MINISTER’S COLUMN

BOOKS

Great is the good to be gleaned from books. Books are friends, they walk with us, they support us when we weaken, they encourage us when we falter. Books are tools, we use them in our work. O, faithful books, what a treasure they are. Get good books, absorb them, let them advise and counsel you, they will lift you up, they will fire the urge within for achievement.

Books, blessed is he who invented books, certainly that man was inspired. Books, the transmitting of thought so that the weak, the dull, the unlettered may profit by the wisdom of the great and wise.

Books, one agency by which a human being rises above the brute. The animal must start its schooling from its own experiences, while man may glean from the printed word of the world’s great and also from the rich heritage left by the countless dead.

Books—in a word in this article I will tell you of a little library of my own, of the place where I spent some five evenings of each week. I dare not boast of my books, for my library is very small, very insignificant if you match it with great libraries of the rich book collectors. However, I love books, the fact that I own a book store is indicative of that fact. I will enlarge on that division of the book subject in a later article. This time I confine my manuscript to my little private library at home.

I have 150 feet of shelving that encircles my den or library room, approximately one thousand books, selected with special care grace these shelves. As I sit in their midst, one solemn thought is, that I have bought every book I have from perhaps a hundred different libraries that have been offered for sale, and purchased by me in the line of my book business.

A few years ago I was seized with a rather abnormal interest in Indian history, so I have been eager and diligent in stocking my shelves with choice books about Indians. I probably have one hundred sixty volumes of this classification. I face the block as I write of Indian lore. Before me are two books, two and one-half inches thick, the title Handbook of American Indians, this work was published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C. It is an acknowledged authority on all chiefs and tribes of our vanished American.

For our local history I am pleased to possess Bierce’s History of Summit County, this was the first recorded details of the area called Summit County. The Portage Path, a little book of 106 pages, and Western Reserve, another small book, each of these tell interesting tales of this county in the long ago.

Six years ago I bought the Edwin Rowland Sill library in Cuyahoga Falls. The Sills were a pioneer family. The present stone house terraced high in the very heart of Cuyahoga Falls has been built more than a hundred years.

Rev. Hulme will preach Sunday on “Doing Exploits”.
This Sill library, forty years ago, was one of the best in Ohio. A nephew, in compliance with the will, was granted any books he cared to select from the shelves, probably fifteen hundred books were picked, leaving a remnant of approximately twelve hundred that I secured. In this block of books there was a set of three, the title of which is Indian Tribes of the United States by Schoolcraft, published in 1853, the set is in a fine state of preservation. I had not owned this set of books a day till a man offered me $15.00 for the three books, and I sold them to him. No sooner done, I regretted my act, but how could I get them back. I wanted them because they are authority. I wanted them because they are long since out of print, I wanted to own them because they came from the Sill library in the old stone house in Cuyahoga Falls, for E. R. Sill was a poet of national reputation and Mrs. Sill's father was postmaster of the Ohio Ship Canal.

Well, the good man to whom I sold the set came to me one day last fall and he said I might have Schoolcraft's Indians for $25.00, so I bought them back, this set is listed at $75.00.

Crawford's Campaign against Sandusky, a first edition book, in a perfect state of preservation and having a value of $10.00, is another item that interests me. This book I bought from Judge Shield's library at Canton, two years ago. The old judge was at a very advanced age and has since passed to his rest.
cycleone apparently lifted from Lake Erie and swept with irresistible force across the city of Lorain, Ohio, beating through church and store alike, leveling them to the ground, twisting trees and snapping them like match sticks. While clouds of impenetrable darkness engulfed the city and folk thought the universe was being destroyed, then it was that loved ones clung together, kissed each other farewell and waited for the final crash.

On Galilee the fierce wind descended the slopes leading to the water, some six hundred feet below the Mediterranean sea level, striking the little inland sea with terrible fury.

Jesus and the disciples were in a boat, accompanied by other little boats. Perhaps all were awakened, all were terrified, the storm was furious, the sea merciless, and lo, they were sinking. So they awakened the Master, they upbraided Him, Carest thou not that we perish? Jesus, the Mighty One, looks into the blackness of that night, faces the booming sea and calls to the elements, "Peace. Be still." There was a great calm.

