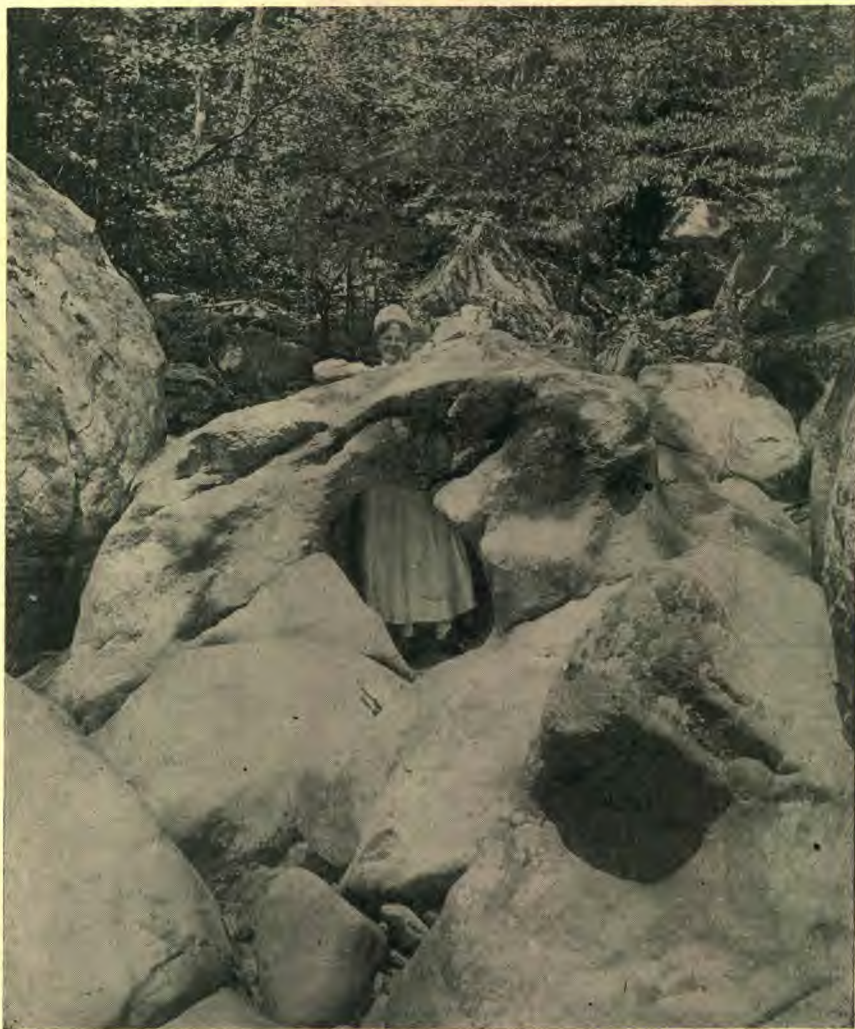


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

September 3, 1912

No. 36



A FREAK OF NATURE — THE ROCK, NOT THE LADY
See article on page ten

So far as is known, Cardiff is the only English university that has adopted a college yell.

ASSISTANT-SURGEON DONALD H. CURRIE of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, has been called to Galveston, Texas, to organize a laboratory for the study of rats and the bubonic plague.

Two women suffragists have been sentenced to five years' imprisonment each by an English court, one having set fire to the Theater Royal, Dublin, when Mr. Asquith was about to speak there, and the other having thrown a hatchet at Mr. Asquith.

THE Mexican government has awarded \$2,000 for each American killed on American soil in El Paso and Douglas during the battles of Juarez and Agua Prieta, and \$10,000 for every Chinese killed at Torreon, and \$20,000 for every German.

GEN. CINCINNATUS LECONTE, president of Haiti, perished in a fire that destroyed the national palace on the eighth day of August. One hundred persons perished with him, and twice as many were injured. One of those who lost their lives was his son. The catastrophe was caused by an accidental explosion of powder stored in a magazine attached to the palace.

FOR years the financial standing of Trinity Church, New York, was a mystery; but lately the rector published a report which showed that the value of its worldly investments amount to nearly seventy-five million dollars; this makes it the wealthiest church in the world. Much of the money is in real estate; the houses owned by Trinity Church are managed in such a manner that in spite of the increased rate of taxes, the tenants do not pay extra rent. The houses are all built with due regard to comfort, and air and light find their way into the rooms.

A Great Man's Kindness

As General Lee rode in the afternoons on Traveler, he was often greeted by the children, to whom at times he extended an invitation to come and ride with him, and this invitation came to be a coveted honor. On one occasion, as he was riding, he came to two little daughters of ex-Governor Letcher, the elder of whom was vainly trying to get her six-year-old sister to return home. As General Lee rode up, she accosted him: "General Lee, won't you please make this child go home to her mother?" The general stopped and invited the little rebel to ride home with him, which she graciously consented to do, and was thereupon lifted up in front of him, and "was thus grandly escorted home." When the mother asked the other child why she had given General Lee so much trouble, she said: "I couldn't make Fan go home, and I thought he could do anything."—*The Wellspring*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 3, 1912

No. 36

Anchored to the Infinite

THE builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite,
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the farther cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at the last across the chasm swung
The cable—then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching hands,—
Send out our love and faith to thread the deep,—
Thought after thought, until the little cord
Has grown to a chain no chance can break,
And—we have anchored to the Infinite!

—Edwin Markham.

A Past Condition and Its Repetition

JOHN N. QUINN



FULLNESS of bread, and abundance of idleness," were the causes that led to the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah; and these same conditions, combined with the oppression of the wage-earning class, are to exist in the time immediately preceding the second advent of Jesus Christ. The time of our Lord's second advent is near, and the aforementioned conditions now exist.

"The Passing of the Idle Rich," is one of the most remarkable books of the present time. Its author is Mr. Frederick T. Martin, himself a well-known social leader, and a man of wealth. In present economic conditions he sees grave dangers, and in his description of them he unconsciously bears testimony to God's description of last-day conditions. Here are a few citations:—

Since 1880, we have been piling up wealth in the hands of men who do not work. In almost every year there has been pouring from our mills a *steady grist of idlers*. It has gone so far that to-day, in every city of the Union, the class of the *idle rich* has reached proportions that to the thoughtful student of events are alarming. The millionaire habit has spread until to-day men of millions are far more numerous than were men of one tenth the wealth twenty years ago. . . .

I agree thoroughly with Mr. Carnegie, and with much older economists, in the opinion that any arbitrary distribution of wealth, or any arbitrary assignment of the sources of wealth, would be but temporary, and would be followed by another period of adjustment which would end with the reappropriation of wealth and the reassignment of the sources of wealth into the hands best qualified by nature to hold them. . . .

Yet I confess that the terrific sweep of industrialism across this land throughout the past century appalls me as I study it from records written and unwritten. I can not go down through the crowded tenement sections of our great cities without having it borne in upon me that we as a nation pay a fearful price in human blood and tears for our industrial triumphs. I can not see the poverty, even the degradation, of the wives and children of the wage-working class in many cities, and even in many rural districts, without being visited by the devastating thought that surely, if the principle of the thing be necessary and right, there must be fearful errors somewhere in the application of the principle.

For the grim fact stands out beyond denial that the men who are the workers of the nation, and the women and the children dependent upon them, are not to-day given the opportunities that are their proper birthright in free America; and that, struggle as they will, save as they may, lift their voices in protest as they dare, they can not obtain from our industrial hierarchy much more than a mere living wage.

And, on the other hand, it is equally true that the wage of capital is high, that the class of idle rich has grown out of proportion, and that it has taken upon itself a power and an arrogance unsurpassed in the industrial history of the world.

Somewhere there is something wrong. I speak as a rich man. I speak as a representative of the class of which I write, and to which in particular I address myself. We can no longer blind ourselves with idle phrases nor drug our consciences with the outworn boast that the working man of America is to-day the highest-paid artisan in the world. We know those lying figures well. Many a time I myself, in personal argument, have shown that the American working man receives from one and a half to three times as much as his

English cousin at the same trade; but we know that it means nothing.

