

A BEAUTIFUL CHURCH BUILT FROM JUNK

An architectural anomaly, a beautiful building built from scrap material, is the product of the genius, energy and inspiration of an Omaha clergyman. When completed the First German Presbyterian church will present an edifice of stable and dignified beauty, yet all the material that goes into its construction is discarded junk gathered from every available source. It represents what can be accomplished by a few earnest, hard-working men under the leadership of a preacher full of enthusiasm and inspiring optimism.

When he first went to Omaha, three years ago, Rev. Julius F. Schwarz determined that his congregation should have a new church. The fact that the members numbered only 60 and the whole property of the corporation was about \$5,000 troubled him not at all, and he began to build with as much faith as if he had the riches of Solomon. His plan was to gather everywhere, whenever he could, all the old but strong timbers, all the iron junk available for structural use, all the loose and irregular stone and all the generally discarded building materials that could be found in Omaha and from them to build a church. It was not to be a mean and ugly house of worship, but a well-equipped, well arranged, ample meeting place for his people.

He has now extended it to include an 11-room house for his own family and the whole property would have cost \$30,000 if it had been built by contract. As built by Rev. Mr. Schwarz and his fellow laborers it will cost less than \$25,000. The other \$15,000 has been saved to his people by the perseverance, energy and ingenuity of the pastor.

The first charge that Mr. Schwarz took when he left the theological seminary was at Connersville, Ind. For six years he remained there and was called to Omaha three years ago on a recommendation from one of his instructors in the theological school. At that time the First German Presbyterian was a small frame church. As soon as the new pastor came he announced that the church was too small. To build a church with a membership of 60 seemed out of the question to all but the pastor. He thought he knew a way and he set about it with almost no support, at first, from the others.

For a year he sought for a suitable location and finally purchased the lot the new church is on for \$1,800. When he bought this tract the fund which he drew from amounted to \$57. His first move was to sell the old church for \$1,850. As soon as the lot was paid for he shouldered a spade, and replacing his ministerial dignity with a grim and effective energy he began to dig. The first thing that a church needed was a foundation. He had no money, but he could make the foundation himself, and that would be one step toward it.

He asked for contributions from friends outside of Omaha and waited for his own people to contribute voluntarily. The dollars came slowly, but they came with sufficient steadiness to assure him that he could make a few purchases for a start. While walking on the street one day he saw that in repairing the street the old curbs were being taken up. "These are good blocks," said the pastor-builder, and he bargained with the contractor to take them off his hands. That stone went into the foundation.

His next lot of material came when the wall that supported the yard of the old Rosewater residence was to be torn down. Men hired by Mr. Schwarz did the work and the brick and stone was taken out and put into the walls that were gradually rising on the church site. Some of his congregation began to contribute two or three days' work with teams in gathering material.

The south steps from the old high school building followed and these made the "water-table" on both sides of the church part of the building. The parsonage end was being added to from the stone that could be picked up around stone yards for small expense and converted into suitable blocks.

An opportunity came to the builders when the driveway was constructed leading down to the Union station on the north side. Here was bought 15,000 feet of lumber that had been used in scaffolding and a carload of fine red sandstone was purchased for \$20. When, a few weeks later, a contractor offered Mr. Schwarz \$70 for that same carload of red stone because he needed it to fill a contract in a hurry, the minister gave up his material and added \$50 clear to the fund. This was the only enterprise for profit that was entered into for the benefit of the cause, except a little deal in lead pipe which the minister had with a prominent fraternal order. He bought some old lead from the lodge for \$1.50 and sold it for \$15 to a junk dealer.

All winter long he has been haunting the repair gangs about the streets, visiting stone yards and junk heaps and adding to the pile of materials that is being made into a building by his men. One of his biggest and most profitable finds was a pair of iron pillars in excellent condition which he bought from the street railway company for their price as old iron. The street railway company also furnished him with the most novel use of old material in the whole building, which is the making of rafters out of old steel rails. The rails are more than strong enough and were bought for the price of junk.

The church, which consists of a basement with a beautiful fireplace and an auditorium which will seat 300, measures 44x73 feet. The roof extends back over the parsonage, making it a full three stories high, with one room in the attic. The house part is 24x50 feet in ground



Beautiful Edifice Being Erected by Rev. Schwartz



Rev. Julius F. Schwarz.