The manifestation of the supernatural stunned and shocked the material, the disciples crouched in the hull of the boat. They thought they knew the man, they walked with Him, lived with Him, they thought of Him as a great and good man, now he was more, he was God. What manner of man is this that even the wind and the sea obey him. Yet not a soul to glorify God for deliverance from a grave in the sea. All saved, but no one to say, "Thank God, Hallelujah."

Jesus was asleep in the boat, body and mind wearied by the strain of yesterday. Jesus lay in the rear on the steerman's mat asleep. Yes, asleep, and He sleeps in you. Only when storm and calamity threatens your life, only then does the average man cry aloud to his God. Asleep, yes asleep, and is it to much to reason that as He lay Him down to sleep that He prayed. All, all was committed into the Father's care. No storm was fierce enough to sink that boat, it carried the precious freightage of the Son of God.

In that black night and in the storm the Master slept. The fierce winds were like a lullaby song, like a mother's hand rocking the cradle, and Omnipotence watched, guarded and cared.

Treated as a metaphor the sea in this story is the world, the ships are the churches, the tempest is the evil that stirs in man's heart. It lashes the sea (the world), it threatens destruction to the ships (the churches).

Hatred, spite, greed, like demons, roar, lash and beat upon defenseless humanity. Their pitiful cry is heard above the fury of the storm. Only Christ can still these wild passions of the human race.

Many times storms of evil and sin have threatened our own little bark, we find ourselves sinking, going down, no human aid to reach us. It's then we remember the Mighty One, who, asleep, who sleeps within.

The old world today alarms us, Nation rises against Nation, great powers break their moorings and defy all humanity. Man, apparently demon possessed in strife and war sweeps the earth and strews both land and sea with human wreckage, just as the elements roar and crash and leave ruin scattered everywhere along its path.

In the city of Akron a great strike exists, human hate ebbs and
flows like an angry sea. Father is against son and sister opposes brother. So we cry aloud, "Where is civilization, where is Christianity?" Men on both sides invoke the aid of the Almighty to gain their ends. But God is not a part of the storm, that thing that caused the storm on life's beautiful sea is a deadly thing, it knows not reason or mercy, it rises from the pit, it threatens, it strikes, it terrifies the race.

Christ is not in the strike, He is the Prince of Peace. He lies sleeping in the souls of men, men that battle each other in the selfish jostle of life. The storm rages, the boats may sink, innocent multitudes despair, one and all suffer. What fools these mortals be.

They refuse to serve and obey the only One under Heaven or among men who can still the tempest of human strife.

Perhaps He sleeps in you and you and you. Have you ever called Him? Why wait till one is beaten in the game of life before you awaken the better soul that sleeps?

GEO. M. HULME

WHEN I AM GONE
No funeral gloom for me, dear love.
When I am gone,
I want the windows open wide.
The sunshine in, the bird's sweet song.
Put flowers all about me,
Their colors everywhere;
Let their fragrance be about me,
Filling the sweetened air.
To that life over there.
Lovely as this world is,
That one more fair.
I shall escape the sorrow
And the pain.
Your loss, if so it be,
Must be my gain.
So think of me,
But do not weep.
No death can conquer
Love like ours—deep!
And soon, so soon,
Upon that better shore,
We two shall meet again.
To part no more.

Selected—Geo. M. Hulme

SPECIAL SERVICES

All good people should remember that this is the Lenten season. Also you should remember that during the week preceding Easter.

NOTICE

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Stow Fire Department will hold a meeting Thursday evening, April 2nd at

When we say "Squeaking Springs Our Specialty" we mean what we say. There will be NO SQUEAKS

If you let us grease your car. A free vacuum cleaning with each grease job

Shell Gas Station

140 East Kent Rd., Stow

"Eddie" Parsons, Prop.
NOTE: This week is Priscilla week—You can buy a 2 qt. Aluminum sauce pan and cover guaranteed for life for . . . . . . . . . . 39c

THE STOW HARDWARE

the home of Mrs. Lantz on Hudson road. All members are urged to attend.

