

When  
God  
Walks  
the  
Road





# When God Walks the Road

AND

## *Other Missionary Stories*

---

EDITED BY

Sara Estelle Haskin

---

Nashville, Tenn.

Dallas, Tex.; Richmond, Va.

Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South

Smith & Lamar, Agents

1921

PZ1  
H28  
W

COPYRIGHT, 1921  
BY  
SMITH & LAMAR



DEC -5 1921

©Cl. A630587

no. 1.

## *Preface*

THIS book of short stories contains nine of the best we have collected during the past eight years, most of which we believe are worthy of a permanent place in missionary literature. They will be of interest to readers of all ages. "When God Walks the Road," which is a real little missionary classic, was written by a member of our office force, Miss Alleine Fridy, who is a volunteer for missionary service. Because of very defective eyesight she is detained from the field. However, under this serious handicap she is giving to our Church through her beautiful stories an expression of her missionary purpose and spirit which will doubtless win for her many substitutes.

SARA ESTELLE HASKIN,  
*Secretary in Charge of Literature.*



## Contents

	PAGE
When God Walks the Road. By Alliene Fridy.....	7
The Ten Wishes. By Helen Burr.....	11
Nance's Dream Doll. By Emma K. Olmstead.....	17
Mongoonie the Brave. By Ellasue Wagner.....	21
Little Foe of All the World. By Grace Bigelow House..	25
The Story of a Great Choice. By Mary De Bardeleben.	30
How Miung Ja Found Her Name. By Lillian Nichols...	33
Kim Hong Til and the First "Bike." By Ellasue Wag- ner.....	38
The Story of a Slave Boy Who Became Great. By Sara Estelle Haskin.....	42
Dorothy Finds a Way. By Etta Fulkerson.....	46
The Whitest Gift of All. By Harriet T. Comstock.....	51





## *When God Walks the Road*

ALLIENE FRIDY

"MR. ROADMAN, has you ever seen God?" The earnest eyes of little lame Dick burned into those of the man at his bedside. The man's feet shuffled uneasily, and his lips twitched. He didn't know what to say.

"Why—why—son, I guess—not," he stammered uncertainly. "What makes you ask that?"

Nervously his fingers closed over a tiny note which he still held. It read;

*Mr. Roadman: I'm Little Lame Dick, an' I lives on Hellhole Road. You can't make no mistake as to my house. It's the one with the black cat drawed on the dore. Please come. I got a letter fer you frum God.*

LITTLE LAME DICK.

And he had come; how foolish he felt only he knew. He had read the childish scrawl and tossed it aside as "some fool's joke." He wouldn't be made game of. But, strange to say, the words stuck. They wouldn't let him go. "A letter from God!" He had never heard of such a thing. Pshaw! His eyes were getting bad. They had played him a trick; that was all. Let him read it again. He picked it up and unfolded it; yes, it said that very thing—"a letter from God." The third time he read it. He couldn't get away from it. Well, it wouldn't hurt to see what was up. Nobody would know it here. So he got out his machine and chugged it over this bad road, and here he was at the little fellow's side, listening to his strange greeting.

"Have you ever seen God?" The question startled him. "'Cause if you ain't," went on the intense little tones, "'cause ef you ain't, ef you don't watch out, you will. I seen him last night." His dark eyes were wide and bright. "I seen him last night, and that's how come I to send for you. I was a-lyin' right here in this bed, same es I be now, an' I wus lookin' out at the road, 'memberin' when I got hurted on it, 'cause it

*When God Walks the Road*

wus so bad. The moon was a-lyin' on it jes' es sof' an' white. All at onct it shined plumb fierce right acrost my eyes, en' I had to shet 'em. 'Nen, when I opened 'em, it wusn't this here road I was a-seein' at all; it wus a long, shiny white one, same es milk runnin' along. It jes' run along fer as I could see, through little meadows where the grass was stan'in' up thet prutty an' green, an' where little blue an' white daisies wus peepin' out all aroundst. I never seen 'em at first. There wus other flowers, too, prettier than I ever seen in all my life before. I was a-followin' this road, an' it went on an' on past little streams of water whut shined an' shined—like—like little streaks of silver, an' on roun' hills an' hills whut wus diffunt colors in the light thet wus beamin' ev'rywhere. They wus like colors I seen in rings at the stores in town—yellow an' red an' blue an' green. At last it come to a city whut had houses an' houses an' houses, an' all on 'em wus marble an' gol' an' silver, an' wus liftin' theyself up tell they tops teched the clouds. I wus too fer away ter see 'em good. An' whilst I wus lookin' hard at the fruits an' things a-growin' all along the banks of the stream close ter where I wus—they wus all kinds there—I happin to look forward, ahed o' me, an' there, comin' fas' to meet me, wus chilluns an' chilluns, jes' like me, only none of 'em was lame in the leg nor wore pants an' bodies fer clothes. Some kine o' cloth—whiter'n snow—flew'd from the shoulders es they run. This wus helt up there by little breastpins o' rocks with all kines o' light flashin' in 'em. All these boys an' girls was laffin' an' talkin' an' singin', but the noise didn't sound loud. They jes' crowd roundst me all at onct, same es ef lame legs an' livin' in Hellhole didn't count.

““Little lame Dick! Little lame Dick!” they all sings, sof' an' joyful an' glad, es they ketched hands an' danced along. An' seems es if I could dance good es any of 'em.”

“An' then whut you reckon I seen?” The little fellow's eyes grew darker, and his face was full of wonder. Whut you reckon I seen? Why, I seen God comin' down right out o' thet beautiful city, takin' a walk same es me! And all the little chilluns shout happy an' run to meet him. I runned too.

*When God Walks the Road*

He come right straight on to where I wus, not sayin' nuthin', but jes' smilin'. 'Nen a light shined in my eyes, an' I jes' fell down at his feets an' whispers: 'O God, ain't it prutty? Ain't no rocks ner holes ner washouts, ner stumps an' rotten fences long it, is there? Ner no branches with quicksands in 'em.'

"'No, chile,' he answers; 'them ain't seen on God's road. God walks a clean an' white an' lovely road.'

"'Nen, Mr. Roadman, tears run out o' my eyes onto thet road. I wus that skeered when I see 'em, fer fear they'd ruin it; but God ses, right straight off: 'Let 'em alone; they can't hurt. Happy tears makes the way prettier; they is diamonds on it.' An' he lifted me up. 'Nen, Mr. Roadman, he ketched my han' an' ses: 'Walk in peace with me. Come.'

"I went. 'God,' I ses es we went along, 'don't you never walk nowhere else? Don't you never walk along on Hellhole Road? I wisht you would.'

"'No, little lame Dick,' he says, 'I can't. It ain't fit.'

"'Mebbe Mr. Roadman would clean it up ef he knowed about you might walk there then,' I ses.

"'Well, I'll jes' have to wait,' ses God. 'But, little lame Dick, couldn't you do something 'bout it?' he ses.

"'Me?' I ses. 'Why, God, I ain't nuthin' but a little bit of a boy. 'Sides that, I can't walk nowheres.'

"'I know it,' he ses; 'but there's things little folks can do, even if they is boys an' lame. I'm going to count on you.'

"'Nen he laid his han' light on my head. An' I jes' thort ef every little boy knowed God wus countin' on him, whut wouldn't he do? 'Nen God said some more.

"'Little lame Dick,' he ses, 'you take these words to Mr. Roadman, thet tends to Hellhole Road. Take these:

*"'Mr. Roadman: Did you know you's keepin' God from little lame Dick's road? He can't walk there. It ain't fit.*

*"'Signed in heaven. God.'*

"'I can trust you with this, can't I, little lame Dick?' he ses then.

"'Nen, Mr. Roadman, I wanted to say 'Yes'; but all to onct I couldn't find my voice. But he knowed, an' jes' pat-

*When God Walks the Road*

ted my head, an' was gone. So here 'tis, Mr. Roadman; here 'tis, the note he give me. I writ it myself, an I ain't much on writin'. But you'll clean it up, won't you, mister? You'll clean up Hellhole, so es God can come to see me. 'Cause where God walks the road's clean. You'll do it, won't you, mister?" Wistful tears stood in his eyes.

Something got in the big man's throat. "I'll try, son," he promised.

"An 'nen," added little lame Dick happily, "an 'nen maybe you'll git to see God walkin' on this road too, fer one end's yourn."

"I hope so, boy," answered the road commissioner earnestly as he went away, wondering how many places he had kept God from.

# *The Ten Wishes*

HELEN BURR

"You quit that, Willie. Ma said for us to feed the baby while she was gone."

It was Annie May who spoke. Her voice was harsh and loud, so that it could be heard above the rumble of the great cotton mill just across the way. Her mother was in that mill, working from six in the morning until half past five in the afternoon; and Annie May, who was only eleven, kept house and looked after the three youngest children. Willie, her brother, was the oldest, almost a man, he thought. Was he not thirteen, old enough to go to work in the cotton mill? Therefore he felt that he had a right to tease his sister by offering the baby bits of an old banana that he had snatched from the fruit wagon when the man was not looking.

"You quit, I say. Don't pick her up. Her back is too limber. And ma said that if you touched that soft spot on top of her head she'd go crazy. How would you like— Now just look there! You woke her up, and she'll yell like everything. You've got to mind her, 'cause"—

But Willie did not stay to hear the rest. He darted down the dirty back alley to join his gang for a game of marbles.

