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THE PARSON'S CORNER

By Rev. B. J. Minort, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Alliance

THE GOOD OLD TIME?

Preacher-like, we will take a text for this column today. It is found in Ecc. 7:10: "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou doth not inquire wisely concerning this."

The other day we met one of those individuals who worship the past. They can see no good in the present. All the good things are things of the past. "The good old days," or "the good old times" are expressions that are ever dropping from their lips. Speak to them of something whose goodness is apparent to all, they are ever ready with, "Yes, but in the old days they were better." This class of people are not a modern creation; they are as old as history. Job cried, "O, that I were as in the days of old," that I were as in the days of the past, David and others of the Bible characters cried out for "the good old times."

They give you a pain in the neck, these devotees to the past. To hear them talk you would think that the sun has darkened since the good old days, when the fact is it has never been brighter than today. To hear them speak you would conclude that everything is gradually going to the bow-wows, but if these same folks would only consider things really as they are they would be surprised to find that this old world is full of good things after all. I have heard men, even in the pulpit, try to leave the impression that the old days of the past surpassed the present and these leave the impression that the human race is more corrupt than the past. Their messages ring with the spirit of pessimism, and then they wonder why people shun the services.

History, both past and present, proves that this "good old time" is a mere delusion. It is human to idealize the past. Did you ever stop to think that these same things that now you praise as being the best, were the things that in the past you derided as being of little value?

Most of the good old times that you are now boasting of, are times of which you know nothing, or of which you know simply by hearsay. The things that you counted moderately good when you live in those times are now "good" because distance lends enchantment. Did you know that many

of the good old things of the good old times are the same things of which you complained so bitterly when you were back there?

It is human nature to deprecate the present. The good things of the present are never so sweet as the things of the past or the things beyond our reach.

The fact of the matter is that the good old times are but the figment of your imagination. Never have you enjoyed so many good things as at present. People were never as good as today. You who are worshipping at the shrine of the past—would you really like to go back there? Would you really? Be careful now. The fact is that you would not if you could.

You have more to be thankful for today than you have ever had. You say that the children are more disobedient than they were "back there?" Fiddle! Why, then, doesn't the percentage of the criminals in the prison increase? You say our schools are more immoral than in the past. We believe this to be a rank lie. Never have we had better trained faculties and cleaner teachers than today. The churches, you say, are more worldly. We doubt this statement.

The captains of industry in the past were more honest and capable than those of today; the political leaders of the past were more public spirited; the good editors are all dead; the preachers who really served from the spirit of love and service alone, are all in the past, or gone to glory. The last preacher is always the best with these worshipers of the past. And sometimes it happens that they were the cause of the last preacher leaving.

Let us throw this feeling of the past overboard and really take stock of the world of good things of today. The world is full of good things today and we need not go to the past to find them. They are here all around us.

Alliance was never better than today, and it will be better tomorrow if you and I will appreciate the things of today. Let us forget the past and improve the present. If the time spent in thinking of the past would be spent in improving the present, this would be a better world in which to live. The fisherman who is always glorying in the big catch of last year seldom catches many this year.

Forget the accomplishments of the past. The age of really great accomplishment is just ahead. Go into it to win; live in the present.
 B. J. MINORT.

ON THE ROAD WITH THE HERALD TRAVELER

(Continued from Page 2.)
 Rock chickens. We stayed for dinner with them and, say, but that chicken was fine. We should have been a minister, for we do like chicken.

Over the hill east from the Purinton place is the home of E. A. Bennett, who came to this county from Lancaster four years ago. He owns four hundred and eighty acres and rents three hundred and twenty. He is one of the big farmers, having one hundred and sixty acres of winter wheat and rye, eighty acres of spring wheat, forty acres of corn and forty of potatoes, and besides he is breaking two hundred acres of sod. He does most of the hard work with a Hart-Parry 5-30 tractor. Mr. Bennett thinks here is more money to be made in corn, rye and spuds than any other crops.

Our next move was north to the home of F. W. Krohn, who is the brother of the energetic young lady who collects for the Herald office each month. We felt somewhat at home there and had a nice little visit with Mr. Krohn, who came here from Lancaster county six years ago and is running 480 acres—eighty acres to wheat, seventy to oats, forty to corn, forty to spuds and twenty to alfalfa. Mr. Krohn thinks that corn and hogs are the best money-makers—then come spuds.

Just over the hill, but not to the poor house, we came to the beautiful home of William Aspden, who came to this county thirty-seven years ago, being the oldest settler we have found so far. He came here as a young man, had no money to go on and did not have a dollar, but managed to borrow by, but today William can take things easy, for he has plenty of this world's goods. He owns 480 acres of

row twenty-five to five on the first winter. For the first winter he had no stove to cook his meals on, having to use a campfire to cook and land in the valley that looks to us as the ideal farm and he has a fine house and everything one could wish. While there we heard some fine music on the piano, but the music that came to him the first year was the song of the coyote, but such is the reward of energy. Mr. Aspden is farming—twenty-five acres to wheat, twenty-five to corn and seventy-five to corn and forty to spuds. He has seventy-five acres in alfalfa. He lives seven miles north and one-mile east of town.