NOTICE

Stow Council No. 192 D of A will hold inspection Monday, 7:30 p. m., April 6th. The degree team and officers are asked to come for a practice 2:00 p. m. on Wednesday, April 1st.

NOTICE

The River Road club will meet at the home of Mrs. R. K. Palmer, on Thursday. (The person who handed in this notice failed to mention which Thursday.)

PERSONAL

The roads are bad.
Set a good example.
The roads are getting worse.
Betty Mosely has the mumps.
Attend church services Sunday morning.
Bricks are loose and bouncing out on the Hudson road.
Mrs. Al. Stein is reported as being ill the first part of this week.
Billy Starcher of King Drive was ill last Sunday and therefore not able to attend Bible School.
Last Saturday snow was piled higher than the car top on River Road and on East Graham.
Basil Kincade was ill with a sore throat last Sunday and remained at home that day.

PLANT STARK BROS
QUALITY
FRUIT TREES

John Goodenberger, Agent
200 Ritchie Road :: Stow, Ohio

New pupils at Bible School last Sunday were Florence and Norman Gardner of Darrowville. We hope they can attend regularly.
If someone does not open up the ditches on West Arndale Road, the residents on that famous street will have to take to boats in stead of motor cars.
We may not have them all O. K. but those who celebrated their birthdays last Sunday were W. V. Smith, Edward Monteith, Marie Carpenter, Arlene Stein, Mary Jo Woodring and Mrs. Lowe (?)
Party living on Graham Road and who frequently walks to the

JUNIOR ORDER HALL
available for meetings of
CLUBS & ORGANIZATIONS
For terms or dates call WA. 4178 or WA. 9170

© C O A L ©
The Thomas Coal Company
Phone WA-9247  West Graham Rd.  STOW
Special Brick Ice Cream 29c

bus line wishes to thank all of those living on the Hudson road who so kindly cleaned off their walks after the heavy snow last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hackathorn and family of Akron, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy McVoy and family of Canton visited with Mr. and Mrs. Conley, West Arndale road Sunday evening.

Mrs. William Regala and son, Billy, from Canton, are spending this week with her sister Mrs. L. C. Stein, 135 Hudson road.

Mr. Thomas R. Haines of Williamson Road was taken to St. Thomas Hospital on March 14th for a serious operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Presley of Lodi were guests of their daughter, Mrs. Ralph Nichols, this past week. Mrs. Presley is 84 years old and as bright and active as can be.

Can you imagine this?—Claude McGolgan has a Packard for which he paid a little more than $2.00. He bought the tires and they donated the car. And while we are not given to free advertising you might like to know that he has a chain on both the front and on the back so that he can pull you in either direction.

And here is something else— which is rather unexpected. Miss Leta Rumer and Mr. Herb Waugaman of Munroe Falls were united in marriage March 9th.

Last Sunday about 1:15 p.m. at the corner of Hudson and Graham roads E. F. Keister and wife of

E. F. KASTENS
Pumps, Plumbing, Heating Estimates Free
116 East Graham Road
Phone WA. 7688

Two Grandstand Seats For The Opening
Indians vs. Tigers
April 14th
Ask Us For Details
Friend’s Service Station
“BILL” BRIDGERS, Proprietor
Mogadore who were on their way to Crown Hill were killed when the car in which they were riding was struck and demolished by a heavier car coming from the west on Graham road. Failure on the part of the driver of the heavier car to slow down or to stop is reported as being the cause of the accident.

Mrs. Harry Osman and Mrs. C. W. Crichton wish to thank everyone in the Community who helped make the “drive” for food and clothing for the benefit of unfortunate flood sufferers a success. Boy Scout Troop 158 did their “good turn” by soliciting clothing and “what have you,” while the Scout Mothers gave a cash donation to the same cause. Veterans of the Foreign Wars also helped and should be thanked for providing the truck to rush the material to the stricken area.