Annie May had only the satisfaction of yelling after him: "I'm goin to tell ma that you played hookey from school this mornin'."

Bits of sweet potato and bread crumbs littered the dirty floor; a pile of unwashed dishes and a frying pan cluttered the stove; flies swarmed through the unscreened windows and doors. Every drawer of the cheap bureau was wide open; and clothing was strewn about on the trunk, on the one chair, and the unmade bed. In front of the house the other two children were playing boat in a big open drain. They were wet and very dirty. Surely there were a great many things



### *When God Walks the Road*

that Annie May ought to do before the whistle blew and her mother, with many other paste-colored, tired, linty women, came drearily out of the big mill gate. But now the baby was crying, and she must think up a way to stop her first. She leaned over and joggled the squeaky springs on the bed. The baby only cried harder as her thin little legs and arms waved about in indignant hunger.

Ah, Annie May had an inspiration! Gently she placed her own not-any-too-clean finger into the baby's mouth.

This worked well, but only for a moment. The baby was crying harder than ever. Sometimes ma made baby laugh by playing with her fingers and toes. Almost ready to cry herself, Annie May tried this. "O goodness!" she said. "If I had as many wishes as you have fingers and a fairy godmother hiding behind the bed to grant them, I'd wish first that you'd hush."

As if by magic the crying stopped, for baby had seen something that Annie may did not notice—the smiling face of the deaconess from the Wesley House. She was passing and had peeped in the front window. "O, goody!" said the tired little girl. "If only I could have my nine other wishes as easy as that!" She forgot the work that was waiting for her. Grown-up as she was forced to be in many ways, there was nothing she liked better than a game of "play-like." "I wish," she said in a low, mysterious voice, "I wish I could have ice cream and cake, lots of it, every single day of my life."

Miss Lucy—for that was what the children called the deaconess—waited a moment to hear what her little friend was saying so softly to herself. "Would it not be most nice," she thought, "if I could play like I were the fairy godmother? No, I wouldn't give her just what she wished for; but I would give her something better. I could ask her mother to let her come to one of our little cooking classes. There she could wear a little white cap and apron and be taught to cook in all sorts of tempting ways the simple food her mother can afford to buy."

But Annie May was speaking again: "And, fairy god-

*When God Walks the Road*

mother behind the bed, for my third wish I'd like to have a pile of lovely dresses."

Miss Lucy winced at this. "Well, never mind," she thought. "I can answer that in a way too. She can come to our sewing school and learn to embroider and crochet lace and even make pretty, bright dresses for herself."

"But mercy me!" Annie May was saying. "I'd look fine living in this pig pen in such grand dresses. I wish this little old house was a palace."

The woman at the window shifted her weight to the other foot and stifled a sigh. She too had become so tired of little, boxlike, dirt-colored houses, all just exactly alike, set in rows, and just five feet apart. Some day, perhaps, things would be changed so that these people could have real homes in which to live, and they could be taught how to keep them clean and tidy. But this would be a long time coming, and even then the finest house would not look sweet and homelike unless things should be changed so the people could have real homes in which to live. If only the people could be trained for better work and the rich mill owner would give higher wages! Then the people might have homes of their own, and the mothers could stay at home and keep them. No, she could not give her little friend a palace, but to-morrow morning she would stop in and show her how to make the untidy rooms look neat. Perhaps if she brought over that picture of "The Choir Girls" to put on the mantel Annie May would want to clear away all the pile of coco-cola bottle tops, pill boxes, snuff cans, and numberless other things; then next week she would ask her to come to the housekeepers' class. The girls in this class learned to sweep and dust and scrub, wash dishes, make up beds, and lots of other things. They learned not only to do their work well, but to love to do it, to make housework just one jolly game and to sing over the hard places.

"For wish number five, fairy godmother," said Annie May, "I'd like to have this here mill village all green grass and big trees and bright flowers, like the park."

Miss Lucy's little bag bulged. She felt it and smiled. She had just bought quite a lot of flower seeds for all the bright

*When God Walks the Road*

little gardens she hoped her boys and girls would be making this spring. To-morrow morning she would bring Annie May a large package of nasturtium seeds, and Willie could haul the rich earth for her. The boys' club had already set out some new trees and had declared that they would "wallop" any "feller" who broke a limb or tried to do any fancy climbing. Perhaps the village could never look as pretty as the park, but in a few months it ought to look quite bright with flowers.

Annie May had been counting off her wishes on the tiny fingers of her baby sister, and she had used up one hand. Now she took up the other and started with the thumb. For a long time she thought hard; then she caught sight of the bright bill posted on the high mill fence. It was an ugly moving-picture advertisement. "I wish I could go to the movies every single night," sighed Annie May.

The muscles in Miss Lucy's arms twitched. She hated the glaring sign. How often she had longed to rush over and tear it off bit by bit with her own hand! Why did they show her people such dreadful things? She'd get the best of them somehow. She'd make Annie May and the rest of the children have such a happy time at the play hour and the party Saturday night that maybe they would forget the ugly sign.

From one of the top rows of mill windows some one was waving. It was mamma signaling to the other two little ones to stop playing in the ditch.

"I wish ma didn't have to work in that old mill," Annie May said.

"So do I." Miss Lucy forgot and almost spoke out loud. But just now the best thing she could do would be to get the children into the day nursery, so Annie May could go to school.

Just then there was a thump as if some one had thrown himself down on the little front porch.

"There's Willie," said Annie May; and the color came into her yellow face as she remembered how angry she was with him. "I wish he just had to go to school. He feels so "bigity."



*When God Walks the Road*

Then the color came into the deaconess' face, not from anger, but from shame. It always made her feel this way when she remembered that she lived in a State that let its boys and girls go into factories and mills at thirteen years of age, and that it had no laws to make mothers and fathers send their children to school.

There was a slight groan from the direction of the porch.

"What's the matter, Willie?" asked his sister anxiously.

"Aw, nothin'; I'm just chillin'."

"I wish," said Annie May softly, "I wish there weren't no sich things as chills." A fly tickled baby's nose and almost made her cry. "Nor flies," she said as she brushed it away.

How easy it would be to grant both of these wishes at once! If only the city would drain off all this standing water and send the garbage wagons around once a day instead of once a week! If the people would only keep their back yards clean and put screens in their windows and doors!

Now there was only one wish left. The girl was holding a very wee little finger and wondering what this last wish should be. To console herself the baby put her other fist as far into her mouth as it would go.

"Now, you listen carefully, fairy godmother, 'cause this is the very importantest wish of all. I wish I was as good as Miss Lucy," said Annie May.

There was a mist before the deaconess' eyes. She nearly tripped over the two boards that formed a bridge over the wide ditch.

Just as Miss Lucy reached her own particular little dirt-colored cottage the great mill whistle blew. Suddenly the whir of machinery stopped, and almost at once the people began to troop out. It was her custom to sit here on the steps when the days were warm and the mill closed before dark. Her friends had learned to watch for her. They stopped to speak or, if not too tired, smiled as they passed. She knew and loved them all.

"Work run bad to-day," said a bent woman whom three little children were running to meet.

*When God Walks the Road*

"See you terrackly at night school," called out three giggling girls who waved to her from across the street.

But now they had all gone in for supper. Smoke was coming out of the rows of chimneys and the big mill stack. With all her soul Miss Lucy longed for color, music, laughter. She watched the black smoke curl, dip, and rise again as it poured out of the tall, straight stack. The air was heavy with the smell of cabbage. From open doors mothers with arms akimbo shouted for boys whom they had not seen since early morning.

"Hello, Miss Lucy. I was just thinking of you," said a voice close by. It was Annie May, who had come to draw water from the faucet.

"And I was thinking of you, too," answered the deaconess.

"That's funny, ain't it?" called back the little girl as she went off with her dripping bucket.

For a time Miss Lucy sat in the twilight, still thinking of Annie May's ten wishes. At last she arose, saying to herself: "Yes, in the next ten to-morrows Annie May's godmother will surely help bring to pass some of those ten wishes not only for her, but for all the children of this poor, unhappy mill village."

## *Nance's Dream Doll*

EMMA K. OLMSTEAD

HE towered head and shoulders above everybody else—this white-bearded patriarch of the mountains—as he made his way through the crowded store to the department where he had been told dolls were on display. A new shipment had just come in from the East; and though it was a bleak cold day early in December, the store, thronged with people, evidenced the fact that the shoppers were observing the slogan: “Do your Christmas shopping early.”

The tired little clerk who had been working all the morning on the shipment of dolls had just finished arranging the last one when she observed the giant figure of the mountaineer. Wearily she turned to him with the customary “What is it, please?” But the tall man, whose thinness was accentuated by his scanty attire and very shabby clothes, did not hear her voice, for he stood as if transfixed by the sight before him. His eyes seemed to take in the whole assortment of dolls with one sweep; then his gaze traveled to each one, as though undecided whether to buy out the whole supply. He didn't know there were so many kinds and sizes of dolls in all the world. But there they were, dolls dressed in dazzling creations of muslin and ribbon and lace, some in long clothes to represent real live babies, some dressed as sailor boys and soldiers in khaki, and still others in nurses' uniforms, with little red crosses on their arms. After his eyes had feasted on each one, he turned bewilderedly to the clerk, whom he had observed for the first time, though she had watched the varying expressions play across his wrinkled face.

