

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER, NOW, THY CREATOR, IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON



### Where the Nation's Wealth Is Stored

OF the various magnificent government buildings of the city, the Treasury has the distinction of being second only to the Capitol itself in architectural importance and costliness. The building is four hundred sixty-six feet long and two hundred sixty-four feet wide, and cost \$10,000,000. Twenty-two years was it in building, being completed in 1869. It is an imposing structure, and very appropriately gives the impression of solidity and security. It is interesting because of its service to the nation; yet its location and the sameness of its great gray walls, with but little save the immense Ionic columns to break the monotony, make it somewhat of a disappointment to the visitor. It stands just beside the Executive Mansion—a convenient location—but in the main thoroughfare. This is to be deplored; for it should have been placed "amid grounds commensurate with its dignity, instead of obtruding it unceremoniously upon the thoroughfare." This was the intent of the architect, but President Jackson became impatient at the long-delayed choosing of a site, and finally struck his cane into the ground one morning, and said, "Build it here!" and here it is to-day.

Its situation, however, does not seem to detract from its interest nor utility; for the interest here, of course centers in the money—how it is made, counted, preserved, the new exchanged for old, and the old destroyed. A company of well-trained guides is always on hand to explain to the ever coming and going throng of sightseers the mysteries and intricacies connected with the making and storing of those bits of paper so highly prized. The universal personal appreciation of money is recognized by the government in that the visitor is forced everywhere to look between iron bars, or stand outside solid, heavy steel doors and *think* merely of the millions on the other side, as the guide volubly explains—so carefully is everything guarded.

Visitors are first shown the Marble, or Cash, Room, which is said to be one of the costliest rooms in the world. It is not large, but cost \$300,000. Neither delicately nor highly ornamented is it; its plainness rather is conspicuous to one who has just come from the Capitol or the Congressional Library. This room serves as the Cashier's Office. The daily transactions run into the millions, and checks of enormous values are often cashed here, sometimes reaching

as high as \$10,000,000. The whole country is supplied with money from this room. Much of the work of making new money is done at the Bureau of Engraving, which will be doubtless described at another time. At nine o'clock every morning a million dollars is brought to the Treasury from the Bureau of Engraving in a locked steel wagon attended by a force of guards. It is taken to the Division of Issue. There experts verify the contents, one thousand sheets to the package, each sheet being composed of four notes of the same denomination. This money then is taken to the Sealing Room, and receives the seal appropriate to the denomination. It may be interesting to observe what denominations have the blue seal and which the red. If you chance to have any \$10,000 certificates among your small bills, observe their seal. The Treas-

ing, taking note of the seal and of any imperfection. The counting of fifty-two thousand notes a day is the requirement in some of the departments. Each counter is held financially responsible for any mistake she may make in her count, and no one is allowed a second count. The continuous intense concentration of mind demanded of these experts often results in serious injury to the nervous system.

Having received the final count, the money is sent to the sealing clerk, who makes it into packages containing from four thousand to four million, wrapping each in brown paper, and sealing them with the Treasury seal. The amount of money received by him at the close of the day must correspond exactly with the amount brought from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. If it does not, every employee is held until the mis-



THE TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES

ury seal has come down to us from the Continental Congress, and bears the inscription which is thought to express the hope of our forefathers; for it reads, "Seal of the Treasury of *North America*." It was then hoped that Canada would join the Revolution and become one with us. Having received the seal, the sheets are cut into the four component notes, and the money then in packages of four thousand bills passes to its final counting. To guard against any possible mistake, these packages go through the hands of five successive counters. Each person to whom a package is even temporarily intrusted is obliged to receipt for it, so that its history may be traced from the paper mills to the Cashier's desk; this necessitates fifty-two different persons separately counting the bills and receipting for them.

The rapidity with which the lady counters do their work is marvelous both from a physiological and psychological standpoint. The counters lift each note by the upper right-hand corner, count-

take is found. The money is now secured in the currency reserve vault.

The Treasury has seventeen vaults, and two new ones are being built. These are not mere closets like the largest of money-safes, but rooms. Vault Number 1 is a room eighty-nine feet long, fifty-one feet wide, and twelve feet high. Until the Spanish War, visitors, accompanied by guides, were permitted to enter the vaults; but at that time the Secretary of the Treasury ordered that no one be allowed to see inside of them, and the order has not been revoked, much to the regret of many. The eight vaults under the direct supervision of the Treasurer of the United States contain \$1,133,523,289.18. The gold and silver in them weighs five thousand tons.

The money before being placed in the vaults is weighed by a pair of scales so delicate that they will register the weight of the ink required to write your name, or the weight of a hair from your head.



At every change of administration, on the appointment of a new Secretary, all the money in the various vaults is counted. This is usually regarded as a three-months' task for a committee of thirty-five men. When changing from the Cleveland to the McKinley administration, six months were required for the counting. Why this extra time was necessary, I was not informed.

In the Division of the National Banks, there are bonds to the value of \$619,000,000 deposited in the vault. There are three hundred fifty national banks represented here. The government does not in any way guarantee the circulation of the banks of the country, but it makes this circulation perfectly safe by requiring each national bank to put up government bonds as security for its circulation. It may be of interest to those who have not already done so to observe the difference between a one-dollar bill issued by a bank and one by the government.

In the Redemption Division old money is exchanged for new. It is sent in from the banks throughout the country and from the sub-treasuries, which are located in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The mints are at Philadelphia, New Orleans, Denver, Carson City, and San Francisco. The old money is brought to the Treasury by the express companies in sealed packages. New dollars are given for all old ones received. The amounts having been carefully verified, the counter takes the money to the canceling machine, which punctures four holes through it, two in the upper half and two in the lower. The canceled packages are then taken to the cutting knife and cut lengthwise, each half bearing the initials of the counter and the amount contained in the package. The upper half is sent to the Register's Office, and the lower to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury. In these offices the half sheets are counted, and if the results agree, the money is sent to the macerator to be destroyed. If a counterfeit bill is found to have passed unnoticed by the counter, the amount is deducted from her wages.

In the office of the Secretary, there is a bill framed which was sent in to pass for a five-hundred-dollar bill. It was found to have been made of sixteen pieces cut from sixteen other five-hundred-dollar bills that had been previously redeemed as "mutilated" bills. Had the counter been less observing, she would have met with quite a deduction in her salary.

"The macerator is a huge spherical receptacle of steel, which contains water, and is fitted in the interior with closely set knives, which as they revolve, grind the contents of the machine exceedingly fine. The massive lid is secured with three Yale locks, each with its own individual key. The key of one lock is held by the Treasurer, of another by the Secretary, and of the third by the Comptroller of the Currency. Every day at one o'clock these three officials, or their deputies, with a fourth one to represent the banks and the people, assemble at the macerator to deposit in it the money to be destroyed. Each key-holder unlocks his respective lock; the lid is lifted, the money deposited, and the machine locked again, and left to do its work of destruction." After the currency has been ground into a fine pulp, it is sent to the Bureau of Engraving to be rolled into sheets of book-binder's board, and sold for \$40 a ton. It is also made into cardboard, Pullman car-wheels, tubs pails, wrapping-paper, and souvenirs. One may

buy a souvenir made of this old currency for a few cents that represents thousands of dollars. A million dollars a day is the usual amount that is destroyed, but on June 27, 1894, the Committee in one day sent to the macerator \$151,000,000.