Schwarz could not afford to put on a large force of men. His foreman, Fred Slather, is a German stone mason. The wages of the men are the one debt which Mr. Schwarz does not intend to neglect and his men are paid every Saturday as if they were working for a wealthy contractor who had thousands to back his operations. To do this the builder has had to rely upon the kindness of his other creditors, who have helped the cause by not pressing their claims.

That \$5,000 that has already been put into the work was gathered mostly from the contributions of friends all over the country. Other pastors have taken up benefit collections, a friend in Indiana sent \$200, and the congregation has contributed far beyond what might be expected from their means. Mr. Schwarz made a house-to-house campaign of four days down in Riley, Kan., and raised \$200 in that way. One of the church trustees, who declared when the project was begun that he would not do anything to aid it, has already given \$100, and others have given \$100 and \$200 contributions. Churches have promised contributions that will probably average \$25 each and several hundred dollars more is expected from that source.

"If I just had \$6,000 more I could finish it," says the minister, and he seems not to lack faith that the \$6,000 will come as it is needed.

Mr. Schwarz's unique undertaking has attracted considerable attention and promises of financial assistance have come in from various parts of the country. These donations to a most worthy cause are for the most part in small amounts, but are none the less appreciated by the energetic pastor and the encouragement thus received has had no little part in helping along the good work. Rev. Schwarz has announced that all outside contributions will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

The biggest addition to the fund that has come so far was the \$2,500 got from selling the old parsonage, which the pastor advised as soon as he saw the possibility of making a home for himself as a part of the new building. It is believed that enough more can easily be raised to put on a roof so that services can be held in the

dimensions and has 11 fine rooms.

On the front of the church will be a tower which will be just as high and substantial as it can be made from what is left of the stone after the rest of the structure is finished.

The plans for all of it were sketched by the Rev. Mr. Schwarz and made exact by an architect. There are no specifications in use. The plans are followed not by getting material to fit them, but by conforming them as nearly as possible to material that can be cheaply bought.

The work went slowly, because Mr.

position makes it possible for me to reach many who are in need of help and many who are strangers and I want to stay here and make my work effective in helping the German citizens in this country."

It is because of this sincere desire to be of help to his church that Mr. Schwarz has labored with his hands and brain to build the new church. It has arisen out of what seemed to be insurmountable difficulties. Not only the cornerstone, but every stone in it was once refused by the builders, but when it is finished there will be no fault found with its smooth, gray walls, its modern equipment and its generous dimensions.

In connection with his pastoral and building work Rev. Mr. Schwarz devotes nine hours a week to teaching in the University of Omaha, where he has charge of the German classes. He is also stated clerk of the presbytery of Omaha, and the compensation received from this additional work he considers providential in that it helps to secure him sufficient salary to bring his work to a self-supporting basis.

Rev. Schwarz' father was a practicing physician in Franklin county, Mo. He hailed from Heidelberg, Baden, Germany.

Rev. Schwarz was left an orphan at the age of 11 months. He was taken into the home of a kind-hearted couple who had already raised eight children of their own.

As a tribute to the memory of his foster parents and as a token of appreciation of the kindness received at their hands, the church parsonage has been turned into a sort of a home for the friendless and a refuge for the destitute. Many have partaken of the parson's hospitality until work or other assistance had been offered. Should this sort of hospitality require more space, it is possible that an old people's home may be established after the financial obligations of the new church edifice have been met.

SCIENCE AND FAITH

Is it true that the greater the knowledge the less the religious interest? Are these two persons, the man whose zeal for religion is equalled by his bigotry and ignorance and the other in whom scientific study has dwarfed spiritual sensibility, fair types by which to judge the relations of religion and knowledge?

Is intelligence incompatible with real piety? Will the growth of knowledge bring about the dissolution of religion? Is the life of religious aspirations and feelings out of date in a scientific age such as we are constantly reminded this one is today? Science has overcome superstition; is faith so bound up with superstition that it, too, must go?

We can be sure of one thing, at least; that, no matter what our feelings, theories or ideals may be, we cannot turn our backs on the great world of fact as it is laid before us. The faith that fights facts is committing suicide. Appeals to our fears cannot to-day make the facts less real to us and we know that by them we will have to stand or fall.

If you stop to think about it, there is a striking significance in the fact that this question has arisen. Is there a religion for the intelligent, educated, scientific mind? It suggests another question: Can any other mind fully comprehend the riches and meaning of religion? The unthinking cling to customs, traditions and forms that are the vestiges of truth. The trained mind distinguishes between the garments of truth and truth itself.

basement, and after that the money will come in faster. In the meantime the minister is watching everywhere for anything that will make his church more commodious or his home more attractive.