“Are there any of the dolls that you like? We think we have an especially fine lot, as dolls are expensive articles this year. As you are the first customer in this department, how-

*When God Walks the Road*

ever, since the boxes were opened, you are fortunate in having your choice of all of them."

Still the man said nothing as he stood awkwardly twisting his hat between his fingers. Then after a long pause he spoke, as though addressing the dolls: "I wush Nance wuz hyar." He realized he had uttered his thoughts aloud, when the clerk turned to him, saying: "Well, if Nance is your little girl for whom you want to buy the doll, perhaps I can help you select one, as I have two little tots at home."

"O, but Nance ain't my leetle gal; yo're plumb mistaken about that."

"Perhaps, then," insisted the clerk, "you wish it for your little grandchild or a neighbor's child."

"No'm, yo're wrong again. Nance ain't neither my leetle gal ner my gran'child ner my neighbor's. Nance is my ol' woman, an' I want ter git her the finest an' the purtiest doll in yer store. It ain't no Christmas gift neither, fer I 'low ter give it to her soon as I git back. An', mom, I jes' have ter git it ter day, fer I'm seventeen miles from home."

When the little clerk had recovered her self-possession she found her interest in the big man by her side so intense that she asked if she might know why he was giving his wife such a gift. He looked down into her face searchingly with his keen gray eyes, and then, fully satisfied that her question was not prompted by idle curiosity, for her clear blue eyes had met his unflinchingly, he commenced: "Well, mom, if I ain't a-takin' up too much of yer time, I 'low I'd like ter tell you about Nance an' how cum me ter git this hyah doll for her." His face took on another expression, and his eyes were filled with a mellow light that he seemed wholly unconscious of, for domestic affection is seldom expressed by the mountain people, though it is deep and real for all that. "Nance, poor critter," he continued in a low voice, "must hev been born in a land of do without, fer that's what she's ben doin' ever sence she wuz a leetle gal. Her pap and maw wuz pore, an' it wuz all they could do ter git somethin' ter eat an' wear fer her an' the big fam'ly uv chillern. But ever sence Nance wuz big enough ter reckerlec' anything she sez she allus wanted a fine



*When God Walks the Road*

doll all hern. She had seed one onct when some fine folks wuz a-passin' through an' stopped fer a spell at their house. They hed a leetle gal with 'em, an' she had jes' the kin' uv doll Nance had allus dreamt about. It wuz the onlies' purty doll she'd ever seed in all her life, fer them rag ones her maw made wuzn't purty. She dreamt about different kinds, an' sometimes, she sez, they hed purty yaller curls an' blue eyes, and ag'in they hed long brown hair with them kind uv eyes ter match, an' sometimes them dreams wuz so real she'd wake up in the night ter hug them dolls ter her, an' her leetle arm would jes' be reachin' out with nary nothin' in 'em. Well, mom, Nance growed all the way ter sixteen without ever gittin' past them rag dolls an' them she seed in her dreams. I lived jes' a few mile up the creek from 'em, an' whenever I passed their place an' heerd Nance a-singin' as she an' her maw plowed the fields, I sez to myself, 'Nance is a-goin' ter be mine some day, if I hev ter fight fer her'; but, mom, I was not the onliest feller thet hed them same thoughts, fer she wuz jes' as nice an' sweet to all the fellers that come a-courtin' her. I jes' kep' on a-goin', though, until them other fellers quit a-comin', an' I tell you the sun never wuz so bright ner the flowers purtier than that day when she put her leetle han' in my big one and promised she'd marry me. She wuz the gentles' little critter you ever seed, an' her voice wuz jes' as sweet an' clear as a bell. When we went ter meetin' together durin' our courtin' days, I'd ruther hear Nance sing than hear all the preachin' fer fifty mile aroun'. Well, we wuz married, an' we moved twenty mile up the creek, whar I bought a leetle patch of groun' an' built a cabin on it. There wuzn't no cabin fer a hundred mile aroun' thet hed two sech happy critters in it as me and Nance."

The old patriarch paused a moment, lost in the memories of those other days, and the little clerk stood quite still, for there was a tightening of her own throat that she had never experienced before.

"Well, mom, would you believe it? Nance an' me has been married fifty year ter-day, an' can't you guess why I mus' git back ter that cabin 'twixt now and nightfall an' take the fines'

## *When God Walks the Road*

doll in yer store ter my ol' woman? Do you know it seems quar ter me, but somehow this las' year Nance jes' lives over over an' over an' over them days when she wuz a leetle gal; an' jes' t'other night she woke me up a-sayin': 'Well, I reckon I'm a-goin' ter live an' die an' never git thet fine doll I allus wanted an' dreamt about.' An' you know, mom, ef I hed hed the cash—you know, don't yer, thet I'd hev got thet doll for her. But times wuz hard, an' I jes' couldn't see my way cl'ar; but I made some money on a leetle crop this year, an' I ain't a-goin' back to them hills of ol' Kaintuck without that fine doll fer my ol' woman."

The little clerk made no response, but she looked over into his face with a sweet smile and then quietly went over to where a life-sized doll, dressed as a little baby, lay with its beautiful blue eyes and golden ringlets, making a picture that she would not soon forget. Carrying it in her arms as though it were a bit of real humanity, she handed it to the smiling man, saying: "I think this must be the doll that Nance dreamed about, and I believe she would like to have it as your gift to her."

He looked down at it lovingly as it lay in his arms, stroked its curls rather awkwardly, and, handing it back, said: "Yes, mom, thank yer, I 'low it's the doll she wants, an' I'm glad yer heerd my story, fer somehow yer appears ter understand."

The money was paid, the doll was put in a long box and carefully wrapped to shield it from the wintry blasts of the December weather, and the old man made his way out of the store. The clerk smiled affectionately at him as she noticed his buoyant step and his great head thrown back as he carried the precious bundle under his arm. She was still standing, lost in her own thoughts as she pictured that home-coming and the light on Nance's face when the doll was laid in her arms, when suddenly she was startled by a voice at her side, and, rousing herself with a mighty jerk, she turned with the customary "What is it, please?"

# *Mongoonie the Brave*

ELLASUE WAGNER

THE innkeeper gave a hard, sarcastic laugh, slapped his fat hand on his neighbor's knee, and said: "Have you heard the latest news? Kim Su Bang and his entire family, including Mongoonie, his bright fifteen-year-old son, have become followers of that new religion, the Jesus believers."

The others listened with mouths wide open, Could it be that their mountain homes were to be invaded by this new danger?

Pak was the first to find his speech. "What do these Jesus people believe?" he inquired.

"I don't exactly know," answered the keeper; "but one thing is sure: they think this Jesus whom they worship is very powerful. Old Kim Han says they are very brave and can endure trials and hardships with seeming joy. It may be they pretend like the priests we know."

"It would be worth while to put some one to the test," suggested the strong-minded Pak.

The shuffling of feet on the veranda announced that a newcomer had arrived and was removing his heavy wooden shoes. Kim Mongoonie, a timid slip of a lad, came into the room and after greeting the men sat down quietly to wait for his father.

The men turned questioning eyes to Pak, and with a suggestive nod he accepted the opportunity as one well fitted to test the faith of a believer.

"Say, my boy," Pak began, "did you hear or see any signs of the 'old gentleman of the mountains' as you came over?"

Mongoonie's heart gave a wild leap and almost stopped beating. No, he had not heard or seen anything. The men told the news of a prowling tiger, but he felt secure in the

*When God Walks the Road*

knowledge that his father would soon be there from the city where he took his cord wood to sell. Mongoonie had come to the inn on the south side of the pass to meet his father.

In the folklore of Korea the beasts play a prominent part, and the "old gentleman of the mountains," the tawny tiger, is the most majestic and the most feared. Strong men and timid children alike whisper his name. From the most ancient times he has been the object of religious reverence.

As the men huddled over the coals they told stories of the tiger. They were blood-curdling, hair-raising stories of adventure, which ranged from old folklore tales of supernatural deeds to recent bloody tragedies.

Mongoonie listened spellbound, while the men seemed to have forgotten his existence. After Pak had finished a very weird yarn of a ghostly tiger's raid, there was a minute's silence. Then, turning to Mongoonie, he said: "By the way, I hear that you and your family have become followers of the Jesus doctrine."

Instantly the shadows were all gone from Mongoonie's eyes, and he answered: "Yes, that is true. The world is very different now to us."

The men were suspicious, yet deeply interested as they looked into the bright face before them. They moved uneasily as the dry voice of Pak continued: "Is that so? I have heard that you folks think your God is stronger than all others and that Jesus's believers are very brave."

"Our God is the only true God. He made heaven and earth and everything else. He keeps and cares for his children," answered Mongoonie.

"Now, look here, boy," said Pak, "are you not afraid of the 'old gentleman of the mountains,' just like other folks?"

Mongoonie saw his dilemma. He felt that the time of trial to his faith had come. He could not deny his Lord. He must tell the truth. For a moment he closed his eyes as he lifted his heart in prayer for help. Then, feeling the glow of joy in the Master's presence, he turned again to the men and said calmly: "Truly, as you talked my heart was touched with terror at the thought of meeting the 'old gentleman of



*When God Walks the Road*

the mountains.' It would be a hard death to die in his cruel clutches. My human heart feared, but my new heart knows no fear except that of sin, which alone can separate me from God."

