

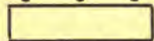
The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

July 19, 1910

No. 29

Storms



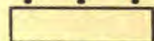
THE sullen clouds sweep o'er the earth
Until the sky is overcast,
And birds and beasts are scudding fast
To reach some sheltered haven near,
While blacker clouds go rushing past,
As if some danger to portend,
While men seem helpless to defend.

The clouds thrust out great tongues of flame,
Which leap to earth with vivid glare,
While men in wonder stand and stare,
Till thunders boom and crash above.
Then all a common weakness share,
While wind and rain e'er onward sweep
Across the land and troubled deep.

But soon the storm has spent its rage;
Its lethal lightnings cease to glow,
And birds and beasts from covert go,
While Nature smiles upon the scene,
And would have all creation know
The lasting good of sun and shower,
Which gives to earth life-giving power.

So, then, whene'er the storms arise
And beat against the human heart,
Till many of life's joys depart,
Which blights the soul with sorrows here,
Fresh courage take, where'er thou art,
To trust in Him who stilled the sea,
And calmed the storm on Galilee.

JOHN FRANCIS OLMSTED.





"THE senate of the University of Michigan has laid down stringent hygienic reforms, forbidding spitting on the campus walks or in the buildings, requiring frequent physical examinations of the students, forbidding common drinking cups on the campus, and insisting on weekly examinations of the Ann Arbor water-supply."

"THAT the roller-skating craze is on in Europe with great enthusiasm is graphically illustrated by the fact that in a garden restaurant in Berlin the waiters serve the patrons on roller-skates. The distance between the tables and the source of the food and drink supply is considerable, but, shod in this manner, the waiters practically constitute a quick-service brigade."

"CELLULOSE, as is well known, is almost as inflammable as guncotton. Chemists have been striving to discover a way to make it less easily ignited, and they have at last succeeded. It was reported at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences that Dr. Clement Botrelle has used ether silicate instead of ether for forming the union of camphor and nitrocellulose, which results in celluloid. The ether evaporates and leaves all the cellulose fibers coated with silica, and non-inflammable."

Service of the Birds

"A CALL goes out from the Audubon Society to all the young people of America to help preserve the birds, in the light of a new incident showing their usefulness along very practical lines. Over one hundred thousand feet of valuable yellow pine timber in northern Montana has become infested with the dread pine-beetle, and Andrew Reynolds, a veteran ranger in the forestry service, says that thousands of acres of firs and spruce in the Blackfoot national forest are also in danger. He attributes the trouble mainly to the fact that there are few woodpeckers in the regions where the pest has appeared, and calls attention to the great service these birds perform in killing the beetles."

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Pure Books on Avoided Subjects

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By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D.

The late Dr. Mary Wood-Allen is well known to many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. "What a Young Girl Ought to Know" is one of the best of her works. Frances E. Willard, Frances S. Bolton, Mrs. Grannis, Ira D. Sankey, and others are among the prominent indorsers. Mothers can do no better service for their girls than to provide for them a copy of this book. It will be a valuable friend. 194 pages. Substantially bound in cloth.

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By Sylvanus Stall

New revised edition. Tells plainly, but with purity, the facts which a young boy should know about the creative organs, for his physical and moral self-protection. Contains personal indorsements of Judge Ben Lindsey, Editor Bok of the "Ladies' Home Journal," Bishop Vincent, Lady Somerset, Anthony Comstock, and others. Parents will make no mistake in placing this highly instructive book in the hands of their boys. The book contains 193 pages. Well bound in cloth.

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In that transitory stage just between boyhood and young manhood, there comes a time when the young man's mind needs sober instruction on the problems of approaching manhood more than at any other. The subject is handled in this excellent work in a manner which can not fail to hold the interest of any self-respecting youth, and in the majority of cases great good will be accomplished through the reading of the book. Strongly indorsed. 269 pages. Well bound.

What a Young Woman Ought to Know

By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D.

If anything, the problems and perplexities facing the girl as she approaches womanhood, are more exacting than any others that come in the natural development of human life. To avoid a life of invalidism, the girl must be armed with the reliable weapons of truth. The great majority of young women will read this book of important instruction with deep interest. It is written in Dr. Wood-Allen's usual engrossing style. 272 pages. Bound in neat, durable cloth.

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REVIEW AND HERALD, Washington, D. C.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 19, 1910

No. 29

Not Understood

Not understood! We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years. We marvel, and we wonder
Why life is life, and then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood! How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence and the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship, and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight,
Not understood.

Not understood! How many hearts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood!

O God! that men might draw a little nearer,
Or judge less harshly when they can not see!
O God! that men might draw a little nearer
To one another! They'd be nearer thee,
And understood.

—Selected.

Earnestness—Enthusiasm

ERNEST LLOYD

IN those terrible days when Japan stood face to face with powerful Russia, and it looked as if they were coming to a struggle that seemed likely to mean the overthrow of Japan, Marquis Ito called together the admirals and generals of the little kingdom. These men came to his palace to decide on a formal declaration of war. "As they entered the reception-room, they found it stripped of every article of furniture, save that in the center of the room there stood a little lacquered table, and on it lay an unsheathed dagger. There was no comment, but the Marquis looked at the table and then at the men, and their faces grew white. They knew what that meant. In this crisis it was either victory for Japan or a dagger for the heart of Ito. It was victory for his people or Harikari for the man who was to lead them."

O, if only our business were as serious to us! If only we could understand that God calls us to victory or to death, there would be great things accomplished in the name of the Lord God Almighty. The King's business must have a greater place in our lives—*it must have first place*. You know that we need more earnestness among us. Are you doing all you can to increase it? Our movements are too often sluggish and lifeless. We are not wholly awake. Our work is drowsily executed. The King's business is hindered by us instead of being helped forward. We are frequently a drag upon it. We mar it. Volunteers, we are not all in "dead earnest." The man who is in "dead earnest" is living for one thing, and is dead to everything else. "Indifference is the deadly symptom of spiritual paralysis." "Unconcern is a crime." The lethargy of spiritual laziness is the shame of the church to-day. An earnest Christian writer says: "The original thought of the Greeks regarding enthusiasm must be revived. It meant to them God in a man. It should be synonymous with our thought of earnestness, as really explaining it. It involves the bending of all the energies of life toward realizing manhood at its best and its most." Any so-called enthusiast is a misnomer unless his earnestness of spirit is centered upon God's work in the world—the furthering of his kingdom among men. The Master calls for this earnestness. He must have earnest workers in his vineyard.

Remember Paul—"Paul the Ready." He was in

"dead earnest." Paul was a real enthusiast. He could say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Thank you, Paul, for this definition of enthusiasm. "God with us." "Christ in you." God will come in as far as any man will let him. When he is having unrestrained freedom within, men will soon know it, and respond to the constraining love that will go out. His comforting presence in the life will give us the right spirit with which to meet the difficulties and hardships that come.

How much that Presence meant to Paul in his "scourges" and "stonings" and "shipwrecks." This was his cry: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." Reader, if you and I get into the holy city it will be because we "have not held our lives dear unto ourselves." "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." The way to the better life lies through earnest service. Away with self-indulgence! O, that we would let the Spirit of God cleanse away all the slothfulness, unreality, and self-complacency from our lives! The Master waits a little longer. "Unto you, O men, I call." "The Spirit will be poured out upon all those who yield to his promptings." Such yielding will bring satisfaction, joy, and victory. May this be our lot. "Divine Master, deepen my sense of personal responsibility for the people about me. Help me to cultivate the spirit of readiness to serve. May I never betray the spirit of the deserter, but fill me with obedience to thee. Strengthen me, O Lord, to witness faithfully, and grant that I may conquer the hesitation of discouragement, and learn to say with Paul, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'"

The Bible in Cagayan Province

JUAN was a native colporteur. He had worked over very bad roads till he was five weeks from Manila, in the Cagayan province. The "Evangelio de San Mateo" did not sell, even for the low price of two cents. Night was falling as the weary Jaun reached the provincial capital, without knowing where he was to lodge. Finally he met a servant of the local governor, who offered, in exchange for two books, to find Jaun a lodging with his brother.

