

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 13



THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, CUBA





NEARLY three hundred temporary clerks that were employed when the 1910 census was begun, were released on the last of February from government service.

SEVERAL days ago a Richmond woman purchased in an antique shop a life-size portrait of an infant. She paid eight dollars for the dusty old painting, and when she sent it to an artist to be cleaned, she found that it was worth \$5,000. It was a genuine Sully painting.

OVER a million workmen in the British coal-mines, it is reported, are on strike, and forty thousand more men in six hundred mills will be thrown out of work this week, with others to follow if no settlement is speedily made, either by agreement or by legislation fixing a minimum wage.

ON February 12, there was a hearing before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature upon various Sunday bills at the State-house in Boston. One of these bills proposes that the present Sunday law be amended so as to read: "Whoever on the Lord's day keeps open his shop, warehouse, or workhouse, or does any manner of labor, business, or work, except works of necessity and charity, or takes part in any sport, game, play, or public diversion, except municipal concerts and sacred concerts, or other like entertainments, given gratis by religious bodies or associations in a church, shall be punished by a fine of not more than fifty dollars for each offense."

ACCORDING to reports, Captain Roald Amundsen, a Norwegian explorer, reached the south pole on Dec. 14, 1911.

THE Italian war department has issued a statement of the casualties on the Italian side in the Turko-Italian war, from the beginning of the conflict to March 2. According to this statement, 37 officers and 499 men have been killed, and 1 officer and 323 men are missing. While it is believed that the missing men have been killed, there is no official record to this effect.

FEBRUARY 16 was Temperance day in the public schools of Alabama. In every school one hour was set aside by the teachers for reading to the pupils articles on temperance, or in some way presenting the subject to them. Congressman R. P. Hobson sent to every college student in the colleges of the State, and to every child above the fifth grade in the public schools, a copy of his address, "The Great Destroyer."

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Fogs and Clouds in God's Out-of-Doors, by George Wharton James.  
Use of Soothing Syrups, by Wm. C. Woodward, health officer District of Columbia.  
Reform Clothing in Dresden, by G. H. Heald, M. D. (illustrated).  
The Witches of Hazel (Story of Witch-Hazel).  
The Factory in a Garden, by the editor.  
Health and Common Sense, by Eva J. DeMarsh.  
How to Cook Legumes (part two), by G. E. Cornforth.  
Medical Missionary Work and the Gospel.  
Cerebrospinal Meningitis, How to Prevent, etc.  
The Truth About "The League of Medical Freedom."  
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# The Youth's Instructor

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## Manhood

AUGUSTA C. BAINBRIDGE



MAN, in the beginning, was made like God, in the image of God. According to the Hebrew, he was named Adam, fair. We also have Enos, the noble; and Gabar, the strong; and later, Methim, the mortal,—he died. A short, but wonderful history, well worth our study!

To be a man, to have and to hold a high purpose, to possess an individual noble aim, to live earnestly and determinedly in the light of all things good and true! There are enough wealthy men in the world, men who can count their dollars by the millions, and we seem to need them; but have we enough real men? Men who can not be bought, incorruptible, simple in their own royal manhood, are needed every day, and in every walk of life. Men who are conscious of their estate, and live in it; men who refuse to sow wild oats, not simply because it may injure their health, but that they may keep their manhood unsullied,—are there enough of these?

True manhood bows to no adverse circumstances, but continues to grow toward its ideal. The value of a man is decided by his work, toil, or service in any worthy line of effort. He who walks and stands with head up, eyes front, legs straight, tells at a glance that his decisions have been reached after careful study, and that we may expect him to express them. This is manhood; less is childhood. Further study may give him another view, and cause him to change his mind; but he does not leave his base, as an upright, intelligent, brave man.

"I have written unto you, young men, because you are strong." The glory of manhood is its strength,—not physical strength alone, though the man must have that, but the strength that glories in overcoming whatever is hard. Man begins with the physical, first in play, then in work, combating with the elements, gaining his livelihood, meeting hard things and overcoming them. The mental struggles come with youth, and abide with him until he finds himself at maturity carrying financial burdens in the marts of trade, where so many are overcome. Is he strong? The strength that will hold him unswerving, and does hold him through all these changes, is the strength of the Spirit, the strength he gains by believing God. Does he seek it? Does he glory in it? He will win. To keep self in its place, to be skilled in the art of carrying himself as an empty channel, being continually filled with love, faith, hope, courage, and all that mortals need, then pouring it forth at call,—this is the strong man.

Strong in purpose, like a Daniel; strong in action, like a Paul; strong in the secret chamber of his soul; strong in his walk among men; strong against the enemy on the field, and strong in the silent struggles in the dark,—a strength that is gentle because it is strong, and as such stands crowned in its own majestic fulness! From toe to crown, from tip to tip, morning, noon, or night, ever the same—the strong man! He who has this picture before him makes it

his ideal; he may not gather many dollars, but he will be rich in all that constitutes true manhood. All nations, climes, and ages recognize this man.

Nor will this platform be reached without discipline, a discipline that means training,—training of the will, that it may follow conscience; training of the spiritual eye, that it may see duty clearly; and then training of the purposes of the heart, that he may bravely pursue the path of rectitude, regardless of invitations to step aside; training in differentiating. Can he know which is the false glitter of graft and which the solid gold of integrity? A training that lies back of and beneath all that schools can give of mental culture or intellectual advancement,—a training that builds, that makes the man day by day, that makes him what he is, his character,—this is the training that develops his manhood, that makes him hardy, that equips him for the battle, and gives him the victory. This training bestows the steady eye of truth. It holds that consciousness of honesty of purpose that dares to look every other man or woman in the face. Without truth, manhood totters to its fall. This man dares to say Yes, though all others say No. He is not robbed of his convictions, even though a multitude differ from him. He is a Gibraltar, around which storms and tempests may beat, but not overthrow.

The best things are for all. All men have one God, the loving Father Almighty. We are his children. His loving heart holds each one. A perfectly modeled form, a beautifully chiseled face, a head of Absalom hair, a complexion of peach-bloom,—these must be divided among the few; but the blessing that blesses is for every son of Adam. Men of wealth, as well as their poorer brothers, may attain this high estate. The door is wide open. Not one is excluded. Each man may be a king crowned, an emperor enthroned, a ruler acknowledged, a priest made. In his station, his heaven-bestowed manhood means these. Christ, his pattern, lived and died and rose again that he might be this.

### Yucatan

YUCATAN is so situated as to be almost entirely free from Mexico, of which it is really a part. There is even no railroad connection. Communication is by boat.

Early in the nineteenth century the Yucatecans asked for the protection of the United States, but the country being so hot, swampy, and generally unhealthy, the desired assistance was refused. Now that protectorate would be an honor to our country. Since then Yucatan has been under the protection of Mexico, and independent several times, before finally joining Mexico.

It is very hot here at times, as we are farther south than Cuba. It seems to us who are unaccustomed to such heat that these times are all the time. Of course, there are cool seasons, when there is a storm.



or "norther," on the Gulf. Then the nights are cool, and rains are expected.

The Yucatecans are, as they style themselves, "the Yankees of Mexico." They are cleanly, intelligent, and thrifty. That is more than can be said of the lower class of Mexicans. The difference is very noticeable as one arrives from Mexico proper. They bathe daily, some twice a day. Their clothing is white and stiffly starched. Even the laborers wear clean white clothing, with the addition of a loin-cloth. The poorer classes wear the customary sandals, but here they are worn largely for comfort and convenience. The sandal, instead of being a slab of leather tied to the feet, is made with a heel, and the attachments are of colored leather. The costume of the women is a spectacle; they believe in health reform clothing. No hobble skirts are found here, at least not among the common people. Their robes are flowing. Their shoes, or slippers, are turned up at the tip, appearing somewhat Japanese in style. They are colored brightly according to the means of the possessor. The women are healthy, and capable of doing much work.

These people are Maya Indians. One man who speaks English well, told me: "Yes, I'm an Indian; proud of it, addicted to their habits and customs." The language spoken by them seems to us a semblance of Chinese. The Turks learn it in a few months, so it must be something like the Arabic. Of course, they speak Spanish, although we met some in the interior who did not understand it.

A species of cacti grows well. It seems to be the only plant capable of growing in rocks, of which the peninsula is largely formed. Soil is extremely scarce, so scarce, in fact, that should you wish a garden, you would probably have to cart the soil from a distance. The vegetation is dense and tropical where soil permits.

This cactus, or henequen, is the riches of Yucatan. Its leaves yield a fiber which makes good hemp. The hemp is purchased by industries in the States, as these people have not learned how to use it to any large extent in the manufacture of rope, twine, etc. The cactus needs little care after planting, and in a few years it is in a condition to produce fiber. As in all other industries, those who have monopolized it have large haciendas, or plantations, and also large bank accounts. There is practically no expense, and one man told me that his income was eight hundred dollars a week.

