

The Church Workers

By W. E. Hill

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Day nursery executives. Mrs. Clang and Mrs. Louder are numbered among the rich parishioners and are on the governing board of Saint Toby's Day nursery. Sometimes a deficit occurs, and Mr. Clang and Mr. Louder rise handsomely to the crying need. These lovely ladies are discussing the younger element in the neighborhood. "If," says Mrs. Clang, "there is a demand for petting and drinking at young peoples' gatherings, though I am against such practices, let us, I say, keep the *petting* and *drinking* in the church parlors, instead of allowing the boys and girls to frequent ice cream saloons and dance palaces. At least, we will know where they are!" "Exactly!" answers Mrs. Louder. "Let us bring the subject up at the next board meeting!"



The Ladies' Aid. Here are none others than Mrs. Dorothy Lion, Mrs. Nettie Croberry, and Mrs. Anna Runalong all sewing for dear life at the weekly get together of the Ladies' Aid. They are sewing on dimity curtains for the House of Refuge. These three are having the nicest talk. "I'm so glad you feel that way about her," confides Mrs. Runalong to Mrs. Lion, "I know some people like her and all that, but she just gives me the creeps!"



The Altar Guild girls. Mrs. Ross Bunty and Mrs. Sewall Searle are pillars of the Altar Guild and meet once a week to fix the flowers for Sunday. This is a very meager week, and they are busy making the potted lobelias and primroses look like a bower of expensive orchids.



The minister. The Reverend Alvin Upchurch, rector of Saint Toby's, is very rushed today. A wedding, a confirmation, a baptism, and a funeral, to say nothing of a talk on "What Fellowship Means in Business" at a Rotary club luncheon.



The church supper workers. Miss Mae Chowder and Mrs. Arthur Munch are helping out at the church supper by waiting on table and making every one who has paid his or her seventy-five cents feel thoroughly at home.



The choir. Harold Shovelear and Miss Grayce Belle Carmody, organist-choir leader and chief contralto respectively, are wending their way from Wednesday choir practice. "She does everything," Miss Carmody is complaining, "she can think of to put me off the key. Tonight I could feel her breathing on my neck during the Gloria—it was maddening!"



The vestryman. Just a nice, healthy young vestryman with a plate of money, coming forward to hand it to the proper authorities.



The treasurer. Mr. Drive, the church financial expert, is on his way to a vestry meeting with a project or two that will help lighten the church debt.