

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

May 17, 1910

No. 20

## "What Life Means to Me"

That is what life means to me---a place where a Father above deals differently with his different children, but with all in love; a place where true joys do not hang on material pegs, and where all the time the fact that God our Father is on his throne lines every cloud with gold.

- - *Wilfred T. Grenfell, M. D.* - -





MARK TWAIN (Samuel L. Clemens) died on the twenty-first of April, of tobacco heart. For years Mr. Clemens smoked an average of forty cigars a day. The last year or two his physician cut his allowance down to one tenth of that number.

BEGINNING May 25, there will be held in Buenos Aires an international exhibition commemorating the centenary of the independence of Argentina. The nations of Europe, together with the United States, have arranged for extensive exhibits.

STATISTICS make interesting reading when they record such marked progress as is indicated by the summary of our publishing work, which gives the sales from 1845 to 1905, a period of sixty years, as \$7,477,000; while the sales during the past five years have totaled \$5,117,000.

"A NOVEL means of identification has been accepted by one of the deaf and dumb institutions of New York. In order that the boys and girls in the institution may be identified readily in case anything happens to them when away from the home, the name and address has been tattooed on each. The professional tattooer who did the work predicts that the time will come when this form of marking the body for identification in case of accident will be as common as vaccination."

"THE girl who is constantly forgetting her promises, does not take them to heart as she should. 'I promised to bring back that book yesterday, didn't I? But I forgot it,' a girl apologizes, and she seems to think she has made matters right. But when it is a customary thing to make promises and break them, something is decidedly wrong. If you stop to think before you make a promise, you will be unlikely to break it because you have forgotten."

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THE NATIONAL HEALTH MAGAZINE

¶ In July of last year nearly 80,000 copies of LIFE AND HEALTH were sold. Of these, nearly 50,000 were sold by agents --- a profit in one month of approximately \$3,000.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 17, 1910

No. 20

## Tinneveli District, South India—No. 5

J. S. JAMES

### Medical Work

**T**HE busiest and most interesting part of our labors at present is the medical work. This was used as the entering wedge of our efforts, and it has now developed into a vigorous right arm. Last year we were located in a native village, with very unfavorable surroundings. We saw suffering and sickness about us everywhere, and we resolved to try to help a few at least. We had no place to bring the people except to our rear door, and in doing this we were exposed to many dangers. We furnished our own medicines and bandages, and all the vessels and equipment necessary for our work were drawn from our limited supply of household furnishings. With these simple facilities and a very limited knowledge of medicine and disease, we went to work. God greatly blessed our feeble efforts, and hundreds of people were helped, and a lasting impression for good was made.

This year we have room and better facilities for carrying on this branch of the work, although they are yet exceedingly simple and unpretentious. Our dispensary consists of half the house we occupied last year as a dwelling. We have just one room divided into two apartments

by a bamboo screen. One of these rooms is used for general purposes, while the other is for private treatments. The floor of the room is the bare earth. There are no glass windows in the entire building, just the rough, heavy window frames, with iron bars in them, like a jail — only to keep the people out, not in. These are closed up by solid wooden shutters. The roof is covered with rough tiles, and inside presents the appearance of an unfinished building, the rafters and girders all being exposed.

Our furniture consists of two benches made of a rough plank, with legs pegged in at each end; one dispensing table, made from that ever-present and always-useful article found in connection with every Seventh-day Adventist missionary, a dry-goods box; another dry-goods box awaiting transformation; one bed, woven from the fiber of the palmyra tree; a number of pans, basins, pitchers, etc.; together with a small stock of medicines. The water used for fomentations and the bathing of wounds and sores is heated in a brass pot set on three stones placed in a triangular shape over a fire made from any combustible material. At home in the "States" the housewife has a proverb that "a watched pot never boils," but here in India it is just the reverse. If it is not watched continually,

it never boils. With this outfit, in a poorly lighted and poorly ventilated room, we are endeavoring to relieve the sufferings of one hundred men, women, and children every day. In addition to this, it is necessary to visit many persons in their homes, sometimes answering calls from distant villages which can be reached only by a very slow, tiresome journey in a bullock cart. Our working force consists of Miss Shryock, Mrs. James, one young Tamil man, one Tamil girl, and an aged woman. When there is a press of work, I join this force to help out. At present the dispensary is open only from 8:30 to 10:30 A. M.

Those who come to us for help represent all classes of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians. The diseases they suffer from represent everything to which the human flesh has fallen heir. Bitter to the last drop is the cup of human suffering Satan has given the people of India to drink in her ignorance and superstition. We are able to give relief to many in one way or another, but many are beyond our power or ability to help. O the numberless ways the devil has bound the human race in his fetters, to crush out their lives and cut them off from all hope! The cause of much of the suffering and woe



THE MEDICAL DISPENSARY

of India does not lie within easy reach of reform. It finds its source in the evils of caste and custom; and before any permanent good can be accomplished, the nature of the entire national life must be changed, and the laws of domestic economy revolutionized. In few words, the only sure remedy is a life-giving message from God for both soul and body. This message we have, and I firmly believe the time has come for it to find its way to every nation of this dark land.

Here in south India, where demon worship largely prevails, the people look upon disease as a visitation from an evil spirit, which can only be removed by some gift or sacrifice. Last year during an epidemic of cholera I was called to a near-by village to attend a man stricken with that dread disease. He was a heathen. I found him with his fingers and toes clumsily tied up with rags, and about his elbows and knees larger cloths were tied. Supposing that his friends had put them there with some idea of relieving the severe cramps so common to cholera, I began to remove them so I could get hot cloths and poultices on him. His friends immediately objected, saying that each rag contained an offering to his god, pledging himself to do some charitable deed in case he recovered. He had tied up in each rag a copper coin equal

in value to half a cent. These must remain tied to him until he got well or died.

The people, as a rule, know nothing about their bodies or the laws that govern them, consequently they know nothing about the cause of disease. Sanitation is a word not found in their language. Filthiness is the rule, and cleanliness a rare exception. As in all countries where Satan has clouded the minds of people, the blessings of nature, which God has so abundantly and generously supplied in food, water, air, and sunshine, are appropriated in the most sparing and superstitious manner, while great faith is attached to the abominations of the earth, which are freely indulged in. Medicine is the great panacea for all ills, and the larger the dose the more efficacious.

In closing this article, let me urge our young people who are preparing for work in foreign fields to prepare well along medical lines. You may not have time to pursue a doctor's course, but all that is comprehended in a thorough nurses' course, with additional instruction in simple minor surgery, simple dentistry, skin diseases, and stomach disorders, is highly desirable for those who must occupy the outposts in these mission fields, far separated from medical skill or trained help of any kind. A knowledge of obstetrics is almost indispensable. The medical work in these benighted lands is the lever by which we are enabled to break down caste, change customs, and largely neutralize the prejudice and superstition so often met with, and so hard to overcome. We need, in addition to all these things, men and women of courage and resourcefulness, who can adapt themselves to every circumstance and condition; men and women in whose hearts burns the fire of unselfish devotion to duty, whose interests are so united with the people for whom they labor that they suffer when the people suffer, weep when they weep, and rejoice when they rejoice. We need men and women definitely called of God to this work, and filled with a great measure of his Spirit.

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### Robert Morrison Early Life

HERE and there in the history of mankind stand out the lives of great men, like high, strong cliffs against the assaulting sea. They form a barrier to the tide of evil, and they give sheltered harbor to such as come within reach. They inspire other men to be strong and noble, and they bear beacons which guide homeward the wanderers far out on the deep. Let us trace one such life in its beginning, in character, and in incentives, that we may determine wherein its greatness lies.

In Buller's Green, Northumberland, 1782, Robert Morrison was born. It was an ordinary event, seemingly, and perhaps excited no comment outside of a dozen families. Robert's father for some years was a farm laborer. Later he set up a last and boat-tree shop. Robert was an ordinary boy, and at first proved clumsy enough at learning in his uncle's school, though later he made good progress. He was well versed in the Scriptures, and on one occasion repeated the one hundred nineteenth psalm. At fourteen he became apprentice to his father in the shop. Two years later he was converted. He gave Scripture readings among his acquaintances. He was methodical, and arranged a program by which he might economize time. He read Cook's "Voyages," Hervey's "Life of Faith," and

kindred books, which filled him with a missionary spirit; and expecting to enter the ministry, he studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

His mother died in 1802. She had been a tender mother and a good comrade to Robert, and he was deeply stricken. Shortly after her death he applied to Hoxton Academy, and was admitted. He did ministerial work while there, and proved himself a faithful student, though not a brilliant one.