Thus, when the colporteur departed the next day,

two Gospels were left in that town. The brother used his up, leaf by leaf, rolling cigarettes; but the servant read his copy. One day he chanced to leave it in the governor's chair. Don José, the governor, found it, read it, became interested, then perplexed. He did not know what to think of it, so he resolved to take the five weeks' journey to the nearest missionary.

When he reached the missionary, he took from his pocket a small package wrapped in the fine white bark of the gobo tree. This contained an inner package wrapped in silk, and this in turn the stained and worn copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, left by the servant in the chair.

"Five weeks I have been on the road," said Don José. "With my companion I have traveled over the far blue mountains and by strange rivers. While we came along the narrow trail in the valley, we sometimes knew that armed savages of the head hunters stealthily followed us in the shadows of the trees. By boat and raft and trail we came. I have come, Señor Missionary, because my people need help. Americans have among them a book of the Gospel that every man may learn for himself the way of life and truth. I have come to get you to go and teach my people out of that book."

But the missionary had no one to send. The Bible Society, too, was without funds even to send a colporteur back again. The disappointed governor had to go back alone. But the story of his trip was told abroad, and one day, three years afterward, a man came to the Bible agent in Manila and asked to be sent to Cagayan. He had been a volunteer soldier, a teacher, a half dozen things, sticking to nothing. The agent mistrusted him, and besides, had no funds. But the man, who was an American named Sanderson, persisted; and finally, some funds having come in, he was sent as a colporteur, on half pay.

Don José had died, and the new governor was hostile; but Sanderson was not daunted. He sailed, rode, walked, even swam, to get from place to place, preaching everywhere, and selling the Scriptures. In November, 1906, he perished in a great flood, and nobody knows where his body lies; but six months later, when a missionary pushed his way up into the wild region, he found a thousand converts waiting for him, and now the valley is dotted with chapels.—*Record of Christian Work.*

The Power of a Good Act

At the Hendrick Hudson anniversary celebration in New York City, a lamp was used for display powers which threw a light equivalent to the power of one billion lighted candles. On a clear night and at sea this light could be distinguished fifty miles away.

Yet the power of this wonderful illuminator is not one trillionth that of a good act. The light in itself is marvelous, but by no means as wonderful as the thought which could develop such an illuminant for the good of mankind.

In the Metropolitan Art Museum, of New York, are hundreds of paintings by old masters. As to mechanical construction, the paintings are remarkable productions, but it is not that which holds one spell-bound before them. The thought the artist tried to express through them, the influence which he sought to exert upon other minds, is what gives these paintings fame through all the ages.

A man of inventive turn of mind once built a monster locomotive. It was the biggest locomotive ever set on rails, and he invited his friends and many strangers to inspect it. They were all loud in their praises as they looked it over, but finally a quiet gentleman asked:—

"How will you operate it? How is it to run?"

"O," said the builder, "I didn't provide for its running! I just wanted to build a machine."

He had therefore only a toy to show; when it came to that toy having usefulness and power, it was nothing.

So, through all life, through all human actions, we find the thing that lasts, that has power and weight, that builds to make the world better, is not the mechanism of a thought, but the purity of

the thought and the way that purity is brought into action. When it has action, we call it "a good deed." And a good deed is the billion candle-power light of character.—*Christian Endeavor World.*



A CHINESE COLPORTEUR, WITH HIS TRAVELING EQUIPMENT OF BIBLES AND BEDDING

Smiles and Tears

If you wish to grumble, go
Where there's no one nigh to hear;
Let the story of your woe
Fall upon no mortal ear.

Store your troubles far away,
Hid within some jungle deep,
Where nobody's like to stray,
Or to hear you when you weep.

But if joy hath come to you,
Shout it, spread it far and wide;
Share with others all the true
Happiness that betide.

Joy and pain contagious are.
Smiles evoke their kith and kin.
Tears will travel fast and far
If you fail to hold them in.

Who is blest the better, he
Who hath filled the world with cheer,
Or the man of misery
With his ever-ready tear?

—*John Kendrick Bangs, in Christian Endeavor World.*



A Choice

If you must sit and sigh
 And have the blues,
 Why don't you try
 To realize
 That there are sighs and sighs,
 And blues and blues,
 From which to choose?

There're heavenly blues, and blues of tranquil seas,
 Both pleasant — if you have them, pray have these;
 And when you sigh, be like the turtle-dove,
 Who knows not grief, and merely sighs for love.

—Blakeney Grey.

Keep the Soul on Tiptoes

YOU can not look on beauty appreciatively without a stretching up of the spirit to what is higher. You can not cherish a beautiful thought without a degree of mental growth.

You can not give expression to a generous impulse in a smile or a kind word, without gaining strength for doing kindnesses. Keep your soul on tiptoes by holding up before it thoughts of beauty and inspiration.
 —*Young People's Weekly.*

Cure for Jealousy

AN INSTRUCTOR reader has written to the "Question and Answers" department for a remedy for a jealous heart. Jealousy, like pride, is hard to kill. There is but one sure remedy, and that is the love of Christ filling the heart.

Jealousy is so grave an evil, blighting happiness wherever it trespasses, that not for a moment should one cherish it in one's heart. It not only works great evil to the object of its attack, but to its possessor, insidiously working upon the soul until the good and beautiful therein are forever driven out.

The unfavorable reaction upon itself may be its chief harm, as is indicated in an incident purported to have taken place in a Grecian city where the "citizens erected a monument to one of their number who was a celebrated victor in the public games. So strong was the feeling of envy which this incited in one of the rivals of the hero that he went forth every night in order, if possible, to destroy that monument. After repeated efforts he moved it from its pedestal, and it fell, and in its fall it crushed him." But jealousy more often does injury to more than its possessor. The following incident cites one of unnumbered tragedies that have come from cherished jealousies:—

"On Lake Huron during one of the early severe winter storms a vessel caught fire. The lives of the crew were imperiled, and the wireless operator on board sent out the imperative call for aid. This call was quickly picked up by a wireless operator on a distant shore. He caught the name of the vessel and the appeal for help. He responded with his wireless key immediately, but the operator on the burning vessel happened to be jealous of him — had cherished in his

mind an enmity falsely borne out of the efforts of each to perform his duty. He knew whence the response to his appeal, but he would not answer. Instead, he waited for other wireless stations to answer, and when they did so it was too late to save fourteen lives. They were lost — lost through the petty jealousy of one human being of another."

Homes have been broken up; individuals and nations made to sorrow; society outraged; youth demoralized; and business and political interests sacrificed, to this great evil. And yet it lives!

Experience has proved that a large proportion of the jealousies that have come to light have been unfounded, have been based upon one's own surmisings or the evil suggestions of another instead of upon fact. This alone should make one slow to cherish such feeling against another.

Then, too, jealousy has never been known to remedy the evil which gave it birth, nor to bring joy to its possessor. It is selfish and unkind. It scatters no perfume or flowers. It rather embitters and degrades. It plunges the dagger into the heart of friend and foe.

The slightest indication of the presence of this insidious evil in the heart should cause alarm, and lead to its complete destruction. Good common sense, as well as Christianity, makes this imperative demand, if one would be just to one's self or to others.

Inviting the Escort In

SOME one asks, "If a young lady is accompanied to her home from church or other place by a gentleman friend, is it proper for her to ask him in, if the hour is not late?"

Yes, she may do so, if the hour is early, and she knows that her parents have not yet retired. If the hour is late, or if her parents have retired, she should bid her escort good-night on reaching the door of her home.

