

UTICA, N. Y., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1923.

Vigorous Village Rector Effectively Wields Hammer and Paint Brush, Organizes Candle Company and Plans New Book on Orthodoxy of Glands

Rev. G. H. MacNish of Cleveland, N. Y., Gives Example of Practical Religion In Manner Which Surprises Followers

The Orthodoxy of the Glands

Declaring that there is an orthodoxy of the gland system, the Rev. G. H. MacNish says that in the human body there are six glands, one pair controlling man's ideal and practical natures; another pair providing "pep" and the power of quick mobilization to sudden and unexpected changes; the third pair giving courage and determination.

"Some folks think I'm a roughneck and others think I'm crazy, because they do not understand," says the Rev. George H. MacNish, the two-fisted, four-quare, six-cylinder rector of St. James's Episcopal Church in the little village of Cleveland, N. Y., on the north bank of Oneida Lake.

After serving as an artillery officer in the army during the war—and not as a chaplain, either—he served for a short time as assistant to the Rev. E. H. Colby, D. D., rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, this city, before he took up his unusual ministry in the sleepy little lake settlement three years ago.

Since then, some of the things he has accomplished have made the natives gasp with surprise, for he goes about his job of ministering in an unusual manner. He stands for the kind of practical Christianity that works hard seven days a week and wears its old clothes most of the time.

He has discarded many of the old-style, time-honored and naturally expected mannerisms and methods of a clergyman, just as he has discarded the conventional garb of the clergyman—and yet he is highly respected, for he is, nevertheless, the rector of the church and the kind of rector who does things with "pep" and determination and purpose.

He has done a lot of things for the village. When he went there there was no American Legion post. He organized one and today he is chaplain of Raymond Faulkner Post, No. 558, and was one of its representatives at the Syracuse convention. When he found that the village never had even the boys' official "firehouse," he arranged a gathering at which, as he put it, "we could welcome ourselves."

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Rev. George H. MacNish



Here is the rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, Cleveland, N. Y., as he appears in his working togs.

And the rector of St. James Church, in his old clothes, went to the job of building the parish house with his own two hands, assisted by some of his followers.

"I laid this hardwood floor," he told a visitor, "and never in my life before had I done such a thing. How did I do it? Well, I just did it. Just the same as when I was in the army, I got an order to make 20 sets of harness, and while I never had made a set of harness, I managed to get by."

As the building stands today, with its clean-cut interior and exterior design, it contains not only the ever essential kitchen for church suppers, but also the more modern touch, a radio outfit which the rector personally bought and paid for.

Do you begin to get the drift of his method—working to attract and hold the young people of the village—Bushman's book?

Only a few weeks ago the Rev. Mr. MacNish, in his old clothes, just completed the job of painting, with his own two hands, the radio outfit which the rector personally bought and paid for.

He says that the village offered him opportunity for employment, and some two years ago he started a candle factory in a small shack, assisted by Raymond Costel and George Meyer, the latter having

been employed previously in the Will & Baumer candle factory in Syracuse. Larger quarters on the main street were secured on the business grew, and having launched the project, which gradually more and more of his time, the rector had the company organized about three months ago, under the name of the Perfection Candle Company, capital \$10,000. Dr. J. C. Lewis of Syracuse is president; the Rev. Mr. MacNish is vice president, and Dudley Lewis of Cleveland, N. Y., is secretary, treasurer and manager.