He offered himself for missionary service in 1804, and passed so well in the examination that the customary second one was omitted. He was sent to Gosport Missionary Academy for special training. All this time his missionary zeal was growing warmer. And in 1805 he went to London, where he engaged a Chinese teacher, and became acquainted with some Latin-Chinese translations in the British Museum Library. He did much personal and ministerial work while here.

### His Work in China

He sailed for China, by way of New York, in 1807, and reached Canton in September of that year. He was heartily welcomed by the United States consul, but owing to certain native prejudices against the English, he did not reveal the fact that he was not an American citizen. He had rooms in the old French Factory, which was cheaper than rooming at the consulate; but his expenses were high even there. His room cost four hundred pounds, and a boy, whom it was necessary he should keep, cost one hundred pounds.

He was confronted by many difficulties in his work. One was his lack of words, and the intricate nature of the Chinese language. He had to work privately, for there was prejudice against Christian ministers. Besides this, he was ignorant of Chinese customs, and made the mistake of assuming the native dress and manners. He soon perceived the folly of this, however, and affected nothing. He engaged two teachers, and applied himself most assiduously to language study.

In 1808 he married Miss Morton, daughter of an English physician of Macao. The next year he was given a position as interpreter for the East India Company, at a salary of five hundred pounds a year. Besides recognizing his ability in Chinese, this position enabled him to bear his own expenses, and to contribute to the cause he loved. He found time to compose an Anglo-Chinese grammar, which was not printed till 1815. In 1812 his salary was raised, and new responsibilities were given him. After seven years of toil, he baptized his first convert, a man of evil temper, who was completely changed by reading the part of the Bible translated by Morrison.

A little later the emperor issued an edict against Christianity, and the Catholic bishop of Macao anathematized all who should have anything to do with Morrison. These measures made it necessary for him to stop work for a time, except some personal efforts with natives, and meetings for the English residents.

Shortly before this edict was issued, Robert Milne and wife had come to work with the Morrises. They had long expected them, and their coming was a joyous event to the missionaries. But the arrival of more Christian ministers brought a storm of protest from the government, and Milne was ordered to leave. He went through the Malay Peninsula and islands, taking Morrison's tracts with him, looking for a place to begin work. His efforts led to the establishing of the Missionary College at Malacca, an enterprise in which Morrison joined.

Further dissatisfaction on the part of the government caused the East India Company to tell Morrison that he must leave their employ. They expressed regret, and gave him four thousand pounds as a mark of appreciation of his services. The relations between the company and the government made an embassy to Peking necessary, and Morrison went as interpreter. Owing to a misrepresentation by a royal servant, the emperor became offended and would not see the officials, so the journey of five thousand miles was for nothing. While Morrison was away, the printers at work on the dictionary were arrested, and in fear they destroyed the blocks already cut for the New Testament. He began the work over; and a gift of one thousand pounds by the British and Foreign Bible Society enabled him to complete it.

By increasing application, Morrison did an astonishing amount of work. Besides his duties as interpreter, he translated the New Testament, then the entire Bible, and compiled an English-Chinese dictionary, which stands as the most stupendous work of its kind ever accomplished by one man. He also sent out thousands of tracts, and engaged in medical work.

In 1820 Mrs. Morrison died. Morrison sought rest and change in England. While there, he lectured on the work in China, and aroused much interest. In 1826 he married Elizabeth Armstrong, and soon afterward sailed again for China. A glimpse of his character is seen in the fact that on the voyage he went forward alone among the mutinous sailors, who were planning to murder the ship's officers, and induced them to disarm, and obey orders.

He took up his work in China, where he had laid it down, being again interpreter for the East India Company. He became a contributor to the *Canton Register*, and engaged in wide publication and ministerial work. He was attacked by the *Quarterly Review* as to the quality of his literary work, and his ability as a scholar. But he withstood the assault without effort, the excellence of his work speaking for him. He baptized another convert in 1830. He was soon afterward ordered to cease publication. Official complications, which caused this order, made it necessary for him to go to Canton as interpreter, and owing to exposure on the way, he died there Aug. 1, 1834.

#### Estimate of His Life-Work

His life was one long effort to convert the heathen. He was a faithful employee, and a tireless worker for God, upright, gentle, esteemed by nobles, and loved as a friend by the poor. His work ranks among the highest in literary value, and its spiritual worth can not be estimated.

In this brief sketch of his life, you will perhaps fail to see wherein it was great. But the events mentioned here are only the surface cappings. You must get beneath them, down to the motives which impelled him, and to the conditions which he met. He was filled with a spirit of devotion, and a burning desire to bring others to the God he loved. He worked in the face of opposition by his countrymen, and the prejudice of the most inaccessible people in the world, who are sunk in centuries of heathenism, yet proud of their institutions and resentful of any attempt to change them. He met almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of translating and printing the language of the people whom he tried to save. He pressed on in affliction, in weariness, in all that would defeat him. He broke the way, he brought light, and when through the length and breadth of the dark land for which he toiled the True

Light shall shine, high in the heavens shall be written, not in the characters of the strange language of that peculiar people, but in the universal language of God, the name of Robert Morrison.

EUGENE ROWELL.

#### Make the Best of It

Is thy soul in trouble sore,  
And opprest of it?  
Trust and pray and smile the more:  
Make the best of it.

Fierce the furnace burns and glows?  
Bear the test of it,  
The Refiner always knows:  
Make the best of it.

Trial, disappointment, pain,  
And the rest of it,  
May be thy eternal gain:  
Make the best of it.

Whatsoever comes to thee,  
To be blest of it  
Thou must take it patiently:  
Make the best of it.

— ELIZABETH ROSSEK.

#### The Millions Lost

FAR o'er the western hills the sun is setting,  
And evening twilight gathers o'er the land,  
But O, a darker shade than this has fallen  
Upon my soul, as here alone I stand.

With aching heart and thoughts too deep to utter,  
I call before my view the millions lost,—  
Yes, lost to Christ, who gave his life to save them,  
His precious life. O infinite the cost!

And is there naught that we can do to save them,  
These souls, for whom our Elder Brother died,  
Now buried in the lands of heathen darkness,  
Not knowing of a Saviour crucified?

O brother, sister, you in life's fair morning,  
To you the call now comes, Arise and go;  
Nor hold as dear your life or home or kindred,  
But count them all as loss his love to show.

A few more years and sorrow will be over,  
The toil, the partings, and the tear-strewn grave;  
And O, how sweet to see at that reunion  
The souls our sacrifice has helped to save!

MRS. C. H. CARDEY.

#### Reading the Bible Under Difficulties

WHEN she who is known as "Bloody Queen Mary" came to the throne of England, she directed all her efforts to the restoration of the Catholic Church. The persecutions against heretics were revived, and the old relations with Rome restored. In supporting her religion, Mary resorted to the arguments of the rack, thumbscrew, dungeon, and fagot. The penalty for reading the English Bible was death, nor were Protestant prayers a less offense.

But the true believers in God's Holy Word were not to be thwarted in their attempts to study the Bible, even though penalties were inflicted for the reading of it. Benjamin Franklin, in his autobiography, tells how one of his ancestors contrived, during these times, a way to give his family religious instruction.

The open Bible was fastened by strips of tape on the under side of a stool. When the father wished to read aloud, he placed the stool upside down upon his knees, turning the pages under the tape strings when desired. One of the children was stationed at the door, and if any stranger approached, an alarm was given. Immediately the stool was set on its feet again, when, of course, nothing could be seen of the open book underneath.

E. C. JAEGER.



### The Cigarette Must Go

**N**O other influence to-day at work among the boys is doing more to undermine and destroy the physical, intellectual, and moral manhood of America than the cigarette. No man who loves his country dare tolerate an influence so vicious and destructive. Either we must put away the cigarette or the cigarette will put away our American manhood.

By an imperial edict on the ninth of last August, all the opium dens in Canton, China, were closed. It was a sort of "Independence day." The city was gaily decorated, bands played, and multitudes paraded. Chinese statesmen saw that with thirty per cent of the population using opium, the vital and intellectual forces of the nation were below that of other nations, and that the only salvation for China was in the abolition of the use of opium. Every Chinaman who loved China, and even the victims of the habit themselves, could see that if they were to turn back from the verge of national ruin, this vice must be put away—that as a nation they must liberate their people from the opium habit, or the nation itself must become a subject nation.

Shall China be more sane and sensible in dealing with opium than we ourselves are in dealing with a vice which, if not arrested, threatens as serious results to our own nation?—*Sylvanus Stall, M. D., in the Boy Magazine.*

### Profiting by Experience

HOOLIGAN was an ape that entertained visitors at the office of an insurance company in a Chinese treaty port. One day, "for the fun of it," the local agent determined to teach the ape to drink. Various liquors were tried, but Hooligan declined to indulge. At length a rich egg-nog was prepared; the animal took the proffered glass, and finding the beverage to his taste, drank it eagerly. In a little while poor Hooligan was performing in an unusual way. Next morning he sat disconsolate in a corner of the yard; he held his aching head, food he would not touch, and human society he would not have. A second day of fasting passed, but on the third Hooligan was on the railing of the rear veranda as bright as ever. After a time the agent prepared another egg-nog, and gave it to the ape. Hooligan tasted the liquid cautiously, then with all his strength dashed the glass to the floor.