"In a room not open to visitors, works an expert in burned money, and in shreds and patches of currency, which would defy the skill of one less acute and patient. Her task is to unravel mysteries and solve problems which are exceedingly difficult of solution." Some one unfortunately had fed his money to the swine, but the expert was able to detect in the pulpy mass traces of a ten-dollar note and also of a five-dollar bill.

A woman had hid her money for safe keeping in a grate, and afterward set fire to the contents of the grate without thinking of her money. The expert was able out of the fragments to identify a ten-dollar bill and two five-dollar notes. Many packages of such money is sent to the Treasury to be redeemed. If three fifths of a note is



CURRENCY DESTRUCTION COMMITTEE

received, the bill is redeemed for its face value. If less than two fifths is received, it is not redeemable, unless it can be absolutely proved that the rest was destroyed.

The carelessness of some employees, even where it means much, is sometimes observed. Yet it is not strange that where drafts, vouchers, and bonds worth anywhere from one dollar to ten thousand dollars, and even more, are handled continually as so much cambric, that now and then inadvertently a slip of paper representing thousands of dollars falls into the basket.

To obviate losses that would result from the thoughtlessness on the part of any employee, two women classed as "experts" are employed by the government to examine waste-baskets. Hour by hour each day they go carefully through the piles of waste paper brought to them from hundreds of baskets. Not long ago one of the women found a ten-thousand-dollar bond.

Every basket is numbered so that the mistake can be readily traced to its author.

At the beginning of this present year, there was \$2,763,152,326 in circulation; but even this vast sum if distributed evenly among all the inhabitants would give each one just \$30.38. When one thinks of the many millionaires and the large business firms owning millions, he appreciates the fact that there must be a large number of persons who have not a penny. There are in circulation 447,175,869 gold certificates—the smallest denomination being a \$20 certificate—and 469,425,000 silver certificates. The government has enough gold and silver coins deposited in the Treasury vaults to redeem every paper certificate. These are accepted all over the country simply because the people know that whenever they present the notes, they will be paid in gold or silver by the government, if the demand is made. Down in various South American countries, Colombia

for example, there is paper money very similar to ours, but there is no metal behind it; so a sackful of it is required to make a meager purchase. There are more \$10 bills in circulation than any other kind, perhaps to the surprise of those of us who deal more with the \$1 notes than of any other denomination. The \$20 notes claim precedence over the \$5's and \$1's.

Other departments of the Treasury have to do with various interests, such as the Bureau of Navigation, Lighthouse Board, Life-saving Service, Steamboat Inspection, Supervising of Erection of Government Buildings throughout the country, and the Customs and Internal Revenues.

### Heard in the Street

#### What Was Said

You will find me *most any time*.

I told *the two of them* to go home.

I didn't *look* to see you to-day.

I have *forgot* my cheque-book.

The lines of that building are *terribly good*.

When he had money, he *threwed* it away.

*Was* you a-callin' me?

I *would kind of like to know* where he is.

He always *done* his work well.

Where can I find McCarthy, *he* who moved your furniture?

A *widow woman* lives in the lower tenement.

*Neither* of them *have* any beauty to boast of.

Fresh air and exercise are the best *preventatives*.

You know as well as *me* that he *never said no such thing*.

*I'll be glad to do all I can*.

*Where's* my gloves?

You needn't put on *kids* to go there.

I had just *laid* down when the

door-bell *rung*.

If I *was* as old as you *be*, I think *I'd* be able to do it.

This dress has never been *laundried*.

Where are you going to?

"I *wish't* I could find a thing where it ought to be," says I.

#### What Should Have Been Said

You will find me *at almost any time*.

I told *both of them* (or, *them both*) to go home.

I didn't *expect* to see you to-day.

I have *forgotten* my cheque-book.

The lines of that building are *exceedingly good*.

When he had money, he *threw* it away.

*Were* you calling me?

I *should rather like to know* where he is.

He always *did* his work well.

Where can I find McCarthy, *him* who moved your furniture?

A *widow* lives in the lower tenement.

*Neither* of them *has* any beauty to boast of.

Fresh air and exercise are the best *preventives*.

You know as well as *I* do that he *never said any such thing*.

*I shall* be glad to do all I can.

*Where* are my gloves?

You needn't put on *kid gloves* to go there.

I had just *lain* down when the door-bell *rang*.  
If I *were* as old as you *are*, I think I *should* be able to do it.

This dress has never been *laundered*.

*Where* are you going?

"I *wish* I could find a thing where it ought to be," said I.—*Selected*.

EUROPE and Asia are to be connected by a bridge over the Bosphorus, where the Persian king, Darius, crossed with his army, 513 B. C.



## AROUND THE WORK-TABLE



### How Ice Is Made



OW is ice made, grandpa?" asked Joe, one especially hot evening.

"Yes, grandpa, where do they get the cold from when everything is so hot?" said Jenny.

By way of answer grandpa took up a glass of water from the table, where it had stood for some time, and

put some of it on the back of Jenny's hand. Then he fanned it briskly with his palm-leaf fan.

"Oh," cried Jenny, presently, "that's almost as good as winter!"

"Well," said grandpa, thoughtfully, "where did the cold come from when the water and the air were both warm? Now I will tell you. Whenever water evaporates, it takes heat out of whatever is near it. Don't ask me why it does it, nor how it does it, because that is a very long story; it simply does it in order to get heat enough to cause it to evaporate."

### Ice on the Great Desert

"Why, children, on the hot old Sahara Desert I have seen water as cold as the ice-water in the pitcher there, prepared simply by a process of evaporation. At the time the air was burning hot, the great sand waste fairly gleamed in the fierceness of the sun, but there, out of it all, came delicious, refreshing coolness. I tell you, it made me think of the wisdom of our Lord, who can bring calm out of storm, success out of failure, and reveal joy to the saddest heart. Let us but find the right way, and all the hard things of life will yield blessings to us."

"Now I have drunk cold water on the desert; but in some parts of it a stranger thing has been observed. There men set out shallow earthen dishes of water in the wind at night, and the dry, hot air drinks up the moisture so fast, and carries such great quantities of heat from the water, that it soon sinks below freezing point, and becomes ice. Several of these frozen together make a piece that can be stored away for future use. To one who has not seen it done, this seems an impossibility; and to one who has, a miracle!"

"Could we make it that way?" asked Joe.

"No, because in our atmosphere water does not evaporate easily enough. To make ice here requires a lighter liquid. Alcohol is one of these, and ether is another, and ether machines are quite widely used for making artificial ice."

"However, one liquid, known as anhydride of ammonia, has been found greatly superior even to ether. This is simply pure ammonia gas condensed like liquid air, and stored in steel tanks under great pressure. If left open to ordinary

air and pressure, it evaporates like water in a furnace; or, to be more exact, boils at twenty-eight and one-half degrees below zero! Now, if water evaporating from your hand makes it cool, what would ammonia do? Yes, it would freeze it in time; and that is just what it does with water.