We are learning (instead of envying the American working man his lot) to pity more deeply that English cousin. We are learning, too, that what we give our workers in wages we take back from them in the higher cost of necessities, in food, in clothing, in medicine, in insurance—in a hundred devious ways, all with one tendency, to keep the living margin down.

Many centuries ago two Greek philosophers, Aristotle and Plato, predicted that the time would come when the tools of wealth production—machinery—would have reached such an advanced stage of development that it would become unnecessary to enslave anybody for the sake of allowing any one class to devote itself to the pursuit of culture.

Aristotle and Plato were no visionaries. Their dreams, so far as the methods are concerned, are to-day realities; but, alas, how different the result! Instead of emancipation, we have welded about the necks of the people the chains of industrial slavery. It is true that the form of slavery, the direct exploitation of the bodies of men, has been wiped out in every civilized nation; but it is equally true that since our own great struggle for freedom from the pollution of chattel slavery, we have simply stepped out of a process of direct exploitation of a few enchained slaves into a process far more expansive, and embracing far more people; namely, the indirect exploitation of wage-workers for the benefit of capital!

The fruit of the genius of the inventors is plucked not by the hands of the workers, but by the hands of the comparatively small and personally insignificant class who, by virtue of the genius of their fathers or by virtue of mere chance, administer the tremendous power of capital.

The evolution of the ages, then, has brought about this strangely ironical condition. Humanity is face to face with a God-given opportunity to acquire and apply knowledge. The wealth-producing machinery of the world has the capacity to give to all men the opportunity of enjoying leisure. Knowledge and culture are the proper birthright of humanity to-day. Even in the face of obstacles, knowledge and culture spread among the people. Only one obstacle remains to block the fulfillment of the prophecy of the great philosophers. That obstacle is the idle rich. It is the leisure class that to-day destroys the spirit of our dream.

It can not be for long. We in America are moving fast toward social revolution.

That revolution is imminent is apparent to any one conversant with the present situation in all phases of human experience; and when the revolution occurs, it will usher in Him who is the rightful owner of the world, but whose rule has been usurped by one of an opposite spirit. The solution of all problems is the second personal coming of Jesus Christ; and that event will soon burst upon a scoffing, unbelieving, pleasure-loving world as an overwhelming surprise. Those who now are drifting along caring only for themselves, living self-centered lives, in that day will find themselves on the wrong side, and banished forever from the presence of Infinite Justice.

SEIZE hold of God's hand and look in the face of his creation, and there is nothing he will not enable you to achieve.—"The Two Paths."

A Good Vacation

It is told of Von Moltke, the great German field-marshal, that shortly before the Franco-Prussian war, he asked the emperor for a leave of absence, ostensibly because he needed rest. It was granted, and Von Moltke disappeared for a time. It was learned later that he had spent the time in studying the French fortifications, and this knowledge proved most valuable in the war which came soon after.

Christians especially must remember one thing about vacation: There is no vacation from Christian conduct. Going away from home should not mean going away from Christ and the church. When the disciples were bidden to go apart into a desert place to rest, the Master went with them, and so may we take him with us as we seek proper recreation.—*Selected.*

Soldierly Habits Necessary to Success

WHEN Gen. Nelson A. Miles was asked what the soldierly spirit is, he replied:—

It is not one thing alone, but many. Real soldiering with those who are in the armies of the world is:—

Obedience to orders, intelligent thinking, sobriety, honesty, effort to advance in ability and be promoted, a helpful hand for those who need help, cheerfulness in all work, loyalty to government and God.

There is not a thing I have said about the duties of the military soldier that does not apply to the life of the citizen soldier, from the schoolboy up to the biggest business man. The boy who is working in a shop, or attending school, or doing any other necessary work, can no more get away from those soldier rules, if he is to succeed, than I can from my loyalty to my government.

It is still necessary in the progress of life that governments should have soldiers, if not for actual purposes of war, to serve as police. But the great soldiery of the world is no longer in armed forces; it is in the workers of the earth. The farmer, the railway man, the clerk, the merchant, are the actual soldiers of to-day's life.

Yet they can not hope to win success if they do not follow the very rules that make up the daily life of a good soldier in a regular army. This soldier must obey, he must think, he must be cleanly. When we can get all the young workers of the nation of to-day to see that these soldier rules apply as much to them as to the man with the gun, we shall have a wonderful nation of successful people.

The President's Message

THE President's message as it exists to-day really originated with President Jefferson in 1801. President Washington was a great lover of ceremony and form. When, in the spring of 1779, our government under the present Constitution began, he decided to address Congress in person just as the ruler of Great Britain addressed Parliament. A grand cavalcade escorted the President to Congress; after the address was made, Congress framed a reply and waited upon the President with it, all in a very stately manner. President John Adams, also of rather an aristocratic temperament, did the same thing; but President Jefferson changed everything, and his communications to Congress were made in writing. His message sent to the Senate on the eighth of December, 1801, was the first President's message ever written. He expressly stated that he expected no answer, and so the ceremony of taking a reply to the President was not carried out. Jefferson's enemies claimed that he wrote the message in this way because he was such a poor speaker. Jefferson denied this, and said that it was untrue; that he wrote his message because, being a thorough republican, he believed that it was necessary, for the building up of a true republic, to eliminate all forms and ceremonies except the very simplest and those necessary to promote social intercourse.

The course adopted by President Jefferson survived

the fiery criticisms that were literally hurled at it; and after that the President's message was always written. Nor does it seem probable that as long as we exist as a republic, we shall ever go back to the form used by Washington and Adams.—*Walter K. Putney.*

An Undaunted Woman

ALL of us have our moments of discouragement, when it seems as if so much had been asked of us that we are not able to bear our load. At such a time the story of some one else who has had a hard battle may be an inspiration.

Forty years ago a young woman was left a widow with a family of little children and a heavy burden of debt. Far from being daunted by the prospect before her, she took up her pen and wrote for a living, working early and late, and giving her children a happy home full of sunshine. Two sons she sent through Oxford University (for this was an English home), a nephew she fitted for the civil service in India, two nieces she educated in Germany, an invalid brother she sheltered for years.

All this was the result of her own work with her pen, and she relates how frequently she was at her desk until two in the morning. In all her working years she never wholly laid aside her tasks except for one week. She says of herself: "By all rules, I ought to have been worn out by work and crushed by care half a hundred times, but I never was. Good day and ill day, they balanced each other, and I got on through year after year."

When she at last laid down her pen, Mrs. Oliphant was known all over the English-speaking world, yet few have known the story behind the charming books.—*Great Thoughts.*

The Fragrance of the Home

ONCE in crossing a meadow I came to a spot that was filled with fragrance, yet I could see no flowers, and I wondered whence the fragrance came. At last I found, low down, close to the ground, hidden by the tall grass, innumerable little flowers growing. It was from these the fragrance came. You enter some homes. There is a rich perfume of love that pervades all the place. It may be a home of wealth and luxury, or it may be plain and bare. No matter, it is not the house, nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes the air of sweetness. You look closely. It is a gentle woman, mother or daughter, quiet, lowly, hiding herself away, from whose life the fragrance flows. She may not be beautiful, may not be specially well educated, may not be musical, nor an artist, nor clever in any way; but wherever she moves, she leaves a benediction. Her sweet patience is never disturbed by the sharp words that fall about her. The children love her because she never tires of them. She helps them with their lessons, listens to their frets and worries, mends their broken toys, makes dolls' dresses for them, straightens out their tangles, settles their little quarrels, and finds time to play with them. When there is sickness in the home, she is the angel of comfort. Her face is always bright with the outshining of love. Her voice has music in it as it falls in cheerful tenderness on a sufferer's ear. Her hands are wondrously gentle as their soothing touch rests on the aching head, or as they minister in countless ways about the bed of pain.—*J. R. Miller.*

The Standard of Attainment

I HAVE just been reading about a company of miners who were entombed in a mine as the result of a terrible explosion. The combustion extinguished the light from every lamp, leaving them in total darkness, so it was impossible for them to find a way of escape through the piles of débris which blocked the passageway. After hours of misery in expectation of death by suffocation or starvation, they were rejoiced by seeing a tiny light approaching. A fellow miner had made his way to this underground prison, bringing with him a single lighted lamp. By this feeble light the imprisoned men were enabled to find their way back to life and safety.