The men leaned forward to listen as he then read from a little black book: "Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for I will be with thee whithersoever thou goest." As he closed the book he said: "I will trust and not be afraid."

"But you are afraid to go home to-night just the same," sneered Pak as he scrambled to his feet.

"I am waiting for my father," said Mongoonie. "He is to meet me here on the way from the city."

"That reminds me," said Pak. "I forgot to tell you that your father asked me to tell you that he has been delayed by business and cannot return until the second day of the new moon."

Mongoonie realized that he was on trial for his faith as he had never been before. He knew well that the stories of a tiger's being near were probably true. The ten li over the mountain pass were dark and rough—the very place for a tiger's haunt.

The men stood and watched the boy as he drew on his cloak and hood and prepared to leave. "Are you really going to cross the mountain?" they asked in tones of surprise, for they had been sure that the shrinking, timid boy would falter and fail.

"Yes," he answered. "The tiger may kill my body, but he cannot touch my soul, which is my true self. Jesus is with me, and when I am afraid I will trust in him."

It was long past midnight when a tired, trembling boy arrived at the straw-thatched hut on the other side of the mountain. The mother, who also had heard tales of the prowling tiger, was anxiously waiting for him and drew him into the house. Neither of them noticed a crouching form in the dark shadows of the lonely trail.

A few minutes after the boy and woman had vanished behind well-bolted doors the crouching form in the shadows of

*When God Walks the Road*

the pine trees quickly straightened up. It was Pak with his old muzzle-loading rifle. He heaved a sigh of relief as he arose. "A plucky youngster, that!" he mumbled; and the hunter's ear and eye were alert and watchful as he hastened with noiseless tread to the top of the pass. "I sort o' felt that I ought to look after him to-night," he said half aloud, while his lips took on a curve more tender than any they had known for years. "Must be something in that doctrine if it can make a frightened boy face the 'old gentleman of the mountains' at midnight. I wonder if it would help me face evil things."

The next Sabbath morning none was more surprised than Mongoonie when big Pak and the innkeeper stepped forward and gave their names as inquirers wishing to know the way of peace and safety.

## *Little Foe of All the World*

GRACE BIGELOW HOUSE

"So you have been fighting again, Little Foe of All the World?" said the Lady as she replaced with a clean white handkerchief the dirty, discolored rag that Thaddeus was using to mop the blood from his face.

"What yo' call me, muh?" said Thaddeus suspiciously as he glanced up in the Lady's face.

"Little Foe of All the World. Don't you think that is a good name for one who fights so much?"

"I don' nebber fight, nohow, muh," was the unexpected response.

"O, come, Thaddeus, what are you telling me now?" said the Lady.

"I 'spect I tellin' lies, muh," said the boy as he turned his face away and puckered up his lips to conceal a smile.

"Thaddeus," commenced the Lady seriously and then stopped, for she knew not what to say.

Thaddeus was nobody's boy. He had just "happened" into the Corner Plantation and had stayed there. Since then he had lived with Uncle Scipio Fripp—not because Uncle Scipio had adopted him, but rather because Thaddeus had adopted Uncle Scipio. He was free to roam all day if he chose, and often on Sunday, when Uncle Scipio would lock up his cabin and go away until Monday, Thaddeus would look out for himself. The neighbors fed him; and when night came he just crept into a corner of the little shop by the road and slept. Because he felt that nobody cared what became of him, Thaddeus didn't care, either; his greatest joy was in fighting every boy he met.

The Lady was the principal of a school where Negro boys and girls for miles around were learning to read and write, to be good farmers, and to make things with their hands. So

*When God Walks the Road*

now the Lady said rather abruptly: "Thaddeus, would you like to go to school?"

Thaddeus was on his guard immediately. "Dunno, muh, 'spect dey might beat me. I t'ink dey might kill me dere."

The Lady threw back her head and laughed so heartily that presently Thaddeus's solemn face relaxed. Laughter lurked in the corners of his eyes, and his white teeth gleamed.

"Well, good-by, Thaddeus; you are a funny boy," laughed the Lady as she moved away.

One day, not long after, Thaddeus found himself dangling his bare legs from a bench in the front row of St. John House. His teacher, Miss Joyce, found her already taxing and strenuous life made doubly hard by the presence of this "Little Foe of All the World."

A new world and new interests opened up to Thaddeus from his first day of school. Hitherto he had spent all the energies of his eight or nine years in a struggle for something to eat, a place to sleep in, and a foe to fight. Now with the same energy he flung himself into the pursuit of knowledge. Consequently Thaddeus found that he did not have as much time for fighting, although he still managed to keep in practice.

At the school there was one boy with whom Thaddeus never fought. His name was August. He was thin and shy, very different from the sturdy, masterful Thaddeus; but he and Thaddeus became fast friends. They went everywhere together, and Thaddeus fought many a fist battle to protect August from the other boys.

It was a sad day for Thaddeus when vacation approached. The school doors were closed, the teacher disappeared, and even August, who lived on a far-away plantation, went home for the summer. Never before had Thaddeus felt so lonely, and never had he had more time and inclination to get into trouble.

One day Uncle Scipio went to Savannah. He locked up the cabin, shut up the chickens, and left Thaddeus to his own devices; and Thaddeus's devices, as usual, brought him to grief. He stole all the eggs and a couple of chickens and sold

*When God Walks the Road*

them to a man going to Beaufort, for he was keen enough to know that he might be questioned if he tried to sell them at the store. When Uncle Scipio returned he was very angry. He whipped Thaddeus and told him he was going to send him home. The whipping Thaddeus received with loud, lusty howls, for that, he knew, was expected of him; but at the mention of his former home his terror was intense and real. He did not realize that Uncle Scipio had no notion where his home might be. His voice grew shrill and piteous as he begged: "Kill me, do anything to me! Don' send me back! Don' send me back to dat woman! You kin kill me, I don' mind, but don' send me back! I cyan't go, I cyan't go!"

The old man looked curiously at Thaddeus as he said: "Dere, sonny, shet yo' mouf and stop yo' noise"; and the subject was dropped. But Thaddeus was subdued. He lived in constant dread of that careless threat. In those days he forgot to laugh.

When school began in the fall Thaddeus almost forgot the fear that had haunted him all summer. He wouldn't be sent "back" now. It was easy to be good with August to play and work and laugh with, and there were so many interesting things to learn that he had little time to think about fighting or stealing chickens.

The Lady almost forgot that she had called Thaddeus "Little Foe of All the World." But one day as she was standing at the door of her house she saw Uncle Scipio striding toward her. He was leading Thaddeus by the collar. "I ain't neber wants see dat chile no more," he cried. "Las' night he done stole my chickens, an' I stood mo' tribulation from dat limb o' Satan till I cyan't stand no mo'. I jes' wash my han's clean ob all hims debilments an' contrariness, an' now I leave him to you an' de Lord. I pray de Lord you have good joys ob him, mum." And without further explanation he hurried forth, leaving a perplexed lady and a miserable boy.

"Did you steal those chickens, Thaddeus?" asked the Lady sadly.

"Yes, muh," he replied sullenly.

"What did you do with them?"



*When God Walks the Road*

“I gib dem to—to”—he hesitated a second, then with sudden glibness, “I gib dem to August.”

“When did you do it?”

“Yesterday, muh, when Uncle Scipio done ben at de Praise House,” he answered readily enough.

“Why, Thaddeus, you were here all the evening until Uncle Scipio returned from the Praise House, because the door was locked and you couldn’t get in.”

Thaddeus looked up with genuine dismay on his face. “I forgot, muh, I ’spect I done stole dem chickens de night befo’,” he said stubbornly.

“It is strange that Uncle Scipio did not discover it before. I must look into the matter.”

“Please, muh, don’t!” pleaded Thaddeus eagerly, stretching out his hand. “I’ll sho’ tell yo’ de truf if yo’ never tell on August. He stole dese chickens. He broke his big brother’s gun, and he was afraid. Yo, see, muh, if August git a bad name hims ben have all de troubles like-a-me. Now, August, muh, he cyan’t stan’ all de troubles like I kin. He cyan’t fight. I neber wants August to git a bad name like-a-me. I got ’nough uv bad names. I ’speck yous-all name fo’ me ain’t much good, enny mo’?” he questioned wistfully. “What dat yo’ calls me? ‘Li’le Foe ob Everybodies’?”

This time Thaddeus was telling the truth, The Lady knew that as she looked into his eager dark eyes. “I have a better name for you now, ‘Little Friend of All the World.’”

“Is dat a good name fo’ true, muh?” asked the child eagerly. “Do you ’spects de peoples’ll know Ise got a good name now?”

“They will know if you try to live up to it, Little Friend.”

“Well,” said Thaddeus with a cheerful confidence, “I ’spect I done live up to my oder name, an’ I ’spect I kin live up to my new name.” Then a sudden doubt crossed his mind. “Don’t friends neber fight, muh?”

“I am afraid they do sometimes,” the Lady admitted reluctantly.

“Ise glad ob dat,” said the child fervently, “’cause Ise got to fight dem chillun to learn dem de mannerses. I ’spect yo’

*When God Walks the Road*

gwine to hab a hard time wid dem chillun in dat school if I ain' been teach dem de mannerses," he said with a solemn mischievous expression, and the Lady smiled at the touch of the old Thaddeus.