"In order not to waste the ammonia, it is allowed to evaporate only inside of great coils of pipe in tanks where the water cans are set. After it has evaporated once, it is sucked out by a powerful steam-pump, and compressed into liquid ammonia again, when it can be allowed to evaporate again and again, as many times as may be required to freeze the water in the cans."

"Where does the heat it gets from the water go to, though?" demanded Joe.

"Ah, yes!" smiled grandpa, "I'm glad you reminded me of that; for it is really interesting. In compressing the ammonia into liquid, every bit of heat it steals from the water is forced out of it through the iron of the pump. You would be surprised to see eggs and even meat cooked on an ice machine, wouldn't you? But such a performance is not at all uncommon, and really not strange either, when you come to think about it. Suppose, for instance, there are a hundred tons of warm water to be frozen, and all the heat in that water above freezing point must be drawn out through the pump,—why, isn't it a wonder the iron itself doesn't melt?"

"The main expense incurred in making artificial ice comes in the power that is required to run this heat-removing pump, sixty pounds of ice being produced for each four pounds of coal burned in the compressing engine."

### Why Ice Freezes Cream

"Sixty pounds!" exclaimed Joe, "why, that was just what we had at the picnic; but somebody forgot the salt, so we couldn't freeze the cream a bit! What does the salt do, grandpa?"

"It makes the ice melt quickly, my boy, by undermining its structure. And ice requires much heat in order to melt, rapidly, just as truly as water requires heat in order to evaporate. The heat is taken from the ice-cream mixture, which then freezes. But the ice and salt do

not give cold to the cream; remember that. They take heat from the mixture, notwithstanding many think the opposite is true."

Having promised to perform some work-table experiments in cold, and to explain such things as blizzards, liquid air, and red snow at some future time, grandpa left the young people, and went out to hoe his melons in the twilight.

EDISON DRIVER.

"DILIGENCE is the mother of good luck."

"NEXT to knowing a thing is knowing where to look for it."

### In the Laboratory

"How pretty your working material is!" I said, seeing on the laboratory table a collection of delicate crystals of various prism forms, and of pale flesh-pink, yellow, translucent white, deep sky blue, and shining pearl tints.

"But you are spoiling the dainty things!" I added, as before the slender, intense blow-pipe flame, I saw a crystal-clear, shining flat prism turn opaque-white and crumble into powder.

"I have only removed from the crystal its water supply," the chemist answered.

"Its water supply?" I repeated, taking in my hand another crystal of the same kind; "can these hard, shining prisms and these beautiful sky-blue crystals contain water?"

The chemist placed a blue crystal in a test-tube, and before the heat it also fell to a powder, and, besides, lost its clear-blue color.

"These pearly gypsum specimens," said the chemist, "and the white and blue vitrol, with other minerals, depend for their crystal forms, in a mysterious way, upon their water of crystallization, which is not

present in them as water, but is chemically combined with their substance; when this is driven off, the crystals generally crumble into powder."

"As you have seen, this water of crystallization does not seem to be any real part of the minerals, yet it is essential; without it, these pearly-white and sky-blue prisms can not be."

"May it not be that some of those elements,—pain, trials, sorrow, temptation,—which come so mysteriously in our lives and seem not to be any true part of them, but only to harm and mar, are really like the strange water of crystallization, absolutely necessary in God's hidden plans to our lives, parts without which they would be dead, useless, unbeautiful things, never rising to the glory for which God designed them? Through tribulation comes patience, and patience must have 'her perfect work,' that ye may be 'perfect and entire, wanting nothing.'—S. Alice Ranlett."

"How much we take, how little give!  
Yet every life is meant  
To help all lives; each man should live  
For all men's betterment."

### A Mechanical Envelope-Licker

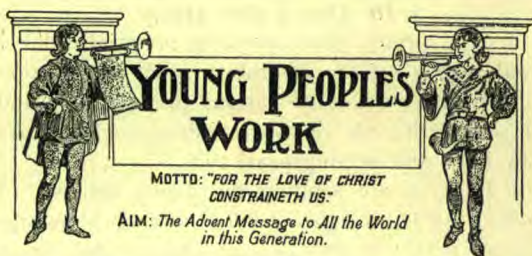
A MACHINE that will seal from 8,000 to 15,000 envelopes an hour will commend itself to large commercial houses, government departments, political committees, and other institutions and organizations that send out mail in great quantities. Such a machine to handle envelopes of any ordinary bulk has recently been invented. Mixed sizes also may be fed to it.

The envelopes are supplied to a hopper, and are carried by an infeed belt and co-operating attachments to a moistening device. The latter holds the flap turned down during a portion of its travel through the intricate mechanism, moistens it, and presses it into a sealed position. The envelope is then delivered from the contrivance, and is ready to be stamped and mailed.

In large institutions at present, the business of sealing letters for the mail is a formidable undertaking. In the Treasury Department, for example, from ten to fifteen thousand letters are deposited daily in the mails. To seal these, the envelopes are placed face downward with their flaps overlapping, and clerks moisten them with paint-brushes dipped in water or paste. Each envelope then must be withdrawn, folded, and sealed.—Selected.







## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### The Time of Trouble

(Concluded)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Isa. 49:14-16; Zech. 2:8; Isa. 27:5.

CHAPTER STUDY: "Great Controversy," Chapter Thirty-nine, from page 624.

LESSON TOPICS:—

Last-day deceptions.

God's people flee to the mountains for refuge. Their imprisonment and bondage.

God does not forget his children in their extremity.

Ministry of angels.

Promised deliverance.

Again, it seems that nothing could be as impressive as the words of the Chapter Study; then let the leader urge as many as can to bring "Great Controversy," and read together the lesson. A social meeting can follow the reading with interest and profit.

#### If I Can Live

If I can live

To make some pale face brighter, and to give

A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,  
Or e'en impart

One throb of comfort to an aching heart,

Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend

A strong hand to the fallen, or defend

The right against a single envious strain,  
My life, though bare

Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair

To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

#### A Good Report

IN a letter just received from the secretary of the Young People's Society at Fresno, California, is an encouraging report of the work which has been done at that place. Perhaps some who are wondering what they can do, may get some suggestions from the following extracts which will help them to find the little things that lie nearest to their hands, for the command is, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Thus we know that the Lord wishes us to do the work that lies nearest to us just wherever he has placed us.

"Our meetings have been instructive and profitable. Among the subjects considered have been Conversion, Importance of Sound Doctrine, Experience of Advent People During 1843-44, Brother Lambert's Missionary Experience in England, etc. We have also had readings from the *Signs*, *INSTRUCTOR*, *Life Boat*, and other papers, and have had some papers written about foreign fields, besides having recitations and songs on religious subjects.

"The younger members of our Society have been doing quite a good deal of missionary work during the past quarter by selling *Life Boats*. I had a profitable experience myself in this work. It was my first effort with the *Life Boat*, but in about two hours I sold nineteen papers on the street.

"Last week our church pupils made a poor drunkard's family glad by taking them a generous supply of provisions that had been contributed by different ones.