We can not imagine these men refusing to avail themselves of the light that was brought to their rescue. No one in his right mind would do such a thing. Instead, it was hailed with a shout of joy and thanksgiving.

We are all imprisoned in a world of darkness and sin. Obstructions of every kind are thrown across our pathway. Dangerous pitfalls surround us on every hand. Groping in the darkness, we are sure to be lost; but, thanks be to our Heavenly Father, light has been sent by which we may find the path to safety.

"The entrance of thy words giveth light." Notice, it is the *entrance* of the words that gives light. The Bible will never give light to those who leave it closed and unstudied.

Our only safeguard through the perils of the last days is a thorough knowledge of God's Word. Satan is working hard to deceive those who have allied themselves to Christ, for he is not willing to lose them from his ranks. In "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII, page 290, we read: "We are living in an age of great light; but much that is called light is opening the way for the wisdom and arts of Satan. . . . The path of error often appears to lie close to the path of truth. It is hardly distinguishable from the path that leads to holiness and heaven. But the mind enlightened by the Holy Spirit may discern that it is diverging from the right way."

We have a measuring line by which we may detect that which is not true: "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." But we must have a knowledge of the measuring line, or we shall not be able to use it.

Then, another danger besets our young people. Satan is diligently placing all kinds of allurements before them to tempt them to choose the service and pleasures of the world rather than the service of Christ. The study of the Bible is again given as a protection from all such snares.

"The reason why the youth, and even those of mature years, are so easily led into temptation and sin, is that they do not study the Word of God and meditate upon it as they should. . . . If the Word of God were appreciated as it should be, both young and old would possess an inward rectitude, a strength of principle, that would enable them to resist temptation."—*Id.*, page 319. Is not this worth striving for?

We not only need this protection for ourselves, but the world is to be warned, and we are told that our young people must take a leading part in giving this warning. How many are now able to give direct Bible authority for the various points of faith that distinguish us as a people? How many can tell when, why, and how this denomination came into existence, and the experiences and hardships endured by the pioneers in the work? The study of these things has a won-

derful influence to strengthen our faith and confidence in our Leader. It also prepares us to tell these truths to others in a way that will appeal to them. This Bible knowledge is the *light* by which we may find a way of escape for ourselves, and lead others out of the prison-house of darkness and sin.

It was for the purpose of helping our young people to get a good fundamental knowledge of Bible doctrines and denominational history that the Standard of Attainment plan was inaugurated. The first certificate was issued in the fall of 1908. Since that time hundreds of our young people have become members of Attainment. Many others have become awakened to their need of a thorough knowledge of these things, and are preparing for the examinations.

Dear young friend, are *you* availing yourself of this heaven-inspired help,—this light so graciously sent to our rescue? If you are prepared for the examination in September, make this known to the Missionary Volunteer secretary of your conference. But if you have not made the necessary preparation, will you not begin now to study for the examination next spring? You will soon find the study a pleasure and a blessing.

MRS. CARRIE R. MOON.

Character Building

THERE are several things that are essential to the building of a strong character. Among them are duty and faith. Character is the grandest thing a man can possess, and he who would have a good character must perform duties that his conscience tells him he should do, even at the risk of his reputation. He must, like the hero of old, determine "to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty."

An abiding sense of duty is the chief element, the very crown, of character building. Some one has said: "Duty is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which all power, goodness, intellect, truth, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of ruin, astonished at our own desolation."

It is the lesson of history, and no less the experience of the present age, that attention to duty in all its details is the only sure road to true greatness, to genuine success, whether individual or national.

It often takes considerable faith to perform certain duties that to the average human mind seem to be lacking in beneficial results; but if the person's sense of duty is strong and the course of action clear, a courageous will, an invincible determination to do his duty at all costs, upheld by a good conscience, will enable him to proceed on his course bravely in the face of all opposition. And should failure be his portion, he may at least have the satisfaction of knowing it was in the cause of duty.

Take, for instance, the martyrs during the period of papal persecution, countless thousands of whom perished at the stake, or ended their days in dark and dismal dungeons, simply because they refused to stifle the voice of conscience and accept the decrees of the Church of Rome, instead of those of the God of heaven.

What better example could be had of an unfaltering faith, of a keen sense of duty? While they in their day were compelled to exercise unlimited faith in believing and acting as they did, yet we to-day know for a surety that their fond hopes will shortly be realized, and that soon they will receive an eternal crown of rejoicing. All this is the reward of him who knows his duty, and

does it regardless of immediate results, or of what others may say.

Some one has spoken as follows of faith: "The snows of an eternal winter can not quench its fire, nor the glow of a tropical sun destroy its life and freshness. In the palace of a king or the hut of the peasant, in the homes of the rich or the cabins of the poor, it emits its fragrance with equal power to please. It is as necessary to the learned as to the ignorant, and comforts alike the declining years of the sage and him who never knew the value of education."

Therefore I conclude that an abiding sense of one's duty, put into determined and resolute action, through the influence of that most wonderful of all powers, faith, is a mighty factor in the development of a stable and upright character.

J. L. JONES.

Washington's Truthfulness

THE story of Washington's life will always stand out as a monument for the youth of all lands to profit by. It may be of interest to quote a few thoughts from the "Life of Washington," with special reference to his proverbial truthfulness, written by Rev. M. L. Weems, formerly rector of Mount Vernon parish:—

"Never did the wise Ulysses take more pains with his beloved Telemachus than did Mr. Washington with George, to inspire him with an early love of truth. 'Truth, George,' said he, 'is the loveliest quality of youth. I would ride fifty miles, my son, to see the little boy whose heart is so honest, and his lips so pure, that we may depend on every word he says. O, how lovely does such a child appear in the eyes of everybody! His parents dote on him. His relatives glory in him. They are constantly praising him to their children, whom they beg to imitate him. They are often sending for him to visit them; and receive him, when he comes, with as much joy as if he were a little angel come to set pretty examples to their children.

"But, O, how different, George, is the case with the boy who is so given to lying that nobody can believe a word he says! He is looked at with aversion wherever he goes, and parents dread to see him come among their children. O George, my son! rather than see you come to this pass, dear as you are to my heart, gladly would I assist to nail you up in your little coffin, and follow you to your grave. Hard, indeed, would it be to me to give up my son, whose little feet are always so ready to run about with me, and whose fondly looking eyes and sweet prattle make so large a part of my happiness. But still I would give him up rather than see him a common liar."

"'Pa,' said George very seriously, 'do I tell lies?'

"'No, George, I thank God you do not, my son; and I rejoice in the hope you never will. At least, you shall never, from me, have cause to be guilty of so shameful a thing. Many parents, indeed, even compel their children to this vile practise, by barbarously beating them for every little fault; hence, on the next offense, the little terrified creature slips out a lie, just to escape the rod. But as to yourself, George, you know I have always told you, and now tell you again, that whenever by accident you do anything wrong, which must often be the case, as you are but a poor little boy yet, without experience or knowledge, you must never tell a falsehood to conceal it; but come bravely up, my son, like a little man, and tell me of it: and, instead of beating you, George, I will but the more honor and love you for it, my dear.'"

S. B. HORTON.

A Beautiful Midsummer Night

(Meditations of a sixteen-year-old country girl)

HERE by the open window
I sit this summer night
While breezes softly fan me.
The moon is full and bright,
And over field and forest
She casts her mellow beam,
While deep fantastic shadows
Upon the hills are seen.

Quite close beside my window
There stands a linden-tree;
It gracefully is nodding
Its greetings o'er to me.
I hear the crickets chirping,
The frogs are in their glee,
And katydids are singing.
How good it sounds to me!

A breath of perfume enters
My windows where I stay;
It comes from o'er the meadow
Where last I raked the hay.
I see the grain fields waving,
Which soon shall yield their sheaves:
I see the wide-spread forest,
Hear gently murmuring leaves.