### A Goat's Temperance Lecture

The *Young Abstainer* gives the following incident:—

Well-fed, well-groomed, well-housed, well-cared for in every way, Billy's lot among goats was indeed a happy one. He had the right of entry to the mess-room, and received many a dainty morsel from the friendly hands of the men. One evening, however, it happened that Corporal Price, in a spirit of thoughtless mischief, proposed that Billy should share the liquids as well as the solids of the mess-table. The corporal coaxingly held out his cup, and Billy, after a suspicious preliminary sniff, lapped up the contents. Another and yet another of the men gave Billy a drink, and at last the earthen vessel which held the beer at the head of the table was put upon the floor, and Billy was directed to help himself, which he did so greedily that he became helplessly, unmistakably intoxicated.

I will not attempt to describe his symptoms. Suffice it to say that next morning Billy was for the first time absent from roll-call, and did not turn out all day. Noth-

ing would tempt him to leave his stable. When a second day brought a repetition of the desertion, and a second evening mess began without Billy putting in an appearance, Corporal Price was directed to bring the deserter before a court-martial of the men's mess.

With some difficulty he persuaded Billy to leave his lair, and it was only by dragging him by main force that he could get him inside the door of the room, which had been the scene of his orgies two nights before. Billy's appearance was greeted with a cheer, but sadly changed were his looks. His once glossy coat had an unkempt appearance, while the once proud and erect head was lowered in shame.

"Come, Billy, take a drink!" said the sergeant at the head of the table. The words seemed to rouse the animal. He lifted his head, his eye lit up, his forehoof beat the floor. Then with a snort, a rush, and a bound, Billy butted full against the large earthen vessel containing the men's evening allowance of ale, breaking it into many pieces, and deluging not only the table, but the men who sat near. Then, with his head once more erect, he stalked out of the room.

### Don't Drink It

DON'T drink it, boys, don't drink it;  
Put the tempting glass away;  
'Twill surely be your ruin, boys,  
Remember what I say;  
Now promise from this moment, boys,  
You'll never drink again;  
Come out in God's own sunshine, boys,  
And sign the pledge like men.

— Fanny J. Crosby.

### When He Signed the Pledge

I HEARD a man say,—and I shall never forget it,—  
"O, what a time I had of it before I signed the pledge!  
I was a poor, miserable drunkard, and I had never thought of my wife with any sort of kindness for years; but I had no sooner put my name on the pledge, than the first thought that came to my mind was, 'I wonder how Mary will feel when I tell her that I have signed the pledge. Poor thing, she is so weak and feeble, she will faint away!' and I did not know how I should tell her. When I went home, there she was, crouching over a fire, warming her fingers over a few embers. When I went in, she did not look up; she had quit doing so; for sometimes it was a blow, sometimes a kick, and again a curse that she received, and her heart was nearly broken. I thought to myself, What shall I do? I shuffled with my feet; she did not turn around. I said, 'Mary! Mary!'  
" 'Well?' she answered.

" 'I think you work too hard, Mary,' I said. 'I think you are getting a good deal thinner than you used to be. You work a good deal too much, Mary.'

" 'Work!' she said, 'I must work; what should we do? The children even now have no bread for supper;' and she bowed her head.

" 'Mary, you will not need to work so hard any more, because I will help you.'

" 'You?'

" 'Mary, I have signed the pledge.'

"She got up, and she did faint. As that sweet form lay in my arms, I shall never forget my feelings. O, how I cried! The tears seemed like boiling water down my face; and they fell spatter, spatter on the face of my wife. The lids of her eyes were so blue, I did not know that she would come to again; but she is alive and well, and thanks God night and morning for the temperance pledge. I have now a piece of land of my own, and my children go to Sunday-school; but I shall never forget how I felt when I said, 'Mary, I have signed the pledge.'—*John B. Gough.*

### As to Method

We boldly say just what we mean,  
 "That bad saloon must go;"  
 Yet there's a happy mean between  
 The two extremes, you know,  
 A vital truth too seldom seen  
 By workers here below.

We're following the world's Great Light,  
 We choose his methods still;  
 We love the men who hate the right,  
 And thus his law fulfil.  
 We hate the sin with all our might,  
 Yet love the sinner still.

S. O. JAMES.

### A Sad Incident

A FRIEND of mine, who had been a business man in the city of Washington for many years, was slain a short time ago. His enemy followed him day and night for a long time, seeking to destroy his life. At last he succeeded. The strangest part of this incident is that my friend's acquaintances and neighbors knew that this assassin was following him, and that his hands had already been stained with the blood of other persons. Yet no particular notice was taken of him, nor any effort made to apprehend him and bring him to court.

This murderer belongs to an organization which makes it a business to rob and kill, and drive people insane. They slay children, and drive their parents to poverty. A branch of this organization may be located in your vicinity. I would warn you to be on your guard.

Do you know who killed my friend?—The assassin Whisky. Beware of him and his associates—Wine, Beer, Rum.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

### Tobacco as an Investment

SOME one has well said a person is wealthy in proportion to the things he can do without. Every necessity that a man creates for himself makes him that much of a victim to circumstances. Ask almost any millionaire how he obtained his start in life, and he will tell you it was by doing without some things other people considered necessities.

What can be said of the wisdom of deliberately adding to one's necessities, that is, increasing the number of things one *must* have in order to be comfortable?

And yet that is what one does who forms the tobacco habit. Some may say that there is enough enjoyment in the habit to justify the expense; that there is only one life to live, and that tobacco gives a calm and comfort not obtained in any other way.

Now the writer is in a position to say from personal knowledge that there is no joy obtained from the use of tobacco that can not be obtained without it—except to one addicted to the habit; while under the influence of the habit, there is only one adequate consolation, and that is tobacco. But when one is free from the habit, when the system has again righted itself, there is nothing that one need look back to with regret.

Now what is the cost? What tax does one pay for the indulgence of an "added necessity"?—Put at the low rate of ten cents a day, \$36.50 a year. Do you realize that that small sum represents a capitalization at four per cent of more than nine hundred dollars? Do you realize that for every dime a man spends daily in this way, he is actually nine hundred dollars poorer?

The business man can see the point; and this is nine hundred dollars that might be increasing with the years.

This is only one count against the tobacco habit, but it is one worth considering.

Have you increased your necessities by adding to them

the tobacco habit? If so, you have thereby decreased your *capital* by several hundred dollars. Can you afford it?

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

### Made a Morphine Fiend by His Mother

I KNOW a man whose mother believed in "soothing sirups." She would not believe that they were "doped." So, whenever the child cried, he was given a spoonful of the "sirup." Of course, it made him sleep. When his "soothing-sirup" days had passed by, she discovered that he was nervous and fretful. He was given a "tonic" to "tone him up"—the tonic contained opium again, and alcohol. Of course, it "toned him up." But soon the system refused to respond to the "tonic." It was not strong enough, and yet the moment he stopped the "tonic," he became listless and incapable of work. Finally, he had to resort to the next more powerful drug—morphine. He became a morphine fiend. He had reached a desirable professorship—one of the most successful professors in the college. But soon it was noticed that the brilliancy of his eye was unnatural, and, to make a long story short, the truth came out. He lost his professorship, he got morose, his mother died of a broken heart, and the man is to-day in an insane asylum. There you have a direct line from the "soothing sirups" of the cradle to the "morphine" of the man, and to the asylum.

Thousands of babies are started on drunkards' careers in this way.—*William Lee Howard, M. D.*

### Presidential Declarations

MR. EDWARD C. DELAVAN, who did much for the temperance cause, secured the signatures of eleven of the presidents of the United States to the following declaration:—

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirit, as a drink, is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world."

James Madison.

James K. Polk.

John Quincy Adams.

Millard Fillmore.

Andrew Jackson.

Franklin Pierce.

Martin Van Buren.

James Buchanan.

John Tyler.

Abraham Lincoln.

Andrew Johnson

Mr. Delavan himself was at one time a moderate drinker, but through the reading of a temperance tract that was placed under his plate by an unknown hand, he resolved that he would for one month try the experiment of total abstinence. To his astonishment he found it a severe trial. The poison had become almost a necessity, without his being conscious of it. This month gave him the victory over appetite, and the experiment made him a total abstainer ever afterward, and doubtless saved him from a drunkard's grave.