Then he leaned over and seized the Lady's hand in his two dark ones. "Please, muh, I ain't gwine to tell you no lies, neber no mo', 'cause—'cause we's friends."—*Adapted by Every-land through courtesy of Southern Workman.*

# *The Story of a Great Choice*

MARY DE BARDELEBEN

ONCE upon a time in a little parsonage home in Augusta, Ga., a wee boy was born. God had a great, big work for this boy to do when he grew up, and in his own wonderful way he meant to prepare him to do it.

The boy's parents helped him to get a good education, for they believed that God meant to use him for great things, and they, too, wanted him to be prepared. He taught school for a few years after his graduation from the South Carolina Conference College. For two or three years he was a preacher, and then God knew that he was ready for the big task. Can you imagine what it was? To teach in a school that our Church was to open for Negro boys and girls.

This was a hard, hard task in those days, days when our mothers and fathers were little children. It had not been so many years since the Negroes were slaves. White people had not begun to realize that education should be given freely to every one, colored and white, alike. Some even went so far as to believe that Negro boys and girls could not learn. Mr. Walker's friends did all that they could to discourage him, for they felt that he was throwing his life away. Even his mother, though she had brought him up to love God, did not want him to go into this work. She felt that it ought to be done, but she was sorry that God had called her boy to do it. The Negroes themselves were suspicious. They simply could not believe that he loved them enough to teach their little boys and girls. They thought surely he would leave them after a while for something that he might think a bigger work.

But George Williams Walker was brave; and, better still, he was listening to God's voice in his heart urging him to do something for these Negro children who would have little chance in life unless somebody helped to train their minds to



## *When God Walks the Road*

think clearly and their hands to work efficiently. Trusting in the Heavenly Father to find a way for him through all difficulties, he answered the call.

The school was opened in rooms over a grocery store on the main business street of the city. Among the crowd of well-scrubbed, shiny-faced children who presented themselves that first morning was a little brown fellow of whom I shall tell you more later. He pushed to the front and was the very first to enter his name.

Very soon Mr. Walker was made president of the school. A sum of money was obtained and a site purchased in the suburbs. A beautiful lot it was, on which was an old residence and some horse stables. The residence was used for Mr. Walker's home. The stables were cleaned, partitions added, windows put in, and thus classrooms were provided; while the hayloft above was fitted up as a place in which the students could live.

Year after year the school continued. Often the money was very scarce. One year Dr. Walker, as he now came to be called, got no salary at all, because some of the people who had promised to help forgot about it and didn't pay. Other sorrows pressed upon his kind, loving heart. The young woman who had promised to be his wife refused to marry him as long as he taught in a Negro school. He would not give up his work, and the engagement was broken. Because they were not wise enough to understand that education and wealth and social standing are only given us to share, some people were very unkind to Dr. Walker, refusing to speak to him on the street and in other ways hurting him by their indifference, neglect, and their harsh, cruel words about his work.

But the foundations of the school were being laid in the affections of the colored people. The old stables were filled with students, and "from then on to his death no other man lived and died more beloved by the colored people than George Williams Walker," says one of his students. Little by little white friends too were found for the school—friends who did all in their power to help make it a success. Among these were Bishop Haygood, Bishop Duncan, and Dr. J. D.

## *When God Walks the Road*

Hammond, Secretary of the Board of Education. Other white friends came to help as teachers. A splendid new building was put up, and the old stables were torn down.

Years passed, and the boys and girls who came on that opening day grew into manhood and womanhood, many of them becoming strong leaders among their people. The little brown fellow who pushed forward in order to be the first to enter his name showed such unusual ability that Dr. Walker sent him, at his own expense, to a big Northern university. So exceptional was his work there that the big university gave him a scholarship to Athens, Greece. This boy was none other than John Wesley Gilbert, the man who has been so highly honored both by his own Church, the Colored Methodist Episcopal, and by ours; he who was sent as a delegate to a great missionary conference in London, England, and who accompanied Bishop Lambuth in his expedition into Africa for the purpose of locating our mission in that vast continent.

Another one of Dr. Walker's boys is now a bishop in his Church. One is a Y. M. C. A. secretary, touching the lives of thousands of young colored men every year. Still another is the principal of the largest Negro school in New Orleans. Preachers, teachers, physicians, dentists, editors, nurses, homemakers—all types of leaders have received from Dr. Walker the inspiration that has made them what they are, true servants of the people.

To Dr. Walker race and color did not count. His students were just human children whom he loved and to whom he gave his best. Because of his love for them, the Negroes trusted him implicitly as their friend and brother. Says Dr. Gilbert in speaking of his relations with his students: "I haven't found one among the thousands he taught who in any way disliked him." They loved him; and when his beautiful life came to its close, tender black hands helped to bear his tired body to its last resting place.

So lived and worked and passed this beautiful spirit, following always the still small voice. Was it not worth while?

## *How Miung Ja Found Her Name*

LILLIAN NICHOLS

"SAY, Kananie, where are you going?"

"Home."

"Where've you been?"

"Over to Kwetong's."

"What did you go for?"

"To see the teacher."

"Have any fun?"

"Yes; it was splendid."

"Could you understand what she said? What did she look like? And what did she say? I wanted to go, but they told me to stay at home. Don't go home. Let's stay out here under the trees. It's so hot at home."

The speaker seated herself, and as she did so she gave the baby tied to her back an uncomfortable jolt which awakened him, causing him to cry. At this she began crooning to him, and, rising again, she jostled him from side to side. As his wails subsided she again seated herself on the ground.

The girl called Kananie was twelve years old, tall and thin, with a strong, eager face and speaking eyes through which her soul looked forth upon a world that had treated her much more kindly than it did many, but which, after all, had been none too kind.

The other child was even younger than Kananie. Her dress was dirty, and her hair was uncombed, while the fat baby on her back looked as if he had never been anything but dirty in all his life.

The younger girl's name was also Kananie, for "kananie" only means "little one" or "baby" and is really no name at all."

Finally arranged comfortably, the younger girl leaned back against a tree and began wiping the perspiration from her

*When God Walks the Road*

face with a corner of her dirty skirt. "Well," she said, "tell me about the meeting. What did the woman look like? Is she pretty?"

"No, not pretty," came the answer. "She is too different to be pretty. She has greenish eyes and yellow hair. But she is nice and kind, and I like her. She has the sweetest voice, and I could understand everything she said."

"Did she talk to you any?"

"Yes, she asked me my name. And then she taught us a song. She also gave me a picture."

"Got it now?"

"Yes; here it is."

"What is it about?"

"I don't know what they are doing."

"What does it mean?"

"Well, you see those who have lamps have oil in them, and those who are trying to get in this door didn't get any oil in their lamps, so they can't go in to the feast with the bridegroom."

"What bridegroom? Who was married? Was it a sure-enough feast?"

"I don't know; I think so. She said the story all about the picture was in the book the Christians over there have. I'm going again to-morrow. See if you can't get your people to let you come, too. Got to go home now and get supper ready."

"O, I wish I could go, but I know they won't let me."

The two girls separated, each going home to undertake the work of a grown woman. They lived in a small mountain village where as yet there were no Christians. The women shared the burdens of labor in the field with the men and were looked upon as being not far above the beasts of burden in intelligence. The children who were old enough also went to the field, and those too young for this stayed at home and watched the house and took care of the younger children. The next day Kanie hurried through her work and, in some way known only to herself, obtained her father's grudging consent to her going again to the village on the other side of the mountain to the meeting. As she started out he called out



*When God Walks the Road*

to her: "Don't fail to be back in time to get dinner. Your mother's in the field, you know."

It was late already, and they would have begun the meeting, she knew. So she began running and did not stop till she had arrived at the farmer's house where the gospel service was being held. She could hear singing; so she slipped in and took a seat quite near the door. The missionary recognized her with a smile of welcome. At the conclusion of the service she lingered as long as she dared, listening to every word and asking questions.

The eager, longing eyes had attracted the missionary, and she was only too glad to give special attention to this little one. "O Father," she prayed, "help me to say just the right words to this one of thy little children."

"Can you read?" she asked.

"Yes," came the answer. "My father teaches the boys in our village, and I begged him to teach me with my brothers. He said it was foolish and I'd never learn, but I studied so hard and can read some."

"What do you do all day long?"

"Sometimes I work with my mother in the field; sometimes I get mulberry leaves from the mountains or gather brushwood for the winter fires."

"Would you like to go to school?"

There was a quick intaking of the breath, and the fine, bright eyes grew misty. "O, if I only could," she said.

The missionary gave her a Gospel and told her to read it every day and to pray to the Heavenly Father, who was able to make a way for her to do just that which would mean the best for her if she would trust him.

It was many months before she found time to go again to that village. In the meantime Kananie had been going about her tasks in much the same way as usual; yet some change was to be seen in her. She was more careful with the baby, more considerate of her brothers, and more obedient to her parents. They noted the difference, but knew not the cause. If they had followed her to the mountain side where she worked and had seen what she did each day before beginning her task

they might even then not have understood, but only wondered. First of all, she would throw herself on the ground and take out her precious little Gospel and read a chapter or two. Then she would pray, and this was always the burden of her prayer: "O God, I do want to please thee. Show me how. My book says any one who loves thee may be pleasing unto thee. Dear Jesus, I want a name so much; I hate this name 'Kananie.' And O, I want to go to school! Help, me, Lord, I pray."