I hear the night-bird calling
His mate in tender note,
While from the depths of forest
Her loving answers float.
I watch the starry heavens;
O, what a grand array!
How peacefully each planet
Moves on in its own way!

I wonder what great splendor
On those bright stars may be,
While they reveal such beauty
As from afar I see.
When I behold this grandeur,
I drift in wonder; yea,
My words fail me to tell you
What I should want to say.

What human artist ever
Portrayed a scene so grand
As I see here before me
Laid out on every hand?
When I look over nature,
I see how small are we;
How great is our Creator,
Who fashioned all I see!

He hangs the hosts of heaven
On nothing; yet they stay
And follow his directions,
Nor loiter by the way.
While on the face of nature
There lies a reverent hush,
Sweet thoughts of adoration
Upon me gently rush.

While nature now is giving
Her praises to her King;
While in this sweet cantata
I hear his creatures sing,
My soul soars up in praises
To him who in his love
Made all these wondrous beauties,
And greater ones above.

IDA REESE KURZ.

Palisades, Colorado.

A Thankful Sea-Gull

THERE often exists a comradeship between sailors and the sea-birds that neither time nor distance can separate. A gull dropped fluttering upon the deck of a transport sailing from San Francisco to Manila, apparently ill. A sailor picked it up, took it to his quarters, and fed and cared for it until it became strong again. Then he allowed it to fly away. But the bird did not forget him. Every day it alighted on the deck and waited for this particular man to come and feed it. It followed the steamer to Manila, and back again to the harbor of San Francisco.—*Our Dumb Animals.*



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



Some Appreciative Boys and Girls

NOT often while they are in the bright, glad young years, do our boys and girls appreciate what sacrifices have been made for them by father and mother at home, toiling doubly hard, and fighting loneliness, too, that their young sons and daughters might have a "fair chance" to acquire an education. More often, this appreciation of father and mother comes years and years afterward, accompanied with a sharp regret that it should have come so tardily.

It is so easy to "take things for granted," to accept as a matter of course mother's tired stoop and her worn gowns, father's patient doing without luxuries and even necessities, that the children — always children to them — away at school shall miss no advantages that are within their power to bestow.

Recently there was graduated from one of our agricultural schools in a great Western State, a class of a hundred fifty boys and girls, who chose for their motto, "Industry in Useful Service," and who are now going back to homes scattered throughout the State, to put into practise the good things they have been learning through the years of student life.

A singularly beautiful thing about this large class of graduates is the appreciation they are showing now of the fathers and mothers at home, not waiting for an elusive "by and by." In the class annual, a remarkably creditable and readable volume, is this dedication, the wording and the idea of the young people themselves: "*Dedicated to our fathers and mothers, whose loving care and sacrifice have made possible our advancement thus far on life's journey.*"

All through the commencement exercises of this class of earnest boys and girls, the refrain of that loving appreciation sounded.

"How much they will mean to the homes and the communities to which they are returning," whispered one of the faculty women to the friend beside her.

"Yes, indeed, if they live up to their motto and the spirit of that dedication."

"O, they will — at least the great majority of them!"

The preceptress of the school nodded an assent. "You wouldn't have many doubts as to that if you knew them as I have known them — at close range."

Exceptional it sounds, doesn't it? perhaps a bit improbable, but why should it be the exceptional, or even unusual? Why should not all young people be thoughtful and considerate and appreciative?

Sometimes in their youthful and commendable desire not to drop the "cultural subjects," — a phrase we hear so often nowadays, — the boy and the girl graduate are tempted to devote more than their fair share of time to improving reading, thereby laying heavier burdens on the shoulders of father and mother just when the latter have a right to expect an easing of the load. Sometimes these young graduates take

it for granted that the treat of a fine lecture or a concert in the neighborhood is their natural right. But O, the mistake and the pity of it! It is after their return from the school course that they should see to it that father and mother have a new chance at these good things.

Sons and daughters with the spirit which prompted the dedication in that class annual are going to make sure that their parents are the gainers in every way by their return home from school, that they have new and frequent chances at "self-improvement" and entertainment.

"But father and mother do not care to go out. They have formed such a habit of staying in it is really an uncomfortable effort for them to go to any kind of entertainment," some one may say.

If that is true, then your course is certainly plain before you. Staying in and getting into a rut is an easy habit for parents to acquire. Try a little tactful persuasion and make an extra effort to lighten the day's burdens so that father and mother will not be all tired out when evening comes. You will probably be surprised, after a little, to see how more than willingly they will take their part in these outside interests and opportunities, and how much more youthful they will keep because of this sharing of the good times.

How I wish, O how I wish, that all our young people would carry in their hearts the spirit of the dedication of this agricultural school annual: "To our fathers and mothers, whose loving care and sacrifice have made possible our advancement thus far on life's journey." — *Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in Young People's Weekly.*

How the Guest Can Help

"I MAKE my own bed, and keep my own room tidy. What more can be expected?" My, what a plaintive question! Well, did you ever notice the morning paper scattered all over the davenport, and the baby's toys upside down in the corner, and the orange-peel on the window-sill where the busy boy of the family placed it in a hurry, and forgot it in as big a hurry? Yes, and have you noticed the music disarranged on the rack, and the flowers beginning to wither in the vase, and the centerpiece pulled a bit awry, and the scarf thrown carelessly across the banister, and the rug out of place in the hallway? And have you noticed — oh, have you just been noticing, ever since your visit began, these little things, things of no importance in themselves, but which take time when you get so many together? These are all side stops in a busy house-keeper's day of work. And if the side stops are taken in hand by some one else, of course she can go right ahead, and much time is saved. Anybody can do the side stops; they are such trivial, insignificant things. Even the guest can do them, and not interfere with

her own good times in the least. They aren't much, to be sure, but they do help. And the guest who keeps her eyes on the side stops, and who handles them so naturally and so inconspicuously that it is hardly even noticed, I tell you that guest is going to be welcome any time, and for just as long a time as she can give. — *Girls' Companion*.

A Good Year to Start

THE home fairy who wants to wear white seven days in the week should be willing to act as her own laundress. Luckily this is a good year to make a start in this direction. When skirts measured five yards around the bottom, to do up a duck or piqué skirt was a task that required several hours. The scant, plain little frocks that are in favor nowadays, along with the revolt in favor of no starch, makes the work of a laundress comparatively easy. And, anyway, it is a good thing for a girl to know just how much her little vanities cost other people. Sometimes a girl would think twice before putting on an entirely clean frock for a ride if she knew that she herself must wash and iron the same before it would be suitable to wear again.

Some girls object that they do not know how to wash and iron. But a home fairy should learn how. To do a heavy washing would be a task beyond the strength of most girls, but any of you are able to wash your own little frocks or shirt-waists; and as far as knowing how is concerned, it is certain that you can never learn younger. A girl is certainly modest in regard to her intellectual capacity if she claims that laundry work done satisfactorily by women who can not write their names, is too difficult for her to master. — *Girls' Companion*.

Bismarck and His Landlord

PRINCE VON BISMARCK was famous, of course, for his iron will. Austria, Denmark, France, and the German parliament all had occasion to recognize this quality in the great statesman; so also did the landlord in the following anecdote:—

While in Frankfort as Prussian representative in the diet, Bismarck lived in the house of a particularly sulky and tight-fisted man. One day Bismarck asked that a bell be put in his room, so that he should not be obliged to shout for his servant. The landlord declared curtly that he would go to no such expense; that it was entirely the lodger's affair.

A few days later the inmates of the house were startled by a succession of pistol-shots coming from Bismarck's room. The landlord, imagining all kinds of fearful disaster, rushed to the room from which the shots had come. Trembling with fear, he threw open the door. There, to his astonishment, he beheld Bismarck, quietly reading some papers, with a smoking pistol beside him.

Without looking up, Bismarck asked quietly, "What can I do for you?"

The quaking landlord managed to stammer, "W-w-what has h-happened?"

"Nothing," Bismarck replied, in the same even tone. "I was merely calling my servant."

When Bismarck returned from a walk that afternoon, he found that a bell had been installed in his room.— *Youth's Companion*.