"A TEACHER asked some cigarette smokers to give her the papers around their cigarettes, and to catch some mice for her the next day. Two wrappers only were soaked in water, and upon the lips of the two mice that had been brought to her the teacher placed but one drop of the poisoned water—and death followed almost immediately."

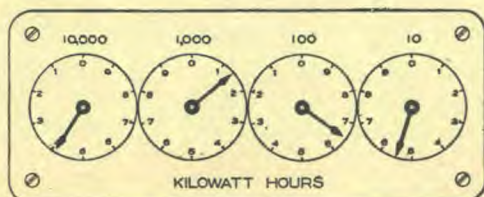


### How to Read a Wattmeter

**M**ETERS for measuring the amount of electrical energy furnished to consumers are known as recording or integrating watt-hour meters, and are made in several different forms to meet varying conditions. The registration of a meter must be very accurate to meet commercial requirements, owing to the fact that errors are cumulative, and even a small-percentage error will, in time, become important from a financial standpoint.

Electric power is measured in watts, and is represented by a current of one ampere under a pressure of one volt per second. Thus one watt is equal to 7-746th of a horsepower. The kilowatt is 1,000 watts, and the kilowatt-hour is 1,000 watt-hours.

The dials on a wattmeter are arranged similar to those on a water- or gas-meter. The dial at the right is the lowest reading dial, and gives the kilowatt-hours, each division corresponding to the use of one kilowatt-hour of power. The next dial to the left records tens, the next hundreds, the next thousands, and so on. Read from the left to the right, taking the smaller of any two numbers between which the pointer may stand. As an example, take the dial shown in the sketch, in which the lowest division is ten kilowatt-hours. Starting with the right-hand dial, the pointer is between 5 and 6, so the reading is 5. For the next dial the reading is 6; for the next, 1; and for the next, 4; so that the whole reading will be 4,165; but as the last dial reads in tens, the number of kilowatt-hours recorded is 41,650.—*Selected.*



Dial on a Meter

### Facts Regarding Salt — No. 2

#### Geographical Distribution of Salt

GEOGRAPHICALLY, salt is distributed throughout the entire world of land and water, with the exception of only a few lakes and rivers. The percentage of salt in inland rivers and lakes is not always large, nor even always appreciable; and again it reaches the density of a saturated solution.

Salt occurs in the following forms and conditions: rock salt; salt hills, bluffs, and mountains; salt steppes or plateaus; salt soil, or earth impregnated with salt; salt marshes or plains; salt springs; salt rivers; salt lakes; salt seas or oceans; and as salt vegetation, that is, plants which contain salt in their natural juices.

Rock salt is a very common form of salt, existing in nearly every country in the world. Sometimes it crops out above the surface of the earth, and is easily accessible; but usually it is found underground. It occurs profusely in the United States, oftentimes in large fields. It forms hills, cliffs, and even mountains of bare, pure salt. It is an integral portion of the structure of whole mountain ranges. Almost their entire length, the Andes in South America contain rock salt. The Pyrenees and Alps of Europe have

large deposits of this form of salt. The mountains of Persia and India contain immense quantities of it.

#### Underground Fields of Salt

The underground areas of rock salt are altogether of immense proportions. Almost the entire lower peninsula of Michigan is underlaid with fields of rock salt, varying in thickness from one hundred feet near the Detroit River to five feet at the Straits of Mackinac. The total area of the Michigan fields is estimated at seventeen thousand square miles.

Under Louisiana there are extensive beds of rock salt, one of which has been found, by drilling, to be over one thousand two hundred-feet thick. Under the State of Kansas are deposits of rock salt many miles in extent, and from a few feet to two hundred seventy-five feet in thickness.

Rock-salt beds also exist beneath Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, Ohio, Arkansas, Texas, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, and California.

In Canada and the Northwest Territory there are several known deposits of rock salt. In Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies rock salt is found. In the whole Andes region, including Colombia, Peru, and Chile, rock salt is known to exist.

Beneath England are fairly extensive beds of rock salt, one of which, in Durham County, covers an area of over twelve square miles, and is from sixty-five to about one hundred twenty feet in thickness. Ireland is not lacking in an abundance of underlying rock salt.

#### Thickest Salt Beds in the World

But to northern Germany must be given the credit of having the thickest rock-salt beds yet discovered. Up to January, 1900, a large number of borings were made, penetrating through solid rock salt from 600 to 3,879 feet, or almost three quarters of a mile, without reaching the bottom of the deposit.

France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Rumania, European and Asiatic Russia, Japan, the Philippine Islands, India, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and West Africa all have more or less extensive underlying fields of rock salt, varying from a few feet to several hundred in thickness.

India has what is termed the Salt Range, in the northwestern portion of the Punjab, where rock-salt deposits extend consecutively for one hundred thirty-four miles in the mountains of that section. A conservative estimate places the amount of salt in the range at ten cubic miles, sufficient to supply the world's need for centuries.

The distance beneath the surface of the earth at which these beds occur, varies greatly. In Michigan, on the western coast, in the Manistee region, deposits are found 2,296 feet below the earth's surface; while in many parts of the world, they push far above.

#### Surface Rock Salt

These outcrops of salt sometimes come but barely to the surface of the earth, as at Danby, San Bernardino Co., California, where there are two beds from two inches to eight feet thick, covered from a few inches to two feet with sand and dust.

In Egypt, south of Algiers, is a conical outcrop of rock salt forty-nine feet high, known as Rhang el Melah. About twenty-four miles southeast of this is another salt surface, nearly circular, and 3,280 feet — over three fifths of a mile — in diameter.



### Cliffs, Hills, and Mountains of Salt

On the southeastern slopes of the Pyrenees, at Cardona, in Catalonia, are immense cliffs composed of one vast mass of soft of a grayish-white color, from four hundred to five hundred feet high, forming a rugged precipice at their upper terminal. It is said that the surface appears strikingly like ice that has been thawed and frozen again, and that in sunny weather the mass displays all the tints and tones of the rainbow. The rains have worn and cut channels in the long-exposed surfaces, leaving edges that are as sharp as broken glass.

Seventy-four miles from its mouth, on the left side of the River Mand, is the Namak Mountain of Persia, lifting its head 5,250 feet — within thirty feet of a mile — above sea-level.

The entire mountain is covered over with salt, from ten to thirteen feet thick at its base, and at a height of 2,000 feet, at least one hundred feet deep. The upper third of the mountain is one solid salt mass rising toward the sky in perpendicular, insurmountable cliffs.

The salt is reddish-brown or black, and is estimated to amount to an aggregate of about fifty million tons, worth in the wholesale markets, roughly, from sixty to seventy-five million dollars.

H. A. YERGIN, M. D.

### Two Trees of Africa

PROBABLY few of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers ever saw a Kafir-orange tree. This is one of the most common wild trees of Rhodesia. The picture shows one on our Solusi Mission farm. Some are much larger and taller than this one, as there are several varieties. Before the fruit ripens, the tree drops its leaves, leaving it dotted with green balls, which, when



KAFIR-ORANGE TREE

ripe, turn to yellow. The "oranges" are spherical, and vary in size from that of a tennis ball to a coconut. Strange to say, they have a strong, hard shell, which, however, is covered with a thin skin. This shell is usually broken by striking it against a stone. The pulp is brown in color, and is divided into numerous sections, each containing a large seed. It is of little value, but the mildly sour juice is sometimes relished.

Another interesting tree is the papaw, cultivated in Natal and in Rhodesia. The picture shows the nature of the tree, and how the fruit grows. When ripe, it is very mellow, and both the skin and the flesh are

light yellow in color. It is prepared with sugar, and eaten fresh, as a dessert. Many, however, do not like the peculiar flavor. Sometimes it is taken green and prepared as a vegetable marrow. The trees shown are growing on our Barotseland Mission farm, near Pemba, Northwest Rhodesia.

HOMER C. OLMSTEAD.

Leribe, Basutoland.

### Two-Stick Kites

THE first step in making the two-stick kite is a careful selection of the wood to be used. If there is a



PAPAW TREE AND FRUIT

planing-mill or furniture factory near by, you will find no difficulty in securing long, straight strips of pine. The strips should be of soft wood — pine preferred — with straight grain. If you can not find them ready made, you can easily obtain a pine box from the grocer, and whittle your own strips.

The vertical stick should be thirty-six inches long; the short stick, twenty-eight inches. Measure each stick carefully, for the success of your kite depends upon the accuracy of your proportions.

Both sticks should be about one half of an inch wide and one eighth of an inch thick for a kite thirty-six inches high.

Having the sticks ready, take an ordinary pin and stick it exactly in the center of the short stick. Place the center of this stick thirteen inches from the top of the long stick, taking great pains to have the pin right over the center: This done, force the pin entirely through both sticks, bending it over on the back to securely fasten the sticks together.