"The reason for my doing all this," said Rev. Mr. Schwarz, as he laid aside the tools with which he was helping the workmen, "is that I believe that right here is the best field for work among the Germans that there is in all the northwest. My life occupation is missionary work among my German people and the only reason why I want to stay here and put up this big church for my small congregation is because from here I can reach so many Germans. I was born an American, but came from German parents and am thoroughly German in thought and feeling. When I decided to become a minister I saw that the greatest need was among my own people, so I studied at a German seminary. My

The Proud Heart of Danko

By RACHEL CAREW

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A cloud arose over the sea, black and heavy like the crest of a mountain; it trailed across the steppe curtain-like, rifts and rags of its dark mass blotting out the stars one by one; the moon became a pale opal spot, and in the wide steppe, now black and terrible, as if it held some guilty secret, tiny blue lights flamed forth here and there like the sudden and soon-quenched glow of a match. There was something uncanny and mysterious in these dancing points of light which I could not understand.

"Do you see the blue sparks?" asked Isergil, the mummy-like old gypsy from the steppe of Bessarabia—the wide steppe which had been her cradle, her home, and was ready soon to grant that surest of all shelters, her grave.

"I, Isergil, cannot see them any more—there is much that I can no longer see. I am ages old, but the dancing lights are always there."

"Yes, I see the little blue flames; what are they?" I had often heard mention of those fairy light, not fat morganas, not insect, but I wished to hear the old sibyl's version.

"Those sparks come from the hot heart of Danko," she began, in tones that vibrated with intense belief and feeling—the born narrator of the legends of her tribe. "There was once in the world a heart that flamed like fire, and the blue gleams are the sparks from that flame. Listen! I will tell you the old, old story, and how it was in that long dead past, of which there is nothing good left; no more real men; no real deeds; no real stories as in those days.

"A fig for you young people of modern times! what do you know? what do you understand? Look back into the past; there, everything is explained; but you, foolish children of to-day, look not back, as do I, old Isergil, and I see, though my eyes are dim; I see that you young ones know not how to live. You wait always for opportunity which comes not of its own self. Then, when you find that you have wasted your time, you whimper over your fate.

"What is fate? Everybody makes his own. There are many kinds of people to-day, except great and mighty ones—where are they? And beauty in man and woman—still less is there of that."

After a long pause, the ancient one resumed: "Ages ago there was a band of people, where it was I cannot tell you. I only know that the camp of these people was surrounded on three sides by a tall, impenetrable forest, and on the fourth side lay the steppe.

"They were a strong, joyous, daring folk, probably gypsies, content with little, and happy in the good of each day as it came.

"After a time strange tribes crept in among them bringing discord and unrest, and driving these simple folk, few in comparison, deeper into the woods. Here it was dismal with swamp and darkness, because the forest was old as time, and so dense that one saw no sky between the branches, and hardly a ray of light pierced through to the sodden ground. The people sickened and died like stricken sheep. Distracted with the weeping of their women and children, the men looked helplessly in each other's hollow eyes, asking in vain for rescue.

Two ways there were out of the snare—one backward to the cruel grip of the enemy; the other, forward, to a far deeper, denser forest. Giant trees clasped each other in a tangled embrace, with roots like twisted iron, deep in the black slime. Here at high noon a dim twilight only flickered down through the branches, and at night when the wind blew it wailed like a dirge for these people at bay from their enemy in the dreary forest fastness.

Night after night the outcasts sat around their camp fire and bethought themselves of a way to freedom, but in vain. Nothing, neither work nor follies, so weaken men as anxious, brooding thoughts, which suck the blood from the heart.

"Fear arose in the breast of these men, and the women drove them to despair with wailing over their dead and the bitter fate of those still living. At first in faint whispers in the camp, then louder and bolder, the tribe declared that bondage was better than death—they would give up their freedom and return as slaves to their enemy.

"Then rose up Danko, the rescuer of them all. He, Danko, was one of the band, a beautiful youth and brave—the beautiful are always brave—and thus he spoke to his companions: "Thinking moves no stone out of the way. Action only counts. Why are we wasting our strength with fret and fear? Rise up, let us win a way through the forest; there is an end to every struggle. Come, rouse yourselves, one and all!"