OBEDIENCE to parents prepares one for obedience to God.

Caleb Cobweb's Black List

ALL our hymns suffer much from slovenly pronunciation, but none of them more than the beautiful Christian song, which deserves far better treatment, "He leadeth me." Listen, the next time that is sung, and see if the refrain is not made out to be, "He leaduth me, he leaduth me."— *Christian Endeavor*.

National Forms of Greeting

"How do you do?"—that is English and American.
 "How do you carry yourself?"—that is French.
 "How do you stand?"—that is Italian.
 "How do you fare?"—that is Dutch.
 "How can you?"—that is Swedish.
 "How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?"—that is Chinese.
 "How do you behave yourself?"—that is Polish.
 "How do you live on?"—that is Russian.
 "May thy shadow never be less!"—that is Persian; and all mean much the same thing.— *Selected*.

Praying While the Sun Shines

IF we would only give God our best, our brightest days, we should have no cause to tremble when the dark hours come on. A little girl who suffered greatly during thunder-storms was told by her mother to pray when she felt alarmed. One day, at the close of a fearful storm, she came to her mother with the information that praying during the danger brought her no relief. "Then," said her mother, "try praying when the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear." The child did so, and when another storm was raging, she said sweetly, "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now." What a lesson we who are older might learn from this incident! How often do we stay away from our Master until the storms of life drive us to him for shelter and protection!— *The Lutheran Observer*.

No Need to Fear

AN Old Testament promise reads: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." If we are stayed upon the eternal God, nothing ever can disturb us, for nothing can disturb him on whom we are reposing. If we are held in the clasp of the everlasting arms, we need not fear that we shall ever be separated from the enfolding.

The position of the everlasting arms in this picture is suggestive—"underneath." They are always underneath us. No matter how low we sink, in weakness, in faintness, in pain, in sorrow, we never can sink below these everlasting arms. We never can drop out of their clasp. A father tried to save his child in the waves, wildly clasping his arms about the loved form. But his arms, though nerved by most passionate love, were too weak, and the child slipped away from them and sank down in the dark waters. But evermore, in the deepest floods, the everlasting arms will be underneath the feeblest, most imperiled child of God. Sorrow is very deep, but still and forever, in the greatest grief, these arms of love are underneath the sufferer. Then when death comes, and every earthly support is gone from beneath us, when every human arm unclasps and every face of love fades from before our eyes, and we sink away into what seems darkness and the shadow of death, we shall only sink into the everlasting arms underneath us.— *J. R. Miller*, in "In Perfect Peace."



Wireless Time Is Next



SCIENTISTS in the United States and England are anxiously awaiting the completion of the navy's new wireless station at Arlington, Virginia. The astronomers at the Naval Observatory in Washington have been invited by the scientists at the Greenwich Observatory in England to conduct transoceanic experiments to determine the time required for the electric flash to travel the intervening distance. Plans to flash time-signals to ships at sea also are under way.

Wires will be strung between the Arlington wireless station and an operating-room in the Naval Observatory, three miles distant from which experiments will be conducted. Wireless communication hitherto has not been established at a sufficiently long range to permit time tests.

Measuring the Waves

"Little is known of the possibilities of the wireless, or of the use to which the ethereal waves may be put," said Prof. George A. Hill, of the United States Naval Observatory. "Upon its discovery everybody turned his attention to its immediate commercial value. Now its vast possibilities have won the interest of the scientist.

"We know that when the powerful flash of electricity leaves the aerials, it is taken up by the ether. The ether receiving the electricity broadens out in waves, similar to waves on a quiet pond caused by the dropping of a pebble. What is the wave of ether? and what can it be made to do?"

"We know the exact time of Washington as taken from the sun and the stars. Also we know the exact time of Greenwich. If a flash of electricity is released from the aerials of the wireless automatically by our

Tower in Paris. The wireless experts assure us that there will be no difficulty in establishing communication with both the English and the French station.

"The observatory is planning to send out a time-signal every night to ships sailing the Atlantic. This signal is now sent out from the naval station at Cape Cod. The signal will be flashed from the wires automatically by the time clock of the observatory, but, owing to the high potential to which the apparatus will be tuned up, only those ships several hundred miles from the east coast will be able to get the signal." — *Washington Post*.

Lightning

In a "census of fears" taken a few years ago by Clark University, the dread of lightning stood in the foremost place. A severe thunder-storm is a source



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MAP SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF CATTLE

of positive terror to many persons who are afraid of nothing else.

It is impossible not to believe that much of this fear is due to ignorance. During the one hundred sixty years that have elapsed since Franklin proved that lightning is a manifestation of electric energy, we have really learned less about it than about almost any other of the great phenomena of nature. France and Germany keep records of every casualty from lightning.

The United States has statistics that cover a shorter period of time and are less inclusive. Nevertheless, even from these fragmentary records it is possible to deduce some facts of importance.

Although the actual number of persons killed by lightning in the United States is considerable, the ratio is only one in a hundred thousand. Of those who are struck, one in every three recovers, and if artificial respiration were more often employed, the number of recoveries would probably be greater still.

Most of our storms move from west to east. It is not strange, therefore, to find that lightning strikes more frequently on the western side of cities than on the eastern. In the country the western slopes of hills, especially near the summit, are more than ordinarily exposed to stroke. The courses of large streams are also danger zones, particularly when the streams flow through level valleys. Tall trees on the shores of lakes are often struck, for damp ground is an excellent conductor.

The city is, as a rule, safer than the country. The



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MAP SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF HORSES

standard time clock, and received automatically by the standard time clock of the observatory at Greenwich, the length of time required for the electricity to cross the Atlantic can be readily reduced to tenths of a second by computation.

Send Time to Europe

"Every night we expect to exchange time-signals with both the observers at Greenwich and at Eiffel

outside metal work and the piping of large buildings, the wires, and above all, the hot gases ascending in columns from innumerable chimneys, are conduits through which the clouds discharge in silence.

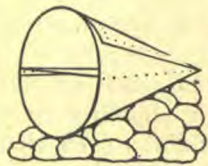
For protection against lightning, more measures are known than are usually employed. Lightning-rods, in sufficient number and properly attached, afford almost complete security; but safety lies in the number of the lines of wire rather than in the size or material. A dozen or twenty conductors of common telegraph-wire, although only reasonably well grounded, are better than a single large copper rod, although thoroughly grounded.

Outdoors, during thunder-storms, sensible persons will keep away from tall trees, wire fences, wire clothes-lines, telegraph- and telephone-poles; and indoors they will avoid the stove and the chimney-breast, water-pipes, steam-radiators, gas and electric-light fixtures, and telephones; nor will they sit at open doors or windows. To huddle together in a group, as timid people so often do, is to court danger rather than to avoid it. The safest place is lying down, for lightning needs a vertical conductor.—*Youth's Companion*.

"Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of sect and creeds;
Wanted — deeds."

A Dutch Oven for Campers

FOR a permanent camp in the woods, or for a canoe trip, a Dutch oven is a simple and effective arrangement for outdoor cooking. Anybody can make it in a few minutes from one large and one small piece of tin and a few rivets.



DUTCH OVEN

Take a sheet of bright new tin big enough to roll into a hollow cone, the large end of which will be from twenty to twenty-four inches in diameter. Fasten it in this shape with rivets or tacks. Cut a triangular piece of tin of the same length as the cone measured

from base to apex, and having the same taper; but make the piece two inches wider than the diameter of the cone at each point in its length. Turn over, at right angles, an inch of each of the two long sides of the piece, and by rivets through this turned-over portion, fasten the triangular piece in the center of the cone.

The oven is now ready for use. A few stones under it and around it will hold it in place. Meats, potatoes, biscuit,—whatever is to be cooked is placed on the shelf in the cone, and a hot fire is built directly in front of the open mouth of the oven. The heat is reflected by the bright surface of the tin, so that the cooking is done quickly and evenly.

The food is kept free from ashes and soot, and is not burned to a crisp on one side and half cooked on the other, as is often the case over a camp-fire. On a windy day, however, the oven must be set in a sheltered spot, or a screen placed between the fire and the wind.