Rats in the Hair

It has been a source of regret to the writer that so many of our young people are falling in with the custom of padding the hair with various contrivances to convey the impression that they are blest with a luxuriant growth of hair. The goddess Fashion has decreed that her devotees shall wear rats and turbans to puff out the hair to balance the enormous hats that are now the rage. The God of heaven has expressed his desire that his followers shall be modest and simple in their attire, and has especially forbidden unnatural dressing of the hair. 1 Peter 3:3; 1 Tim. 2:9. Which god shall we serve? Every father and mother in Israel should determine, with Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Worldly fashions are becoming more extreme with each passing year. In nothing is this tendency more pronounced than in the outlandish head-gear worn by those who worship at the shrine of Fashion. The Lord is greatly displeased to see his professed children adopting these freaks and fads. It is a positive denial of the faith.

To the worldling it indicates that the Seventh-day Adventist youth are lowering the banner of heaven, and trailing it in the dust. I appeal to our Christian young people to wake up in this matter, take the rats and turbans out of their hair, and set an example more consistent with a profession of godliness.

Several large mercantile firms in Chicago, besides a

number of large hospitals, have decreed that no young woman connected with their establishment shall wear these things, as they look upon them as badges of low morals. Siegel, Cooper & Co., and St. Luke's Hospital, are among the institutions that have taken this action in that city.

Surely if purely worldly concerns recognize the deteriorating influence of the wearing of rats and other devices for puffing the hair, we who are waiting the return of our Lord ought to be awake to the situation. Some justify the wearing of these articles by saying that their hair is so thin that they must resort to this means to make a respectable appearance; but this argument counts for practically nothing, as they would quickly discontinue their use if Fashion decreed them no longer in style.

We are now in the time of the fulfilment of the prophecy of Isa. 3: 16-26, "Moreover the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes [margin, "deceiving with their eyes"—that is, flirting], walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet; therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion. . . . In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon." Young people who sincerely love the Lord will not run after the fads of this doomed world. They will be earnestly engaged in saving some brands from the burning. May God by his Holy Spirit touch all our hearts, and save us from the evils that are overwhelming the earth.—*M. N. Campbell.*

Gems of Thought

A PERSON could better sympathize with another in his trouble or adversity were he to imagine himself to be really in his place.

Sympathy that possesses no power to relieve in some degree the distressed condition of another is really no sympathy at all.

The amount and kind of sympathy that one has for another in need will manifest itself in the amount and kind of substantial aid that he renders to the other.

Genuine sympathy often calls for something more than mere lip service. It often demands personal labor, and not infrequently that we put our hand down into our pocket and fish out our pocket-book.

A little sympathy of the right kind, bestowed at the right time, has saved many a soul from eternal ruin.

Real sympathy is not manifested alone in the tones of the voice and the words that are spoken. Actions often speak as loudly as words.

A sympathetic look that came from a heart of love has prevented many a man from mental and moral disaster.

A cold, heartless look, ruthlessly given, has plunged many a discouraged soul still deeper into the abyss of ruin.

No Christian will be non-sympathetic. Christ was the embodiment of true sympathy. To be a Christian in the real sense of the word, is to be Christ-like.

He who withholds sympathy from another in distress is not manifesting in his life the character of Christ.

SAY thou thy say, and I will do my deed.—*Tennyson.*

How to Memorize

JAMES S. GALE, in his mission study text-book, "Korea in Transition," says:—

"One day there came into one of the mission stations a sturdy Christian from the north. After the usual greetings, he was asked the purpose of his visit. His reply was, 'I have been memorizing some verses in the Bible, and have come to recite them to you.' He lived a hundred miles away, and had walked all that distance, traveling four nights—a long stroll—to recite some Scripture verses to his pastor; but he was listened to as he recited in Korean, without verbal error, the entire sermon on the mount. He was told that if he simply memorized it, it would be a feat of memory and nothing more; he must practise its teachings. His face lighted up with a smile as he promptly replied: 'That is the way I learned it. I tried to memorize it, but it wouldn't stick, so I hit on this plan: I would memorize a verse, and then find a heathen neighbor of mine and practise the verse on him. Then I found it would stick.'"

Shirking the Blame

"I KNOW I'm awfully careless," said a young girl, the other day, complacently; "but I inherit it fast enough! Papa never could keep a pencil or a pen-knife, grandma says. So no wonder I lose about a dozen handkerchiefs a week."

No one spoke for a minute, and then big, blundering Tom "spoke up" vigorously.

"Well, there! I never thought of that way of shirking the blame of my sins, sis! Great scheme! Come to think of it, that must be how I find it so hard to keep from clumping round the house like a baby Jumbo—I expect I kind of 'inherit' it from mother! And then, as to keeping my face and hands clean, you all know what a way she has of going round with wrists and knuckles grimy!"

Everybody laughed, even mother, sitting cool and dainty in the bay window, hemming ruffles. Somehow it seemed to laugh down that other nonsense about shirking one's own faults and sins, instead of leaving them where they belong—on one's own shoulders.—*Youth's Evangelist.*

What to Read

ARE YOU in sorrow? Read John 14.

Do you worry? Read Matt. 6: 19-34.

Are you discouraged? Read Isaiah 40.

Have you the blues? Read Psalm 27.

When you have sinned, read Psalm 51.

When you are lonely or fearful, read Psalm 23.

If you want to be fruitful, read John 15.

If you want Christian assurance, read Romans 8.

If your faith needs stirring, read Hebrews 11.

If you want rest and peace, read Matt. 11: 25-30.

When you leave home for labor or travel, read Psalm 121.

When you forget your blessings, read Psalm 103.

When you want courage for your task, read Joshua 1.

When you grow bitter or critical, read 1 Corinthians 13.

When your prayers grow narrow or selfish, read Psalm 67.

For Jesus' idea of a Christian, read Matthew 5.

For Jesus' idea of prayer, read Luke 11: 1-13 and Matt. 6: 5-15.—*Dr. H. Frank Roll.*



“Daddy-Long-Legs”

PERHAPS some of our readers think the “daddy-long-legs” is a spider who feeds on flies. Well, that is not correct. He has an appetite as long as his legs, to be sure, but he dines upon the roots of grass, of flowers, and vegetables. The ravages of his young family of grubs may be discovered sometimes in the flower bed. It is said also that he is fond of lettuce and cabbage. He is a thorough vegetarian, and would not feel complimented to hear himself called a fly-catcher.—*Selected.*

Burning Gas Through Ice

AN interesting scene was witnessed last winter on a skating-lake near a Western city. White spots resembling air bubbles were noticed on the ice, and one of the skaters bored a hole into such a bubble, and applied a match to it, whereupon a flame burst out at the surface. Further experiments showed that when a small hole was bored down to the bubble, a long, thin jet of flame could be obtained, which would last for a considerable time. The bubbles were due to accumulations of marsh-gas, formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter at the bottom of the lake.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The First Telescope

VERY few persons, says the *Strand Magazine*, are aware that the first practical telescope—the one which Galileo used in discovering the satellites of Jupiter, in January, 1610—is still in existence and preserved at the Museum of Physics and Natural History in Florence. It is about three hundred years ago since this instrument was first turned toward the heavens. Unlike the present astronomical type, it had a concave instead of a convex eyepiece, just like the opera-glasses now in use.

When Galileo first exhibited his new telescope to the Doge and an enthusiastic assembly on the tower of St. Mark's, in Venice, he was overwhelmed with honors, because it was thought that the instrument would give the soldiers and sailors of the republic a great advantage over their enemies.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Leprosy

SOME years ago the writer saw an article supposed to have been written by one of the leading physicians of the United States, who was alarmed at the rapid increase of leprosy in this country. No cause could be given for this. Men who, so far as they knew, had never seen a person afflicted with leprosy, had never been in a country where leprosy existed, would suddenly develop the terrible disease. And this, too, among those of the better classes, who had led cleanly lives. So many became afflicted that a home for lepers was established in one of the Southern States.