Spring had come again, and the missionary once more found her way to the village next to the one in which Kananie lived, and this time she even went to the very place. Kananie was filled with joy, but she did not say much. However, her dancing eyes told the story of her gladness, and she persuaded her father and mother to go to the meeting.

As the story of the cross was told, this old man, to whom the story was not altogether new, was listening, and as he listened God spoke to his heart, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. "It was for my sins, you say? Tell me how I can get rid of this load of sin. Tell me quickly. Yes, I had heard the story from Kananie my daughter, but I thought it was only for the women; I did not know it was for me. Tell me more; tell me more."

The native pastor talked with him till long past midnight, and when he went home it was with a determination to become a believer of whom Jesus might not be ashamed.

"Now is my chance," thought the missionary. So she began about Kananie's going to school. Her father made many excuses, but finally promised to let her start the next spring.

Kananie's joy knew no bounds. She could scarcely believe this wonderful thing was coming to her. Before the missionary left the next morning she whispered in her ear: "I can't thank the kind Father enough. He has done it all. And my father is not going to call me Kananie any more. He says I may choose a name for myself. I am going to take the name Miung Ja, because all seems so bright to me now, and I'm going to try to let the Master's brightness shine through me."

## *When God Walks the Road*

How she loved the school from the moment she arrived there! Sometimes the rules were puzzling, and she could not understand just what they meant, but when they were explained she earnestly tried to obey them.

The system and order of the daily talks were a delight to her. Her mind absorbed knowledge as a sponge does water, and the teachers soon found that they could depend on her. Like a dream the days of the primary school passed, and she was promoted to the high school and admitted into the dormitory to board. She entered the self-help department, for it had been very hard for her father to pay all her board during her years in the primary school.

The years in school quickly passed, bringing temptations and joys, each finding her more happy-hearted and more grateful for the privileges that were hers. She looked forward eagerly to her graduation, but she knew that as surely as it came there would also come the temptation to remain in the city. In the lonely watches of the night she fought out the battles. There stood out before her the pitiful, hungry faces of the little children and the mothers who lived in poverty away back in the country. Christ wanted her to help these and win them for him. She knew this, and so she made the decision and gladly and gratefully went to the far-away places to tell the joyful story which had transformed her life and given her a name.

# *Kim Hong Gil And the First "Bike"*

ELLASUE WAGNER

THE golden glow of the August afternoon flooded the courtyard with light, and the intense heat of the Korean summer had driven the little girl to play in the shelter of a great tree that grew just inside the ancient gateway.

The child was dressed in rich material and style, which proclaimed the fact that she was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman. Pangoonie was eight years old; she was one of the many children of the rich Chang Ho Ghung, and her life had been unusually peaceful and happy. Her large brown eyes were soft and luminous, and her sweet expression bespoke a gentle, timid nature.

As Pangoonie sat under the tree and watched her brothers out in the road flying their huge kites, she laughed at the funny way their baggy white trousers stood out in the breeze; then her attention was drawn to an old man slowly passing and leading a cow. He stopped suddenly and gazed up the hill just beyond in amazement and fear. The little girl looked in the same direction, then cried eagerly: "O boys, do look! Look yonder! What is that strange thing coming down the hill?"

The boys grasped the kite strings tighter and ran forward, exclaiming delightedly: "It's the foreigner and his two-wheeled devil wagon!"

It was indeed, an American riding through the country on his motor cycle, which is a thing seldom seen on these roads and little understood.

"What a lovely place for a coast!" thought the man on the cycle as he started down the long, smooth grade. About halfway down he noticed that the old man had dropped the



*When God Walks the Road*

rope by which he was leading the cow and that the poor animal was showing unmistakable signs of fear. Her head was high in the air and her tail sticking straight out behind.

"Hold her! Hold her!" gesticulated the rider wildly.

The next moment he was trying to disentangle himself from the broken machine and saw that his would-be rescuer had rolled down the bank. After much spitting and rubbing he got some of the sand and dust out of his eyes and mouth, then he looked for the cow; bellowing loudly, she was just disappearing around a distant curve. Turning to the crestfallen man at his side, the American said meekly: "I meant for you to hold your cow, not my wheel."

"I have done very badly, your excellency; I thought your carriage had run away," replied the cow's owner.

The boys had drawn near to the scene of the fall, and when they understood the case they laughed long and loud. The dusty traveler chimed in with his merry laughter, but the other man had limped away after his straying property without seeing any fun in it all.

Pongoonie was nowhere to be seen, but soon she reappeared bearing a large gourd full of sparkling spring water. The man received this with deep gratitude after his long, hot ride and drank it with evident enjoyment.

The children gathered about the stranger and stood by, wild-eyed and eager, during the long hours of repairs, while the motor cycle's owner patiently explained its mechanism and construction.

Chang Ho Ghung was roused from his afternoon nap by the voices and noise of hammering just outside the door of his "sarang" and came forth to see what was going on. Soon he was as much interested in the proceedings as were his children and asked as many questions.

Having finished the job, the tired American threw himself on the cool grass under the tree and, with a twinkle in his eye, turned to the Korean gentleman: "That is a very nice thing," waving his hand in the direction of the motorcycle. "It saves me many long, tiresome walks and gives me much pleasure. You would find it very useful in this country.

*When God Walks the Road*

Come now, tell me why it is that the men of America have invented this, while no Korean ever thought of such a thing. Are your people lazy? Certainly they are not stupid!"

Mr. Chang squirmed a little under this sarcasm; then seeing the teasing light in the American's eyes, he laughed lightly and leaned on his elbow on the root of the tree as he replied carelessly: "O, my land is far ahead of yours in this respect. This machine is so old here that it has become new. The fact is that a Korean named Kim Hong Til invented it over six hundred years ago."

"Is that so?" asked the other in surprise. He knew the characteristics of the Korean and that he will spin a splendid yarn in order to get ahead of another. So he settled back comfortably to listen to a good story. "Tell me about it, please," he petitioned expectantly.

"Well, this one that Kim made was a very fine carriage, much better than yours, for it had two sets of machinery, a going-forth set and a coming-home set of gears. He used to ride about the country in great style and was envied by all the people, but he never gave away the secret of its manufacture. One day, however, the coming-home set of gears got out of order, and he took it off to repair it and set the carriage up against the house. While he was in the inner court mending the broken parts his mother came out of the house. Seeing her son's fine carriage leaning against the wall, she thought that she would enjoy a spin; so she mounted and rode away. Now, you see, the going-forth machinery was all right, but the coming-home set was off being mended. So the poor lady never came home; she was never heard of again, but is still riding about among the hills.

"You must know that with a Korean filial piety is the greatest virtue in the world, and after such a calamity as the loss of a mother through the means of this thing Kim could never make another or bear to think of it. Thus his great invention was lost to the world. It was left for your men of the West to invent again that which was an old thing in this Land of the Morning Calm."

He finished with a triumphant flourish, and the other gen-

## *When God Walks the Road*

erously acknowledged that his own native country was indeed six hundred years behind the time. This man was, however, a missionary, a man accustomed to taking advantage of every opportunity to tell the story of Jesus; so he continued: "Yes, your East is ahead of the West in more than one thing. Do you know that Jesus was a man of the Orient, of Asia, and early missionaries carried the message west instead of farther east, or probably you would have been sending the gospel to us?"

"Is that true?" asked Mr. Chang with evident interest and pleasure.

"It is indeed true," answered the visitor.

Mr. Chang had always been violently opposed to this strange foreign cult from the barbarous lands of the West, but this version of the affair threw a new light on the matter. "Peoples of the world are not so separate after all," mused he.

For a while they continued to talk, then he found himself the proud possessor of the little red book marked "Yohan Pokum," the Gospel of John. He had before sworn never to touch "the accursed book from the West," but he ran his eyes down the first page and lingered thoughtfully over the words: "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." He thought over this a long time and then said: "So this means men of the East as well as the West!"

The sun was hanging low over the distant mountains as the traveler mounted his wheel and rode away. Turning with a smile, he waved good-by to the little group in the dusty road behind, for in his heart was a deep love for these kind-hearted, gentle people of Korea.

# *The Story of a Slave Boy Who Became Great*

SARA ESTELLE HASKIN

HE was only a little boy, born in a cabin on a big plantation in Virginia. The cabin, which was his home, was also the kitchen for the folks in the "big house" at the front. He slept in the corner of this kitchen on a pallet laid on the dirt floor. He loved to eat, and he loved to play, and he loved to listen to stories just like the boys whose skins were white and who were not born slaves. How his big black eyes flew wide open with wonder as he listened to the stories of how his grandparents were brought over in the slave ships, and how this little body thrilled with excitement as he listened to the whisperings of the black folk and the excited talk among the white folk of the possible freedom that might come to him and his mother! What it all meant he did not quite understand, but something very wonderful he was quite sure.

Looking at him, clad in his wooden shoes and his flax shirt, one would never believe it; but as he trudged back and forth to school each day, not to learn, but to carry the books of his little mistress, there was being born in his heart a great big desire to know things too, and, what was still more worth while, to be something really true and great.