"We hold meetings every Sabbath, as a rule, at the hospital, and one of the young men supplies the prisoners at the jail with *Life Boats*

and other reading-matter. Another is canvassing all the barbers in town for the *Life Boat*, and will keep a supply in each shop for the customers to read.

"A few days ago a call came to one of the leading newspapers for reading-matter for the soldiers in Manila, as they were sorely in need of it. An invitation was given to all to contribute, so our church embraced the opportunity to send a supply of our literature."

Surely these young people are sowing seed which will bring them a glad harvest when Jesus comes.

MRS. CARRIE R. KING.

#### Busy Bees' Missionary Society

NOTWITHSTANDING the stormy weather of the first quarter of the new year, the Busy Bees' Missionary Society of the Hartland, Vermont, church has met regularly every week, with very few exceptions. Although it was seldom that all the members could attend, those who could meet were not idle.

A web of cotton cloth has been purchased and made into sheets and pillow-cases, which are nearly ready to send to the treatment rooms at Burlington, Vermont.

Enough blocks of patchwork have been pieced for one quilt and half of another one. As soon as they are put together and tacked, they will be sent where they are most needed.

In addition to the seventy cents reported, \$1.20 has been received for the feather dusters, made by the children last quarter. Nearly all the dusters have been sold by the younger members of the Society.

Twenty-two packages of papers have been wrapped and sent to different addresses.

There is now \$1.41 in the treasury. The Society is laying plans for this quarter's work, which, if carried out, will truly earn for each active member the name "Busy Bee."—*Ruth Williams, Assistant Secretary.*



#### Missionary Gardens

LAST year a number of our Sabbath-schools throughout the conference were much interested in the plan suggested for missionary gardens, which afforded opportunity for many of the children as well as the youth and older members of the school to increase their donations to missions. The Lord is well pleased with systematic, well-defined methods of work in his cause, and abundantly blessed the efforts put forth by the Sabbath-schools last year.

In the autumn a large number of Sabbath-schools held an "Ingathering Service," at which time they brought their offerings and presented them to the Lord with songs and prayers that he would accept the gift of the altar.

From a letter just received from the superintendent of the Horr Sabbath-school I quote the following, believing it may encourage others to engage in the same work:—

"We are planning for a large missionary garden for each family this summer. Our school is anxious to do much more for missions."

To parents, teachers, and officers of the Sabbath-school, I wish to say, Begin to plan at once for this work for the summer. Enter into it heartily for the encouragement of the children, and while fostering in them the real missionary zeal and spirit, your hearts will be watered and

abundantly blessed of heaven. The children desire to do something, but do not know how to begin work. With a little direction and encouragement they will enter heartily into the plans outlined. All may not be located where they can have a garden plot, but on some portion of the lot each may have a flower bed. There are many ways of earning something.

As never before in the history of our work are funds needed to carry the message to the world. The question of obtaining donations for the foreign missionary work may be solved by curtailing many supposed and imaginary wants. That which costs self-denial in its bestowal brings a peace and joy to the donor which easy and convenient giving can never bring. The keynote of Christian living is found in self-denial, in sacrifice for other's good. Christ emptied himself and gave all for us. We in turn should count it a blessed privilege to give all to him.—*Hattie E. Allee, in West Michigan Herald.*

#### Goodness

"I AM as good as other people, as good as many who belong to the church; better too: some church people do things that even the heathen would not think of doing. I think I can live just as good a Christian out of the church as I could in any one of them, then I am sure not to act the hypocrite, and I can visit with whom I please, and go to whichever church I see fit. And no one can say, 'You must not go to that church; you must come to your own church.' I hear so much backbiting and faultfinding with one another among church-members that it sickens me of it all. You can hardly find a genuine Christian among them."

So wrote a lady not long ago, to a friend of hers who had asked her if she belonged to Christ. The same excuses are made everywhere. It seems to be the almost universal conclusion among the unsaved that their own righteousness will give them an entrance into God's everlasting kingdom, and yet, he nowhere says so, but quite the contrary both by precept and example.

The Bible teaches that we must not only believe the gospel, but that we must also obey it by being molded into the form of doctrine delivered unto us, putting on Christ's name by baptism and receiving the pardon of our sins. The goodness of the man out of Christ is only self-righteousness; it is spurious coin, it will not pass in the bank of heaven.

Suppose our country was being overrun by a foreign foe, and regiment after regiment was being raised and rushed to the front to repel the invaders, and that battles were fought and victories won. And suppose again that more men were needed, and that recruiting officers were out pleading for volunteers to come and enlist and help save the nation. What would be thought of the man who would say, "I am not going, I can be just as good a soldier out of the army as in it. Many of them drink, steal chickens, and kill cattle, and I wouldn't do those things"? And though the recruiting officer pleads that "the strength of every man, woman, and child must be thrown on the side of the country, and that all are in danger of losing life and everything they possess," still the man persists that "he is as loyal as those who are in the army," and that "he doesn't care to join their ranks because he wants to do as he pleases; he can act his part outside as well as inside the army."

We can't be soldiers at all out of the army; we must take sides with Christ; our oath of allegiance must be given to him; we must fight his battles, or give comfort and help to the enemy. There is no neutral ground. If professed Christians do not live right, it is our duty to show them how to live. Their wrong-doing does not release us from responsibility.

MRS. ROXANA WINCE.



# Childrens

# Page.

## Happy Childhood Days

THERE'S a play-house by the hemlock,  
Where the woods are dark and still;  
There's a shanty by the "deep hole,"  
And a fortress on the hill.

There's a bonfire in the woodland,  
And the branches overhead,  
Crackling as the flames rise higher,  
Start the rabbit from his bed.

And the war hoop from the valley,  
Where the underbrush is deep,  
Tells that spring has filled the forest,  
And the world is not asleep.

There is laughter from the meadow,  
From the thicket dark and dense,  
There are sounds of childish laughter  
From the wigwams by the fence.

O, the whole wide world is laughing  
In the balmy spring-time haze,  
To the hearts that know no sorrow  
In the happy childhood days!

—Allene Langford.

## The Discoverer of the Telescope— A Boy Did It

No doubt many of the boys and girls who read the INSTRUCTOR have seen the large telescopes that are used in studying the stars. Perhaps you have seen the telescope-man on the street or on the beach, and have even looked through his long instrument at the far-away moon or at distant Saturn's wonderful rings. Then when you have thought about it afterward, you have wondered to yourself what wise man first thought about making such a wonder-working affair. Well, listen, I will tell you.

A long time ago in a city in Holland a man lived who made spectacles. He had a little boy who loved to play, sometimes, with the bright, clear glasses used in making the spectacles; because, you know, if he held them just right in the sunshine, they would cast tiny rainbows on the table or the floor, and they could be made to burn holes in pieces of paper, too, when the sun was bright.

So one day this same little boy was playing with two of the glasses out on his father's doorstep. Suddenly, as he held the two of them to his eye, he saw an astonishing thing. The distant cathedral clock came so near him that he could really see the figures and tell the time. You can imagine that he was startled. Of course he looked hard at that clock, and he looked hard at the glasses he held in his hands, too. He actually pinched himself twice to see if he had not been dreaming. But the cathedral clock was just as far away as ever—so far away that the hands could hardly be seen at all!