About that time cigar manufacturers in San Francisco and adjoining cities in California began to be troubled over the fact that a good brand of cigars was being placed on the market much cheaper than they

could sell theirs. For some time they tried to find where they came from, but failed. At last they placed the matter in the hands of a detective, who after many days of watching and searching, decided that the cigars came from the basement of an old warehouse. A raid was made on the building, and there were found several Chinamen, all afflicted with that horrible disease, leprosy, in various stages, who were engaged in the manufacture of those cigars. And they were being sold all over the United States. This had been going on for years.

Touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing.
F. I. RICHARDSON.

A Handy Dark-Room Lamp

To obtain an exceedingly simple and practical dark-room lamp to be used where electric current is available, procure an ordinary two-quart glass fruit-jar, break out the porcelain lining in the cover, and cut a



hole through the cover just large enough to fit over the socket of an incandescent electric lamp; then solder cover and socket together. Line the inside of the jar with two thicknesses of good orange post-office paper. The best lamp for the purpose is an eight-candle-power show-case lamp. Screw the lamp into the socket and screw the cover onto the jar, and you have a safe light of excellent illuminating-power.

When you desire to work by white light, two turns will remove the jar. If developing papers are being worked, obtain a second jar and line with light orange paper, screw into the cover fastened to the lamp, and you have a safe and pleasant light for loading and development. By attaching sufficient cord to the lamp, it can be moved to any part of the dark room necessary, and you have three lamps at a trifling cost.—*Studio Light.*

Prizes Won by Bird Men

GLENN CURTISS' aeroplane flight from Albany to New York deserves to rank as an historic achievement. Three centuries ago, in 1609, the “Half Moon” made the same journey in eleven days; in 1807 the “Clermont” made the trip in thirty-two hours; the average first-class river steamboats now make it in nine and one-half hours; the Empire State Express makes its daily run in two hours and forty minutes, and Curtiss made the distance—137 miles—in 152 minutes, eight minutes faster than the express train! Deducting his short stop at Poughkeepsie, Curtiss' actual flying time was fifty-four and four-fifths miles an hour. It was not the longest trip on record, the honor of that belongs to Paulhan, who covered the 186 miles from Manchester to London in a single flight; but his speed was far slower than that of Curtiss on his little biplane. Besides, the American had to contend with a rugged country, with many hills and valleys and a variety of perplexing air currents, while the English trial was over a comparatively level area. The day of the aeroplane is surely on the way. The tempting prizes now offered will induce the aviators to take unusual risks. For his great achievement, Curtiss won ten thousand dollars, but now premiums are announced aggregating fifty-five thousand dollars for flights from New York to Chicago and New York to St. Louis.

These will, doubtless, bring out all the famous aeronauts, and we may look forward to seeing Paulhan, Latham, and Bleriot, the channel flier, as well as Rolls, the Englishman, who, on June 2, crossed and recrossed the channel without alighting. A contest between these knights of the blue will be well worth seeing.—*The Christian Herald*.

Tuberculin for Everybody

FOUR hundred thousand flasks of tuberculin were distributed during the last year by the government Bureau of Animal Industry. The stuff is given to cattle by hypodermic injection, to find out whether or not they are suffering from tuberculosis.

The entire country looks to Uncle Sam for supplies of tuberculin. The States do not make it for themselves, but apply to the authorities at Washington for what they require. It is sent to them, free of charge, in glass flasks, stoppered with absorbent cotton to keep out germs.

The method of manufacture is simple enough. A soup prepared from lean beef is first sterilized by boiling. Then a few germs of bovine tuberculosis are put into it, and allowed to multiply for a few hours. At the end of that time, the soup contains billions of them. They are all killed by heating the soup again to boiling-point, and then the stuff is ready for use. Tuberculin is furnished only to health officers.—*Technical World*.

Pure Food Decisions

A COLLECTION of short reports of violations of the national pure food law just issued by the Department of Agriculture records the following penalties imposed within the last year or two: For selling bogus lemon and strawberry flavoring extracts, \$400; olive-oil adulterated with cottonseed-oil, \$50; an article which purported to be gin but was not derived from the juniper berry, \$25; a mixture of skim-milk cheese and starch labeled "cream cheese," \$10; and a substance which was credited with the quality of imparting the characteristics of true butter to an imitation, \$1. Other instances mentioned in the reports included 160 cases marked "Elgin Creamery Butter," but made at Piercerville, Ill.; 1,500 sacks labeled "White Oats," but containing several kinds of grain, and 25 packages of what was represented to be Roquefort cheese, though it did not come from France, and lacked the traits of the Roquefort product. In each of these three cases, the defendants pleaded guilty, but they were not compelled to pay a fine. They were merely required to file bond which pledged them not to sell the particular lots of merchandise in question in the United States.—*Selected*.

Phosphorus Poisoning

THE common parlor match is a deadly invention. If the child sucks its head, he will be poisoned. The workers who make it are continually threatened with a disease known to the medical and dental professions as phosphorus necrosis, but popularly known as "phossy jaw." This is caused by the attacks of the phosphorus fumes upon the jaw-bones. It sometimes necessitates the removal of the entire jaw by surgical operation. Not unfrequently it results in death. The Bureau of Labor has just published the results of an investigation into fifteen of the sixteen match factories

in the United States to determine the extent of phosphorus poisoning. It proves that, in spite of modern methods and precaution, the disease is wide-spread. The records of over a hundred cases were discovered in a very short time. In one of the most modern establishments, where dental and medical inspection is provided, the records of forty cases were discovered. There is only one remedy, and that is to prohibit the manufacture, sale, or importation of matches made from white phosphorus. Seven great European countries have done this by international agreement. Matches which are not poisonous cost five per cent more to make, and no one manufacturer can make them and meet competition. The only possible remedy is a law that will place all manufacturers on equal terms, and prevent the suffering and loss of life which now occur in the match industry.—*Selected*.

Coke in the Making

COAL to the value of \$23,250,000 is turned into coke in the State of Pennsylvania in a single season. That is rather more than half the total coke output for the whole country. Coke is employed extensively in the manufacture of iron and steel because of the intense heat it gives off, and also because of its freedom from troublesome by-products, like tar and ammonia, which militate against the use of coal. The old-fashioned beehive oven is gradually giving way to the retort oven, in which it is possible to save these by-products, which are wasted in the beehive ovens. The latter, however, are still those most commonly seen. They are twelve feet three inches in diameter, and are fed with coal through the top. The fire is kept burning from twenty-four to seventy-two hours, when it is extinguished with pure mountain water. The coke is then drawn out with heavy iron scrapers, and loaded upon the cars. Less time is required for transforming the coal into coke when the retort oven is used, and the coke is ejected by means of a machine which thrusts a ram into the oven on one side and forces it out through an opening on the opposite side into the waiting cars.

The coke-making regions are unpleasant places when the mills are running, but they turn out a valuable product.—*Technical World*.

"A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

A Missionary Heroine

THERE recently passed away in Boston one of the most remarkable missionaries ever sent out by the American Board, Miss Corinna Shattuck, who went to Turkey in 1873, and during all these years has labored first at Aintab and then at Oorfa. She was a woman of tremendous will-power, and had managed to live with only one lung for all these recent years, suffering many privations, and accomplishing her work in spite of enormous outside difficulties.

Miss Shattuck was all alone at her mission, and during the massacres of 1895 she withstood a Turkish mob, and forced them to let her schools alone. Since the massacres, she conducted a large work for the orphans and widows, sometimes giving employment to more than two thousand persons.—*Selected*.



THE HOME CIRCLE

Many of life's sweetest and most helpful experiences are, often for mere want of thought, sacrificed by the uncourteous.—Mrs. E. G. Witte.



How We Deal With the Boys

[The following article is an excerpt from the book "How Two Hundred Children Live and Learn," by Rudolph Reeder, Ph. D., superintendent of the New York Orphan Asylum.—EDITOR.]