Do not try to economize by using an old piece of rusty sheet-iron or tin plate. Since the oven cooks by reflection, a bright surface is necessary.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Blessing of a Hard Beginning

THERE is a story of a tender-hearted woman who, seeing within a cocoon the struggle that the butterfly was making to free itself, thought to help by breaking the meshes and letting the silken-winged creature loose; but the butterfly, thus released, was too weak to lift itself, too undeveloped to care for itself, and died before its rescuer's eyes. It needed the battle.

Beginnings ought to be hard; the people whose beginnings are made easy for them are the handicapped. Attainment, achievement, fulfilment, can not be made easy; and beginnings should not be. Patience, determination, thoroughness, come hard to those who have never known hard beginnings. The bright pupil who learns his lessons without special effort usually receives a poorer preparation for life than any other boy in the class.

It is not only the virtues essential to success that are to be associated with hard beginnings; family affection flourishes best when there is need of family effort to get the younger members started right. That does not mean freeing them from burdens, but taking pains to adjust the load properly upon their young shoulders. Family affection is likely to be impaired when no burden has been imposed. To be companions in hardship is to be companions always. There is a peculiar sacredness about love that grows under difficulties.

Many rich men are perplexed by the problem how to keep their children from growing up inefficient through being accustomed to easy conditions of life. Many wives of rich men are saddened because they seem not so necessary to their children, not so intimate with them, as those mothers who, in the eyes of the world, are less fortunately placed.—*Youth's Companion*.



FRENCH BULLDOG
"Ugly enough to be attractive."

A Freak of Nature

ON the northwest branch of the Anacostia River is a very beautiful bit of scenery that is interesting from the geologic point of view, as well as from the artistic. The Anacostia River is one of the many small streams that help to swell the broad waters of the Potomac.

This delightful spot, nine miles northwest of the city of Washington and three miles north of the Washington Sanitarium, was chosen for the Seminary-Sanitarium picnic grounds at the close of school last spring. The river has a very steep, rocky gorge, so that clambering down to the river-bed reminds one of mountain climbing.

Due to the erosive action of the swirling water as it rushes on year after year, the rocks in the river-bed are fashioned as if by a sculptor. One rock in particular was remarkably worn by the water. By inspection of the cut on the first page it will be observed that a hole has been bored through the rock perpendicularly and then out to one side. The hole is large enough to admit a person without inconvenience. As this rock lies right in the river-bed, the bottom of the hole is filled with water after heavy rains.

H. L. TRANSTROM.

Various Trees

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| WHAT is the social tree? | Pear. |
| And the dancing tree? | Hop. |
| And the tree that is nearest the sea? | Beech. |
| The daintiest tree? | Spruce. |
| And the kissable tree? | Tulip. |
| And the tree where ships may be? | Bay. |
| What is the telltale tree? | Peach. |
| And the traitor's tree? | Judas. |
| And the tree that is warmest clad? | Fir. |
| The languishing tree? | Pine. |
| The chronologist's tree? | Date. |
| And the tree that makes one sad? | Weeping willow. |
| What is the emulous tree? | Ivy. |
| The industrious tree? | Spindle-tree. |
| And the tree that will never stand still? | Caper. |
| The unhealthiest tree? | Sycamore. |
| The Egyptian plague tree? | Locust. |
| And the tree neither up nor down hill? | Plane. |
| The contemptible tree? | Medlar. |
| The most yielding tree? | India rubber. |
| And the tree that bears a curse? | Fig. |
| The reddish-brown tree? | Chestnut. |
| The reddish-blue tree? | Lilac. |
| And what round itself doth entwine? | Woodbine. |
| What is the housewife's tree? | Broom. |
| And the fisherman's tree? | Basswood. |
| What by cockneys is turned into wine? | Vine. |
| What is the tree that got up? | Rose. |
| And the tree that was lazy? | Satin. |
| The tree that is immortal? | Arbor vitæ. |
| The tree that is not? | Dyewoods. |
| And the tree whose wood faces the north? | Southernwood. |
| The tree in a bottle? | Cork. |
| The tree in a fog? | Smoke-tree. |
| And what each must become ere he's old? | Elder. |
| The tree of the people? | Poplar. |
| The traveler's tree? | Wayfaring. |
| And the sad tree which schoolmaster's hold? | Birch. |
| What is the tree that has passed through the fire? | Ash. |
| The tree that we offer to friends when we meet? | Palm. |
| And the tree we may use as a quill? | Aspen. |
| What is the tree that in death will benight you? | Deadly nightshade. |
- Selected.

Care of the Teeth

In a neglected and unclean mouth the gums are often in a state of considerable congestion and inflammation. Under such circumstances the softest brush will cause hemorrhage; but after a time, if the brushing is persisted in, the tendency to hemorrhage will cease, and the gums will assume a healthy appearance, provided the salivary deposits — tartar — have been removed and the surfaces of the teeth properly polished.

The use of silk floss as an adjunct to the tooth-brush is of great value in cleansing the dental interspaces of such particles of food as the tooth-brush has failed to remove. The silk should first be waxed and then cut in pieces six to eight inches in length, and these passed between the teeth, and by a backward and forward movement made to pass over the approximating surfaces of the teeth from the gums to the

cutting edges or the grinding surfaces. Care should be used not to wound the gums by forcing the silk upon them with too great energy.

Toothpicks are also useful in removing food débris and vegetable and animal fibers that have been forced between the teeth and are impinging upon the gums. Such masses of food should never be allowed to remain upon the gums for a longer time than is necessary to reach a convenient place for their removal, as great injury may be done to the delicate festoon that fills the base of the dental interspace and gives to the gums their beautiful symmetry. The loss of the gum festoons gives the appearance of age or senility to the teeth; they should therefore be protected from injury and loss. Unskilful use of the toothpick is often very harmful to the gum festoons, and for that reason it should be rarely used. Metal toothpicks are unpleasant to use, especially if the individual has metal fillings in the teeth, because when two dissimilar metals come together in the mouth, a galvanic shock is the result; furthermore, they can rarely be made thin enough to pass properly between the teeth. Wooden toothpicks are an abomination, for they are too thick and clumsy to enter the dental interspaces, and they often break off between the teeth or split and leave slivers in the gums that cause inflammation, suppuration, and sometimes sepsis. The only toothpicks that should be used in the mouth are thin, sterilized quills, made from suitable feathers. These can be used without injury to the tissues, and, if scraped thin enough, will readily pass between the teeth, and are also sufficiently rigid to remove vegetable and animal fibers that may have lodged between the teeth.

The tongue is often in a very unsanitary condition. This organ should receive as much attention as is given to the teeth. The dorsum — upper surface — of the tongue is supplied with numerous minute papillæ and tiny grooves or depressions surrounding them, which are the lodging-places for particles of food débris, and are the breeding-ground for vast numbers of micro-organisms. The dorsum of the tongue should be cleaned every morning by scraping with a suitable instrument made of ivory, bone, or celluloid. This instrument should be about six inches long, thin in the middle, and thicker at the ends, so that on bringing the ends together it will form a bow. This instrument, is to be carried back to the root of the tongue, and drawn forward upon the surface several times. The Japanese provide a tongue scraper with every tooth-brush sold. This would be a good practise for all tooth-brush manufacturers to adopt. The tooth-brush may be used for the same purpose, but it is inferior to the scraper, and less comfortable to use. . . .

Clean Teeth Necessary to Health

A clean mouth and a clean body are the best safeguards against disease. Guard well the health of the mouth, and the stomach will take care of itself. Keep the mouths and teeth of the children in a clean and healthy condition, and the undertaker will call less often at your door.— *Mouth Hygiene and Mouth Sepsis*, by John Sayre Marshall, M.D., Sc. D.

THE foregoing article, and the one on the care of the teeth which appeared in last week's INSTRUCTOR, are taken from Dr. Marshall's new book, "Mouth Hygiene." The book can be obtained from J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.



The Baby's God

SITTING in the summer twilight
With a happy, golden head
Pillowed on my arm one evening,
To my little one I said:

"Up above the shadows, darling,
Far above the treetops tall,
Higher than the stars in heaven,
Is God's home beyond them all.