"But now, it did look near," he said to himself, astonished, "because I saw it, and I wasn't dreaming either. I think the glasses must have done it."

Again he held the glasses to his eye, one at a time. He looked through first one, then the other; but the clock did not come near again. Was it magic?

"It's surely strange," he thought, "because"—but O, there was the clock again, staring right in the boy's face. "O, I know! I know!" screamed the lad. "It's the way I hold the glasses—the two together. Father, father," he cried. The good old Dutchman came running to

the door to see who was hurting his boy—and of course to learn of the wonderful discovery. So this was the way in which people came to know that by putting a concave and a convex glass together in the right position they could cause far-off things to seem near. It was really a great discovery, because by its aid almost all that is known of the stars and the planets has been learned.

And just think, the wise philosopher who discovered it was a little Dutch boy!

EDISON DRIVER.

## How Jackson Went to West Point

ON a stormy November day in the year 184—, two anxious-looking young men sat in the public sitting-room of the old Bailey House, at Weston, in what is now known as Lewis County, West Virginia.

"You'll be the one, Tom," whispered one to the other, as a waiter entered, bearing a letter in his hand.

"I am afraid not, Gib," was the reply, from a serious-faced youth, who was large for his age, being only seventeen.

As the negro looked around, Gib fairly trembled with eagerness, while Tom's features settled into a sort of grim composure.

"Mr. Gilbert Butcher!" called the waiter.

Gib sprang forward, seized, and tore open the envelope, then waved it enthusiastically.

"It's mine!" he shouted, and was about to follow the assertion with an old-fashioned yell, when the sight of his companion's face checked him. "I am sorry, Tom, on your account. I thought Mr. Hays would certainly have chosen you."

But by this time Tom Jackson, recovering from his disappointment, was able to congratulate his fortunate rival.

"I am glad you got it, Gib," said he, "seeing that I didn't. You are ahead of me in mathematics, and they say that counts at West Point."

He went sorrowfully out, and mounted a jaded-looking gray mare. He was hailed from an upper window of the hotel.

"Sorry I could not appoint you both, Tom," said an elderly congressman. "But as I have only one West Point appointment falling to me this term, I had to let Gib have it. He is ahead of you in his studies, you know."

"I've always had to work," commented Tom, rather sadly; "Gib could go to school. But if I should ever have another chance, please don't forget me, Mr. Hays."

As Constable Thomas J. Jackson rode away, his earnest tone and manner impressed the congressman so deeply that he remembered it later on, when Tom's second chance unexpectedly came; for Butcher, after a month or two at West Point, suddenly turned home. One of the first to meet him was Jackson, still riding as constable for Uncle Cummins, who was a justice of the peace.

"What brings you back?" asked Tom, who was greatly surprised when Gib confessed that the discipline and military severities had been more than he could stand.

It appeared that Gib had resigned. Tom hurried to his uncle, resigned his constableness, borrowed ten dollars from the squire, packed his saddle-bags, and headed the gray mare toward

Washington, over three hundred miles away. In two weeks he knew the power of appointment would lapse into the hands of the Secretary of War. The winter roads were almost impassable. When the old mare gave out, Tom sold her, and managed to go on by stage-coach, though various delays nearly drove him wild with fear of arriving too late. He reached the capital cold, hungry, tired, and late at night. Mr. Hays, though surprised, greeted him kindly.

"I fear you are too late, Tom," said he. "The appointment passed to the secretary this very day."

"The day isn't over until midnight," said Jackson. "It is hardly eleven o'clock yet. I couldn't get here sooner."

Again impressed by Tom's dogged earnestness, the congressman took him in a hack to the secretary's house, routed that official from his bed, and as his best excuse for such strenuous proceedings, placed Tom's weary, homespun figure and simple story before him. While the congressman and the great war official talked, Tom fell asleep in his chair. The secretary was a reasonable man. As he gave his ready assent, he pertinently added: "This is the kind of youngster West Point needs—he doesn't quit easily."

The following day the appointment was duly made, and Mr. Hays interested himself still further.

"Got any money, Tom?" he asked, with a shrewd perception of the young man's situation.

Jackson confessed that his financial resources were about exhausted, by explaining that he had walked from Harper's Ferry, leaving his saddle-bags to come on by stage.

"How will you reach West Point from here? Should you fail, like Butcher, how would you get back home?"

"I'll not fail, like Gib. You have always known me, Mr. Hays. I thought perhaps you would lend me enough to get there—that is all I need."

Jackson's faith in himself and his patron shone in every lineament of his face. Tom Jackson went rejoicing to West Point, where he "passed," and remained, and finally was graduated with honor.

Four years later, when he returned to his old home with a lieutenant's epaulet on his shoulder, his first task was to repay his uncle and the congressman their loans. Before the death of either, the lad who had ridden his old gray mare over the Alleghanies, and sold her to pay stage fare, and finally walked when his means gave out, passed into history from the fatal field of Chancellorsville as "Stonewall" Jackson.—*Success.*

## The New Hotel Astor

READERS of *The American Boy* will be interested in some of the figures that go to show the immense proportions of the new Hotel Astor in New York. William Waldorf Astor, the owner of the property on which the building is erected, receives \$400,000 a year rental for it. The value of the site is said to be \$1,500,000, the value of the building \$3,500,000, and the value of the furnishings and decorations \$650,000. There is an Indian Council chamber that looks as if it were hollowed out of a mountain, an old New York room with decorations of Colonial



times, lobbies rich with rare marbles and bronzes, marble staircases, Chinese, Japanese, and East Indian nooks and cozy retreats, a palm-room one hundred four feet by seventy-five feet, a dining-room for men in the style of the German Renaissance, ornamented with memorials of the chase, a Louis XIV dining-room for ladies, and a billiard-room modeled after one in ancient Pompeii, a banquet hall, a ballroom, an auditorium, apartments having the effect of a cabin in a large yacht, a roof-garden with lawns, rose-bushes, and trees, six hundred rooms furnished in mahogany, together with four hundred bath-rooms.—*The American Boy*.

#### Work for All

WE can not all be preachers and sway with voice and pen,  
As strong winds sway the forest, the minds and hearts of men;  
But we can be evangelists to souls within our reach;  
There's always love's own gospel for loving hearts to preach.

We can not all be heroes, and thrill a hemisphere  
With some great, daring venture, some deed that mocks at fear;  
But we can fill a lifetime with kindly acts and true;  
There's always noble service for noble souls to do.

—Selected.



#### One Invincible Purpose

"DERELICT," an abandoned ship, bound for no port, drifting at the mercy of the winds and the waves. Thus upon the wide ocean of humanity are there drifting multitudes of derelict lives. Very, very sad is the sight of any human being who is but a reed shaken in the wind, a mere creature of circumstances; but doubly sad when we know that he is thus because he lacks only the one element of success which all may possess; that is, a life purpose.