There are several cities in this peninsula, the capital, Merida, being the largest. In many respects, it is modern, and is a clean, well-paved, busy city of about sixty thousand inhabitants. The seaport of Progreso has only enough people to give the incoming vessels the proper reception. Valladolid was once the capital, but has since degenerated to a village. Its condition is shown in the number of dilapidated houses.

In one of the small towns of the interior, where we arrived after dark, there was no hotel. The station-master kindly consented to permit us to remain overnight on the benches in the waiting-room. Later he found a family who were willing to deprive themselves of their hammock, so we had the comfort of a hammock. It might be interesting to know that beds are the exception and not the rule here. In a first-class hotel in the small towns all one receives is a hammock, — no sheet, no blanket. The natives have no need of anything except the hammock.

Yucatan was once thickly populated, at least so we judge from the numerous groups of ruins. There are three large groups which represent whole cities, gov-

ernors' palaces included. These are of special interest to the tourists who frequent the Yucatecan shores.

Few Americans are found here. There are perhaps a dozen, and these remain the year round, having become acclimated, they say. Surely if they become acclimated for their business, we can do so for our Father's business. One, a doctor, has lived here twenty-eight years, or since he was eight weeks old, with only four years' vacation in the United States.

Our work in the peninsula is yet to begin. Nothing has been done outside the book work, which has done well. "Home and Health," Spanish, was sold in large numbers two years ago. Before that a few copies of "Coming King" were sold. This year "Patriarchs and Prophets," Spanish, is being sold. The people are advancing, and literature is more in demand. The Presbyterian Church is the only other church that has made a beginning here. They have a fine congregation in Merida, who raise the pastor's salary and pay all church expenses. It is an inspiration to see their earnest faces as they come from week to week, and one wishes, O so much! that they were coming to hear the third angel's message. The Presbyterians also have churches in one or two of the smaller towns. These, with an American who is supported by the Peniel Mission in Los Angeles, California, constitute the Protestants of Yucatan. He has been selling Bibles and giving away tracts for several years. The people in general are turning from Catholicism, as they see that it has kept them in slavery for three centuries. They admire Americanism, its life, its punctuality. If one wishes to impress his friend with his truthfulness, he says, "It is an American's word." Yet though they welcome all things American and adopt her customs, they do not adopt her religion, Protestantism, but rather lean toward liberalism. Surely now as never before they are ready for the message that will prepare them for the end.

HENRY T. BROWN.

### The Master's Touch

Matt. 8: 15.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her;"  
He touched her hand, as he only can,  
With the wondrous skill of the Great Physician,  
With the tender touch of the Son of man.  
And the fever pain in the throbbing temples  
Died out with the flush on brow and cheek,  
And the lips that had been so parched and burning  
Trembled with thanks that she could not speak.  
And the eyes, when the fever light had faded,  
Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim;  
And she rose and ministered in her household,  
She rose and ministered unto him.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her;"  
O, we need his touch on our fevered hands,—  
The cool, still touch of the Man of Sorrows,  
Who knows us and loves us and understands.  
So many a life is one long fever,—  
A fever of anxious suspense and care,  
A fever of getting, a fever of fretting,  
A fever of hurrying here and there.  
Ah, what if in winning the praise of others  
We miss at the last the King's "Well done?"  
If our self-sought tasks in the Master's vineyard  
Yield nothing but leaves at the set of the sun?

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her;"  
O, blessed touch of the Man Divine!  
So beautiful then to rise and serve him  
When the fever is gone from your life and mine;  
It may be the fever of restless serving,  
With heart all thirsty for love and praise,  
And eyes all aching and strained with yearning  
Toward self-set goals in the future days.  
Or it may be a fever of spirit-anguish,  
Some tempest of sorrow that dies not down  
Till the cross at last is in meekness lifted,  
And the head stoops low for the thorny crown.



Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,  
When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,  
And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows  
Left carelessly, cruelly ranking there.

Whatever the fever his touch can heal it,  
Whatever the tempest his voice can still,  
There is only joy as we seek his pleasure,  
There is only rest as we choose his will;  
And some day, after life's fitful fever,  
I think we shall say in the home on high:  
If the hands that he touched but did his bidding,  
How little it mattered what else went by.  
Ah, Lord, thou knowest us altogether,  
Each heart's sore sickness whatever it be;  
Fouch thou our hands, bid the fever leave us,  
And so shall we minister unto thee.

NELLIE SISLEY STARR.

### Wise on Fifteen Minutes a Day

NOT long ago I entered the store somewhat later than usual to buy a copy of the evening paper, and was surprised to learn that the papers had all been sold.

There had been no accident, and there was no event of unusual interest before the public at that time; hence I was curious to know why it was that the papers had been in so exceptional demand on this particular evening.

The storekeeper said that such a thing often happens when the night is very stormy, as this one was. Papers sell quickly on rainy afternoons, he intimated, and more than the average number of sales in magazines are recorded on such occasions; in fact, a violently stormy evening means a harvest for the one who sells papers and magazines.

Samuel Johnson was once asked, "Who is the most miserable man in the world?" The answer was, "The man who can not read on a stormy evening."

Dr. O. S. Marden suggestively writes: "If you are not an habitual reader, begin *now* to form the reading habit. Good reading is a great life-improver: it will enlarge your mental capacity wonderfully. It will make you a full man, an interesting man; it will elevate your life standards. Your ideals will be higher, your views of life grander. Good reading will enrich your life immeasurably. You will grow fuller and nobler; you will think more of yourself, and others will think more of you."

The gifted editor of the *British Weekly*, who is a most excellent authority on literary matters, quotes approvingly the words of a great teacher who said, "If you spend a little time every day on a subject, you will find by the time you are forty that you are the authority on it."

Dr. W. J. Dawson, who is recognized as a discriminating student of the best in English literature, once told an audience that his study of this subject was confined to such spare moments as he could snatch from his many duties as pastor of a large city church.

And we are informed of the captain of the great "Lusitania," Captain Charles, that he has a wide acquaintance with the best literature. This knowledge he has acquired by the wise use of fragments of time.

He is reported to have said at a luncheon with a few friends that he had made a discovery. It was this: "If any one could give ten or fifteen minutes a day to the reading of the world's classics, past and present, he would speedily ascertain that he was in that way amassing a vast fund of information, and bringing his mind and personality to a higher degree of cultivation than would be thought possible."

Such instances make emphatic the following statement: "Think of the untold wealth locked up in the spare moments and long winter evenings of every life.

It is possible to pick up an education in the odds and ends of time which most people throw away."

Among English clergymen few are better known on this side of the Atlantic than Rev. F. B. Meyer. Dr. Meyer has this to say concerning reading on winter evenings: "There is, no doubt, a great charm in the coziness of the winter evening. Outside the curtained window the storm may beat; the door into the street may be incrustated with snow; the shortened days may denote that nature has become drowsy and seeks long repose; but the mind is never more alert, the fancy never keener, than when, our evening meal being over, we turn into our den and settle down for the rest of the evening.

"How well I remember those evenings which I spent in my little bedroom years ago, just after tea; and while it may have seemed a little unsocial to withdraw from the rest of the family, yet I owe to those evenings of my business life, and after the day's work in the city was done, my acquaintance with the masterpieces of our English tongue.

"The opportunity of reading afforded by thirty-five minutes on the train to the city and thirty-five minutes back, added to the two or three hours at night, gave me a respectable amount of time for general reading."

Dr. Meyer also, out of his experience, suggests that it is profitable to turn frequently from one subject to another. "For instance, it is well to have always on hand a book of history and another of poetry, and one of philosophy, of science, of essays, of general information or criticism." The lighter reading should come last in the day.

Various lists of "best books" have been published; but no one suits all persons. Individual taste, training, and need have to be considered. Two general rules have been given by the Rev. D. H. Martin in answer to the question what to read. They are simple, and as satisfactory as any rules are likely to be:—

"Read the standard books, the books that have stood the test of time."

"Read only elevating books, such books as will stimulate your mental powers and elevate your morals."

Begin quickly; read carefully; and the reading habit will soon become established. Then you will covet the best in literature, and read as much of it as possible. A deeper interest in life and greater efficiency will be the twofold result.

"Thank God for the length of winter nights, and that you live in a land of books, and that you have the desire to read them."

"The faithfulness with which you improve every spare moment, every chance to develop yourself to your highest possible power, is an indication of the sort of man or woman you will be, the sort of man or woman you are."—William J. Hart, D. D., in *Christian Endeavor World*.

As a reward for his bravery in warning miners at work in mine No. 5 of the Western Coal and Mining Company at Lehigh, Oklahoma, when fire broke out in the mine recently, resolutions were adopted at the convention of the United Mine Workers of America of the twenty-first district authorizing the setting aside of funds to defray the expenses of educating Relfeno Rodriguez, a Mexican youth. Rodriguez ran through the workings shouting a warning to the workmen. As a result, all but nine of the one hundred men at work escaped from the mine before the fire gained headway.