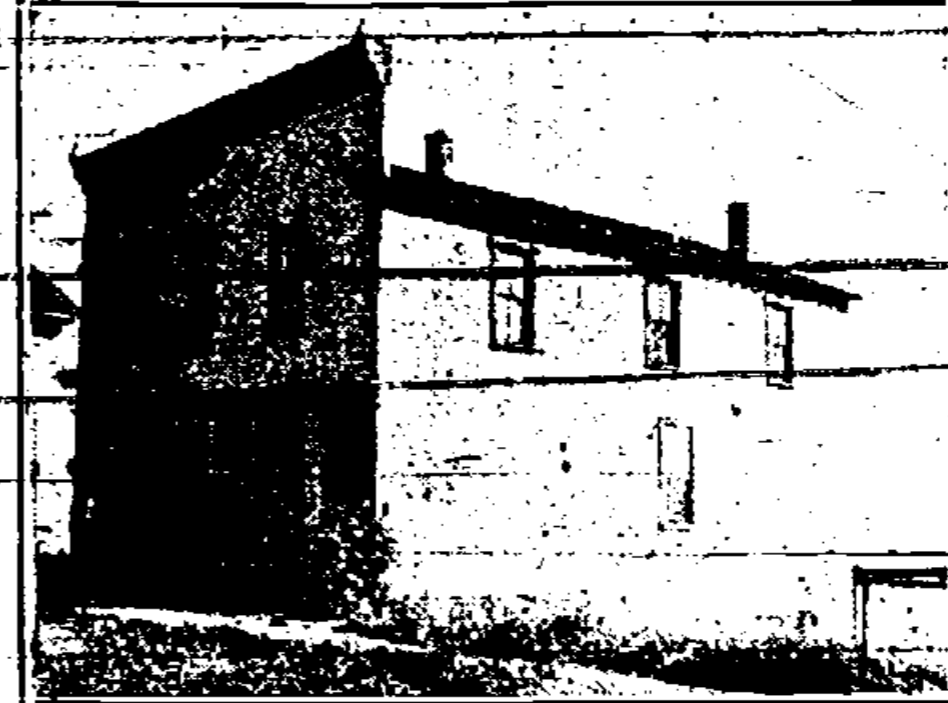
The plant now turns out between 6,000 and 8,000 candles a day, with home-made equipment which is up-to-the-minute in candle making. A few days ago the company received a carload order of 240,000 candles. And part of Vice President MacNish's job is to drive a truck load of finished product to the railroad station every other day.

MacNish is a student and a deep thinker—so deep, indeed, that it puts the head of the ordinary individual in a white to follow his reasoning. But once you have followed him, he convinced you that his reasoning, deep as it is, is logical.

As he discussed some of his theories, he was seated with his feet drawn up on the cushions of the big Morris chair in his room at the Globe Hotel, garbed in collarless shirt, a brownish coat, rolled white trousers and tennis shoes. His manner and speech suggested that of a big outdoors man from the western plains, although native of Ovid, N. Y.

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Candle Factory



This little plant, organized by the Cleveland clergyman, has just received a carload order—of 240,000 candles. It turns out between 6,000 and 8,000 a day—all styles, from barbers' tapers to the big ones used on church altars, including Bayberry candles.

Don't Judge America Hastily Colgate Man Tells British

(Being an excerpt from the first of a series of four lectures on "The American People," delivered by Albert Perry Brigham of Colgate University at the summer meeting of the Oxford University School of Geography last August. Prof. Brigham was pastor of Tabernacle Baptist Church, this city, more than 20 years ago. The record of his lectures will be printed next Sunday.)

What are you against, my judgment of America, urged Prof. Albert Perry Brigham of Colgate University, in the first of four lectures on "The American People," delivered last August at the summer meeting of the Oxford University School of Geography.

"Your journalists come for three weeks to a little corner of the Atlantic coast. Possibly your novelists and men of science come, charting the streets of heaven for us. Statesmen and statesmen's wives come also. Lady Astor, whom every American sincerely admires, came back and told you we were all for the League of Nations. Let me tell you that if Lady Astor told an American audience that a triangle has four sides, they would cheer her. It's the chivalry in the blood. But real American opinion—do not be sure you have it—would not cheer her roll up from the Pacific ocean."

Professor Brigham said that, speaking to British teachers on American geography, he would be false to his privilege if he did not lay aside technical and abstract things and try in some measure to interpret American ideas on their own problems and on world questions.

"This is the more true," he continued, "as I stood here before a similar group in the first days of August, eight years ago, when my country's part in the war, in the peace, and in the future, was all unsuspected, happily, in those years the two countries have come closer together, and this understanding should be maintained, for our mutual safety, and for the hope of the world."

Our American ancestors, your kin, filled a continent when it was more remote than Australia now is. They formed our institutions far from the Mother Country, and were themselves reformed by the conditions of a vast, fertile, rich, and vastly big new land.

"Setting aside for the moment the wide range of climate and the humic and diverse units of land form, let me dwell on the magnitude of the United States. This is supposed to be an American folk but you will understand that I am not speaking of a composite continental bigness with national great-ness. Imagine Devonshire 20 times as large as it is or as large as all England. That is about the size of New York. Think of Yorkshire as somewhat bigger than England. Let Yorkshire stand for Iowa, and put it a thousand miles from Devonshire. Again, imagine Australia to be greater than the United Kingdom, and it is a thousand miles from the Pacific ocean."