WHEN hundreds of thousands of children are turned out of school with no work, no interests, or industries of any kind for them to pursue, and no one to safeguard their leisure with suggestions as to how to employ their time, it is not at all surprising that they would run amuck of police officers. Thousands of boys all over the country are thus going the wrong way simply for want of some one to show them a better course and lead them into it. Instead of the blind, blundering view expressed by the short-sighted writer who says: "Young America in search of excitement is a dangerous proposition, and should have his ambition chastened by the reform school," we should have parents, teachers, neighbors, and social workers providing helpful, happy, and wholesome ways for the outflow of the pent-up energies of boyhood. It is not reforming schools but forming schools that young America needs.

Many of the boys and girls in this orphanage earn money every month. An interest in money not only motives a large share of their leisure time which would otherwise go to waste or mischief, but it also develops individual initiative and self-mastery, and in this way contributes to moral training. Cut off the opportunity for the thousand and one odd tasks which the boys of the orphanage are constantly seeking to perform for money, and mischief, ill behavior, and the necessity for punishment would at once increase. During the vacation I can scarcely walk across the grounds without from one to a half dozen boys asking me for a job. It is the cry of surplus energy for profitable outlet. Not to provide for it means its escape in some forbidden channel. Where much occupation is provided, little punishment is needed. It keeps one busy finding occupation for two hundred children, but it is a pleasanter task than devising methods of punishment.

Money responsibility may be used to excellent advantage as punishment, and also as a means for the development of moral control. The punishments used in institutions often lose their force by their dreary monotony. After a boy has been whipped half a dozen times, that form of punishment loses practically all its effect as a moral influence or as a painful ordeal, even though the whipping may be a severe one. Read "Tom Brown at Rugby" for examples of this.

In adult society, if one man assaults another, he is fined; if he disturbs the peace, he is fined; if he cruelly treats his horse, he is fined; if he sells impure foods, he is fined. Cash responsibility in the shape of fines is universal. Why, if it works well with men, may it not work well with children? It is certainly as rational a medium in which to express moral responsibility as any other external penalty may be. It has a great advantage over corporal punishment, shutting in the

closet, putting to bed, or administering "Turkish baths." In fact, it gives the child something to do rather than simply having something done to him. It lays upon the child a responsibility for his own deed. In earning money to pay his fine, he punishes himself. In our orphanage we keep a book account of fines, and they stand on record until paid. A fine may not be paid for many weeks or months after it has been imposed, but the very fact that there is a responsibility on record, which must be met, exerts a wholesome and restraining influence over the child. Following are representative entries from our fine book:—

E. M.	Leaving book out in the rain	\$.25
R. H.	Breaking gas-globe25
M. G.	Spilling ink on apron10
I. B.	Playing with matches in basement25
L. L.	Making fudge without permission50
J. D.	Breaking clinic thermometer40
V. J.	Defacing school desk10
A. W.	Breaking little girl's doll10
G. W.	Stealing apples25
E. K.	Burning apron10
I. B.	Misusing best suit	1.00
M. B.	Tearing music10
F. W.	Destroying hat10
H. P.	Stoning pigeons10
W. N.	Taking nails from carpenter shop10
W. W.	Stealing oranges25

When the boys in Bethune Cottage brought one of their number to the office with the request that he be "everlastingly licked" for committing a piece of vandalism, they expressed the traditional view of punishment handed down to us from remote times, and not yet entirely outgrown. It was the quantitative view—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; so much punishment for so much offense. It is common even nowadays to hear parents, teachers, institution caretakers, etc., say, "This child deserves a good whipping, a sound thrashing, etc." Whereas, it is not a question of what he deserves, but rather a question of what will be most helpful to enable him to overcome, by self-formed purpose or mastery, his desire to repeat the offense.

We do not prescribe punishment for a child that has become ill even through carelessness or disobedience. We do not say anything about what he "deserves," but immediately proceed with the medicine or treatment which will best restore him to health. So should it be if he is morally delinquent, which after all is a kind of sickness. Justice, or what he deserves, in the old sense of the term, has nothing to do with it.

Deprivation is an excellent form of punishment, and we use it frequently in the orphanage. It obviously can not be used where there is a dead levelism of interests, possessions, and activities; where there is no scope for individual initiative or enlargement of op-

portunities. If children have money and property; if they have skates and sleds, bathing-suits and wagons, gardens, rabbitries, pigeon-houses, fishing-tackle, and tools; if they have a variety of clothing, the privilege of making visits to friends, taking trolley rides, or going to town; if their lives are thus encircled as every child's life should be, then deprivation may become a strong help in discipline and in moral training. Nothing in this orphanage gets hold of a boy quicker in summer than to be required to leave his bathing-suit in the office until his conduct improves. His skates represent almost as large an interest in winter, and nearly every child old enough to require punishment, has some privilege or possession near enough to his heart to bring pressure to bear on his conduct if it becomes necessary to use it for that purpose. The very possession, however, of all these privileges and instruments lessens the need of punishment.

Married to a Drunkard

SHE suddenly rose in the meeting, and spoke as follows: "Married to a drunkard! Yes, I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls." We all turned and looked at her. She was a wan woman, with dark, sad eyes and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard, I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and, O, so happy! I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it—knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young woman in this building that does understand it, unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard, whether father, husband, brother, or son. Girls, believe me when I tell you that to marry a drunkard is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night—'bleached by sorrow,' as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet sorrows of seventy rest upon my head, and upon my heart—ah, I can not begin to count the winters resting there!" she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned, he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely girls and a boy." Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. He had kept away from his home. One night I was seated by my sick boy; the two little girls were in bed in the next room, while beyond was another room, into which I heard my husband go as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror suddenly took hold of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed endowed with superhuman strength, and, throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way, and the door flung open. O the sight! The terrible sight!" she wailed out in a

voice that haunts me now. She covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls; God grant that you never may. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes glaring with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. 'Take them away!' he screamed. 'The horrible things, they are crawling all over me. Take them away, I say!' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger I rushed to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children covered with their life-blood, slain by their own father. For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side—the man who had wrought me all this woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailings filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room. When my husband saw them, he suddenly drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind was so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased. Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face. Some of the women were sobbing aloud, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the temperance meeting. So much sorrow, we thought, and through no fault of her own. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotions to resume her story.

"For two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck; then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him, I said, 'Thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard,' and I went to my home a childless woman on whom the hand of God rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him? so much the worse for you; for married to him, the greater is your misery, because of your love. You will marry him and then reform him, so you say. Ah! a woman sadly overrates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for that great demon Drink, when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you from the sorrow that wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it, and have a message to bear to every girl in England: Never marry a drunkard!"

I can see her now as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing with emotion, as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out, and we never saw her again. Her words, "fitly spoken," were not without effect.—*Selected.*

"If thou thinkest twice before thou speakest once," said William Penn, "thou wilt speak twice the better for it."



Children of China.



Indian Child,
Central America.

"The Little Helper,"
Japan.



Two Little Girls in New Guinea.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

What a Little Girl Heard

I JUST ran away to the buttercup lot,
When mama told me I'd better not,
And a little brown birdie, up in a tree,
As true as you live, kept a-saying to me,
"Naught-tee May! ran away!"
Till I didn't know what to do.
Now, how do you s'pose he knew?

And once we went to the meadow brook,
Josie and me, with a fishing-hook,
And the very same birdie sang again,
"Naught-tee May! ran away!"
And Josie, she heard him, too,
Now, how do you s'pose he knew?

Josie she guesses what I heard
Was my own conscience, 'stead of a bird;
But the water looked so scowly and black,
We took hold of hands and ran right back,
And all the way we heard it say,
"That is the best thing to do."
And mama she said so, too.

—Emily Miller.

A Mother's Sorrow

A COMPANY of Southern ladies, assembled in a parlor, were one day talking about their different troubles. Each had something to say about her own trials. But there was one in the company, pale and sad-looking, who for a while said nothing. Suddenly rousing herself, she said:—

"My friends, you don't any of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the kind voice of one who knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will, if you desire it; for, in the words of the prophet, 'I am the one who hath seen affliction.'