"But his eyes are strong and loving,
And he sees us sitting here;
Every word that we are saying,
Though we whisper, he can hear."

Naught she knew of sin to pardon,
Nor of guilt to wash away;
Naught of burdens hard to carry;
Life to her could mean but play.

Deep the wide, round eyes went searching
As to pierce the spaces through,
While she whispered, gazing upward,
"Pretty Jesus, peek-a-boo!"

Fellowship and sweet communion
In the little word were blent,
Faith as strong and love as tender
As in prayer of wisest saint.

Could I chide her, blindly thinking
That the love which taught us all
With the glad to mingle gladness
Would not listen to her call?

We who are but older children
Scarce with wider wisdom pray,
Pleading him to speed the project
Which is but a larger play.

Yet we find him in our gladness
Quite as much as in our pain,
Sharer of our joy and sadness,
Sanctifying loss and gain.

He who heeds the falling sparrow
Hears the happy song-bird, too;
Love that bore the world's great sorrow,
Heard the baby's "Peek-a-boo!"

— Amanda Elizabeth Miller.

The Prettiest Girl



KNOW who will get the prize!" laughed Dorothy. Half a dozen girls were on their way home from school, and something very unusual had happened. Mrs. Nailor, the wealthiest woman in Dover, had visited the school that day, and not only that, but she had offered a prize to the one whom, for three reasons, she could pronounce the prettiest girl in school.

Mrs. Nailor's beautiful home on the hill was a great source of entertainment to the children, who never tired of peering through the high iron bars of the fence at the deer darting in and out among the shrubbery, and watching the sparkling fountain and the shining goldfish darting about in its crystal waters.

Mrs. Nailor had said that she knew all the girls, and that they must be very careful, for she would be watching them when they were unaware of it — and she would not tell them when she would make school inspections.

"I am so tired of taking beauty prizes!" exclaimed Elsie, pettishly.

"It must be hard to be so pretty!" snapped Alice, spitefully. Alice had a pretty face, too, but a very unhappy disposition.

"I wish I were pretty," sighed Bess, mournfully.

"There is no danger of Katherine's getting the prize," laughed Alice.

Katherine's lips quivered, but she looked up with a brave little smile, and said sweetly: "Elsie is so beautiful I just love to sit and look at her, and sometimes I think Alice is almost as pretty."

"Why don't you curl your hair and get some pretty dresses; you might get the prize sure enough if you kept your face away from the light and —"

"Hush!" interrupted Dorothy, "there's Mrs. Nailor passing."

"I wonder why she walks when she has such splendid carriages and an automobile," said Bertha, half aloud.

"Because walking makes one strong and well," replied Katherine, solemnly.

It was true that Katherine was not beautiful. Her face was plain, her complexion dark, and her hair a dull brown, but her eyes were her charm, large, clear, and truthful; and her teeth shone like pearls. Her simple black dress and hat were anything but becoming, still there was an indescribable sweetness in her expression.

"I'm going to buy that light blue silk accordion-plaited dress at Rayner's, and charge it until I get the prize money," said Elsie. "Mrs. Nailor sits right opposite us in church, and she'll be sure to notice what I have on."

The month passed by at last, and all were assembled in the auditorium of the school, which was crowded to the doors with parents and friends. Elsie sat in the first seat, resplendent in the light blue silk.

The presentation of the prize was the last feature on the program; and when Mrs. Nailor took the platform, a hush fell upon the assembly. She was not a beautiful woman, but there was something queenly in her bearing.

"Dear girls," she said, "if I could only express to you the thrill it gives me to look into the sea of bright, happy, and beautiful faces before me, you might understand and thus appreciate how hard it is for me to come to a decision. During the month I have watched and studied you all very carefully that I might be perfectly just, and make no mistake. My observations have taught me many things. First of all, I looked for beauty of character where I saw beauty of face, and I regret sincerely to say that in every instance I found conceit and selfishness accompanying it, and I became

aware that I must look higher for what I was seeking. The day I offered the prize, I overheard part of a conversation, one sentence of which made a lasting impression upon me: 'I'm so tired of taking beauty prizes!' I wish to stamp indelibly upon your minds now at this awakening period of your lives the true ideal of beauty. For my heroine I have chosen one whom I consider endowed with the three requisites needful to take the prize, namely, beauty of mind, heart, and soul. I pronounce Katherine Sharp the prettiest girl in the school."

Amid the thundering applause Katherine was seen to wipe her eyes; and when she came to the platform, dressed in her plain white dress, she scarcely lifted her eyes, and it was noticed that she carried one arm in a sling.

Only a week before, her grandmother, with whom she had lived since her father and mother died, had been sitting beside a log fire, and falling asleep, a brand had ignited her dress. Just at the critical moment Katherine came in, and throwing a rug about her, succeeded in smothering the flames, but not until she had burned her arm so badly that she would probably bear the scar through life.

"She bears a scar," said Mrs. Nailor, "homely, perhaps, to those who are ignorant of its origin, but to those who know, it is like a 'crown of glory.'"

"And now before we separate for the summer, let me urge you to seek rather for the heart's treasure of beauty than for mere beauty of face and form. Work for it, wait for it, pray for it. It is God's to give and yours to win. Never get tired of taking 'beauty prizes.' Keep these words ever in mind," and taking from a desk a Bible, she turned to Phil. 4:8, and read: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—*Selected.*

The Horse at the Crossing

"BABE," a black horse connected with the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, mounted police force, is the guardian of the children of the Third Ward school of that city. The parents of the 1,375 boys and girls in this school no longer fear the dangerous crossing in front of the building for the children, since the advent of Babe.

Before Babe and Patrolman Gallagher were stationed on the crossing near the school, there were, on an average, three fatalities a year; but during the two years of their service at that point, there has not been a single accident.

If any child lingers in the middle of the car tracks, Babe's first warning is to poke his muzzle in its face. If no attention is paid to this, he gently picks up the child by its loose clothing, and carefully takes it to safety. If a child attempts to cross the street when a trolley-car is coming, Babe will stand across the track in front of the car, and will not move until the child is safely over. The children all know and love the big gentle creature, and usually heed his first warning.

One day last winter a little boy attempted to cross the street in front of an oil wagon. The street was slippery, and the driver could not stop his team. Babe dashed in front of the heavy wagon, seized the boy in his teeth, and tossed him aside. The pole of the wagon struck the brave horse, however, and inflicted a severe

wound, the result being that he spent six weeks in the hospital. Another time Babe intercepted a little boy who was chasing a swiftly moving car. This time the horse's rider was injured.

When the Third Ward school has its picnic, Babe and Patrolman Gallagher are to go with the pupils, to avoid accidents. For this skilful care of the children the officer gives all the credit to his horse. In speaking of Babe, not long ago, he said: "He thinks and acts just as quick, whether I am in the saddle or not. Since he first joined the force, he has been the guardian of the children, and many of the things he does he has worked out himself."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Robert Moffatt

ONE day a Scotch lad, not yet sixteen, started from his home to take charge of a man's garden in Cheshire. He bade farewell to father, brothers, and sisters, but his mother accompanied him to the boat on which he was to cross the Firth of Forth.

"Now, my Robert," she said, as they came in sight of the ferry, "let us stand here for a few minutes. I wish to ask one favor of you before you go."

"What is it, mother?" asked the son.

"Promise that you will do what I shall ask you."

"I can not, mother," replied the cautious boy, "till you tell me what your wish is."

"O, Robert!" she exclaimed, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, "would I ask you to do anything that is not right?"

"Ask what you will, mother, and I will do it," said the son, overcome by his mother's agitation.

"I want you to promise me that you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and evening."

"Mother, you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do, but do you read it regularly? I shall return home now with a happy heart, seeing you have promised me to read the Scriptures daily."