The next step is the groove making, which is done with your pocketknife. Cut a little groove in the end of each strip lengthwise. After this is done, run a strong linen thread from stick to stick, allowing it to draw tight into the grooves. Wrap securely around the last stick and tie.

Now you have the frame of your kite formed. Balance the short or cross-stick until the distances from each end to the top of the long stick are equal.

This done, you are ready for your paper. Take a sheet of paper — tissue-paper or newspaper (wrapping-paper is too heavy) — and lay the paper flat on the floor; lay the sticks on the flat surface, the cross-stick down next to the paper. Trim the paper all around your frame, allowing about one inch all around on the outside of your frame. Home-made paste is as good as any other for your pasting. Begin at the top, putting paste all around the paper just in-

side your string frame; lap the edges over evenly and press down tight. Before pasting, however, you will be wise to measure from the ends of your cross-stick to the top of your long stick again, to be sure the distances on each side are equal.

After the pasting, the kite is ready for the breast-band. First turn the kite over, then take a match or pencil and punch two little holes through the paper, one on each side of your vertical, or long, straight up-and-down-stick, four inches from the top of your kite. Do the same on each side of the same stick six inches from the bottom of your kite. Punch holes in the same way on each side of your cross-stick, four inches from each end. Run a strong twine cord through the two holes near the top of your long, vertical stick; tie this cord tight around the stick, and after this is done, carry the cord to the holes punched six inches from the bottom; tie there, allowing sufficient looseness of cord to permit a stretch of six inches immediately over the center of the kite where the two sticks are joined. When the cord is securely fastened at the bottom, leave six inches of cord hanging. This is for fastening the tail.

Tie a cord in the same way from side to side of the cross-strip, allowing the same six inches looseness in the center.

Take a piece of the same cord and tie your four cords together securely in the center, knotting so that there will be no chance of slipping. This is the breast-band.

The weight of the tail depends upon the size and weight of the kite, and must be left to your judgment and to experiment. Make the tail of little pieces of rags tied together.

#### How to Tell if the Tail Is Right

If the kite goes up too fast and dodges, the tail is too light. In this case, tie on a few more rags.

If the kite fails to go up in a fairly good breeze, there is too much tail. Only a little experimenting can make it just right.

#### Fringe Kite

The fringe kite is made at the start just as the ordinary two-stick kite, the difference being in an attractive fringe around the top. For the making of this fringe a piece of paper is taken, either like that in the body of the kite or of a different color. This strip of paper must be as long as the distance from one end of the cross-stick to the other and over the top of the kite. The paper should be four inches wide. Cut a fringe three inches deep. Paste the paper margin, left below the fringe, on the back of the kite, beginning at the end of the cross-stick on one side, bringing it up to the top of the kite and down to the end of the cross-stick on the other side.

#### Chain Kite

Another kind of two-stick kite is the chain kite, which is very pretty and decorative. This kite is made according to the directions for the two-stick kite, except that the chain takes the place of a tail.

Cut strips of different colored paper; red, white, and blue are pretty and patriotic. Paste them together, linking one within the other to form a chain as you paste.

Bring this chain down from each end of the hori-

zontal or cross-stick, in a long loop, and up to the bottom of the long vertical stick. The loops must be equal in length on each side, or the kite will dodge.

If you have already experimented with a tail until you know just how much tail is required for the successful soaring of your kite, you can weigh the tail you have used, and then weigh the chain, having the weights tally. This will save the trouble of experimenting with a chain, which is not so easily taken from or added to as a regular tail.

#### Flag Kite

The beautiful, patriotic flag kite is also a two-stick kite, the difference being only in the paper used for the covering. The entire top of the kite is made of blue paper, the bottom of thirteen stripes of red and white paper pasted together. Thirteen white stars are cut out and pasted on the blue to carry out the flag idea.

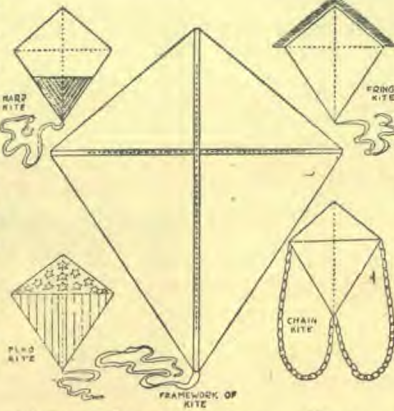
#### The Harp Kite

This also is a two-stick kite, but made a foot longer and wider than those described above. The vertical or long stick of this kite is four feet long, and the cross-stick forty inches long. These sticks should be slightly thicker than those in the smaller kites. The short stick crosses the long stick at a point just fifteen inches from the top. Nine inches below where the two sticks cross, a thin strip of barrel hoop, twenty-six inches long, should be fastened to the long stick, by binding with string, over and over, crisscross. The ends of the hoop are bent downward about two inches, and secured with the string or cord which runs around the ends of the kite frame.

When you paste on the paper, leave the space below the barrel hoop open, for that is where you fasten the rubber bands to make the music. When the paste has dried, fasten rubber bands from the hoop to the long stick, as shown in the picture, stretching them as tight as possible. The rubber bands used should not be wider than a quarter inch. Bind them to the main or long stick with thread.—*What to Do.*

#### Handcuffs the Man Who Gives the Alarm

THE problem of so designing a fire-alarm box that it can be opened and operated by any one in an emergency, and yet will tend to prevent the sounding of false alarms, is one that has engaged the attention of inventors for many years. A very ingenious solution of the problem is presented in a recent invention. The alarm box is closed by a cover which has to be raised to permit the operator to insert his hand through an opening and release the alarm mechanism. At the moment of the release a handcuff closes over the wrist of the operator. The handcuff is not chained to the alarm box, for this would make a prisoner of the operator of the alarm, whose services might be badly needed at the fire. Instead, however, the handcuff serves merely for identification. It is made of such form that it can not be concealed under the coat sleeve, and it betrays the sounder of the alarm to the general public, and is an honor to a man unless the alarm is a false one. Not until the fire chief has arrived with a special key to fit the handcuff may the device be removed.—*Scientific American.*





# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## Odd Method of Bookkeeping

Country Tavern-Keeper Checked off All "Eats" and "Sleeps"

A METHOD of bookkeeping as novel and ingenious as it is pathetic was discovered a short time ago by a New Orleans business man who had been obliged to spend a few days in an out-of-the-way country place. The hotel was post-office, country store, jail, and all else of a business nature the place possessed, but the proprietor and hotel manager could not write. On leaving the place the guest was presented with the bill shown in the drawing. The figure in the bed means just



what it implies, and the four ones with the line drawn through, and the two ones following, mean that the bed was occupied seven times. The dollar sign and three ones designate that the fee for this privilege was three dollars. The figure drawn as seated at a table, and the marks following, show that twenty-four meals were eaten at a consideration of five dollars.—*Popular Mechanics.*

## About Ants

Written by a Youthful Observer

No doubt many of you would find it hard to believe that a winged ant can take off its wings, but it can. Once my mother and I were out for a walk, and we saw a winged ant fly onto a dead log that had a few worm-holes in it. It seemed very busy. It tried to get into many of the holes, but all the holes were too small. Finally it rubbed one of its legs over its wings, and one wing soon fell to the ground; and it did the same with the other one. Then it was a large black ant without wings. When its wings were off, it went into the hole without difficulty.

I will quote a little from the Ontario Third Reader, about ants and their slaves, told by Peter Huber, who was a naturalist, and lived in Geneva, Switzerland. He tells how the red ants made slaves of the black ants. He says the red ants, "after marching for about a quarter of an hour, halted before an ant-hill belonging to some small black ants, and a desperate struggle took place at its gates. Soon the assailants that had succeeded in penetrating into the city, might be seen emerging from it, loaded with young black progeny. The red ants, . . . with their living booty, . . . resumed the road to their own habitation." But what of the latter? Huber discovered, in fact, that they do everything. "They alone build, they alone bring up the young red ants and the captives of their own species, they alone administer the affairs of the community, provide its supplies of food, and wait upon and feed their great red masters, which, like great infant giants, indolently allow their little attendants to feed them.

Huber wanted to know what the red ants would do if they found themselves without servants,—whether they would know how to supply their own wants or not. So he put a few red ants into a glass case, and put some honey in a corner, so that they had nothing to do but to take it. But they had become so used to having servants that they no longer knew how to feed themselves. Some of them died of starvation with food before them! Huber then put one black ant into the case. The black ant went straight to the honey and fed the dying red ants. There are many more interesting things about ants, but I must not take up too much space.

OSCAR L. STARR.

Forest, Idaho.