"My parents were very well off; and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. Every wish of my heart was gratified, and I was cheerful and happy.

"At the age of nineteen I married one whom I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired; but the sun never shone upon a lovelier spot or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five lovely children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom.

"One night about sundown one of those fierce, black storms came up, which are so common to our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The country around us was overflowed. The little stream near our dwelling became a foaming torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little elevated spot, where the thick foliage of a few wide-spreading trees afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more. But that was not trouble.

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart; and I watched their efforts to escape, with such an agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off that I could not speak to them; but I could see them

closing nearer and nearer to each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The swollen river raged fearfully around the huge trees. Dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, and masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me and then pointed upward. I knew it was their farewell signal; and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them perish,—all perish. Yet that was not trouble.

"I hugged my baby close to my heart; and when the water rose at my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till the hand of God stayed the waters that they should rise no farther. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away; all my earthly hopes were blighted. Yet that was not trouble.

"My baby was all I had left on earth. I labored day and night to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way. But, as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He became fond of drink. He left my humble roof, that he might be unrestrained in his evil ways. And at last one night, when heated by wine, he took the life of a fellow creature. He ended his days upon the gallows. God had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it ran over. That was trouble, my friends, such as I hope the Lord of mercy will spare you from ever knowing."

Boys and girls, can you bear to think that you might bring such a sorrow on your dear father or mother? If you would not, be on your guard against intemperance. Let wine and liquors alone. Never touch them. —Selected.

If it is so hard to give up cigarettes, would it not be better never to start smoking? —Selected.

"As cigar-smoke will cloud the stars, and a sip of wine or coffee render inappreciable the delicate markings of suns and moons, so will a vain thought, a cherished appetite, a worldly passion, an evil act, impair the sight of the soul."

"Honesty the Best Policy"

At the State Democratic Convention held at Charlotte, North Carolina, which was in session for a week, a little boy eight years old, Cicero Alexander by name, sold one of the delegates a paper. The gentleman gave him a dollar, and the boy, not having the necessary change, went away to get it. When he returned the gentleman had gone into the hall and could not be found. The boy, after hunting vainly for some time, burst into tears. Some one suggested that he go upon the rostrum in the convention hall and tell the chairman, which the boy at once did.

Chairman Parsons took him by the hand, led him to the front of the stage, and requested that balloting be suspended for a few minutes. He then explained that the boy desired to return to some one ninety-five cents in change that was due him. The gentleman arose in the rear of the hall; but before he could say anything, two thousand delegates, many of whom had been accustomed to call out "No change," on the ballots when their respective counties were called, took up the cry in unison and yelled for ten minutes, "No change." At the conclusion of the yell they crowded toward the rostrum. One delegate took the little fellow's big straw hat and put into it half a dollar. This was followed by nickels, dimes, and quarters until \$19.35 was in his hat; and the boy stood bewildered.

One delegate yelled: "Mr. Chairman, I nominate that boy for State treasurer." He was informed by the chair that, as a candidate for treasurer had already been nominated, his motion was not in order. Another delegate then said: "I move that that boy be nominated by acclamation for chief page in the next general assembly of North Carolina." And the motion was carried unanimously. Thereupon the chairman told the boy that he must make a speech. Walking to the front of the rostrum, he bowed low, and said, "Gentlemen, I thank you," the only speech during the convention that was noted for its brevity.—*Success*.

The Story of a Southern Girl

NINE or ten years ago, Dr. Len Broughton visited a district in the mountains of southwest Virginia, holding a three days' mission for the deepening of spiritual life. The people were exceedingly poor, but living pure, wholesome lives. He was entertained by a family living in a house of only three rooms, where his deepest interest was awakened by one whom he took to be a daughter of the family.

Speaking of her to the minister of the place, he was told that she was the most remarkable girl in all that country. She had never had more than three months' schooling in her life, and was not a daughter, but only the servant, in receipt of four dollars a month.

Out of this she gave every month one dollar to her church (being the largest contributor), one dollar to foreign missions (being again the largest contributor), two dollars to her family, her father being very poor, and the family very large. She clothed herself by taking in work and sitting up far into the night.

The room occupied by Dr. Broughton was this girl's, and there he found her Bible. It was marked on every page, and almost at every verse, but it was at Mark 17: 15 that he found, as he believed, the secret of her life. Over against the, "Go ye into all the world," etc., was written in a firm, clear hand, "O, if I could!"

He felt he must follow this up, and so he spoke to her about it, whereupon she broke into crying.

"Don't cry, come to business," said he; but the crying went on all the same, and he had to try again later on, when she told him her story.

At fourteen she was converted at a meeting, and when she reached home she found a tract lying there entitled, "China's Call for the Gospel." Nobody knew anything about it—whence it came, who brought it, or how long it had been there. Yet it was that that shaped all her after-life. She showed Dr. Broughton the tree where for ten years she had prayed the Lord to send her to China.

But a great change had come over her recently. Exactly two weeks before Dr. Broughton's coming she had come to the conclusion that she had misunderstood the Lord's purpose for her, that, after all, his plan for her was that she should be a missionary for him *in the kitchen*. At once her prayer became, "Make me willing to be a missionary for thee in the kitchen!" She told how the Lord had answered that prayer, but now Dr. Broughton's first sermon had brought back the old longings stronger than ever.

"I have been so miserable that I almost wish you hadn't come," she said.

His reply was that she must come off at once with him and be trained. He felt so sure that God had sent him to help this chosen servant of his into her true path, that he must do it even if he had to sell his own clothes. She followed him in a few days to Atlanta. His people responded nobly to his appeal; she was sent one thousand miles away to Brooklyn for training, and at the end she came out first of all the students. For seven years she did good work in China, came home on furlough, and has now just returned for her second term of service.

The point to be noted specially is this: For ten years she had longed for the big thing. Then she was brought to willingness to accept the little thing—to shine for God in that narrow home as kitchen-maid; and as soon as she had reached that point, God himself sent her out to China.

"For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—*Life of Faith*.

Stick to It

O PRIM little postage-stamp, "holding your own"
In a manner so winning and gentle,
That you're "stuck on" your task (is that slang?)—you
will own,
And yet, you're not two-cent-imental.
I have noted with pride that through thick and through thin
You cling to a thing till you do it,
And, whatever your aim, you are certain to win
Because you seem bound to stick to it.

Sometimes when I feel just like shirking a task
Or quitting the work I'm pursuing,
I recall your stick-to-it-ive-ness and I ask,
"Would a postage-stamp do as I'm doing?"
Then I turn to whatever my hands are about
And with fortified purpose renew it,
And the end soon encompass, for which I set out,
If, only, like you, I stick to it.

The sages declare that true genius, so called,
Is simply the will to "keep at it."
A "won't-give-up" purpose is never forestalled,
No matter what foes may combat it.
And most of mankind's vaunted progress is made,
O stamp! if the world only knew it,
By noting the wisdom which you have displayed
In sticking adhesively to it.

—Nixon Waterman, in "Boy Wanted."

THE CHILDREN'S COOKING CLASS

CONDUCTED BY D. A. FITCH

Introduction — Lesson No. 1



HEN but a young boy in my teens a friend and I took a most delightful outing. With bedding, reading-matter, and provisions, we started in a boat for a long trip by water. We could float, row, or sail, as we chose, and when hungry could go ashore and roast potatoes in the ashes of the camp-fire, and prepare what other foods we knew how to cook. When night came on, we pulled ashore, turned our boat over, and slept under it, building a bonfire near by.

It is not the object of this article, however, to relate the experiences of that trip, though one incident may be of interest in this connection. I was fond of pearl barley, and thought to satisfy myself on this cereal while out on our trip, so purchased a pound or two before leaving town. One day, having found a desirable camping place in a cave near the water's edge, I proceeded to cook my pearl barley over a camp-fire.