"Such a country starts slowly, moves rapidly, acts extravagantly, and it has a keen memory to-day about the causes in Europe which made it move. If you now think of a territorial question, remember our bulk. Your Washington correspondents gravely tell you what American sentiment is. They do not always know. The jury is big and scattered, and the verdict takes time."

"However, in spite of our size and our sectionalism, we are a united country. Your Lord Bryce had a rare understanding of this. He said, 'The American people are one of the most united nationalities of the world.'"

"I am not analyzing it or telling you what it is, but it is there; it will appear to be slow, but it is real, and it is in the backbone of the nation. It will not turn its back on the rest of the world."

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Mrs. Churchill's Business One of Greatest in World That of Saving Human Life

More than 600,000 people are afflicted with tuberculosis in the United States, and the epidemic has spread to every part of the world.

Mrs. Churchill is particularly proud of the response shown by the city of Utica to her scientific work in the treatment and cure of tuberculosis is carried on in cooperation with the health officer. For more than a year she has been in the city of Utica, working at the Court House in connection with the work of the health officer.

Her office is in the Court House and the room, with its files and documents and books of statistics, is as truly a battlefield as was ever Florida Field, though here the warring forces are not men pitted against men, but illness and despair and fear pitted against science and knowledge and prevention—and it is to Mrs. Churchill's everlasting credit that the latter forces are gradually winning in Utica county.

Practically all of Mrs. Churchill's mature life has been given to promoting and organizing health and nursing work. A New England woman, born and bred, she is a graduate of the Boston School for Social Work, Simmons College, Boston; and from a nursing school connected with the General Hospital in Providence.

Her experience in the work in which she is now engaged has been wide and thorough, and into it she puts her heart and soul and strength. Fortunate was the Otis County Committee to secure her services, and doubly fortunate the hundreds who have benefited by her devotion to them and who, because of her, have found themselves physically and mentally.

To Mrs. Churchill's knowledge of the cure and prevention of tuberculosis is added a sunny philosophy of living, a poise of personality that goes a long way toward giving all who come into contact with her a better, finer grasp on life and the things that make life worth the living.

Mrs. Churchill came to Utica in April, 1920. The Otis County Tuberculosis Committee had been organized by the State Charities Aid Association in 1915. A careful survey brought forth the fact that tuberculosis was the leading cause of death in the county, and that the need of medical supervision. The committee aimed to further organize a community effort to control tuberculosis, to educate all communities by literature, exhibits, lectures and public meetings regarding the nature, treatment and prevention of tuberculosis; to follow up cases discharged from sanatoriums to prevent relapses and provide suitable occupation for arrested cases; to provide public health nurses in every community; to give proper home care and instruction in all cases needing it, and to provide clinic service throughout the county. A large order, but Mrs. Churchill is the woman under whose direction it can be carried out. She has the ability—and greater still—the vision. Last year the committee broadened its scope by having a general public health nursing in addition to the tuberculosis work.

To-day there are 600 postive cases of tuberculosis under the care of the Otis County Tuberculosis Committee. Mrs. Churchill has had much to do with making the clinics, held in the

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Parish House Built By Rector



The Pole For Its Radio Aerial Is Seen at the Rear.

St. James's Episcopal Church, Cleveland, N. Y.



The rector recently painted the exterior and also...

one of these big men who can find time for many things. If there is a time, he is among the first to do it. Folks in Cleveland will tell how the Rev. Mr. MacNish will die down in his own pockets to help the needy. When it comes to church sermons, he preaches in a manner that reaches everyone—some of his discourses "go over their heads."

All of the foregoing is the sort of thing which may be gathered by observation. It is but the external picture of the man and what he is doing. It is not the life of his religion. It is only by peering with the Rev. Mr. MacNish at length that his inner self is revealed. His pictures which lends strong contrast to the appearance of a man of affairs and his method of

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Under Same Roof Over Half Century



The day of carriage building had passed with the advent of the automobile—but there still remain plenty of work. Bodies for automobiles, trucks, bus built, and there is no end to repair work on these models and nacons. The venerable structure bears the atmosphere of a generation long ago, but modern machinery is not far from the machinery and another motor blows the same in the factory located in the same building—now.