"They looked at the youth and saw in his eyes that which made him their leader and superior. 'Lead us!' clamored they all, and he led them."

Old Isergil paused and looked out over the steppe where the sparks from the hot heart of Danko gleamed like blue flowers.

"Danko led them; willingly and trustfully they followed.

"That was a weary way, dark as night, with the black mud of the

marsh yawning for prey, and the trees in close ranks like a mighty wall. Their branches were interwoven like a knot of snakes, everywhere their twisted roots coiled and clung; every step cost blood and sweat. Onward they toiled, each morrow's hardship worse than yesterday's; each day their strength less.

"At last it grew so dark in the forest that it was as if all the nights, that had ever been since time began, had melted into one blackness. The thunder rolled, the wanderers staggered helplessly among the rocking trees, blinded by the cold, blue lightning.

"They halted, and in the roar of the forest, in the thick of the darkness, exhausted and angry, they turned upon Danko: 'A useless creature are you, harmful and hateful to us all,' they began. 'You have led us forth to destruction, and for this you shall suffer,' the thunder and lightning giving force to their words. 'You bade us lead you, and I obeyed,' cried Danko, confronting the angry troupe with bare breast. 'I have the courage to lead, therefore I do it—and you—what have you done to help yourselves? You follow only, and your courage is too weak for the strain of hardship. You only follow—follow like a drove of sheep.' These words angered the people still more. 'You shall die!' they cried, and to their clamor the wind howled an echo, and the lightning tore rents in the darkness.

"Danko gazed upon them, his followers, for whose sake he had borne such toil and suffering, and saw that they were like wild beasts. They crowded about him, but in no eye was the light of kindness—to no one could he look for help. Then anger against the people flamed in his heart only to quench itself soon in pity. He loved these, his companions, and knew that without him they would perish. Then his heart glowed anew with desire to save them and lead them upon an easy path, and forth from his eyes gleamed the light of this desire."

"The forest sang unceasingly its solemn song, the thunder roared and the rain gushed in streams. 'What can I do for my people!' cried Danko in a voice louder than the thunder. Suddenly he rent open his breast, tore out his throbbing heart and held it high above his head. It flamed as bright as the sun, and even brighter; the whole forest fell silent, awed by his torch of love for humanity; the darkness fluttered away from this light and sank trembling in the black mold of the swamp. The amazed people stood as if turned to stone.

"Follow!" cried Danko, striding forward, his glowing heart held high in his uplifted hands, lighting the way to the people who flung themselves madly in his wake. The roar of the forest began again, but the sound of it was drowned by the rushing footsteps of the people. Everyone ran, fearless and fast, enchanted by the sight of the burning heart. Many fell by the way and died even now, but without lament or tears. Danko ever at the head of the troop, his heart flaming, flamed, and ever flamed.

"Suddenly the forest opened and fell back, and Danko with his flock found themselves bathed in a sea of sunshine, and pure, sweet-scented air washed from the steppe kissed their faces. The tempest was behind them, grumbling over the forest; here the sun beamed, the grass sparkled with rain diamonds, and the river glowed like gold. The setting sun turned the river red, like the blood that dripped from Danko's torn breast.

"The proud, brave Danko cast his dying gaze over the broad steppe, and laughed with joy at the sight of the pleasant land—then he sank down and died.

"The wondering trees began a dirge-like murmur, and the grass, wet with Danko's blood, whispered in sympathy, but the happy, hopeful people took no more notice of Danko—saw not that he lay dead, nor that beside his body, on the sod, his brave heart still flamed.

"One cautious soul only saw the glow, and, fearful of danger, trampled the proud heart with his foot. Then was the flame quenched and scattered in a thousand sparks. These are the blue lights which dance on the steppe before a thunderstorm."

As the old woman ended her fantastic story, a profound stillness fell over the steppe, as if it, too, were awed by the power of the brave Danko, the bold spirit which burned itself out for humanity without asking reward. Isergil sank into uneasy slumber, and watching her, I mused over the many legends stored in her memory—What power of human fancy to conceive these legends; what heroism and bravery adorned that golden past!

And our present—poor in strong men and great events—rich in cold distrust that turns everything into ridicule—the miserable epoch of miserable people with still-born hearts.

Remarkable Golfing Feat.

Miss Maitland, the Scottish international golf player, and Mr. S. Christie, of Westward Ho! have accomplished the remarkable feat of holing out in one on the St. Andrews old and new courses respectively. Both paid the usual penalty to the saddles.