But, alas! pearl barley would not respond to my efforts, as potatoes and eggs had done. I will not endeavor to tell you the sad ending of the effort I made to get that barley ready for the meal; but if you have ever cooked barley, and know how badly it sticks and burns, you can imagine my predicament.

Mother was a cooking-school teacher, and I wrote home asking her to tell the mothers in her classes to do what she had not done,— teach their boys to cook. Since then I have spent the greater part of fourteen years in culinary work. Many times I have thought of writing something for the INSTRUCTOR boys and girls on the subject of cooking and the preparation of food.

I believe every boy and girl ought to learn how to cook as early in life as possible. I know it makes a great deal of work for mother to teach you, but I hope those who join this class will endeavor to repay mother for helping them carry out the lessons by doing faithfully and willingly the errands she may have for them to do between times.

It is not unwise for a young person starting out in life to have several occupations by which he can earn a livelihood. There may not always be work for printers or carpenters, but there is quite sure to be work for cooks. You have an opportunity to learn to cook before leaving home, and it will be to your advantage to do so, rather than wait until your time is more valu-

able. Even though you may be taking full work at school, these lessons need not interfere, as you need physical exercise of some kind each day to keep in good trim for your studies.

One writer comments on the importance of this art as follows: "There is religion in good cookery, and I question the religion of that class who are too ignorant and too careless to learn to cook." Again the same writer says: "It is a religious duty for those who cook to learn how to prepare healthful food in different ways, so that it may be eaten with enjoyment." "Do not neglect to teach your children how to cook."

For fear some may not encourage the boys in learning to cook, I wish to make one more quotation from the same author: "Men, as well as women, need to understand the simple, healthful preparation of food. If they have a knowledge of cooking, they can use it to good advantage."

Some boys, and some girls also, are enthusiastic about starting various projects, but when the novelty wears off, the effort is discontinued. I hope those of the INSTRUCTOR family who begin to try the recipes and follow the instruction given in these articles will be faithful to the end.

If each one who intends to work out the practise lessons in the course would like to send me a postal card, stating his determination to do so, and giving his age, perhaps the names of the class can be printed in the INSTRUCTOR. We can, at least, print the names of those who successfully complete the course of lessons that follows. In this case your parents will have to give you your credits, for "the proof is in the eating thereof." The only prize we can offer to the contestants is a mint of invaluable knowledge.



WE CAN COOK OUR OWN FOOD, AND IT'S WORTH EATING, TOO

This and That

GREAT BRITAIN has the longest coast line of any of the countries of Europe.

A device which forces water down to the roots of plants is said to produce wonderful improvement in crops.

Perhaps the most curious of polishing wheels is that made of corn-husks for finishing shells of bone combs.

For the benefit of outdoor workers, who must have their hands free, a German inventor has brought out a tent-shaped umbrella that straps to the shoulders.

The bill providing for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona as separate States has become a law. Since constitutional conventions must be held and the proposed constitutions submitted to the people, and then ratified by Congress and approved by the President, a year may pass before these territories become States. — *Selected.*



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

V — Watchful Preparation Urged; the Parable of the Virgins

(July 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 24: 37 to 25: 13; Mark 13: 33-37; Luke 21: 34-36.

MEMORY VERSE: "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matt. 24: 42.

The Lesson Story

1. We do not know the day nor the hour when Jesus will return. He wishes us to be always ready, always looking, longing, and waiting for him. He has told us plainly when we may know he is near. "But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

2. "For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away." The people might have known the flood was coming. They saw Noah build the ark, they heard his preaching, but they were so busy with their own work and pleasure they gave no heed to the warning God sent them. Because of their neglect they were all destroyed. "So shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

3. Because we do not know the time when Jesus will come, he tells us to watch. "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth." Surfeiting is overeating, and the Lord warns against this because it leaves the mind unable to prize or understand heavenly things. Our thoughts may be so fully upon worldly things that the day of the Lord may come and find us unprepared, as were the people before the flood.

4. Sometimes thieves come to rob a house, but "if the goodman of the house had known in what watch [what part of the night] the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up." Jesus says, "Behold, I come as a thief," that is, while men are busy and unprepared he will come, and many will lose eternal life. But to those who are ready his coming will not be like that of a thief. They will not be surprised. "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

5. "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man." "For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

6. To impress the lesson already given, Jesus gave this parable: "Then shall the kingdom of heaven be

likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

7. "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone ["going," margin] out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

8. The ten virgins represent those who are waiting for Jesus to return. Their lamps represent God's Word. The oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit. The wise are those who will be ready to meet the Lord. The foolish ones are those who are unprepared. Now is the time to prepare. Parents can not save their children, and children can not save their parents. All must get ready before the door is shut. Jesus ended the parable with these words: "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

Questions

1. What has the Lord not told us about his coming? For what does he wish us to be looking and waiting? What has he plainly told us? To what time does he liken the days before he comes?

2. For what only were the people living before the flood? Until what time were they doing these things? What did they not know? What had they seen and heard? Why did they not heed the warning sent them? How will it be in the days just before Christ's coming?

3. Why does Jesus tell us to watch? Find some texts in the Bible where he tells us to do this. How are we to take heed? Why? What is surfeiting? How can this be a hindrance to us? In what way will that day come to those who have their treasure and hearts in the world? What is a snare? Tell what you can about snares.

4. If one knew a thief were coming to his house, what would he do? How does Jesus say he will come to some? What does he mean by this? To whom will his coming not be like that of a thief? What texts prove this?

5. For what should we always pray? What did Jesus say his going away was like? Why should his servants watch? What does he say to all? For what should we watch?

6. What parable did Jesus then speak? How did five of the virgins show their wisdom? What did the foolish ones do? What were all doing while the bridegroom tarried?

7. What call was heard at midnight? What did all the virgins then do? What did the foolish virgins say to the wise? What answer was given them? While they went to buy oil what took place? Who came to the door afterward? What did they say? What answer was given them?

8. What do the virgins represent? What are the

lamps? Ps. 119:105. Of what is the oil a symbol? Who are the wise virgins? What did the foolish neglect to do? When must we prepare for the coming of the Lord? With what words did Jesus end this parable?

14. What did the virgins whose lamps had gone out do? While they were gone, who came? Who went in to the marriage with the bridegroom? After those who were ready had gone in, what took place? Verse 10; note 6.

15. When the others found the door shut, what petition did they make? Verse 11.

16. From within came what answer? Verse 12.

17. What words of admonition and warning did Jesus repeat after concluding the parable? Verse 13.

Notes

1. It was not because that generation living at the time of the flood had not *heard* the warning of the coming deluge. They had heard it so long that it had become to them an old story. They "knew not" because they *believed not* God's message. Having cast aside God's Word as uncertain, they at last looked upon Noah's work as a delusion, and the flood came to them as a surprise. So will it be in the end of the world. For further study, see "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 95-97.

