a mission. The little blue box knows it can only serve the Master by being used to hold pennies, dimes, and dollars dropped in weekly and at odd times, too, as an expression of thankfulness to a loving Father, or as a sacrifice; yet it longs to be of that little service—it is pitifully miserable because its owner will not claim it! *Little pasteboard boxes dedicate themselves* to the work of Jesus Christ, and so many, many women refuse the blessed privilege! Wouldn't you say these little boxes love the Master more than these 287,000 indifferent women?

Jesus Christ so loved women that he suffered and died to lift them out of slavery, misery and sin. Jesus is every woman's best friend, and yet 287,000 women refuse to take the little pasteboard box that longs to be taken—they refuse to listen to the call "to service"—they allow their share in the Master's workshop—the world—to go undone.

Oh women, stop, and think, do more. I, the money you put into the little blue pasteboard box, take the message of Jesus to His children in obedience to His command: "Go work in my vineyard." "As you go, preach; heal the sick; open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light." Give ye them to eat." "Feed my lambs." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Oh! women, girls and babies, He loves you. Will you not make me grow faster by your love, your prayers, your money? Forget yourselves; open your hearts, and read and hear the Great Call from the Mexican plains, the Indians of the West, the Hawaiians, the Philippines, all other island people, the Japanese, the Chinese, the people of India and Africa, the mountain people, and all the scattered church people in the country and villages of all our Christian dioceses. The gospel of Jesus Christ means to people healing for body, mind, and soul—it means hospitals, doctors, nurses, teachers, schools, churches—it means civilization! Would Jesus fail to make it mean all of that to His children in all these lands? A thousand times "no," but He needs you to send, and to take His gospel. What are you going to do? How big am I, the United Offering of 1916, to be?"

All of the 313,000 faithful women and girls and babies who made me happy, so happy, in 1913, have put their little blue boxes in place again to begin their work for me, 1916 United Offering. The little blue box stands as a daily reminder of the "Great Call"—they are happy, and jingle their pennies gaily, and praise God too! These Auxiliary workers have promised to help me find the women for that great pile of 287,000 unhappy, idle little boxes. I wonder if you know any of the owners who have neglected to make a little box happy!

And now before I leave you, let me give you one little word that will put a song into your heart. "I saw it with my own eyes; I heard it with my own ears; I have felt it with my own heart—that women in every land which I have visited have been lifted up, and placed on high, because

a sister whom you have sent has interpreted by her own life the Christ. I have seen women with their hearts aglow because of the sister whom you sent in God's Name!"

I plead for the little blue boxes! Take them and make me grow, so that I can spread God's love in His world, and when I really celebrate my birthday in 1916, what will I be? Even I, "the Future," can not answer that now—only all women, girls, and Little Helpers can say how big I will be when I am called the United Offering of 1916.

(End.)

N. B.—Copies of this Programme may be had by applying to Mrs. Henry Leverich, President of the La. Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, 1523 Josephine Street, New Orleans, La. Price 25c each. All proceeds to go to United Offering.

THE RUSKIN PRESS,
NEW-ORLEANS.

You will find a Correct
Model in Our Shoe De-
partment *for* Every Occasion *and*
Every Fashionable Costume.

The woman who realises what great im-
portance correct footwear is to her appear-
ance is the one who most appreciates our
footwear.

Our shoes not only lead in style, they also
excel in the quality of material used.

Such makes as

Laird Schober's Shoes
Cousins' Shoes
Wilson's Shoes
Patrician Shoes
and Grover's Shoes *for*
Tender Feet

cannot be excelled. These makes are all
considered the best at their respective
prices of any shoes made in this country.

Fashionable Foot Form Shoes for Children.

Splendid Wearing Shoes for Boys.

The Largest Line of

Women's Fancy Slippers in the South.

A large stock to select from. Experienced
clerks to see that you are properly fitted.

D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
NEW-ORLEANS