#### Value of a Purpose

A young person who begins life without a purpose is already a potential failure. He is like a boat without a rudder—it is sure to go astray. A craft without an anchor, in time of calm will drift, and in time of storm be driven. Thus is the aimless life. It is said, that the same opportunity, knocks but once; yet only where a listening purpose dwells, will it be heard and invited to come in. A purposeless life is only an animate cipher in the world, but a purpose-filled life is of real, positive value.

#### When Formed

According to the maxim, "Better late than never," a purpose formed in middle or late life is better than none at all; nevertheless this maxim is not the ideal maxim, neither is so late a period in life the ideal time to form one's purpose. Not after he has traveled a thousand miles, but at the very beginning of the journey, does the traveler decide upon his course. In like manner, should the chart of life be made in youth. In order to reach fruition before the season is over, the seed must be sown in the spring-time; and if the life is to reap a ripened harvest, the rootlets of a germinating purpose should be fixing themselves in the soil of the earlier years.

#### How Formed

But the young person often asks, "How can I tell what I should do years hence?" This choosing of a vocation for life is, indeed, one of the serious problems that the young man or woman has to meet, but it is not beyond solution. The life-work of some individuals seems to be born with them. Take Christ, for example. To others

it comes as a special illumination in later life. While to yet others their aim is more the result of careful deliberation. Now, to the latter class the following principles may apply: first, know yourself—your own character, its points of strength and also its weaknesses; your natural aptitudes and your natural deficiencies as well. Know, too, your natural advantages and disadvantages, such as social position, wealth, education, and opportunities. Then you must know the qualifications necessary for the work you would do; and finally, know the general spirit and tendencies of the times, the *greatest needs of the world*, and the power there is in God at the command of him who is seeking to fulfil life's truest work. Life, viewed from these several standpoints, should rightly determine the purpose. True it is that the details of the plan in later life may change, but if thus laid, its foundations will never be moved.

#### Purpose and Person

Genius is the natural ability to do one kind of work better than any other. Consequently, every man is a genius of some kind. But notwithstanding that every man is a genius, and that work abounds on every hand, yet, in the majority of cases, the genius and his work fail to find each other; and the result is that much of the work of the world is very inefficiently done. There are very many sad misfits in this world of ours, very many men who have missed their calling. There are many preachers on the farm, and many farmers in the pulpit. There is many a woman whose talent is lying dormant at the wash-tub, and many a wash-tub genius who is posing at the piano. It is so in all departments of life—but it is not right. No person who is not doing that for which he is best fitted, can put his whole soul into the work, and therefore can not do it as it ought to be done. To produce the best results, there must be adaptation to the work. The purpose, then, should be suited to the person. Choose for your life-work that for which under God you are best fitted.

#### One Purpose

Have one aim, not several, nor even two. "No man can serve two masters." Many people try to do too many things at once, but in so doing they are like the "house divided against itself." "To keep a gun from scattering, put in but a single shot," is sound advice; and there is a mine of wealth in the homely proverb, "He who follows two hares is sure to catch neither." It is comparatively few men who have shaped the destiny of the world, but these few have been men of a single aim. Think of Newton, Michelangelo, Gladstone, Luther, and others. In order to make a breach, one must play all his guns on a single point. Concentration is the key to success. One supreme aim, one master purpose, will win.

#### An Unwavering Aim

The aim must not only be one, but also unwavering. Each day of that memorable first voyage Columbus wrote these sublime words: "That day we sailed westward, which was our course." And so America and all that it stands for to-day is only the fruit of that one persistent purpose. Gibbon consumed twenty years on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" and it took Webster thirty-six years to write his dictionary. These common books of the school and the home, then, are familiar witnesses to the value of a purpose that holds to the end. There is no spectacle more inspiring than that of a young man who lays his plans deep, and then forges his way to the front; who surmounts every obstacle; who hews his way through every difficulty; who is bound to be victorious, or fall fighting. Such characters are the gold of earth. The world needs them. God wants them.

#### A Noble Character

In this world honesty is oftenest a matter of mere policy; corruption is found in trusted public

men; greed is king in many municipalities; men's sacred rights are violated. Poverty is seen on every hand, ignorance abounds, and wretchedness follows in their wake. Every neighborhood knows its many faces that are pinched and wan from overwork and ill surroundings; many brows that are early furrowed with care; and many countenances that are distorted with passion and gross with sensuality. Within many bosoms are welling springs of grief; and beneath the gilded surface of the lives we touch each day, how little do we know of the pain, the sorrow, and the heartache that are gnawing there. But all this misery and all this woe are not the ultimate goal of creation. There is something better for men. Now, when one sees all this and really senses it, if he possesses a lingering spark of loyalty to the human race, it seems as if he must purpose to renounce the service of the world and dedicate his life to the living and proclaiming of right principles among his fellow men. It seems as if he can know no other work than that of teaching others how to rise above the burdens that are crushing them to earth; how to live lives of freedom and joy and righteousness; how to realize more of their possibilities by realizing more of God. A consecration to such work is the noblest purpose, the most sublime aim, in all this life. The third angel's message in its simplicity and entirety is the panacea the world now needs.

#### Some Results

A life purpose saves one's time. Any man who daily bears the burden of a life-work will waste no hours. It saves one's money; for every dollar and every dime is needed to carry out the cherished plan. It promotes temperance. One must have the very best that body, mind, and soul can give him in order to accomplish his aim. It prevents frivolity. He whose life is freighted with a holy purpose is dead in earnest. You may venture to stop the small boy coming down the sidewalk on his velocipede, but when the ponderous freight-train comes thundering by, you step aside. Why the difference?—Because your puny strength would be as nothing before that tremendous momentum. Thus a great, onward-moving purpose is life momentum. Others step aside and let the men of mighty purpose pass. A grand purpose makes glorious the trouble-filled life. From the fiercest outward trial and from the most cruel inward grief alike, the sunshine of such a purpose distills the sweet nectar of purity and patience, and brings forth the fragrance of faith and courage. A noble purpose makes all work pleasant. We realize that each service, however menial, is a part of our greater and grander whole. We feel that each little task which the course of our purpose brings us is a tributary to that stream of infinite forces that are making for good in the world and universe. And finally, a great purpose does not die with us, but still lives on in other lives. It lives not only abstractly in other memories, but also very concretely in the thoughts and words and works of other men. And so as the generations roll, one invincible purpose becomes multiplied into many.

H. N. Sisco.

#### Rules of the Baldwin Locomotive Works

Be thorough; play the game for all it is worth.

Be useful; do everything that needs to be done as there is opportunity, whether in your particular department or not.

Be prompt and regular at business.

Be cheerful and interested in your work.

Be strictly temperate.

And, supplementing all, be honest and a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*John H. Converse*.

"A MAN'S business conversation should be: Have something to say. Say it. Stop talking."



## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### X—Elijah Taken to Heaven

(June 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 2:1-12.

MEMORY VERSE: "And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." Verse 9.

"And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind, that Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal. And Elijah said unto Elisha, Tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel. And Elisha said unto him, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they went down to Bethel.

"And the sons of the prophets that were at Bethel came forth to Elisha, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? And he said, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace.