## Korea and Its People

R. T. FARLEY



KOREA, the "marvel of modern missions," contains from twelve to fifteen million people. There are few large cities, nearly all the inhabitants living in the country. The people themselves are of Mongolian origin, although they are distinct in race and speech from the Chinese and Japanese. Unlike these neighbors, they are tall and well-formed, prepossessing in appearance, and always dignified in bearing. They have a dark complexion and long, straight, black hair. As in some other countries, the way in which the hair is arranged indicates whether the person is married or single.

In making arrangements for a wedding, the Koreans follow the Eastern custom; that is, the parents make the match. The bride and groom seldom, if ever, meet before the wedding, for to be introduced to a woman is to be given the right to claim her as wife. In fact, the ceremony consists merely in introducing the couple. It is done in this way: at the appointed signal the man comes from one side of the room while the woman comes from the other. They take their places on a platform, facing each other, and after they have bowed to each other several times, the ceremony is finished. Following this formality comes the feast. In providing for this, the bridegroom must be very liberal if he desires to gain the good will of the parents of the bride, and their friends. All at the feast fairly gorge themselves. This is considered good form. After the wedding, home life begins.

According to the opinions of certain French missionaries, a Korean woman has no moral existence. "She is an instrument of pleasure or of labor; but in no case man's companion or equal." She does not even have a name. When a child, she is given a temporary name. This she holds until she comes to the adolescent age, when only her parents can use it. At the marriageable age she has no name other than *daughter of So-and-so*. After marriage she has no name until she becomes a mother. Then she is known as the *mother of So-and-so*. She does all the heavy work, while the men enjoy themselves. This idea is instilled into the minds of both men and women from childhood. In higher classes of society the boys and girls, even of the same family, are kept separate,—the girls secluded in the women's apartments, the boys in the men's. The boys are taught that it is disgraceful even to enter the apartments of the women, while on the other hand, the girls are taught that it is disgraceful even to be seen by a boy. Again, the boys are taught first of all to have respect for their fathers, while they expect their mothers to humor their every whim. This expresses very certainly the attitude not only of the children toward their parents, but also of the parents themselves toward each other.

The women are kept closely confined to their apartments, which resemble the zenanas of India. The men, however, enjoy the company of their neighbors in the outer apartments. Nevertheless, the women's apartments are much respected and their seclusion honored. When a pedler comes to the door, he gives warning, and then after all the doors to the women's apartments are closed, he is allowed to enter the outer apartment. While women are much oppressed, they are respected to a certain degree. A man will even step from the pavement to allow a woman to pass.

Conditions like these exist all through the Orient, forming one of the greatest problems to be solved by missionaries.

Although children are much restricted, they play many games that closely resemble those played by American children; besides, they have all sorts of toys, including stuffed monkeys and puppies, and musical instruments. In school they follow the custom of the Asiatics. They study aloud, and make a remarkable din. It is generally supposed that this deafening buzz is necessary in order to sound knowledge. Besides their language lessons, they study the *Ku-ku* (nine-times-nine), or multiplication table, and other simple arithmetic.

Boy life in the Hermit Kingdom is not always pleasant; for a boy must accompany his father wherever he goes. If the father is cast into prison, the loyal son must procure a boarding-place in the vicinity, so that he may provide for his father; or if the father is banished, the lad must accompany him and be his companion. Again, the son must perform the ceremonies connected with ancestor worship. If the child does not perform them, he is looked upon almost as an outcast.

The Korean funeral ceremony is both interesting and pathetic. Regulations as to deportment at a funeral are very rigidly prescribed in the *Guide to Mourners*, published by the government. The corpse is placed in an ornamented coffin of very thick wood, and preserved in a special room for many months. This room is the only place where the mourners are allowed to shed tears. After holding the corpse *in state* many months, it is wrapped in the clothes and bedding in which the person died, and then buried. All you need to do is to stretch your imagination a little, recall the stories you have heard of Chinese funerals, and you have the picture.

Many intensely interesting habits and customs of the Koreans remain unmentioned, still enough has been given to show the great need of the gospel in the Hermit Kingdom.

*Washington Foreign Mission Seminary.*

### Early Missionary Effort in Korea

IN the fourth century Buddhist priests entered Korea, and their religion made some headway, but it is said that "like the Jesuits of some European countries, fondness for political intrigue resulted in their overthrow." Some time later Confucianism was also brought in.

The first half or two thirds of the nineteenth century saw a great rush of the Koreans into the Roman Church. "Hearing of the groping Christians in Korea, the Catholic Church in Peking attempted to send them teachers. The first to penetrate beyond the forbidden frontier was a young Chinese priest, Jacques Tsiu, who reached Seoul in 1794. The three Korean Christians who guided him were seized, their knees crushed, their arms and legs dislocated, and when they refused to betray him, they were beheaded. Tsiu remained in hiding till 1801, and then, to prevent further persecution of his friends, he gave himself up, at the age of thirty-two, and was beheaded.

"Still the church grew, and sent messages to the outer world beseeching instruction. The first French



Catholic missionary to reach Seoul, Pierre Maibant, crawled under walls through water-drains. That was in 1835. The next came in disguise as a Korean widower in mourning. In 1845 Andrew Kim, a Korean who knew absolutely nothing about navigation, brought a shapeless junk across the sea to Shanghai, and carried back some French priests. He himself soon after suffered martyrdom. Terrible persecutions were bravely endured."

But the authorities would not tolerate Catholicism, and its missionary history is one of awful and almost continual persecution. If ever the Inquisition was used in all its vengeance on the Roman Church, it was in the sixties in Korea. Sixty thousand persons were killed in one year for professing that faith.

Evidently it was time for the pure gospel to be preached, so American mission boards began spying out the land and camping on the borders. Dr. Ross made a tour across from Manchuria into Korea in 1813, and got such a grasp on the language that he was able to translate the New Testament. But nothing could be accomplished until treaties opened the country to foreign visitors and foreign influence. This came in 1883, and the next year Dr. Allen and his wife, who had been waiting in China ready to enter Korea, received a cable from the Presbyterian Mission Board with the one word "Korea." Dr. Allen found it advisable to connect at once with the American legation as a physician.

Dr. Allen's work surprised the missionary world. As a result, in the next few years a number of strong persons were sent to Korea. President Goucher, of the Women's College of Baltimore, became interested, and was the means of inducing the Methodists to start school and publishing work there.

Strange to say, fruit did not ripen fast. It took two years to bring forth the first convert. Entirely new Western ideas did not easily penetrate the Korean mind, and even though they were not at the time strict devotees of any religion, they were slow to join with the foreigner.

The story of Kim Kim Chang Sik does the heart good. He was brought by a Korean friend to the home of a missionary in Seoul. He was converted there, and was sent to his home in Pieng-yang to help Dr. Hall, a missionary there. Fierce persecution broke out in Pieng-yang, and Kim was arrested, beaten, and placed in stocks, along with all the other Christians in the city. All yielded but Kim. He argued this way: "God loves me and has forgiven my sins. The foreigner is kind to me, and pays me honest wages. Why should I forsake him?" He suffered dreadful torture, and was about to be killed when an order was received to release him.

During the war between China and Japan, the missionaries had another opportunity to win the hearts of the Koreans. They stayed through the trying time, and helped in every possible way with the sick, wounded, and dead. It seems the service was appreciated, and all remaining prejudice was broken down: for since then the Christian church in Korea has grown by leaps and bounds. O. C. DURHAM.

### Our Work in Korea

TAKING a retrospect of our work in Chosen during the last five years, we can see progress. The Lord has gone before us in many different ways. Railroads have been laid since the truth came to Korea, so that we can go to many more out-of-the-way places quickly.

The whole Old Testament has come out in the Korean language since we came here. The Japanese are cleaning up the cities and educating the people. We know that time is short, and the Lord will provide ways and means to let this warning message go to every one.

Five years ago we had no schools and no literature. Each Sabbath-school studied what it wished to study, and used its donations as it pleased. We did not know what the few believers really knew about the truth, nor did they know what we believed. We had eight companies then, meeting for Sabbath worship. Many of these did not know much about Sabbath-keeping, and would work in the field after the meetings. These eight companies were all in one province.

Now we have twenty Sabbath-schools scattered in six provinces. All are studying uniform lessons, and send in their quarterly reports regularly. For the last three quarters not one school has used any of its donations for expenses, but has given all to missions; and the donations are increasing every quarter.

We have a boys' school in Soonan, with over forty students, and a girls' school, with thirty-three students. A few church-schools have been started in the country, and other churches want schools, but we have not the teachers for them.

We have a number of earnest native workers, who have a burden for souls and are gaining rich experiences. A few tracts and leaflets have been published, and a little over a year ago we started an eight-page monthly paper which has now grown to a twenty-eight page monthly. As far as we know, the paper is in the home of every Sabbath-keeping family. One year ago nearly all our people thought it impossible to sell papers in Korea. But in December, 1911, all our companies showed that they had found out that papers could be sold, and ordered 13,800 copies of our special. Now they call for a special every month.