## "Give the Names"

THE following list contains the names of the persons bearing the list of titles given in the INSTRUCTOR of April 26, 1910, in the article, "Give the Names," the list being that sent in by W. E. Videto, with the exception of number 9:—

- |                       |                         |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Thomas Jefferson   | 13. Richard P. Bland    |
| 2. Andrew Jackson     | 14. Francis Marion      |
| 3. George H. Thomas   | 15. Samuel S. Cox       |
| 4. Anthony Wayne      | 16. William M. Morrison |
| 5. Zachary Taylor     | 17. Abraham Lincoln     |
| 6. George Washington  | 18. William H. Harrison |
| 7. John Q. Adams      | 19. John Eliot          |
| 8. Stephen A. Douglas | 20. Thomas H. Benton    |
| 9. John A. Logan      | 21. John G. Whittier    |
| 10. John C. Freemont  | 22. George B. McClellan |
| 11. Joseph Hooker     | 23. Winfield Scott      |
| 12. James G. Blaine   | 24. Henry Clay          |
|                       | 25. James Madison       |

## The Lady of the Flowers

"WHEN did you hear from dear old Mrs. Glenn? Reedville doesn't seem natural without her." The speaker's eyes glanced through the open window at a vine-covered cottage, a little farther down the street.

"It surely didn't, at first. We are used to it now," and Mrs. Waters philosophically threaded her needle, then added: "I haven't heard from her this ever so long. She never was much at letter-writing, and neither am I. But I've her address if you want to hunt her up when you're in the city."

"I certainly do," Mrs. Bennett replied. "I shouldn't think of going back without seeing my dear old friend. I can't imagine her living in the city. Her home out here just suited her—she fitted in like a sweet picture in an appropriate frame. Why did she move?"

"Jim wanted some money to go into business with, so they sold out to get it for him, then moved to town so he could live with them. It's all his work."

"I never thought Jim Glenn amounted to much."

"You thought right. He's just a big, shambling, shiftless somebody, who doesn't look as if he could be any relation to his parents. Never made a success of anything. You remember he left home when he was nothing but a boy—country was too quiet for him—and he's roamed from pillar to post ever since. It makes me angry every time I think of it." Mrs. Waters clicked her scissors fiercely, as if the offending Jim were between their well-sharpened blades. "I

went in to see Mrs. Glenn soon after she moved, but it's such an out-of-the-way place I've never gone since. She certainly was homesick — that was two years ago last fall."

"Are they pleasantly situated?"

"Well, Mrs. Bennett, you can judge for yourself. Their house is one of a brick row, all exactly alike, built right up against a stone sidewalk, without as much as a dandelion between their front door and the cobblestones in the street. There isn't any side yard, because the houses are all joined together, and the back yard is just bare, beaten earth with an unpainted board fence all around it, about six feet high. Size? — O, the width of the house, which isn't saying much, and down to the alley."

Mrs. Bennett wiped her eyes. "It's cruel for Jim Glenn to let his mother give up her home for him, and go to live like that. She's just pining her heart out for the country. I know she is, and she has to be satisfied with clothes-lines and back gates. I've seen those rows — I know just how they look. And every rosebush she planted out here is fairly crying for her."

"True enough," Mrs. Waters sighed. "The Glenn place doesn't look much as it used to. I never saw such a flower tender as she was. Try as we might, we neighbors never could come up to her for making things grow. And she was never so happy as when dividing her treasures with other people. Many an armful of lilacs I've carried home from her house. Only to think of her in that prison is enough to make one's heart ache."

A few days later Mrs. Bennett turned into the narrow street where her old friend lived. She shook her head pityingly at sight of the glaring walls and shadeless pavement. Then she caught a glimpse of green and a tangle of color ahead, and smiled. "A Virginia creeper trying its bravest to hide the bricks and window boxes full of nasturtiums — that's Mrs. Glenn's."

It was. The little woman herself opened the door in answer to her visitor's ring, and gave delighted welcome. "Now if this isn't a treat," she exclaimed. "Ellen Bennett, sure as I live, come clear across half a dozen States to visit her old friends, and counting me as one. Isn't that just like Ellen?" and she fluttered excited fingers over veil and hat pins, trying to assist in their removal.

"You may be sure I wouldn't forget you, dear Mrs. Glenn," declared the visitor, stooping to kiss the soft cheek, flushed like a girl's with the pleasure of the meeting. "I was simply heartbroken to hear you'd left Reedville, and I would not be cheated out of seeing you. O, what beautiful pansies! Let me just get hold of them for one minute," and Mrs. Bennett gathered up the glass bowl and buried her face in its velvety contents.

"They are pretty. I've had fine luck with my pansies this year," said the old lady serenely.

"You didn't raise them?"

"To be sure I did. How else should I have them, Ellen dear?"

"But where? I thought you had no place for a garden."

"You were mistaken. Just wait till you see. Will you object to sitting in the kitchen with me, as you used to when you were a girl? I must get dinner for Jim, and we can visit while I work."

"Indeed I don't care where you take me. It's a pleasure to be with you, in attic or cellar, Mrs. Glenn."

"Thank you, dear. You haven't forgotten how to

flatter your old friend, I see. Take that chair by the window while I cut my cabbage. I'm going to make cream slaw — the kind you used to like."

"O, good! I'm so glad I'm here. I'll" — her sentence was not finished, for just then her eye caught sight of the yard Mrs. Waters had described. A bit of a porch shaded the door, and over it clambered morning-glories in profusion. The high board fence hid its entire length of immaculate whitewash behind delicate traceries of cypress, madeira vines, and scarlet runner. Down each side of the narrow walk was a snowy border of sweet alyssum. On the shady side, ferns unrolled their fairy fronds, and pansies lifted bright faces. Across, where the sun shone longest, nasturtiums laughed back at his ardent beams. At the end of the yard stood hollyhocks, straight and stately, with pink and purple larkspurs at their feet, and fragrant, many-colored petunias in front of these. Near the pansies grew mignonette, and beside the nasturtiums stood asters, with verbenas hiding the ground from which they grew. "There's actually a butterfly — as I'm alive! And bees in the poppies!" exclaimed Ellen, excitedly. "Mrs. Glenn, how ever did you do it? You're nothing short of a magician — a wizard!"

"Not a bit of it," laughed the little woman over her shredding board. "Jim had plenty of good earth hauled, father spaded it in for me, and I just planted the seeds. It's better this summer than last, because we learned something then about economizing space which our place at Reedville hadn't taught us. But, Ellen, the dear things just love to grow, and seem to be glad for the pleasure they give. Don't you want to run out and gather some for the dinner table? Anything you like. The more freely we pick them, the more they bloom. Here's my sun-hat, and the garden scissors."

Mrs. Bennett was exclaiming over a wee bed of crisp, curly lettuce which the hollyhocks hid, when somebody rapped gently on the gate. She opened it to a brown-eyed child with a basket on her arm, who said, shyly, "It's Mrs. Glenn I want, please, ma'am."

"Come in. You'll find her in the kitchen."

Five minutes later, her errand accomplished, the visitor entered the house. Her hostess was laying in the child's basket a quantity of little nosegays, tied about the stems with ribbon grass. "They're for the girls in the cotton mill," she explained. "Lois, here, takes them over for me every day — her sister works there. It isn't far from here, and the girls just dote on them. You'd never believe what a sprig of green can mean, Ellen, unless you've lived for a time without any. I make them up every morning early while the dew is on them, so they'll keep fresh, and the girls get them when they come out to dinner. No, there aren't near enough to go around, but they take turns at them. They play fair, and you'd be surprised at the gladness of the ones whose turn it is. There, Lois, that's all. Here's yours," and Mrs. Green pinned a little bunch on the faded dress, smiling down into the bright eyes as she did so.

"It's been a revelation to some of them — poor things," she added after Lois had gone. "But it's been as much to me as to them. It's made me new friends to keep me from suffering for the old ones — new friends who need what I am glad to give, and it's a great compensation, Ellen. It doesn't take very much time, and I enjoy doing it."

"Of course you do," began the visitor, but was interrupted by the milkman's appearance.

"Good morning, Mrs. Glenn," he said, politely. "I'm a little late to-day, but my girl was sick all night and kept us awake, so we overslept this morning."

"That's all right, Mr. Smith. I'm sorry about your daughter. Nothing serious, I hope?"

"No, ma'am. Indigestion — ate something that wasn't good for her, as children will. But my wife's about worn out, what with this and her own neuralgia."

"Well, now, that's too bad. I'll give you a bunch of peppermint for the daughter. That's it — that clump by the gate. There's nothing like peppermint tea for such ailments. And take these hops to your wife. I picked them yesterday off that hop vine in the corner. Tell her to apply them hot — she'll know how to fix them. Fine for neuralgia. Pick your buttonhole bouquet to suit yourself, Mr. Smith.