"And Elijah said unto him, Elisha, tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho. And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they came to Jericho. And the sons of the prophets that were at Jericho came to Elisha, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? And he answered, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace.

"And Elijah said unto him, Tarry, I pray thee, here; for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan. And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And they two went on.

"And fifty men of the sons of the prophets went, and stood to view afar off: and they two stood by Jordan. And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground.

"And it came to pass, when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so.

"And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

"And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces."

We have learned about two other men who were taken to heaven. The first was Enoch, who walked with God, and was not, for God took him. The second was Moses, who died, and was then raised to life, and taken to the heavenly Canaan.

Enoch and Elijah stand as examples of those who will be translated when the Lord shall come in the clouds of heaven; and Moses is a type of those who will be raised from their graves at the same time.

#### Questions

1. When the time came that the Lord would take Elijah up to heaven, from what place did Elijah and Elisha depart? What did Elijah say to Elisha? How did Elisha answer? Where did they go?

2. What question did the sons of the prophets who were at Bethel ask of Elisha? How did he answer them?

3. At Bethel what did Elijah ask Elisha to do? What did Elisha say? Where did the two men then go? What question was again asked

of Elisha at Jericho? Give his answer to those sons of the prophets?

4. At Jericho what request did Elijah make of Elisha the third time? Tell how Elisha answered. Where did the two men go? Who followed them afar off? What did they hope to see?

5. Tell how the waters of the Jordan were divided. What did Elijah say to Elisha when they had passed over the river? What did Elisha desire might be given to him?

6. What did Elijah say when he heard this request? Tell the condition on which it would be granted.

7. After this, what did the two men do? As they walked and talked, what appeared? What became of Elijah?

8. What did Elisha cry when he saw the horses and chariot? What did he do with his garment?

9. What other good man, long before this time, was taken to heaven without seeing death? Who was raised from the dead and then translated? What two classes of people do Moses and Elijah represent?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### X—The Seven Trumpets (Continued)

The Fall of the Eastern Empire of Rome

(June 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 9.

MEMORY VERSE: "When ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand." Luke 21:31.

#### Questions

1. To what event does the close of the fourth trumpet extend?—To the extinction of Western Rome. Henceforward the empire was perpetuated only in the eastern division, to which our attention is now turned.

2. What is said of the last three trumpets? How were they to compare with the first four? Rev. 8:13.

3. What power was developing at this time which came later as a scourge upon the eastern portion of the empire? Note 1.

4. What did the prophet see as the fifth trumpet sounded? Rev. 9:1-3; note 2.

5. How far was this power permitted to go in its destructive work? Verse 4. How is this described by the historian? Note 3.

6. How is this power further described? Verses 5-9.

7. How long were they to continue their destructive work? Verse 10.

8. How many literal years in five months' prophetic time?—Reckoning 30 days to the month, the five months equal 150 days. But each prophetic day represents a literal year, so we have 150 years.

9. How was this Mohammedan movement organized? Verse 11; note 4.

10. Dating from the invasion of Roman territory by King Othman, to what time and event does the period of 150 years reach? Note 5.

11. What was the result of the sounding of the sixth trumpet? Verse 14.

12. Describe the conflict under the sixth trumpet. Verses 16-19.

13. How long a period of supremacy was assigned to this power? Verse 15; note 6.

14. To what date does this time extend? Note 6.

15. What occurred at the close of this period? Note 7.

16. What follows the closing of the sixth trumpet on Aug. 11, 1840? Verse 14.

#### Notes

1. The very next century after the events growing out of the fourth trumpet, the rise of Mohammedanism began to prepare the forces that brought ruin upon Eastern Rome. Mahomet was

recognized as a prophet, and entered Medina as prince in the year 622. In the next ten years he gathered nearly all Arabia to his standard, and following his death (in 632) the fanatical warriors were ready to burst forth from the Arabian deserts.

2. The word here translated "bottomless pit" means a waste or desert region. And this describes vividly the swarming forth of the Mohammedan forces from the desert of Arabia, like clouds of locusts darkening the sky.

3. When Abubeker, who succeeded Mahomet, sent forth his followers against Syria, he issued the command: "Let not your victory be stained with the blood of women and children. Destroy no palm-trees nor burn any fields of corn. Cut down no fruit-trees." He said they would find certain ones living retired lives in the service of God who were to be let alone and not harmed. But of those with "shaven crowns," of "the synagogue of Satan," he said, "be sure you cleave their skulls and give them no quarter till they either turn Mohammedan or pay tribute."—"Gibbon's Decline and Fall of Rome," Chap. 51, par. 10.

4. Othman founded the empire that was used as the agency for the overthrow of the eastern empire of Rome. His name gave to this empire its title, Ottoman, or Turkish empire. From his time the fanatical Moslem forces were thrown directly against the eastern empire to destroy it. "It was on the twenty-seventh day of July, 1299 of the Christian era, that Othman first invaded the territory of Nicomedia; and the singular accuracy of the date seems to disclose some foresight of the rapid and destructive growth of the monster."—"Gibbon," Chap. 64, par. 4.

5. One hundred fifty years from July 27, 1299, the date the preservation of which the historian regarded as significant (though he little knew the prophetic significance of it), brings us to July 27, 1449. Through all the 150 years the Moslem forces had harassed and destroyed, until, in 1449, the emperor succeeding to the throne of Constantinople took the office only by permission of the Turkish sultan, who thus, says Gibbon, "announced his supremacy, and the approaching downfall of the eastern empire."

6. An hour—one twenty-fourth of a prophetic day, or literal year—equals fifteen days, literal time. A day equals one year; a month, thirty prophetic days, or thirty literal years; a year, three hundred sixty literal years; total, 391 years and 15 days. Beginning July 27, 1449, when Turkish supremacy was acknowledged, the 391 years and 15 days extend to Aug. 11, 1840, when the Ottoman supremacy and independence ceased.

7. By accepting intervention from the powers, prescribing a settlement with its own vassal, Egypt,—which had revolted and seemed about to establish its independence,—the Turkish government acknowledged its dependence upon the great powers. A report from Constantinople published in the London *Morning Chronicle* of Sept. 18, 1840, states that an ultimatum was officially placed in the hands of Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, so completing the arrangements of the powers, on the eleventh day of August, 1840, and the Turkish sultan's independence was gone, inasmuch as it was the powers, and not the sultan, that were responsible to maintain the terms of settlement. Since then he has been helped to stand by the intervention and the jealousies of the powers, and the Eastern question has constituted a perpetual menace to the peace of the world. The advent movement was well under way at this time, and in 1838 Josiah Litch, an associate of Wm. Miller, had published the announcement that some event marking the close of Turkish supremacy was to be looked for on Aug. 11, 1840. Hearts were stirred to new energy in preaching the advent warning by this fulfilment of prophecy before their very eyes.





#### At the Bird College

THE birds all met on a tall maple tree,  
On the uppermost branch, to confer a degree.

To one of their number this honor they gave  
Because he was cheery and happy and brave.

The degree was conferred by the president crow,  
All dressed in the neatest of black, as you know.

So now that proud member, which often you'll see,  
Is known by the title of Chicka D. D.!