Recently a man called here at the office from another province, saying that he bought a paper last month from one of our canvassers. He and a few others studied it and began keeping the Sabbath, and after a few weeks other friends joined them, so that there is a company of twenty who claim to keep the Sabbath, and have sent two delegates to Seoul requesting that some one be sent to teach them further what we believe. A few weeks ago I received a letter from the southern station, telling about one man who had come to our meetings to see what we believed, because he had heard in his church that we are false prophets. He studied, saw the truth, and decided to keep the Sabbath. He was teaching school for the Presbyterian Church, but gave up his position the week after he decided to obey the truth.

Some of our believers are beginning to be faithful in paying tithe. The Koreans are very poor; many live on what they raise, but do not have money. Some of the sisters whose husbands and sons are not Christians can not pay tithe because they themselves have no money. One sister especially tried to think how she could earn money to pay tithe. Finally the thought came to her that she could tithe the rice in her bowl. Certainly none in the family could object to that. She went out and told this to other sisters in like circumstances, and now a number take a tenth part of their meal and lay it aside to give to the Lord his own.

Last fall I spent a few days with my sister down south, in the tent, where she was living while the house was being built. I happened to be there during a few holidays, when the women especially have time to go

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## Havana and Its Relics

HAROLD ROBINSON

**T**HERE are several interesting sights in the city of Havana, Cuba. Lovers of history can find much on which to exercise their thoughts. Perhaps the first that should be mentioned is the Plaza de Armas. This is one of the most important parks of the city. It is two blocks



LA FUERZA, OR THE FORT

from the water-front, bounded on the north by La Fuerza and the Senate Building, on the west by the President's Palace, and on the east by El Temple. It is said that during the war of 1895-98, this garden was used by the Spanish general Weyler as a camp into which to drive Cubans from the country districts to starve them to death.

La Fuerza, or The Fort, is the oldest military stronghold in the island. It was built about 1539, just twenty years after the founding of the city of Havana. It is built on a quadrilateral plan, having heavy double walls seventy-five feet high. It is surrounded by a moat and protected by a drawbridge. The tower overlooking the sea has a bell which bears the date of 1706. During the American administration it was repaired, and now guards the national records.

The palace is the most imposing building of all. Under Spanish administration, it was the palace of the governor-general of the island. It was built in 1834, and of course on the heavy, fort-like plan, with large colonnades and continuous balconies. It is now the official residence of the president, housing as well the offices of the city council, and a few minor government departments.

El Temple, or The Little Temple, was erected in commemoration of the first mass held on that spot of ground. Some say it was where Columbus held his first service, giving thanks to God for his successful voyage to the New World, and others that it was where the founder of Havana held his first mass in 1519. The building was dedicated in 1828, as recorded in the bronze plate on the façade. On the front veranda is a lifelike bust of the Italian discoverer.

The Little Temple is opened only once a year, and that on November 16, which is saint's day for Columbus.

The stone monument seen beside the tree was erected in 1747, and is supposed to stand where the original tree stood under which the mass was held. Everything is surrounded by a high iron railing.

The cathedral is by no means an attractive structure. It is situated among a number of business and private houses, at the corner of two insignificant narrow streets. It was erected about the year 1703, and one of the bells in the tower is over two hundred fifty years old. It is built of native limestone, which is very brittle and light in color. Age has now given it a dull, dirty appearance. The interior is by no means as beautiful as the cathedrals in Mexico, although this has probably more of historical interest connected with it. For one hundred three years there lay within its walls what are supposed to be the true remains of Christopher Columbus. It has many fine, large paintings on the walls, representing different beliefs or historical scenes connected with the church.

### Do Missions Pay?

Do missions pay? The cost not only in money, but in sacrifice and often in suffering, is so great, the returns sometimes seem so small, that the question is often seriously asked. It may be that this striking incident,

which comes to the *Companion* from one who knows its truth, will help to reassure some of the doubters.

An old gentleman, living in a quiet Eastern village, had a visit—the first in many years—from his son, a prosperous storekeeper in western Canada. On Sunday father and son went to church, where they listened to a sermon on Christian missions. Throughout the service

the old gentleman was very restless.

"I'm sorry," he said, as they left the church, "that I brought you here to-day."

"Why, father?" asked the younger man.

"I'm sorry," he replied, with a shrug, "that you had to listen to that sermon. I don't believe in missions, for they are a stupid waste of men and money."



A CATHEDRAL, HAVANA, CUBA



THE LITTLE TEMPLE, OR MEMORIAL CHAPEL



The younger man made no reply at the time, but when he reached home he asked his father and mother to let him tell them a little story.

"A few years ago," he began, "a young man left his father's farm to seek his fortunes in the Canadian West. He got into bad company, and was left one day by the roadside drunk and unconscious.

"At that place, living in a little sod-covered shack, there was a young man who had been sent out by a missionary society. He was brave. He loved men and sought them in the spirit of his Divine Master. He found the drunken fellow, who had been left by his companions to die from alcohol or exposure, and carried him to his shack, placed him in his own bed, and worked over him until he brought him back to consciousness. Then after he had fed him, he remonstrated with him for wasting his life, and prayed earnestly with him.

"The young man confessed his sins and sought pardon. His after-life proved the genuineness of his conversion. He has become an honored and respected citizen, and as the world goes, a prosperous man. He is an officer in his church, and in order to add to the comfort of his aged parents, he gladly sends them five hundred dollars a year.

"I am that man, and I tremble to think what I should have been but for that faithful missionary."

This is but a single episode in the life of one of the devoted men and women laboring in the field of missions; yet how much it meant—in happiness and comfort for the old people, in the value to the community of the alert, efficient, honorable citizen, who might otherwise have died a drunkard; above all, in a joyful life of service, and the assurance of life eternal to the man who was saved.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Our Work in Korea

(Concluded from page seven)

sightseeing. Every day several hundred persons would be coming and going all the time. My sister told all the women to come on Sunday afternoon, and we would have a meeting. They began to come in the forenoon, and as we were so tired of having sightseers all the time, we stationed a man at the gate to keep the people waiting outside until meeting time. And they did wait. When we let them in, there was such a rush that we could hardly manage the crowd. We finally got as many seated as we could—many had to stand outside. To get them to quiet down, we wanted to sing, and wishing to give song-books to those who could read, we asked such to raise their hands. Not one could read. They said, "We have come here to learn to read." There were more than three hundred women present at that meeting.

Missionary societies have been organized in a few places. One missionary society reported some time ago that all its members had decided that the money they had formerly spent for tobacco and drink should now be used for buying tracts to distribute among their neighbors. The following is a report of one week's work of another society:—

Visits made, 67; Bible readings given, 23; poor people helped, 3; papers sold, 677; papers given away, 20; papers mailed, 5; tracts given away, 25 (not pages); tracts lent, 10; people brought to meetings, 4.

The Lord is with us, and is blessing the work; but our hearts are heavy when we think of the many villages that have never heard the name of Jesus.

MIMI SCHARFFENBERG.



### Without Fear

I HAVE no fear of God, who ever found  
My earthly father full of tenderness.  
How oft, in childhood's hour, by anguish bound  
For some past fault, I'd faltering confess  
My shame and sorrow, whispering in his ear.  
He'd say in answer, "Were you naughty, dear?  
I had forgotten." Then I'd go to bed,  
By his kind words and kisses comforted.

'Twas thus I learned a father's tenderness.  
Through long, long years, I cherish, love, and bless  
The strength that shielded all my childhood's days,  
The gentleness that blessed my childhood's ways;  
And know the Father in God's highest heaven  
Will whisper, at the last, of sins forgiven.  
—May Austin Low, in *Youth's Companion*.

### Taking Bitter Medicine

"HE takes every spoonful ten times," said the doctor, laughing at his little son. "He sniffs at it, declares he can't swallow it, gets sorry for himself and angry with me, and at last really takes it. Then he wishes he hadn't had to do it, and teases over and over not to be compelled to again. I tell him if I hated any medicine as he does, I think I should be glad to get off with taking each spoonful once."

How strangely this describes the way some of us older folk take our bitter medicine, and how much better it would be if we could put weak self-pity behind us, face our trial because we know in some way it is best for us, smile bravely, and forget it when it is over. The way of courage is easiest every time.—*Young People*.

### The Trouble With Jessica

IT was not the kind of trouble that means red eyelids or drooping spirits; on the contrary, Jessica was as gay as spring-time daffodils, and grew prettier every day. But her teachers, although they all liked her, spoke to her seriously about her falling off in her work. Little Miss Bathsheba Pike, who had taught her in the infant class, and felt that she had a proprietary right in her, had turned away from her once or twice with a hurt look in her eyes. On these occasions she had asked Jessica to call on some lonely girl whom she had discovered, and Jessica had said that she was dreadfully sorry, but that she "just couldn't" get the time. As for mother, she just hid her pain.

That is the way things were going when Cousin Anna Wentworth came to Amberly. Cousin Anna was professor of history at Penway College, a woman of wide culture and charming personality, who had always been Jessica's ideal. Within twenty-four hours Jessica found herself talking things out with Cousin Anna. She knew that she had changed, the girl confessed with an unwonted seriousness in her bright face. She knew that she was disappointing her mother and other people, but she did not see how she could help it—she "just couldn't" get time for all the things that people wanted her to do.