"He's just devoted to flowers," Mrs. Glenn said as the gate closed. "Brought up in the country, but never sees a glimpse of it now, he says, only in our yard. It sounds as if he ought, doesn't it, when he's a milkman, but he only drives the wagon for somebody else — at it early and late. If the flowers give him any pleasure, he's more than welcome. He says they do, says they 'keep him out of mischief' when he's wearing them."

The grocery boy came next. Mrs. Glenn greeted him pleasantly, then said: "Now, Ed, while I empty the basket, you take this little trowel and dig up those sweet alyssum roots I promised you. Take all you want, only don't get them all from one place — a few here and there, so as not to leave bare spots in my border.

"Wild, overgrowing things" — Mrs. Glenn lowered her voice as the bright-faced lad flew to get his treasure. "He's made a little flower bed in his own yard, and I'm helping him to fill it. Only think, Ellen, he never knew it could be done in a place like this till he saw mine." The old face was tender with pity for such ignorance, but broke into smiles as Ed came back. "That's right. They're nice, thrifty plants. Fix them just as I told you, and they'll grow beautifully. Pick half a dozen of those scarlet geraniums for your mother, and some rose-geranium leaves for a circle around them, the way she likes them."

"Thank you, no end, ma'am. She's got the last you sent her yet."

"Why, lad, that was a week ago. I must see that she gets them oftener. Good-by."

The twelve-o'clock whistle blew shrilly. "Time for my boy. You'll see him any minute, now, Ellen," and Mrs. Glenn began dishing her appetizing dinner. "No, father doesn't come home at noon. His work is too far away. But Jim never fails if he can possibly help it, and — would you believe it, Ellen? — he goes clear round and comes down the alley, just for the sake of walking up through our flower garden. He says it does him good. He was away from home so long, you know, before father and I came to the city." The mother spoke tenderly as she laid a big velvet pansy on Jim's napkin, with a wee fern beside it. Ellen looked up interestedly as a firm step sounded on the walk. Big he undoubtedly was, but clear eyed and erect. He stooped to pull up a daring weed and straighten a drooping stalk, then came whistling on his way. "He's the dearest boy — Jim is." It only needed that loving murmur to insure the young man a hearty greeting from Ellen Bennett.

An hour later she walked to the gate with him, saying, "Your mother's garden is wonderful, isn't it?"

Jim stopped and cleared his throat. "You don't know how wonderful, Mrs. Bennett. There isn't a tramp or a street gamin that would hurt it. They call her 'The Lady of the Flowers' all over this section of the city. You've loved mother a long time, and I'd like to tell you what her sacrifice has done for me. Maybe I oughtn't to have let her make it — maybe I'm not worth it — but — Mrs. Bennett, I never have a temptation to do wrong but a picture of my mother among these flowers comes between it and me. Out at Reedville things like this were a matter of course, but here in this neighborhood they are oases in the desert. Mother did it, out of hopeless materials, and it's helped me to understand some things about life I couldn't see before. Most people thought I was hopeless, too, but — I'm a different man from the Jim Glenn you knew years ago. Good-by."

It seemed to Ellen that the procession was endless. The ash man bore away a branch of dusty miller in his hat band. "He always chooses that because the ashes don't hurt its looks, and when he gets home, he says it all shakes off clean," said Mrs. Glenn. The postman waited for his little bunch of mignonette, sniffing its fragrance refreshingly. A neighbor came to beg a bit of fresh parsley to put in some broth for an invalid mother, and took back several sprigs of heliotrope laid in a sweet fern. The boy who brought the evening paper looked happier over his pink hollyhocks than he did over his penny.

"It's almost best of all, when I go down town," Mrs. Glenn said, happily. "I take a big bunch of flowers to Cohen's department store and divide them among the cash girls and errand boys, or else among the clerks. That isn't a fashionable store, and the young folks who work there haven't any too easy lives. They all know me — I'm sure of a smile from them wherever I meet them. It would do your heart good to see them take the posies — if it didn't make you cry."

"Is there no end to the possibilities of your garden?" asked Mrs. Bennett, curiously.

"I've never reached it yet," laughed her hostess. "I only plant things that bloom freely and are better for picking. I hold back the white flowers, because there's seldom a week but there's a call from somewhere for a bunch to lay on a coffin — mostly babies in some of the crowded alleys. I always go with those bouquets myself, and generally find something that I can do to assist or comfort. The flowers open the way, Ellen, dear. The Lord's own handiwork, they appeal to hearts that clumsy human efforts could only hurt. Of course, in winter, I've only my house plants, and they don't give me more than enough blossoms for sickness or death. But there are always rose geraniums for a breath of sweetness, and I bring my window boxes inside and keep them gay with flowering moss. The friends the flowers have made me are mine just the same, and come to me for advice or a word of heartsome cheer now and then."

A little ragamuffin stopped outside the window and stood on tiptoe to admire the gay nasturtiums nodding on the sill. He didn't offer to touch them till his benefactress put a dozen long-stemmed beauties into his grimy hands, and smiled at him as he touched his tattered cap before she added: "No, dear, I don't miss Reedville any more — not in a way that makes me unhappy. There's never a day but I thank God

for bringing me right here to this little cramped-up place on this very street. I didn't want to come at first, but if I hadn't, I'd have missed the blessedest and happiest part of my life."

Ellen Bennett laughed a little tremulously as she answered, "Yes, dear Mrs. Glenn, I verily believe you would."—*The Wellspring*.

### Our Ugly Streaks

"He always seems to bring the very ugliest streaks of my nature to the surface. When I think I am getting to be quite a tolerable sort of a fellow, he appears on the scene, and I am undone again."

"He couldn't tempt you that way if those 'streaks' weren't in you, could he? Your relations with him are as good fighting ground as any. Why don't you make it a point to 'fight it out on that line'?"

That is a good way to look at the matter when we meet those who seem to rouse our worst traits. The traits are within, or they could not be roused. If they are there, we need to overcome them, and to this end exercise is necessary. Let us not lay up anything against those who irritate us, but rather accept the indictment against ourselves, and make efforts to overcome the source of trouble.—*Selected*.



M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary  
Corresponding Secretary

## Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

### XXII—Perpetuity of the Law of God

**SYNOPSIS.**—The law of God, the ten commandments, the foundation of his government, applies to all times and all people. It was known before it was spoken from Sinai, and continues since the time of Christ. Jesus and his disciples taught its perpetual obligation. It is the standard of the judgment.

#### Questions

1. What is sin? **1 John 3:4.**
2. How many, therefore, are under the law? **Rom. 3:23, 9.**
3. Show that the law of God was in force before it was spoken from Sinai. **Rom. 5:12-14.**
4. What was foretold by the prophet as to Christ's relation to the law? **Isa. 42:21.**
5. What did he say he had done? **John 15:10; 1 John 3:4, 5.**
6. What are we commanded to do? **1 John 2:6.**
7. What great principles are summed up in this law? **Matt. 22:37-40.**
8. What did Jesus say of the perpetuity of the law? **Matt. 5:18.**
9. By what will all be judged? **James 2:12.**

#### Notes

2. The "Gentiles" were all non-Jewish nations, so this scripture includes all people under the dominion of God's law.
5. Christ, the second Adam, lived in perfect obedience to the law which Adam transgressed.
9. That the ten commandments are referred to is shown by the previous verse, which mentions two of them.

He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.—*H. W. Beecher*.



### IX—Jesus' Triumphal Entry Into Jerusalem; Cleansing the Temple

**LESSON SCRIPTURES:** John 12:12-19; Matt. 21:1-17; Mark 11:1-11; Luke 19:28-46.

**MEMORY VERSE:** "My house shall be called the house of prayer." Matt. 21:13.

#### The Lesson Story

1. After the feast at Simon's house, Jesus went on his way to Jerusalem. In all his journeys he had traveled on foot, but now he said to two of his disciples: "Go your way into the village over against you: and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him, and bring him." The disciples "went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without in a place where two ways met; and they loose him." "And as they were loosing the colt, the owners thereof said unto them, Why loose ye the colt? And, they said, The Lord hath need of him. And they brought him to Jesus: and they cast their garments upon the colt, and they set Jesus thereon. And as he went, they spread their clothes in the way."

2. Five hundred years before the birth of Christ the prophet Zechariah had foretold that he should thus enter this city. This was the way the Jewish kings made their entry into the city, and the people now rejoiced, thinking that Jesus was about to establish an earthly kingdom. Notwithstanding all that he had told his disciples of the suffering and death that were awaiting him, their hopes of his earthly kingship now revived.

3. "And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen; saying, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest.

4. "And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples. And he answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

5. "And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strawed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

6. And "much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord." The people who were with him when he called Lazarus out of his grave, and raised him from the dead, had borne their testimony, and "for this cause the people also met him, for that they heard that he had done this miracle."