2. "Jesus has left us word: 'Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.' We are waiting and watching for the return of the Master, who is to bring the morning, lest coming suddenly he find us sleeping. What time is here referred to? Not to the revelation of Christ in the clouds of heaven to find a people asleep. No; but to his return from his ministration in the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary, when he lays off his priestly attire, and clothes himself with garments of vengeance, and when the mandate goes forth, 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; . . . and he that is holy let him be holy still.'"—*Testimonies for the Church, Vol. II, page 190.*

3. "Probation closes; Christ's intercessions cease in heaven. This time finally comes suddenly upon all, and those who have neglected to purify their souls by obeying the truth, are found sleeping. They became weary of waiting and watching; they became indifferent in regard to the coming of their Master. . . . While their interest was buried up in their worldly gains, the work closed in the heavenly sanctuary, and they were unprepared. If such had only known that the work of Christ in the heavenly sanctuary would close so soon, how differently would they have conducted themselves! how earnestly would they have watched! The Master, anticipating all this, gives them timely warning in the command to watch. He distinctly states the suddenness of his coming. He does not measure the time, lest we shall neglect a momentary preparation, and in our indolence look ahead to the time when we think he will come, and defer the preparation."—*Id., Vol. II, page 191.*

4. "Dr. Trumbull, attending an Oriental wedding, saw the bride's procession in the afternoon. He was told the bridegroom's procession would move out later in the evening. He watched for it several hours, and seeing no sign thereof he went quietly to bed in his tent. But *at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.* Literally, the substance of his dragoman's call."—*Peloubet's Notes, 1901.*

5. "The reply is not selfish, even in the figure, for there was not enough for *us and you*. To have divided the oil would have entirely defeated the purpose of the procession." "Personal character can not be given by one man to another. . . . There is much, indeed, we can and ought to do for each other. But we can not give to any one the qualities which we ourselves possess, but in which he is deficient."—*Id.*

6. A modern missionary, describing a Hindu wedding, closes by telling how when the bridegroom went into the house, the door "was immediately shut and guarded by sepoy. I and others expostulated with the doorkeepers, but in vain. Never was I so struck with our Lord's beautiful parable as at this moment—and the door was shut."—*Barnes's Notes, Vol. I, page 314.*

In studying this parable, it will be observed that all the virgins took lamps and went out to meet the bridegroom. All had some oil. All waited for him. But as the bridegroom tarried longer than they thought he would, all went to sleep. All arose at midnight. All trimmed their lamps. Here the separation took place. Only five had oil. And only those who were ready went in before the door was shut.

— He that feeds men serveth few,
He serves all who dares be true.

"AND this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:14.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

V — Watchful Preparation Urged; the Parable of the Virgins

(July 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 24:37 to 25:13.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Mark 13:33-37; Luke 21:34-36.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," chapter 8; "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 405-421; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 24:42.

PLACE: Mount of Olives.

PERSONS: Jesus, the disciples.

Questions

Watchful Preparation Urged

1. After giving the signs in the sun and moon and stars, to what time did Jesus refer as furnishing an example of the condition of the world just before the end? To what did the people in Noah's time give themselves up without restraint? To what day did they continue their riotous living? Why did they not know what was coming upon the earth? Matt. 24:37-39; note 1.

2. What illustration did Jesus use in describing the separation that would take place? Verses 40, 41.

3. What solemn words of exhortation did he direct to those who should live in the last generation? Why? Mark 13:33; Matt. 24:42.

4. With what illustrations did he further seek to impress his people with the importance of being ready for the end? Verses 43, 44; Mark 13:34-36; note 2.

5. Because the end has not come as soon as expected, what are even believers in danger of saying? What is that servant called who says in his heart, "My Lord delayeth his coming"? What will this attitude lead him to do? Matt. 24:48, 49.

6. How will some servants be surprised? What will be their portion? How will their disappointment affect them? Verses 50, 51; note 3.

Parable of the Virgins

7. To what did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven? Matt. 25:1.

8. What is said of these virgins? Verse 2.

9. In what respect were five of them foolish? How did five virgins manifest wisdom? Verses 3, 4.

10. After the ten virgins took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom, what took place? Because the bridegroom tarried, what did the virgins do? Verse 5; note 4.

11. What cry arose at midnight? What did all the virgins immediately do? Verses 6, 7.

12. What did five of them discover on trimming their lamps? What request did they make of the wise virgins? Verse 8.

13. What reply was made to this request? Verse 9; note 5.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - - - \$1.00
SIX MONTHS - - - .50

CLUB RATES

5 or more copies to one address, one year, each - - \$.75
5 or more copies to one address, six months, each - - .40
5 or more copies to one address, three months, each - .20

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Notice!

No study has been prepared this week for the Missionary Volunteer societies. It is desired that an earnest consecration service be held in place of the regular study.

Three Books

"How Two Hundred Children Live and Learn," is the name of a book published by the Charities Publishing Committee of New York. The author of the book is the superintendent of the New York Orphan Asylum, at Hastings-upon-Hudson. While the work deals largely with the problems of the orphanage, it contains helpful suggestions on discipline to parents and teachers. The price is \$1.25.

"Out-of-Doors"

The foregoing title is the name of a new book just issued by the Pacific Press Publishing Association. The author, M. E. Olsen, has charge of the English Department of the Foreign Mission Seminary, Washington, D. C. The contents of the book, together with the introduction by Jacob Riis, are a strong appeal for more outdoor life on the part of the men, women, and children of this country. This is represented as necessary for both preventing and curing disease. "Too Much House," Mr. Riis calls the key-note of the book. The volume is attractively bound, and is printed in large type. It can be obtained of the Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, California, for sixty cents.

A Pretty Gift Book

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, who has accomplished a wonderful work as a medical missionary for the Labrador fishermen, has recently published a booklet entitled, "What Life Means to Me." In it he says: "This is what life means to me—a place where true joys don't hang on material pegs, and where all the while the fact that God our Father is on his throne lines every cloud with gold." Again he says: "As for me, I fully accept that God is my Father and men are my brothers. Life to me means being worthy of this our family."

The book consists of thirty-two pages of interesting, helpful thoughts. It is attractively printed and bound in white cover. The price is fifty cents. Address The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The Filipino

WITHIN a year after Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, a young Filipino returned to the city of Manila from a banishment of seven years for the great crime of owning a Bible. Section two hundred twenty-eight of the old penal code of the islands made it a crime to own a Bible. He crept back into Manila timidly. He heard a Protestant minister on the street. The message charmed him. He said, "That is what I believe; that is what I found in the Book, that Jesus can save me directly so that I will know." He went up and made himself known. A few Sundays afterward, the regular preacher for the service failed to appear. This young man was asked to tell what he had found in the Book. The Spirit of God fell upon him and all that heard him, that day. He preached on and on, glad that in his own city he could take that identical copy of the Word of God for the owning of which he had been hunted like a criminal from the city, and cry in the ears of his own people that the Jesus it tells about can save unto the uttermost every one that comes unto God by him. It was Nicholas Zamora, a cultivated man, a fine Latin scholar, who could quote extensively from Latin authors. He has been preaching ever since that memorable day, winning hundreds of his fellow men to Christ.—*Selected.*

Evolution of the Negro

IN 1859 there were 4,500,000 persons of Negro descent in the United States, and of these 4,000,000 were slaves. These slaves could be bought and sold, could move from place to place only by permission, were forbidden to learn to read and write, and legally could neither hold property nor marry. Ninety-five per cent of them were totally illiterate, and only one adult in six was a nominal Christian.

The Negro was freed and turned loose as a penniless, landless, naked, ignorant laborer. Ninety-nine per cent of the race were field hands and servants of the lowest class. To-day 50 per cent are farm laborers and servants; over half of these are working as efficient modern workmen under a wage contract.

Above these have arisen 750,000 farmers, 70,000 teamsters, 55,000 railway hands, 36,000 miners, 35,000 sawmill employees, 28,000 porters, 21,000 teachers, 21,000 carpenters, 20,000 barbers, 20,000 nurses, 15,000 clergymen, 14,000 masons, 24,000 dressmakers and seamstresses, 10,000 engineers and firemen, 10,000 blacksmiths, 2,500 physicians, and, above all, 2,000,000 mistresses of independent homes, and 3,000,000 children in school.

Fifty years ago these people were not only practically penniless, but were themselves assessed as "real estate." In 1909 they owned nearly 500,000 homes, and among these about 250,000 farms, or more than one fifth of those they cultivate, with 15,000,000 acres of farm land, worth about \$200,000,000. As owners and renters of farms, they control 40,000,000 acres, worth over \$500,000,000, with a gross income of \$250,000,000.

Negroes to-day conduct every seventh farm in the land, and raise every sixteenth dollar's worth of crops. They have accumulated at least \$600,000,000 worth of property in a half century, starting with almost nothing.—*The American Missionary.*

WHERE science ends, where philosophy pauses, faith begins.—*Van Dyke.*