"May I hunt for the trouble?" Cousin Anna asked. Jessica made a rueful face. "If you hunt, you'll find it," she declared. "I know you, Cousin Anna! But go ahead; I won't be a coward, anyway."

In three days Cousin Anna called Jessica to her room.

"I think I have found the secret," she said, with a smile.

"Go on," Jessica ordered briefly.

"It's a little thing; it doesn't sound serious at all. It's—the habit of taking your dessert first."

"Taking my dessert first?" Jessica repeated, regarding Cousin Anna with a very puzzled brow.

"Yes, you got it right. What was the first thing you did when you sat down to study last night?"

"Why, my geometry," Jessica returned.

"Think again," Cousin Anna suggested.

Suddenly Jessica understood. "You mean the new magazine? But I stopped to read only one story."

"And yesterday morning, before you put your room in order?"

"That new embroidery stitch," Jessica confessed.

"Go on, Cousin Anna."

Cousin Anna smilingly shook her head. "No, I'm going to leave the topic with you for original research," she declared. "I'll give you a year for investigations and experiments."

"A year! She knows perfectly well that it will take a lifetime!" Jessica grumbled to the clock. But there was a resolute look in her eyes, and Cousin Anna, when she saw it, was well content.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### A Note to Young Men

DID it ever occur to you how lonely it must be for the young man across the street from you who can not even leave the premises of his home because the quarantine sign has been placed upon the house since the little brother has taken the diphtheria? He is perfectly well, yet almost a prisoner, and is missing severely the companionship of his young comrades. At best the days go slow, and he would welcome any little attention that you might pay to help the lonely hours skip by. You can not visit him, for that would be exposing yourself to sickness. How would it be if you would send him through the mail a number of late copies of the INSTRUCTOR, and accompany them with a bright, newsy letter? If I were that young man receiving the letter, I think I should be inclined to hold a big warm spot in my heart for the sender, and I have no reason to believe that any other young man would feel differently about it than I.

Young men ought to cultivate a habit of being solicitous of the welfare and happiness of their fellows, and should try to anticipate the needs of every distressing situation. Here are the chances where one has opportunity to show the real spirit of Christianity, and to reveal the nature of helpfulness found in the true gentleman. EDMUND C. JAEGER.

#### Look in the Mirror!

BEFORE you go out into the street or into any public place chewing gum, look at yourself in the mirror. Some months ago I saw a girl on the train who chewed with enough energy to run a small machine. She was the kind of girl who just escaped being pretty, and who needed to be very careful about what she wore and how she wore it to avoid being commonplace. But in spite of a toilet that had evidently cost her some time and thought, she made herself ridiculous by the

contortions of her face; and the doting mother, who accompanied her, did not realize it. I have seen the girl again, this time in her winter clothes, good clothes, too, and chewing harder than ever. I wondered if she had ever seen herself while masticating, and I ask you who use gum, to drop whatever you are doing and stand in front of a looking-glass for five minutes while you chew it.—*Farm Journal*.

#### The Helping Finger

THE car was not crowded, but the tired little woman who scrambled on at a busy corner had difficulty in finding room for both herself and the unwieldy paper parcel she carried, as more active passengers took possession of the empty seats. As she finally wedged herself into a space at the extreme edge, the string, none too securely tied about the parcel, slipped off, and for the next few minutes the stiff fingers were busy trying to retie the knot that seemed so unwilling to stay in its place. The smile that ran along the seat did not make the task any easier.

Just as the string had slipped out of the trembling hands for the third time, a firm, neatly gloved finger was placed on the center of the refractory knot, and in a moment it was securely tied, and a bright-faced girl nodded cheerfully in acknowledgment of the awkward words of thanks, as the owner of the parcel hurriedly left the car to transfer to another line.

"Member of some Helping Hand Society, I see," remarked an acquaintance as the car slowed up at the next street, and the girl made ready to step off.

"No, only a Helping Finger Society, with a membership of one," the girl laughed back. Some cases don't require the whole hand, and —."

The remaining words were lost; but into more than one heart the little sermon had crept, and more than one resolve was unconsciously made to give, if not the whole, surely at least one finger, of a helping hand to make the way a little smoother for some fellow traveler.—*East and West*.

#### Society Secretary's Alphabet

ALWAYS prompt with the quarterly report.  
Be of good courage.  
Collect missionary reports weekly.  
Delight to work for our society.  
Enlist new volunteers.  
Find a discouraged one.  
Give away papers and tracts.  
Have an interesting report every week.  
If God calls to a duty, it can be done.  
Just be a faithful secretary.  
Keep neat and correct records.  
Look after sick members.  
Make use of the Volunteer leaflets.  
Never be late to young people's meeting.  
Obtain a Standard of Attainment certificate.  
Pray daily for our society.  
Quick to see the society's needs.  
Read the Bible every day.  
Sign the Membership pledge.  
Take the Reading Course.  
Use the Morning Watch.  
Visit or write to absent members.  
Work for our mission fund.  
Expect success in my work.  
Yield myself to Jesus every day.  
Zealous for the work in our conference.

EDITH SHEPARD.

Missionary Volunteer Secretary of Southern Illinois.





## The Swamp Song

In the shallow, shining waters  
There is heard a twilight tone;  
There is heard a swamp song rising  
With a weirdness all its own.  
There is heard a music trembling  
On the reeds along the shore,  
In a bass and in an alto,  
In a treble, sweeter, lower.  
'Tis the music of the marshes;  
'Tis the voice of pipers clear  
Calling, calling to each other  
In the courses far and near.



Our Dumb Animals

Ah, behold them! What a chorus,  
Gaily dressed in green surtouts.  
Ah, behold them, just before us,  
From the still depths peering out;  
From the white of lotus blossoms  
Anchored on the waters still;  
From the shadow of the branches  
Leaning from the willowed hill.  
Yes, behold the mottled pipers,  
With their music starward flung;  
Hear, O, hear the deep song welling:  
"Chug, ca-chug!" and "Chung, ca-chung!"

When the chill is on the river  
And the frost is on the mead,  
When with snow the pines are bowing  
Low their stately heads, indeed,  
There is naught but silence sleeping  
On the marshes gray and sear;  
There is naught to break the stillness  
Till the blooming of the year.  
Then, O, then a chord awakens  
As with green the boughs are hung;  
Then we hear the swamp musicians:  
"Chug, ca-chug!" and "Chung, ca-chung!"

— Leslie Clare Manchester, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

## A Little Boss and a Little Gentlewoman

**D**OROTHY'S cousin Katharine had come to Gay Harbor for a year. She was going to begin school to-morrow, and the two were talking over things.

"There's one girl you won't like," said Dorothy, "and that's Jude Clark. She bosses everything and everybody."

"The teacher?" queried Katharine.

"No," Dorothy laughed; "but she'd like to."

"I don't think she'll boss me," returned Katharine, slowly.

"O, she will! You're so quiet she'll be sure to order you round the first thing, just as she does Hattie Sieps. You see, she knows more than anybody else, she's head of every class, and so she lords it over us. O, you'll see! Dick calls her 'a regular tearer.'"

"Isn't she pleasant?"

"Pleasant enough, O, yes! She'd be real nice if she didn't want to boss everybody."

When Katharine entered the schoolroom with her cousin, she found herself face to face with a black-eyed girl somewhat taller than she.

"Halloo!" said the girl. "What's your name?"

The newcomer looked straight into the snapping

black eyes, and calmly answered, "Katharine Ingersoll Northcote Gilbert."

"O, me!" cried the other. "What a name! Doesn't it tire you to carry it round?"

"It hasn't so far," Katharine replied, smiling.

"Well, it ought to — Katharine Ingersoll Northcote Gilbert! What do they call you — Kitty?"

"No — Katharine."

"I'm going to call you Kitty; Katharine is too long."

The stranger smiled. "You might just put my initials together, if you want something short."

"K-I-N-G — why — ee! I guess, after all, you'd better be Katharine. I'm Judith myself. Now, remember," turning to Dorothy, "you're not to call me anything else after this!" Then, "What do you know?" returning to Katharine.

"I know the multiplication table," answered Katharine promptly.

"Say it!"

Katharine did, from "two times one" to "twelve times twelve," glibly, smoothly, and without break or blunder.

"O, me!" muttered Judith Clark, while her eyes sparkled her praise. "What else do you know?"

"I know the prepositions," replied Katharine.

"Say them!" commanded Judith.



**Very Useful!**  
Upon each lovely, rainy day, I take my big umbrella  
And call to Tom and Jack and May and Sam and Isabella,  
My children, and we go to ride upon the pond together.  
Umbrella holding all inside, we revel in the weather!  
Umbrellas are of such great use if one knows how to use them!  
So keep them safe," said Mother Goose, "And nevermore abuse them."

*Youth's Companion*

Katharine began quietly: "Aboard, about, above, according to," going straight forward without hesitation until she had named the entire sixty-five.