7. "And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth

of Galilee." "The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after him."

8. "And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves. And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple; and he healed them.

9. "And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; they were sore displeased, and said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

10. "And he left them," "and now the eventide was come, and he went out unto Bethany with the twelve;" "and he lodged there."

#### Questions

1. Where did Jesus go after the feast at Simon's house? How did this journey differ from all his other travels? How was a colt secured for this occasion? How else was Jesus honored?

2. What prophet had foretold this entry into Jerusalem? How many years before the birth of Christ did Zechariah make this prophecy? Why did the people now rejoice? What hope was revived in the hearts of the disciples?

3. As they descended the Mount of Olives, what did the whole multitude of the disciples do? What did they say?

4. What did some of the Pharisees among the multitude tell Jesus to do? How did he answer them?

5. What did the people spread in the way? What words of praise did they cry aloud?

6. How did many people that were at the feast honor Jesus? What did they also cry? What caused so many people to come out to meet him?

7. When Jesus was come into Jerusalem, how did the people receive him? How did the multitude reply? How did the Pharisees feel when they heard these songs of praise and saw the welcome given to Jesus?

8. Where did Jesus go? What were those doing who were there? How did Jesus manifest his authority? What did he say to the merchants who had collected there? How did he show compassion to the sick?

9. What effect did these things have on the chief priests and scribes? What did they say? How did Jesus answer them?

10. Where did he lodge that night? Who accompanied him to Bethany?

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapters 64, 65; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 21:13.

#### Questions

##### Triumphal Entry

1. Over what road did Jesus go in his triumphal entry into Jerusalem? John 12:1, 12; Matt. 21:1.

2. How did Jesus prepare for the entry? Matt. 21:1-7.

3. Of what prophecy was this entry a fulfilment? Matt. 21:4, 5; Zech. 9:9.

4. Who came from the city and joined the procession? John 12:12, 13.

5. What did the multitude say and do? Verse 13.

6. What greatly increased the interest in Jesus at this time? Verses 17, 18.

7. What did some of the Pharisees demand? What did Jesus reply? Luke 19:39, 40; note 1.

8. When Jesus came in view of the city and temple, what did he do and say? Verses 41-44; note 2.

9. How was the whole city affected by Jesus' entrance? Matt. 21:10, 11.

10. How were the Pharisees affected? John 12:19.

11. What did Jesus do in the city? Where did he go that night? Mark 11:11.

##### Second Cleansing of the Temple

12. What did Jesus do when he came to the temple the next day? Matt. 21:12, 13; Mark 11:15, 16; note 3.

13. How did this differ from the first cleansing? John 2:14-16.

14. What occurred when the temple was cleared of those who were misusing it? Matt. 21:14.

15. What did the children do? What efforts were made to restrain them? Verses 15, 16; note 4.

16. How was Jesus occupied day by day, and what efforts did the Jewish leaders put forth? Luke 19:47, 48; 21:37, 38.

#### Notes

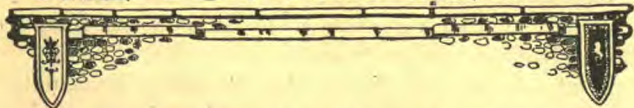
1. See "Desire of Ages," page 571.

2. "That might have seemed the proudest moment in the life of Jesus, the moment when the homage of man was most spontaneous and most real; but in truth it was one of the saddest. The enthusiasm only deepened his solitude, made it more awful to his spirit, while throwing upon the coming events a more tragic coloring. Their praise was pain, for what they praised was the idol of their own imaginations, not the Christ who was coming to suffer and to die. In the midst of their joy he rode possessed of the vivid consciousness that the discovery of the truth would change their jubilant cry of welcome into the delirious shout of passion and revenge. So, as they swept round the shoulder of the hill, and the city burst upon his view, turreted, temple-crowned, lying white and radiant in the glorious sunlight, hallowed by a thousand sacred memories, darkened by a thousand sins, the pathos of the place and the moment, the then and the to be, the ideal and the actual, the men and the city as they seemed and as they were, was more than his heart could bear, and he wept, saying, 'If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.'"—*Fairbairn: Studies in the Life of Christ*, pages 231, 232.

3. See "Desire of Ages," pages 590, 591.

4. "As Jesus in the temple (when twelve years old) solved the mysteries which priests and rulers had not discerned, so in the closing work of this earth, children who have been rightly educated will in their simplicity speak words which will be an astonishment to men who now talk of 'higher education.' As the children sang in the temple courts, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,' so in these last days, children's voices will be raised to give the last message of warning to a perishing world."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VI, pages 202, 203.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### IX — Jesus' Triumphal Entry Into Jerusalem; Cleansing the Temple

(May 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: John 12:12-19; Matt. 21:1-17.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Mark 11:1-11, 15, 19; Luke 19:28-48.

"FLOWERS are more delightful scattered on the pathway of the living than garnishing the graves of the dead."

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Prayer

WHAT needless cares we oft endure,  
What pain and sorrow often bear,  
Because we do not go to God  
In simple, trusting prayer.

How oft this life seems dark and drear,  
And clouds obscure all that is fair,  
Because we do not go to God  
In simple, trusting prayer.

How often troubles wreck our homes  
And from our hearts our dear ones tear,  
Because we do not go to God  
In simple, trusting prayer.

How oft o'er us dark billows break,  
In pain and sorrow, toil and care,  
Because we do not go to God  
In simple, trusting prayer.

If in God's sight we wish to stand,  
Like Eden's joyous holy pair,  
Then ever must we go to him  
In simple, trusting prayer.

W. K. SMITH.

## The Chinese Riots

It seems that the spirit of the Boxer uprising of a few years ago is inciting the riots and persecutions now going on in China, especially in the province of Hunan. The hostility seems to be against the white foreigners and native Christians. Many of the latter have suffered terrible tortures at the hands of their own countrymen. A recent Washington daily contained the following account of these persecutions:—

"Every punishment of criminals known to Chinese criminal lore, is practised by the mobs, and tortures never before used, some of them unspeakable, as well. In some instances the victims' tongues have been torn out by the roots, and they have been set loose, often blinded, and mockingly told to preach the new creed. Bound till they could scarcely move a muscle, others have been tickled continually till their brains gave way.

"The water torture — the steady dropping of water on one spot of the body — has been frequently employed by the vengeful mobs. After the four-hundredth drop, this torture is excruciating; in one instance reported to-day more than three thousand drops were used. In one instance a Christian, an old woman, was bound, and her teeth were filed away to the gums. Finger and toe nails of others have been pulled out."

More than a thousand deaths and the complete destruction of a number of villages have already resulted.

## A Good Answer

A YOUNG Christian woman started to go to Kansas. On the way the conductor of the train sat down opposite her, and politely asked, "Why do you dress so plainly?" She inquired what his motive was in asking this question. He replied that his wife talked much about the necessity of women's dressing plainly, while he did not see any reason for doing so. The young lady looked at him and said: "Why do you wear this special uniform?" He replied, "Because I serve the Rock Island Company, and comply with its orders in wearing it." "So do I," was the quick reply; "I have joined the church of Christ, and am in the service of my Master, whose orders I obey in dress, according to 1 Tim. 2:9, where it is stated that women shall adorn themselves in modest apparel."

It is said of Miss Min Liang, whose father was once the Chinese ambassador to the United States, that she was a young woman of rare common sense. During her residence in Washington, she once said, "I do not mean to criticize, but there is one thing that I don't understand about American girls, and that is their eagerness to discuss the subject of dress. Almost the day of my arrival in this country questions about the style of dress began to be put to me, as if that were the most important of all subjects. In my country these things are considered very trivial, and only the unlettered women waste time talking of them. As a matter of course, we dress according to the most approved custom, and, think no more about it."—*Selected.*

## Not a Stain, but a Scar

"JUDGE not the working of his brain,  
And of his heart; thou canst not see;  
What seems to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure sight may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

## Seed Thoughts

No individual in this world should consider himself exempt from duty until he has performed his entire duty.

Every person living is under as much obligation to do his very best, and that continually, as he is to do anything.

Every human being will be held responsible by his Creator for the accomplishment of the duties that present themselves to him, according to the knowledge that he has, and the ability that he possesses.

Men and women, without exception, owe their full duty, and the best efforts of which they are capable, not only to their Creator and themselves, but to the world in general.

Society has a right to expect from every person the very best service of which he is capable.

But society and the world have no right to exact from any one participation in anything that tends to demoralize.

In all our acts of life we should always aim at the moral advancement of others, even though they themselves by their own acts are thwarting continually their own eternal interests.

In every act and effort of life, duty lies only in the performance of those things that tend toward the glory of God and the manifestation of his character.

J. W. LOWE.