Charles Hawley came here from York county six years ago and is running 480 acres of land—one hundred to wheat, thirty to oats, sixty to corn and is planting thirty to spuds. He thinks that spuds is the surest crop to raise. He likes this county as well as York and says that a young man

can get a start here better than in the east, but the great thing with him is that his health is so much better than in the east.

Our next and last stop for the day was at the J. T. Nabb farm, seven miles north of the fair grounds. This large farm is being operated by J. T. and son. There are 640 acres and 440 acres of which are cultivated and the two of them are doing the work, but mostly by tractor. When they seed, they pull the seeder, a disc and a harrow at the same time, so once over and they are done. They have out 150 acres of fall rye and 120 of spring rye, sixty of barley, thirty of oats, fifty of corn, twenty of cane and millet, also forty of alfalfa. They have a splendid herd of registered Poland China hogs. Mr. Nabb came here from Seward county thirteen years ago and likes this county fine. He would not think of selling out.

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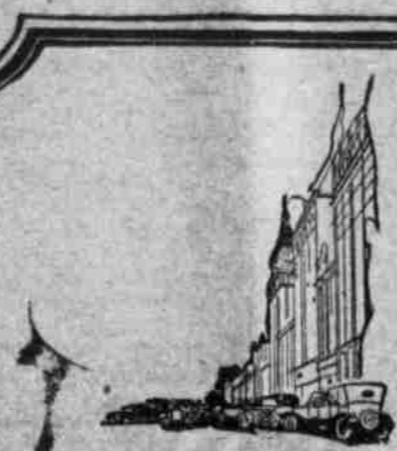
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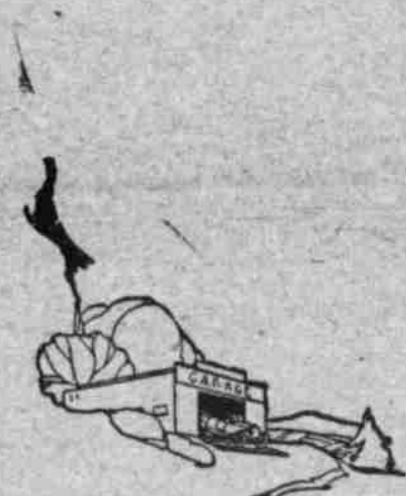
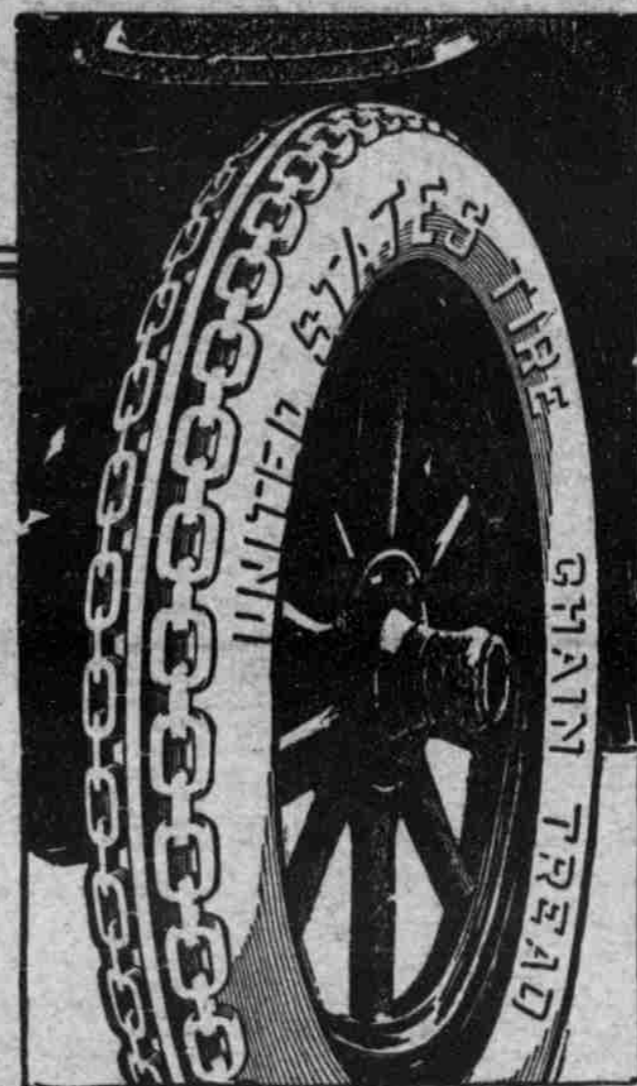


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