"O, me! O, my!" exclaimed Judith, under her breath. "I couldn't do it to save my life." Then aloud, "Do you know any poetry?"

"Yes," answered Katharine.

"Repeat some!" ordered Judith.

In a clear voice Katharine then recited Whittier's beautiful poem "Barbara Frietchie," and it went along with a dash that quite astonished Dorothy. Her cousin had seemed so quiet, and here she was eclipsing Judith in everything.

The speaker ended just as the bell struck for order.

"Thank you," Judith said, softly, and then went soberly to her seat. She studied hard that morning. For the first time in weeks the teacher did not have to reprimand her for some mischievous prank. Hitherto she had kept at the head of her classes with little effort, and much of her time had been spent in play.



Now she saw that she must study if she would "keep up" with the new scholar, and she went straight to work.

"You have done beautifully to-day," the teacher told her at night.

"You ought to thank K-I-N-G for it," returned Judith, her eyes atwinkle.

"Thank whom?"

Judith couldn't help laughing to see the teacher's puzzled face.

"That is only the short for Katharine Ingersoll Northcote Gilbert!" she exclaimed.

Miss Garton laughed, too, saying, "I hope you and Katharine will be friends."

"We are now," declared Judith.

They were, and the new scholar's gentle ways were so attractive that Judith began to borrow the gentleness for herself, and, "I'm glad she came," was her secret acknowledgment.—*Emma C. Dowd, in Zion's Herald.*

### The Taming of Johnson's Nellie

#### A True Story

I WAS prospecting for a railroad in Montana, and as the last place where civilization ended was a little mining town, I found it necessary to purchase a horse in order to pursue my journey through the remaining wild and unexplored country. Being a tenderfoot and unused to the ways of horse traders, I sought out one of those gentry as a person most likely to have what I required.

"Certainly," said Johnson, the horse trader, "I think I've got just the beast for you, and if you'll come around in a couple of hours, I'll show her to you."

Accordingly I presented myself and was shown a large animal with a general air of uncared-for-ness, but with long rangy limbs that promised not only speed but endurance. Her flanks were wet with sweat and were heaving. Upon my remarking this, Johnson explained by saying that the horse had been having some hard exercise. In the light of what I found out later, I haven't a doubt but that Johnson told the truth. I also noticed that the horse was blind in her right eye, a fact which Johnson did *not* explain. A price was set, and I mounted and rode over to the hotel, with which a livery-stable was connected.

The proprietor was sitting on the piazza as I rode up. Upon seeing me, his eyes fairly bulged. "Man alive!" he exclaimed, "you've bought Johnson's Nellie, and ridin' her without a curb-bit! Don't you know she'll kill you?"

"I haven't noticed any signs of viciousness," I said, calmly.

Whereat the hotel keeper broke out into a big guffaw. "I reckon you haven't. Look at her wet flanks. Johnson took all the vim out of her before he ever let you see her, and look at the mark of the rope around her neck. He half choked the life out of her before he could put bit or saddle on her. Just wait until to-morrow morning: it'll be as much as the life of one of my men is worth to go into the stable with her."

"In that case, perhaps I'd better feed and care for her myself," I said dismounting.

"Well, you're welcome," said the proprietor, adding, "I advise you to buy a quirt and a curb-bit and a new pair of spurs, if you expect to ride Johnson's Nellie." The sarcastic emphasis with which he said this showed his doubt.

The next morning I opened the stable door and went straight up to the horse. She stood stock-still

and looked at me. It actually seemed as if she were surprised to see that I showed no fear of her. I took out an apple, and offered it to her. She sniffed at it, and then drew back suspiciously and snorted. I laid the apple in her manger, and went on to get the grain for her; and when I came back, she was eating the apple. The second day I brought her an apple, and she ate it out of my hand. She quivered though when I attempted to stroke her nose. The third day I let her out into the lot. She cleared the stable gate at a bound, then wheeled and looked at me with her one good eye with the most questioning look I ever saw in the eye of any animal. But if she expected that I was going to choke her into submission, she was agreeably surprised; and after a little she gained confidence and ran all around the lot kicking up her heels,—she was beginning by this time to feel her oats,—and after a while she trotted quietly back into the stable. I walked boldly in beside her and began to use currycomb and brush on her rough hair, but how she *did* flinch when I began on the blind side! A week passed before she would let me put a saddle on her. I began easy, letting it down on her back so as not to startle her. Next day I laid in supplies, saddled Nellie, and rode her around to the hotel steps.

So astonished was the proprietor that he jumped up, almost oversetting his chair. "Man alive, you're not going to ride that beast without a curb-bit? And where are your spurs and your quirt?"

"I shall never use them on her," I said.

"Well, she'll kill you, that's all. And another thing: if you ride that horse up into the mountains, she'll leave you the first chance she gets. I tell you she's got the worst reputation of any horse in this country."

"That's because she has not been treated right. I don't think she is a vicious beast, neither do I think she will leave me. Look here." I dismounted and hung the reins over Nellie's neck. "Come on, old girl," I said to her. I went over to the store, and she trotted after me just like a dog. I bought a pound of loaf sugar, gave her a few lumps, mounted, and rode off. The last I saw of the hotel proprietor, he was standing on the steps staring after me with his mouth and eyes wide open.

The first night I made camp I lariatd Nellie, but the grass was so scanty and the range so limited that she had very little to eat, and the next night I turned her loose. In the morning she came promptly at my call, and I fed her some more sugar. The third night a fierce storm came up, and lightning flashed, and the thunder reverberated terrifically through the mountain defiles. I found shelter under some rocks, leading the horse as close as I could. She was only partly protected, however; and every time there was a flash, she trembled all over as if about to break away. I reached out and patted her whenever the dreadful crashes came. At last I fell asleep. It was broad day when I awoke, and the storm had ceased. Nellie was still standing as close to me as she could get, with her nose resting on my shoulder.

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,  
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
And few can save or serve, but all may please,  
O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence  
A small unkindness is a great offense!  
Large bounties to restore we wish in vain,  
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

—*Dora E. Nelson, in Our Dumb Animals.*

"It is not what a man finds that does him good, but what he does."



**If We Had But a Day**

We should fill the hours with sweetest things,  
 If we had but a day;  
 We should drink alone at the purest springs,  
 In our upward way;  
 We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,  
 If the hours were few;  
 We should rest, not for dreams, but for the fresher power  
 To be and to do.  
 We should be from our clamorous selves set free,  
 To work or to pray,  
 And to be what the Father would have us to be,  
 If we had but a day.

— Mary Lowe Dickinson.

**Up and Doing**

As we read our Lord's command, "Go work to-day," I wonder if we really understand its meaning. We say that we believe the Lord has called us to a work, but our actions show that we do not fully believe it. We are not awake to our opportunities.

The alert, attentive mind is of far more value in the commercial world than the slow-moving, absorbed mind. The slow-moving, absorbed mind may make fewer mistakes, but it misses more opportunities. It lacks the initiative that is derived from physical energy and self-confidence. As everything in the world of to-day is gaged at a high rate of speed, and takes an alert mind, a quick eye, and a skilled hand to keep pace with the whirl of the commercial machinery; so we, as believers in present truth, should be alert to the needs of the world. Many of us say we know the world needs the message for this time, but do little to relieve that need.

Years ago when things were run more slowly, there was some chance for the mediocre, but to-day all but active workmen are left behind. The man who oversleeps in the morning, who makes it a rule to arrive at his work a few minutes late each day, may manage to keep his head above water, but you will never find his name mentioned in the papers or magazines or history as a man who has accomplished something in the world. The few minutes he loses in getting to his work is the time when his alert competitors make the best progress in their work. So with us to-day. When we are slow about the Lord's business, Satan is working with all his might to accomplish more while we are not hindering him in his work.

A writer once wrote, "God and nature love a hustler." This statement is as true as though found in the Bible itself. In fact, we recall the passage in which Jesus promised that "unto every one that hath shall be given." I have heard people say in criticizing this passage that it meant the rich should have all, and the poor man should become poorer. But it means that he that hath and is awake to the opportunities and improves them will gain more, but he who is indifferent will lose even that which he hath.

When God calls us to a work, we should work with all our might, and he will increase our opportunities and bless us with the ability to accomplish more; but if we neglect to do what we know to be right, we shall lose all that we have. Many are the calls for laborers in the Lord's vineyard. Many are the young people who are not receiving the experience the Lord says they should have, and are losing what they have. Let us be up and doing, receiving more of God's blessing, more of his grace, more of his Spirit, and thus accomplishing much for him.

J. E. HANSEN.

"Not to enjoy life, but to employ life, should be our aim."

M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSONSecretary  
Corresponding Secretary**Society Study for Sabbath, April 13****Into All the World, No. 8 — Korea**

LEADER'S NOTE.— Sister Scharffenberg in her letter says: "I can not express how thankful I am that the Lord has called me to this field. I enjoy my work better the longer I remain. Many trials come up we never dreamed of before coming here, but they are all for our good, and it will not be long; then we can all go home. One of our sisters here has been staying in my room for a few days, because she is sick and her room is so cold. She wanted to know what I was writing, so I read the article to her. She said, 'Please write to the people in America, and tell them that I feel thankful for the truth we have on the question of the state of the dead.'"