— Arthur E. Locke.

#### With the Birds—American Goldfinch



HE American goldfinch, also called yellow-bird and thistle-bird, is a general favorite. In the spring-time the children delight to follow it as it joyfully wings its flight in wave-like curves over the fresh green fields, now gracefully balancing itself on some slender twig, then resting on the top

of a swaying thistle, and again bounding along, light-winged and jubilant, among the early flowers. Its song is soft and canary-like, and floats sweetly through the air.

The goldfinch at this season of the year is one of the handsomest of birds. Its body is of a bright-yellow color, which shades to white near the tail. Its crown is black, as are also its wings and somewhat forked tail, some of the feathers having an edge of white. Its bill and feet are light, and it is a little over five inches in length. It builds its nest in trees, or sometimes in high bushes, and lays from four to six light-blue eggs.

As the season advances, and spring blossoms give place to flowers of summer, the little goldfinch begins to lose some of its gaiety, the cares of a hungry brood and the stern realities of life evidently casting a sobering influence over its former recklessness. As summer wanes, and the brilliant days of autumn are at hand, our little goldfinch appears as an altogether different character. No one would recognize in the sober bird, olive-brown above, and bright gray with a suggestion of yellow beneath, the lively little fellow of a few months before. During the late summer and early fall the goldfinches gather in flocks, and are frequently seen in tall tree tops. They have lost much of their pleasing buoyancy, and some of the sweet persistency from their song.

They remain with us during the winter, but are inconspicuous, and therefore seen less often. Though seldom noticed by human eyes in the cold, bleak winter, the loving Father cares for them, and not one falls to the ground without his notice. They gather in sheltered places where they are protected from the cold, and hunt for seeds that the autumn winds have driven into every nook and crevice.

We obtain a clearer view of what life really is as we consider the changes of our little American goldfinch. Fading and fleeting are the transitory joys of life. Youth's spring scarcely dawns ere it breaks into golden summer. Summer seems just begun when we realize that life's autumn is at hand, and winter with its whiteness and chill is drawing near. We are here but for an hour as it were, not to waste with headlong recklessness the little summer of our time-song, but to be transformed until God's image with all that is pure and beautiful can be seen in us. We can not afford to live for the pleasures of earth, which so swiftly pass away, leaving nothing of value

behind. We shall find, like the goldfinch, our joys and beauty fled unless we use our time to build for ourselves and to aid others in building the only thing that will not pass away,—a right character. That is enduring, and will be a passport to a better land than this, where life's spring-time will last forever.

EVA A. JENKS.

#### The Story of a Word

THE word "bankrupt" comes from *banca routa*, which means "broken bench."

In the old Greek days the people used to sit outside, each with a large table before him, which was like the old European market-places.

The top of these tables was a large marble slab, with some kind of stone or marble legs.

On these tables they kept different kinds of articles for sale, and in that way earned their living.

If it happened that one man could not pay his debts, another man would come along with a large club or a hammer, and with this he would break the man's table, and then all the people would say that man was *banca routa*, from which we now get bankrupt.

A man is bankrupt when he is unable to pay his debts. Such a man is also called insolvent. — Bennie Hasselman.

#### On Insufficient Evidence

SENATOR SPOONER, who particularly likes to tell stories showing the humorous side of legal proceedings, relates the following with reference to an Irishman in Chicago who was being examined as to his knowledge of a certain shooting affair in that city:—

"Did you," asked the presiding magistrate of the witness, "did you see the shot fired?"

"Oi did not, sir," responded the Celt, "but Oi heard it foired."

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly; "you may step down."

The witness left the box. No sooner had he turned his back to the judge, than he gave vent to a somewhat derisive laugh. Enraged at this contempt of court, the magistrate called the Irishman back to the witness-box. "How dare you laugh in that manner in court?" demanded the judge, angrily.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" asked the Irishman.

"No, but I distinctly heard you laugh," came from the irate judge.

"Such evidence is not satisfactory," rejoined the Celt, quietly, a twinkle coming into his eye.

Whereupon, says Mr. Spooner, every one in court laughed, including the magistrate.— *Youth's Companion*.

#### Crossing in Luxurious Ease

THE passenger over the trans-Siberian route may travel either by the Russian government express or by the train of the International Sleeping-car Company. The latter is a private corporation maintaining a service on the Continent and across Siberia and Manchuria, with terminals at Dalny, Vladivostock, and even Peking, which, in its general excellence, can be compared only with the best American trains. The traveler in Europe finds that the first-class service on most trains means a small car on four or six wheels, with compartments resembling very closely the stage-coach of our grandfathers. To be confined in such close quarters for a long distance would be almost unbearable. The ordinary type of the American Pullman would likewise become wearisome after some days. One tires of continued packing and unpacking, of undressing in a sitting posture on one's bed, or standing in the aisle wrapped about with the curtain, in a space not much more commodious than that afforded by a straitjacket.

Both the International and Russian trains have

avoided the irksome privacy of the European car and the unremitting publicity of the Pullman by the construction of a car which has the good features of both.

The service at present consists of six classes of trains. We may mention first the "*train de luxe Siberien*," which will run once a week between Warsaw and Dalny, by way of Moscow, and will connect with the northern express now running between London, Paris, Berlin, and Warsaw. This train will offer the quickest service between all European points and the far East. Passengers from London will be met at Ostend, on the Belgium side of the English Channel, by a representative of the International Sleeping-car Company familiar with all the principal languages, who will escort them aboard a special car of the *train de luxe* service, which will convey them to Warsaw, where change to the through train will be made without loss of time. Passengers from Paris will be likewise cared for by a through car to Warsaw. No change of cars will be necessary until Lake Baikal is reached. At this point passengers will change into a train the exact counterpart of the one they have just vacated, and will occupy the same coupes in the new train. Porters supplied by the company will make the change of baggage, including hand-baggage, at no inconvenience, as it will necessitate merely the crossing of a platform. Until the completion of the railway around Lake Baikal, passengers will cross this very picturesque body of water by steamer. Dalny, the South Manchurian terminal, will be reached without further change of cars, and the entire journey from London or Paris will require about fourteen and a half days, and to Peking only a few hours more.

The *train de luxe* will consist of first-class cars only, and will be made up of a baggage-car, two sleeping-cars, a dining-car, and a drawing-room car. The latter will contain two or three large "*cabins de luxe*," containing each a brass bedstead and a toilet-room, and will have in addition a large general drawing-room, containing piano, library, writing-desk, with, at the rear, an open end for observation purposes. There will also be in the train a bath-room, which will contain gymnasium paraphernalia. In summer the cars will be cooled by electric fans, and in winter heated by steam, and the lighting will be by electricity. An extra charge is made for this train, but it is calculated that the fare from Paris to Dalny or Peking will not exceed two hundred and eighty dollars, including the cost of sleeper, food, and incidental expenses. It is the intention to put this train in service during the coming summer.— *The Century*.

A SERIES of articles on the necessity of having an aim in life, the choice of an aim, and the various aims presented to our young people will appear in the INSTRUCTOR. The first of the series is in this number. I am sure all will find these articles well worth their reading.

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