By and by the great day came—the day of freedom. He and his mother were free to leave the little cabin in the back yard; but where were they to go? His stepfather lived in West Virginia. This was several hundred miles away, and he and his mother and brothers must walk most of the way to get there. They finally started and were several weeks making the trip. Much of the time they slept out in the open and did their cooking over a log fire.

When they reached their new home they found that the long-dreamed-of freedom was seemingly no better than the



## *When God Walks the Road*

old slave days back in Virginia; for this little boy with a big desire in his heart was put to work in a salt furnace and often began work as early as four o'clock in the morning. As hard as this was, however, it was here that his education was begun, for he learned to read and to write the figure "18," which was the workman's number allotted to his stepfather.

In some mysterious way he soon secured an old blue-back spelling book and began to spell out words.

After many trials he finally succeeded in gaining permission to go to school for a few months by rising early in the morning and working in the salt furnace until nine o'clock and then returning after school.

"Booker" was the only name that this boy had ever known; for the slaves, you know, had no surnames except those of their owners. He was always called just "Booker," and up to the time he had entered school it had never occurred to him that he needed any other. Imagine, however, that first morning as he listened to the roll call! The teacher was calling the names—John Smith, Genevieve Jones, etc. What should he do when asked his name? He could not say just "Booker." What do you think he did? When the last name was called and he was asked to report on his, he rose and calmly said: "My name is Booker Washington." And so right then and there he named himself. Later he learned that his mother had given him the name Taliaferro, so always we have known him as Booker T. Washington.

Finally young Booker heard of a wonderful school for colored people, called Hampton Institute, and the resolve was made that sometime he would be a pupil there. So one bright day, true to his great resolve, he started out with his shabby little satchel riding across the country in a stagecoach. It turned out that he had just enough money to reach Richmond, Va.; and he was compelled to stop in that city, working days and sleeping nights under the sidewalks until he could earn sufficient to carry him on to Hampton. When he finally reached the school he had in his pocket just fifty cents with which to begin his education.

Hungry and ragged and dirty, Booker presented himself to



## *When God Walks the Road*

the head teacher as a candidate for an education. Her very looks were enough to discourage an ordinary boy; but his great desire, which was a flame that could never be extinguished, kept courage always in his heart. For hours he sat, while other boys were being admitted ahead of him. Finally the head teacher said: "The adjoining room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it." Most boys would have been discouraged at being assigned a task like this when they had trudged all over these miles to learn books, but not this boy. He said to himself; "Here is the chance of my life. If I make good here, I may be admitted to the school." He swept that room over and over and dusted it in every corner and crevice many times. When the teacher came in she rubbed her handkerchief over the walls and woodwork and on the benches. Being unable to find one speck of dirt, she looked at Booker and said: "I guess you will do to enter this institution." And that was Booker T. Washington's entrance examination and the beginning of a life of great usefulness to his race.

I need not tell you that a boy with a determination like that finished his course at Hampton Institute with the highest honors, after having worked his way through under the greatest difficulties.

And then, what did he do next? Nothing that the world would call great; but he did the very greatest thing that any young man could do, for he returned to his home, in West Virginia, and gave to his own townspeople the things that he had learned. He would begin his teaching at eight o'clock in the morning, and it did not usually stop until ten at night. The boys and girls of that little town were taught not simply books, but, in addition, how to comb their hair, how to bathe, and how to brush their teeth. There was not only the day school, which was filled with eager children, but also the night school, to which the older folk came. In the midst of all this hard work Booker T. Washington was often heard to say: "I am supremely happy in the opportunity of being able to assist somebody else."

It was not long before he was called back to Hampton Institute as a teacher in that school. This was just the open-

*When God Walks the Road*

ing of the door into the larger service to which he was to give his life. A call came for a man to come to Alabama and establish a school that should help thousands and thousands of colored people to live better and to work better. Booker T. Washington, the man of the determined heart, was the one chosen. All the power that he had gained in overcoming difficulties was needed now, for there followed years of toil and hardship before the great school known as Tuskegee Institute was finally built by the hands of its own students, even the bricks being made by them. That school stands there to-day as the greatest monument that could possibly be built to a little slave boy who became great by his own determination to succeed and to help others succeed.

## *Dorothy Finds a Way*

ETTA FULKERSON

"JOHN, John! What'd you get mother's car out for?" panted Dorothy Deupree as she bounded across the lawn and plumped herself down beside the black driver before he had time to stop the car in the driveway.

"Law, chile, how does I know? Missus jes' tole me to have it out here by a quarter pas' five."

"Listen, John," she confided. "I want to get Mary Martin, a little girl from the cotton mill, and bring her home to stay all night to-night. You know mother won't hear to it. What am I to do?"

"Law, honey, I don't know that, nuther! But I does know little Mer Martin wouldn't be killin' herself in dem mills ef some o' them club women's husbands wahn't breakin' de law. But I reckon ef dey don't their wives couldn't wear so much finery an' spend so much time talkin' 'bout charity. An' I reckon the best uv 'em'll kill people fur money."

"What do you mean, John? The club women are awfully good to the mill people. Don't you know they built them a library last year? And right now in our house they are planning a gymnasium for them."

John threw back his head, and how his two rows of firm white teeth did glitter! "A gymnasia!" he chuckled. "Ef some feller what didn't know me should send me a wax doll fur Christmas, wouldn't it be kind of him? Why, them poor folks is that tired when they comes out o' them mills they can't hardly drag one foot 'fore de udder. What does they want with a gymnasia? What dey wants is a day's pay fur a day's work."

"How do you know so much, John?" asked Dorothy admiringly.

"Law, chile, I don't know so much! I only knows some of

*When God Walks the Road*

the mill folks, what nary a club woman does. An' while I don' care nothin' much fuh that white trash myself, I don' like to see nuthin' killed by slow pizen. Shootin's lots better. And the mills suah does kill 'em little by little. They'd bettah stay in de mountains whah they come from."

"Well, anyway, John, won't you help me out this evening? Don't understand any of mother's directions, but listen closely to mine."

"Trus' me, chile," said John as Dorothy flew back to get her hat, for the palatial home had begun to pour forth swarms of elegant costumes.

Dorothy had been back several minutes, waiting in the seat beside John, when her mother and the last of her guests came strolling toward them. "Do hurry, mother!" urged Dorothy. "It's almost closing time. And won't you let John drive us to the big mill? I want to get little Mary Martin to show us where she lives, so we can ask her aunt to let her stay all night with us to-night. Mildred Marshall is coming over, too, you know."

"What? A mill hand? Indeed, you'll not, you ridiculous child! Don't you know those people are just like animals?"

"O mother! Do you know any of them?" protested Dorothy. "Our teacher took our class to the mill this morning, and Mildred and I made friends with Mary, and she's awfully sweet. Do let me get her, mother."

"No, indeed! I offered to take Mrs. Holloway home; and then we have to go by for father, and it's getting late."

"Don't let me interfere," said Mrs. Holloway, casting a furtive glance of sympathy into Dorothy's pleading eyes. "I'm in no hurry at all, and I have a curiosity to get a glimpse of the mill people myself."

"Very well, then. To the office and then to the big mill, John," said Mrs. Deupree.

Father, the president of the milling company, a very capable-looking man of affairs, was soon picked out of a handsome downtown office and deposited in a corner of the back seat. Here, apparently oblivious to the talk of the women, he gave himself up to rest.

*When God Walks the Road*

Soon the limousine was rolling along a broad, peaceful canal with austere walls of brick and stone and tall chimneys on one side and the tiny cottages of the workers on the other.

Dorothy's heart began to sink with fear that the mills had closed already, for they kept passing groups of small boys that looked like diminutive old men. But it bounded with hope again as the whistle blew just before they reached the mill gate. Her keen eyes searched eagerly the drooping flood of humanity that poured through. But the last one passed out, and no Mary appeared. "Drive slow, John, and follow the biggest crowd," she whispered, still gazing intently at the moving throng.

Presently she gave a sign to stop, and the next instant she was out upon the sidewalk interviewing a girl she had seen with Mary in the spinning room in the morning. Back again, she whispered directions for Mary's home while her mother was saying to Mrs. Holloway: "I sometimes think that Dorothy must be the strangest child that ever lived."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Holloway, "if this world wouldn't be better off if there were more strange children in it."

But soon they were so engrossed in their gymnasium plans that they took no notice of the car stopping in front of one of the three-room cottages. Dorothy crossed the filthy yard and porch eagerly, only to return in despair. "Wrong house, John," she said with her face straight forward. "And they don't know where she lives."

"What else could we 'spect," mused John, when the houses is all alike, an' that poor girl you asked was too tired to know straight up? But we'll get Mer Martin ef we has to stop at ever' one of 'em. So don' worry, honey."

"We can't do that, John. Mother would soon begin to notice. Let's try this same house in the next block."

But they hadn't gone far when Dorothy's eyes almost popped out of her head for joy. "There she is, John!" she shouted in a stage whisper. "Do you see that little brown dress about a half block away, hurrying up the street?"

"Sho!" We'll git her," and the next moment the car was stopping beside the moving figure.



*When God Walks the Road*

Dorothy was out by the time the machine had stopped; and with no more explanation than "I'm Dorothy Deupree," she gathered the slight little Mary in her strong arms and placed her on a jump seat in front of her mother, while she herself knelt beside her.

"Where are you going, Mary? We'll take you there."