In addition to the help found in the article "Korea and Its People," the one preparing this paper, if he has access to other helps on Korea, might touch the history, religion, etc. In preparing the ten-minute talk on "Our Work in Korea," the article in the INSTRUCTOR will be found very helpful. See also "Outline of Missions," "Missionary Idea," and back numbers of the *Review and Herald* and INSTRUCTOR. Have a large map drawn on a sheet of paper or on a blackboard. There is one on page 292 of "Missionary Idea" (new edition). Locate as many of our missionaries there as you possibly can. The young people in one of our union conferences are raising one thousand dollars for the medical work in Korea. The three-minute talk "News From the Field" should be given by the person who gleans news notes from all current papers. Close the meeting with prayer for Korea and its workers. Do not forget to gather the missionary reports.

**Suggestive Program**

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for the week).

Korea and Its People (ten-minute paper).

Early Missionary Efforts (five-minute talk).

Dr. H. N. Allen (reading). See INSTRUCTOR for April 2.

Our Work in Korea (ten-minute talk).

A Plea for Korea (recitation). See page 15.

News From the Field (three-minute talk).

**Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses****Senior No. 5 — Lesson 25: Review of "Ministry of Healing"**

NOTE.—The book may be used in answering. Be comprehensive, but brief. Send your written answers to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. Then get the next book, and continue the study.

1. IN what has our Saviour revealed to us the secret of the power in his life? How is it determined whether heavenly or satanic influence shall rule over man? What benefits will come as we impart our blessings?

2. Tell how the physician may be a colaborer with Christ. Give a Scriptural prescription for healing of physical, mental, and spiritual ills. Why is it important that the medical missionary be controlled by the Divine Physician?

3. State the object of medical missionary effort. By what are we to discern Christ's estimate of the soul's value?

4. What is the attitude of God and Christ toward restoration to health? Designate the evils in a cure involving control of mind by mind. How may we increase our faith and joy?

5. What knowledge should be the highest incentive to us to care for our bodies? Draw a lesson from



God's original plan for man's food. How do stimulants and narcotics injure? How are drunkenness and wrong habits of eating and drinking related?

6. What object has true education? To learn the highest of sciences, what is necessary?

7. Give a Scripture testimony of the personality and individuality of the Father and the Son. Why could only Jesus reveal God to humanity? Wherein are pantheistic theories dangerous? Through false education, what is Satan doing?

8. Explain the need of conquering and disciplining self. How may we gain the higher experience? What determines the amount of divine power which God will bestow upon us?

#### Junior No. 4 — Lesson 25: "North America,"

Pages 84-119

1. WHAT mountain range runs through the New England States? What have you learned in this week's lesson about this mountain chain? Describe briefly your trip to the summit of Mount Washington, and what can be seen from it.

2. What wealth is found in the hills of New England? For what purposes are these different stones used?

3. Tell how maple-sugar is made.

4. Why has Boston become such a large manufacturing city? Give a brief description of Boston Common.

5. What college is located in Cambridge, a suburb of Boston? Give some idea of the size of this college. How long has it been founded?

6. What important event took place in Cambridge in 1775? Why is the old North Church interesting? why is Bunker Hill Monument? Tell about the Boston tea party.

7. Tell what you have learned in this chapter about Plymouth; about Pilgrim Hall.

8. Where do we go from New England? Follow the route on your map. What history is connected with Old Point Comfort? What do you find at Hampton?

9. What city is the chief peanut market in the United States? Tell briefly what you have learned in this lesson about peanuts.

10. What were some of the hardships of the first Jamestown colony? Tell about the tower at Jamestown. State briefly what you have learned about tobacco raising.

11. What States comprise the great cotton belt of the United States? Tell what you know about cotton growing. What is the value of the cotton crop of our country? How is the cotton prepared for market? What use is made of the cottonseeds? By what process is the cotton made into cloth?

PATIENCE never lets go, never loses control of herself or any one who is her friend. Lincoln, one of the most patient men the last two centuries has known, said, "When patience and I became friends, I became master of myself."

No bank ever closes its business day until its balance is found to be absolutely correct; and no Christian should close a single day until his accounts with God for that day have been perfectly adjusted alone with him.—R. A. Torrey.



#### I — The Nature of Man

(April 6)

MEMORY VERSE: "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body." Rom. 6: 12.

#### Questions

1. What command was given Adam in Eden? What was to be the penalty of disobedience? What does this show? Gen. 2: 16, 17; note 1.

2. What is the meaning of the word death? Note 2.

3. What did the serpent say to Eve to tempt her to eat of the tree God had forbidden? Gen. 3: 4. Did he tell the truth? John 8: 44, last part; note 3.

4. What did the Lord say to Adam after he had sinned? Gen. 3: 19; note 4.

5. How did death enter the world? Rom. 5: 12, first part. Why do all men die? Verse 12, last part.

6. How did the Lord prevent sinners from becoming immortal? Gen. 3: 22-24; note 5.

7. For what purpose did Jesus come to our world? John 10: 10; 2 Tim. 1: 10. What life did he come to give? 1 John 5: 11, 12. Would it have been necessary for Jesus to come if man had had immortal life already?

8. What wages will be paid to sinners? Rom. 6: 23, first part. What will the righteous receive as a gift? Verse 23, last part.

9. For what are those seeking who continue to do well? Rom. 2: 7. Do we seek for that which we already have? Then do we have immortality now?

10. What question is asked in Job 4: 17? Then is man mortal or immortal? Note 6. Repeat the memory verse. What kind of bodies have we?

11. What do those who are saved "put on" before they go to heaven? 1 Cor. 15: 53. What saying will then be brought to pass? Verse 54. Can we "put on" that which we already have on? Then when do we become immortal?

12. Who only has immortality? 1 Tim. 6: 15, 16. If he alone has it, are we immortal? Quote three texts that teach we are mortal.

#### Notes

1. The record in Gen. 2: 16, 17, clearly shows that Adam was placed on probation. He was not created immortal so he could never die, but was first to be proved, that God might know whether he would be obedient if given everlasting life.

2. To die is to cease to live,—the complete stoppage of all action of the brain and the organs of respiration and circulation. Death is decay, the absence of life.

3. The serpent "declared that they would become like God, possessing greater wisdom than before, and being capable of a higher state of existence. Eve yielded to the temptation; and through her influence, Adam was led into sin. They accepted the words of the serpent, that God did not mean what he said; they distrusted their Creator, and imagined that he was restricting their liberty, and that they might gain great wisdom and exaltation by transgressing his law."—"Great Controversy," page 532.

4. Since Satan can not deny that men die, he now tries to deceive by leading them to believe that only a part of man dies; that when persons are dead they still live in another state, and can see and know more than ever before. This leads men to believe that they are immortal, that they are "as gods," as Satan declared in the beginning. This doctrine leads men into Spiritualism, to believe in a place called purgatory, to think that the wicked will be tormented in fire forever, where they can never die, and to believe other doctrines not taught in the Bible.

5. "The only one who promised Adam life in disobedience



was the great deceiver. And the declaration of the serpent to Eve in Eden, 'Ye shall not surely die,' was the first sermon ever preached on the immortality of the soul. Yet this declaration, resting solely on the authority of Satan, is echoed from the pulpits of Christendom, and is received by the majority of mankind as readily as it was received by our first parents. The divine sentence, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' is made to mean, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall not die, but live eternally.'—*Great Controversy*, page 533. Is it not a wonder that men choose to believe Satan instead of God?

6. The meaning of the word immortal is, "Having no principle of corruption; having unending existence; exempt from death; not mortal." The meaning of the word mortal is, "Subject to death; destined to die; hence of or pertaining to humanity, as destined to die."

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### I — The Nature of Man

(April 6)

The lessons for this quarter are a continuation of the topical studies begun the first quarter of the year. Although the subjects are familiar, our faith will be strengthened and our hearts refreshed as we study again God's Word for the evidences of our faith. We should be ready at all times to give "a reason of the hope" that is in us. These lessons should be helpful in grounding our faith a little more firmly in the blessed truths of the third angel's message.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 44-47; "Early Writings," old edition, part 3, pages 19, 20; new edition, pages 145-147; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Rom. 6:12.

#### Questions

##### THE CREATION OF MAN

1. What inspired instruction has been given concerning the origin of man? In whose image was man formed? Gen. 2:7; 1:27.

2. Where was man placed? Gen. 2:15.

3. What command was given Adam and Eve? How were they warned against disobedience? Gen. 2:16, 17; note 1.

##### THE FALL

4. What was the result of disobeying God and eating the forbidden fruit? Gen. 3:17-19; note 2.

5. Who brought life and immortality within the reach of man? What did Christ abolish in order to accomplish this? 2 Tim. 1:10.