The executive committee of the Stow Alumni association met at the home of the president, Mr. Chas. Perrine, Sunday afternoon, March 22nd. The following were reported chairmen for various committees to arrange for the annual alumni meeting and banquet.

Nominating committee — “Dud” Nickerson.
Program—John Stahl.
Sale of tickets—Roger Nickerson.
Fresh - Tender - Juicy

SIRLOIN-TENDERLOIN or ROUND STEAK
RIB - RUMP - BRISKET - ROASTS
also Ham-Bacon-Dried Beef, etc.

A. W. Barber, Home Dressed Meats
One Mile North of Hudson

Telephone 100X-1

Publicity Committee—Ethel Mae Carlyle.
Decoration committee — Chas. Perrine.
Orchestra—Eddie Palmer.
The date June 2nd, 1936, has been set for the banquet this year.
There will be another meeting at the home of President Chas. Perrine, April 19th. At that time all committees will be asked to report.
In spite of snowbound conditions during the past week, Miss Marion M. King, Stow librarian, is anticipating spring. The following new books being placed on the shelves of the Stow Public Library will be good news to Stow's many gardeners.
The Garden Month by Month—Sedgwick.
The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers—Richardson Wright.
How To Make Garden Pools—Longyear.
Week-end Gardening—Patterson.
The Gardener's How Book—Sherlock.

It is nearing

HOUSE CLEANING TIME
Let us figure on your recovering job for that old Chair or Davenport, or How about refinishing that old Table

MCGRAIL ANTIQUE SHOP
150 East Kent Rd., STOW Phone WA. 1091
would have it. We are trying to get the Community Church News in the mail and there is more work to it than saying to Uncle Sam "Dear Uncle, here is our paper, we want you to accept it as second class matter." Then there are other reasons why we spent very little time "digging up" news or editing same. We won't burden you with details only to say thank you to the people who sent in the personal items which we do have and to say as a last word, we have hopes of getting our application for a mailing permit (and incidentally the $25) to Uncle Sam some time this week. Do we have your name on our subscription list as a paid subscriber?

THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THE PAST

(Continued from last week)

made to the various shops. Then begins the long panorama of streets trimmed with carved facades of native shops and gay lacquered boards showing gilden character on black or vermilion grounds. In the olden days it was the invariable rule that merchants or artisans belonging to the same guild lived in the same quarter. The carpenters and furniture-makers have a street to themselves, the lantern-makers, the silver workers, the brass manufacturers, the sellers of pictures and porcelains, jade street, embroidery street, bead street, and hundreds of quaint old shops housing rare values.

As Chinese seldom entertain in their own houses, the expensive restaurants do a thriving trade. Custom forbids Chinese ladies to appear in such places with men, even their own husbands. The dinner ready to serve is unknown. Everything must be ordered in advance. A reasonably good meal may be had for Mexican $2.00, although a very elaborate one would cost $10 or $15 a plate. A vegetarian restaurant is one of the novelties of the capital. Not only is every vegetable known to China prepared there, but served in imitation of practically every known meat dish. The roast duck consisted of a preparation made from bean curd; fried eels were the kind of a certain kind of melon cooked in vegetable oils; vegetable pork and beef courses consisted of bamboo shoots and mushrooms, and so on, the novelty of the entertainment being that the vegetables not only tasted like the various meat dishes but were moulded to look like them.

After a fashionable Chinese dinner party the company break ranks with hiccups—considered good style as an expression of appreciation.

After the party comes the visit to the theatre. Performances last half of the day and most of the night and the audience is continually coming and going. Nobody is silent, no one appears to ‘listen’ to the actors, and whisk goes hot towels over their heads incessantly to an usher who skillfully reaches out for them and delivers them to those about to depart or who have just entered.

To the average tourist—who only visits the palaces, the Great Wall and other historical scenes of interest, the life of the Chinese people is never seen. To visit China without obtaining a view of the wonderful homes, the modern home or even the middle class home and to partake of a meal cooked over a small stove by the Chinese housewife and to listen to the stories of the husband, then the visit to this country is nothing but sight-seeing.

(To be continued)