"I was going for Dr. Sims, five blocks up the street. We all think my aunt can't live through the night," she explained. "It made her so much worse 'cause I had to quit work. You see, Mrs. Cooper has been so good to keep us these two months while my aunt has been so sick; and now that my wages are gone, aunt don't know what to do. But Mrs. Cooper don't think of herself at all. She tells aunt not to worry; that we'll get along somehow these two years, and then I can work again."

"Why did you have to quit, Mary?" asked Dorothy.

"O, all the children under fourteen had to quit to-day, 'cause they was a factory inspector 'round."

An unobserved crimson overspread father's face, but he gave no other sign of consciousness.

They found the doctor without mishap and soon had him back at the cottage. By some mysterious power Dorothy and Mary lured the whole party inside. Mrs. Cooper welcomed the guests with a silent gesture and smile, for the sick woman began talking immediately. "Doctor, can't nothin' be done for dear, good Mrs. Cooper?" she began. "She says she's goin' to keep my little Mary and Sue these two years until Mary is old enough to work again. But she has her mother and own little boy of eleven. And two more's too many."

"O mother," cried Dorothy, flinging her arms passionately about her mother's silk-gowned form, "there is so much room at our house and so much to eat and to wear! Can't we take Mary and Sue home with us to be my sisters?"

"No, you absurd child! They wouldn't be happy in our house. They wouldn't understand us, nor we them."

"I can love them if I can't understand them," said Mrs. Holloway, stepping to the bedside. "I have no children, but

*When God Walks the Road*

I too have plenty to eat and to wear. Can you trust me as well as Mrs. Cooper with Mary and Sue?"

"Are you an angel?" asked the sick woman.

"Not so fast," interposed the doctor. "I can help you, and you may be wanting Mary and Sue yourself in about a week."

"No, doctor; I don't need nothin'. I'm so happy!" she said as a radiant smile lighted her face. "I see Jesus standing in a wonderful forest by the mountain stream. The ground beneath the tall trees is covered with grass and flowers, and beautiful children are playing in it. I am going right now to meet him."

"Just a moment," said the president of the company, grasping the thin hand as if to hold back the departing spirit. "Please tell your Master when you meet him that by his leave all the workers in this factory district shall have better homes, shorter hours, and higher wages, or John Deupree is no longer president of the company."

It was with open-mouthed amazement that John received only father and Dorothy back into the car with directions for the undertaker's. The trip was made in silence, but as soon as father had gone in Dorothy related with breathless haste all that had happened in the cottage.

"Ugh!" grunted John. "So the big boss found he had a heart stowed away som'urs. Lawdy, honey, that must be where you got your heart o' gold!"

# *The Whitest Gift of All*

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK

OF course Maria Maud had a father and mother. The father had been unable to work for two reasons: he was lazy and proud. His pride forbade his working in the mill for wages no self-respecting man would accept while his wife could work. His laziness was an excuse for believing he was sick. So he sat by the wretched fire the long winter through and on the tumble-down porch the long summer through, smoking—always smoking. The poor mother had no spirit or courage. She was a woman of the hills, and she thought she saw her duty. “He”—so she spoke of her husband—“had to be fed and looked after,” and so she worked in the mill. In a poor, sad fashion she loved her baby and wondered about it. She named it Maria Maud because that seemed to her the most beautiful name on earth, and she wished in a vague way that she could keep the baby pretty and clean and dimpled; but of course she couldn’t—but she meant to do her part in keeping Maria Maud from being wicked. And what do you think she did in order to achieve this? She took her baby always with her to the mill. The father said he’d look after the child, but the mother said “No.” So she carried little Maria Maud to and fro, even when her back ached and her legs trembled and the whirring sound the machines made rang in her ears long after she left the mill.

In a soap box under the trees the lonely baby slept or cried or cooed, with no one to heed until the noon hour, when the mother came and lifted the tiny form and hugged it.

As she grew older, Maria Maud “helped along” at home while her mother was in the mill, and by the time she was eight she looked sad and hopeless. Then the father died.

Only one thing repaid the mother for her toil and suffering: Maria Maud was not wicked. She had the most beautiful

*When God Walks the Road*

dreams and fancies; and sometimes, when she was not too tired, she told her mother about them. They had a queer game they called "You first," and they began to play it or say it after the father died.

"What do you want most in the world?" Maria Maud would ask.

"You tell first," said the mother.

"No, you!"

"No, you!" And so it would go until the mother had to smile, though she thought she had forgotten how.

Finally it came out that the mother wanted most of all in the world a "tombstun"!

When Maria Maud heard that, she was terribly shocked; for she wanted her mother, and a "tombstun" meant no mother and an empty, empty cabin and long black nights.

"I knows," explained the mother, "that I be right selfish and perky, being as yo' pa ain't got no stun nor never 'spec's none; but you knows, Maria Maud, that yo' pa didn't ever do a 'commodation job for us all, and he had his 'baccy first and last; and so I ain't jes' plain mean in wantin' a tombstun. And now what do you want most in the world?"

"Well"—and Maria Maud's face was very wistful—"I want l'arnin'."

"What fur?" gasped the mother.

"I doesn't know. I jes' want it somethin' turrible."

"Ye'd have to go to school."

"Yes."

"And ye'd have to give somethin' for larnin'."

"Yes, but that's what I want most, even if I never gets it."

"Well, chile, I reckon you'll git that as easy as I get a tombstun."

And then they both smiled and looked at each other as mothers and little girls do at times the world over.

And then the mother died—died so suddenly, so unexpectedly that Maria Maud could not comprehend what had befallen her at first—not until the thin, worn body was laid among the "many graves" and the long, black nights settled down upon the empty cabin. Even then Maria Maud did not



*When God Walks the Road*

cry. She suffered in a poor dumb fashion, and her eyes grew big and haunted.

Dear little Maria Maud had always been reaching up. Work could not blind the light of her soul and kill her ambitions and poverty.

One day when the whistle blew Maria Maud laughed aloud. She printed something on a piece of paper (how she had learned to do that God and herself alone knew); she tied her few articles of clothing in a bag; then she set forth. At first she ran; then she went slower, for it was a hard road, and she was not strong. Finally she sat down to rest by the side of the muddy, hilly road with a crumpled envelope held high in her thin hand. "Only a mile more!" murmured she. "A mile more, and—then!" The thought gave her strength. She had walked or run seven miles, and she had had nothing to eat all day!

It was twilight time when Miss Mary Alvin, sitting on the porch of her tiny home school, saw bedraggled little Maria Maud coming up the path. Mary Alvin was a teacher, a tender woman, and, at the heart, the merriest soul that ever lived and loved a joke above anything. Lately she had been a bit homesick and was feeling rather low-spirited as Maria Maud came in view. "This is no joke!" she thought and got up to welcome the stranger. "You want—me?" she asked so kindly that Maria Maud trembled.

"Yes'm." She did indeed want her and need her; but she said "Yes'm" in a very hard, dry tone.

"What do you want, little girl?"

"L'arnin'. And I kin pay. I kin, I kin!"

Maybe this was a joke, after all! Miss Alvin's eyes danced. "Come up," she said. "Now sit down in this nice, comfy rocker. No; lean back. That's what the chair's for. I'm going to get you a glass of milk and some cookies."

Maria Maud drank and ate, but she could not lean back. She was rigid and cold with excitement.

"And now, my child, tell me all about it."

They faced each other, and Maria Maud began. She had not gone far when Mary Alvin was sobbing pitifully, but



*When God Walks the Road*

Maria Maud went on and on in her monotonous drawl. She was emptying her sad, troubled life into the heart of this woman who could understand.

"She wanted a tombstun, miss. I marked the place, and I can find it, no matter when I go back. And she can look down and—and see it, and she'll wait until I get l'arnin'."

"And—and—you can pay? What have you to give, you poor, precious child?"

Then Maria Maud got up stiffly and walked over to Miss Alvin. "This!" she said simply and handed out the crumpled envelope.

There was just enough light to see by, but the tears in Mary Alvin's eyes blinded her. She wiped them away and tore the envelope apart. A scrap of paper was within—brown paper, soiled and unlovely—and upon it was scrawled: "I give myself."

Something happened to Mary Alvin then. She seemed to be in a holy place, and she waited. Then she heard words—plain words they were, words of the hills and of the people whom others had forgotten. The meaning of the words was what mattered, and the meaning kept chanting over and over: "I gave my life for thee, for thee; what hast thou done for me?"

The plain words were repeating: "I can work! I can work. There's wood to fetch and tote; there's water to haul and fires to mind. Early and late I'll work and work—for l'arnin'."

Maria Maud dropped beside Mary Alvin. She had come to the end of her strength. She could not talk or promise anything more; but she could hear, and something was happening indeed. Arms were about her, and tears were on her cheeks.

"O, the white, white gift of self! You poor child! Yes, I will give you learning; and we will—we will play together and find happiness and God among the hills, you and I together."

. . . . .  
If you should see Maria Maud now, you would know that she and Mary Alvin had found their Holy Grail; for Maria

*When God Walks the Road*

Maud's face is happy and sweet, and willing feet carry her upon her tasks of love and mercy. Little children learn of her now; and tired mothers come to her, knowing full well that she will understand.

But remember, all you who read this story, there are many, many Maria Mauds in our Southern hills willing to give themselves for learning, but whose feet cannot find the way alone.

—*Adapted from story sent out by Child Labor Committee.*