6. To whom only is ascribed inherent immortality? 1 Tim. 1:17; 6:16. Compare Job 4:17. Note 3.

##### ETERNAL LIFE THE GIFT OF GOD

7. How is eternal life obtained? Rom. 6:23; 5:19.

8. How is this gift received? 1 John 5:11, 12; John 3:36.

9. Through what glorious event has man hope of a resurrection from the dead? 1 Cor. 15:20-23.

10. When will immortality be bestowed upon the believer? How quickly will the change from mortality to immortality be made? To what two classes does this change come? Verses 51, 52.

11. How is this change described? Verse 53.

12. What will then have been brought to pass? What shout of victory will be heard? Verses 54, 55.

13. What among other things are God's people exhorted to seek? Rom. 2:7. What does this prove?

##### IMMORTALITY ONLY THROUGH CHRIST

14. How only can eternal life be obtained by sinful man? John 10:27, 28; Acts 4:12.

15. What blessing is promised to those who accept Christ? John 4:13, 14; 6:53, 54; note 4.

#### Notes

1. If they had been created immortal, it is certain the Lord would not have said, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

2. It should be observed that God is now addressing the same man, or "living soul," mentioned in Gen. 2:7. He says of him, "For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

3. The original word here rendered "immortal" occurs in six other instances in the New Testament, each time being rendered "incorruptible," or its equivalent. Greenfield's Greek Lexicon defines this word: "Incorruptible, immortal, imperishable, undying, enduring." The word is found in the following texts: 1 Tim. 1:17; Rom. 1:23; 1 Cor. 9:25; 15:52; 1 Peter 1:4, 23; 3:4.

4. The hope that man by some merit of his own, through an inherent principle of life, will in some manner reach the immortal state and live forever, is shattered by these words of the Son of God, "Ye shall die in your sins." This is the exact opposite of that original falsehood Satan told in Eden, and has since restated in a thousand false religions, "Thou shalt not surely die." Hinduism, Buddhism, Shintoism, theosophy, Christian Science, and Spiritualism all have for their tap-root the dogma of human immortality. Were it not for this fetish of human immortality, not one of these baneful and false religions would ever have been possible.

#### A Plea for Korea

HEARD ye the voice from over the sea,  
Not far from the Flowery Land?  
'Tis the Hermit Kingdom that calls to thee,  
From the land of the Morning Calm.  
"Come over, and help us." Heard ye the cry?  
"Come quickly. The harvest is white;  
Say not 'four months,' or 'by and by.'"  
Korea asks now for the light.

Millions of hands are outstretched there  
To receive the Living Bread,  
And multitudes by her rocky shores  
Stand waiting to be fed.  
Heard ye the voice? 'Tis the Master's now;  
His banner must be unfurled.  
Hear his command, and to it bow:  
"Go ye into all the world."

"Why stand ye idle?" "The harvest is white,"  
And the laborers, O, so few!  
Hasten young man, to do with thy might:  
The Master is calling for you.  
The day declineth, O slothful church!  
And the night cometh on apace.  
Awake, and heed the voice of thy King;  
His "business requireth haste."

Do you ever come to your Master,  
To bring him your little store,  
And ask him that he will use it  
To send out one sower more?  
Do you ever think that it may be  
He will some day answer that prayer  
By sending you out, dear sower,  
To carry his message there?

—Selected.

#### Waits Two Thousand Years to Boil

HIGHLY interesting discoveries have been made in connection with the excavations in the ruins of Pompeii, Italy. A street leading to the forum, which was closed at both ends by stone pillars for the purpose of excluding carriages, now proves to have been one of the chief thoroughfares of the city. It is lined with shops, the walls of which show inscriptions and marble tablets, which are well preserved. A great quantity of archeologic treasures of great historic value have been found, and the investigators have gathered up a quantity of petrified fruit and meat.

In one shop a large terra-cotta kitchen range was discovered, on the top of which rested an oval copper boiler in perfect condition, containing water, which the scientists say has been there since the time of the eruption, nearly two thousand years ago.—*Washington Post*.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Saloons Too Near Schools

If the eleven hundred inmates of the Soldiers' Home are entitled to protection from the too free sale of intoxicating liquor, Fred L. Fishback, secretary to Senator Crane, asked the subcommittee of the District, now investigating the proposed regulation of the liquor traffic, why the four thousand five hundred school-children within a certain specified and restricted area he pointed out ought not to be similarly protected.

Within four blocks in the immediate vicinity of the Central High School, including the McKinley Manual Training School and Business High School, and the schools of the Immaculate Conception, there are a total of four thousand five hundred fifty-six children. Within a block of these schools there are fourteen saloons, and within six blocks of the group of schools, thirty-three saloons.

The conditions in the immediate neighborhood of these schools, Mr. Fishback told the committee, was a shame and a disgrace. He suggested that legislation ought to be enacted to prohibit a saloon within seven hundred fifty feet of any school building.—*Washington Post*.

## A Plea for College Students to Enter the Ministry

WOULD that I could lift up my voice this morning in every academy, college, and university on this broad continent. I would say to every gifted Christian youth, "God and humanity have need of you." He who redeemed you by his precious blood has a sovereign right to the best brains and most persuasive tongues and the highest culture. Why crowd the already overcrowded professions? The only occupation in America that is not overcrowded is the occupation of serving the Lord Jesus Christ and serving souls. I do not affirm that a Christian can not serve his Master in any other sphere or calling than the gospel ministry; but I do affirm that the ambition of worldly gains and worldly honors is sluicing the very heart of God's church, and drawing out to-day much of the church's best blood in greedy outlets. And I fearlessly declare that when the most splendid talent has reached the loftiest round of the ladder of promotion, that round is many rungs lower than a pulpit in which a consecrated tongue proclaims a living Christianity to a dying world. What Lord Eldon from the bar, what Webster from the senate-chamber, what Sir Walter Scott from the realms of romance, what Darwin from the fields of

science, what monarch from Wall Street or Lombard Street, can carry his laurels or his gold up to the judgment-seat and say, "These are my joy and crown"? But if so humble a servant of Jesus Christ as your pastor can ever point to the gathered flock arrayed in white before the celestial throne, then he may say, "What is my hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of Christ at his coming?"—*Theodore L. Cuyler, in "Recollections of a Long Life."*

## Much for Little

MR. WILLIAM A. MCKEEVER, professor of philosophy in the Kansas State Agricultural College, is an idealist of the highest type. He has been trying for years to raise the ethical standards in his part of the country, but his hobby is raising a better crop of boys and girls. Mr. McKeever has put some of his helpful ideas in pamphlet form, sixteen pages each. Thus far the following bulletins have been issued:—

- No. 1. The Cigarette-Smoking Boy.
- No. 2. Teaching the Boy to Save.
- No. 3. Training the Girl to Help in the Home.
- No. 4. Assisting the Boy in the Choice of a Vocation.
- No. 5. A Better Crop of Boys and Girls.
- No. 6. Teaching the Boy to Work.
- No. 7. Teaching the Girl to Save.

Physicians, attorneys, educators, ministers, and business men of every rank and profession have ordered liberal quantities of the pamphlets at the nominal price asked, one cent a copy, prepaid. One traveling salesman wrote, "I have arranged to place a copy in every home in my town." One city board of education ordered 10,000 copies of No. 2, to be read in the schools. A banking association in Canada presented "The Cigarette-Smoking Boy" to four thousand of its younger members.

The pamphlets, if ordered singly or in small quantities, sell for *two* cents each, instead of *one* cent. Order of William A. McKeever, Manhattan, Kansas.

## What Dr. Wiley Thinks of Coca-Cola

ONE of Kentucky's able educators, Miss Katherine Christian, the head of the department of household economics in the public schools of Lexington, not long ago came across a group of high-school boys drinking Coca-cola. Being possessed of the true qualifications of a teacher, and a deep and abiding interest in the well-being of the young people of the school, she warned them of the dangers of the drink. "Boys," she said, "if you knew what I know about Coca-cola, you would not be drinking it." The boys replied that Dr. Wiley, of the Agricultural Department at Washington, had said that it was harmless. "We will write to Dr. Wiley and inquire if such a statement was ever authorized by him," said Miss Christian. The letter was duly written, and the following reply received:—

FEBRUARY 10, 1912.

DEAR MADAM: The boys to whom you refer must have been reading faked literature. No such statement as you mention has ever issued from this office. In point of fact, the Bureau of Chemistry was instrumental in bringing a famous suit against the Coca-cola people, on the ground that the caffeine which was added to their product was a harmful substance.

The suit was lost to the government, not on the ground that the caffeine was harmless, but on a technical point in the law that it was not an "added" substance.

I consider the Coca-cola habit one of the most dangerous and insidious habits which is in existence to-day, and I believe the health officers, with the aid of parents, should do everything in their power to prevent children especially from acquiring this habit.

Personally, I believe the sale of Coca-cola is a violation of the Food and Drugs Act and of most of the laws of the States. I would be very glad to see its sale absolutely prohibited.

H. W. WILEY.