The lad went his way. He kept his promise, and every day read the Bible. He read, however, because he loved his mother, not from any pleasure he found in the Sacred Book. At length, inattentive though he was, the truths he daily came in contact with aroused his conscience. He became uneasy, and then unhappy. He would have ceased reading but for his promise. Living alone in a lodge in a large garden, his leisure was his own. He had but few books, and those were works on gardening and botany, which his profession obliged him to consult. He was shut up to one book—the Bible. He did not pray until his unhappiness sent him to his knees. One evening, while pouring over the epistle to the Romans, light broke into his soul. The apostle's word appeared different.

"Can it be possible," he said to himself, "that I never understood what I have read again and again?"

Peace came to his mind, and he found himself earnestly desiring to know and to do the will of God. That will was made known to him in a simple way. One night, as he entered a neighboring town, he read a placard announcing that a missionary meeting was to be held. The time appointed for the meeting had long passed, but the lad stood and read the placard over and over. Stories of missionaries, told him by his mother, came up vividly as if they had just been related. Then and there was begotten the purpose which made Robert Moffatt missionary to the Hottentots of South Africa.—*Selected.*



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, September 21

Missionary Volunteer Work, No. 9 — Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

LEADER'S NOTE.—This program should be exceedingly interesting. If possible, have sample copies of all the Reading Course books on exhibit. Get a large enrolment. With well-grounded facts sweep away flimsy excuses. An ambitious friend once said, "There is no excuse whatever for lack of progress." Most persons owe their lack of progress to their own indifference. The Reading Courses offer an opportunity for intellectual and spiritual advancement. Encourage your members to "find a way or make one" to take a reading course this year. The Reading Course leaflet will be helpful to you in working up your program. The courses are doing splendidly. More certificates have been issued this year than were issued during the first three years the courses were conducted. Already some gift books have gone out to young people holding five Reading Course Certificates.

For the symposium ask that each one bring a quotation to the meeting on the influence of reading. Select two or more persons for the subject "Why I Took the Course Last Year,"—one member of the Junior and one of the Senior Course. For the topic "The Reading Courses in Our Conference" you will have a letter from your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. Devote ten minutes to selections from the books. Order the books early, and get leaflet from your conference secretary. The educational secretary should explain in his suggestions how to take the courses. Get your enrolment blanks from your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. Keep watch of the INSTRUCTOR for articles regarding the Reading Course books. Gather reports.

Sabbath, November 30, will be a Thanksgiving program. If you have not already begun to gather material, do so at once. All society members can help to glean good poems, articles, stories, Bible texts, etc. Have a good meeting.

Suggestive Program

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

Symposium (quotations on the influence of reading).

Why I Took the Course Last Year (two-minute talks).

The Reading Courses in Our Conference (reading).

Books in Senior Course No. 6 (five-minute talk).

Books in Junior Course No. 5 (five-minute talk).

Selections from the books.

Suggestions from the educational secretary.

Enrolment.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

THE courses for 1912-13 begin in the INSTRUCTOR of October 1. We heartily recommend these courses to you. The books, selected by a large committee of workers, are among the very best published. The workers chose those books that they believe contain valuable information for you, and to be particularly useful in helping you to equip for more efficient service in the great army of Prince Immanuel. The books to be read in the courses are as follows:—

Senior Course No. 6

1. "The Uplift of China," by Arthur H. Smith, thirty-five years a missionary in that field, is dedicated to the "Christian Young People of America." Every page contributes something of special interest. Not long ago a person who had seen the book said, "If 'Uplift of China' is included, I am going to take the course; that is a splendid book;" and it is excellent. The author's intimate acquaintance with the field and

his rare gift as a writer enable him to present in an exceptionally interesting manner the most important facts concerning the social system; the religions, and other things about this country; brief biographies of missionaries who have given their lives to that field; and something about the missionary problems, both solved and unsolved. The book also contains nine appendixes filled with valuable information; 274 pages; 25 maps and illustrations; price, 50 cents.

2. "Patriarchs and Prophets," by Mrs. E. G. White. Make a close companion of this book. It will throw new light on the Old Testament, and help you better to enjoy and appreciate the sacred pages of the Book of books. It will portray before you the lives of the patriarchs from Adam to David, and will explain how each life in some way teaches the consequences of sin. Its pages tell of the plan of Satan for overthrowing the human race; and by showing how God dealt with the "holy men of old," the book reveals God's wonderful love to mankind. Do not say, "I want something new; I read that book long ago." This is a book which, like the Bible, we can reread each year with profit. Aside from the valuable information its pages contain, the contents will be an inspiration to higher living and to more zealous efforts for the salvation of others. The book contains 760 pages and 50 engravings; price, \$3.

3. "The American Government," by Frederic J. Haskin. Where is the American young man or woman who does not wish to know something of the land of the stars and stripes? Surely every intelligent young person should be acquainted with the fundamentals of our national government. Mr. Haskin's book on this subject is up to date, brief, comprehensive, and intensely fascinating. As you read the book, I think you will feel that you are being taken through the various departments of governmental business by a guide who is an expert at the business, and who points out the most important things in a way that helps you to see, to understand, to remember. Do not drop out of the course. Do not fail to read this book if you wish to become conversant with national affairs. Here are some of the chapter titles: "The President;" "The State Department;" "The Weather Bureau;" "The Public Health;" "The Panama Canal;" "Our Insular Possessions;" "How Congress Legislates;" "The Library of Congress." There are 398 pages; regular price, \$1.50; special Reading Course price, 75 cents.

Junior Course No. 5

1. "Winning the Oregon Country," by John T. Faris, will hold the reader's interest to the very last page. The author weaves into a thrilling story the hardships, the loneliness, and the privations suffered by those brave men and women who gave their all to tell the Indians of the Northwest about the Saviour from sin. The chapter telling how a few Indians tramped two thousand miles through the wild unknown to secure a copy of the Bible must constrain the reader to appreciate the Bible more, and it seems that the book as a whole must lead to deeper consecration to the great work of saving souls. The book contains 241 pages and about 30 illustrations; price, 50 cents.

2. "Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan. Since the day that John Bunyan lay in Bedford jail, a prisoner for his devotion to his Lord, young and old have read and reread the story of Christian's pilgrimage from the City of Destruction to the New Jerusalem. Its pages, so full of hope and courage, are still helping

its readers through the Slough of Despond, on to the foot of the cross, where the heavy burdens of sin fall from tired hearts. It is hastening their steps through the streets of Vanity Fair, and past the lure of gain in Dema's gold-mine. It is still pointing the sinner to the key of promise which unlocks Doubting Castle, where old Giant Despair mocks his victims. And, in the darker days of life's journey, other pilgrims are finding comfort in the words of the lonely traveler, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." No one can read "Pilgrim's Progress," with its story of practical Christian living, built upon promises from the Word of God, without receiving fresh strength for life's battle, and renewed courage to endure to the end. There are 320 pages; price, 50 cents.

3. "Daybreak in Korea," by Annie L. A. Baird, is, as one reader of the book has said, a "keen, incisive story, which depicts the life of the Korean woman in a most revealing way. It is full of snap and vim, with a true insight into reality." I believe that those who read this book, and see something of the wrongs of Korean womanhood, see how Korea is steeped in superstition, and realize to some extent the sorrow and suffering resulting from these conditions, will be more eager to give prayer, means, and service for the salvation of souls in the Hermit Kingdom. This book contains 123 pages and 6 illustrations; price, 60 cents.

Ordering

Order all books and the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR from your conference tract society, or the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.



XI — The Gifts of the Spirit

(September 14)

MEMORY VERSE: "The eye can not say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." 1 Cor. 12: 21.

Questions

1. About what are we told that we should not be ignorant? 1 Cor. 12: 1.
2. Where did the Lord place these gifts? Verse 28.
3. What unity is there in the different gifts? Verses 4-6; note 1.
4. Name these gifts. How are they distributed? Verses 8-10.
5. To what is the church with all these gifts compared? Verses 22-27; note 2.
6. What is said about how long the special gifts would continue? 1 Cor. 13: 8.
7. When will they cease? 1 Cor. 13: 9, 10; note 3.
8. What is said concerning the difference in value of these gifts? 1 Cor. 12: 31.
9. What gift is mentioned as one of the "best gifts"? 1 Cor. 14: 39.

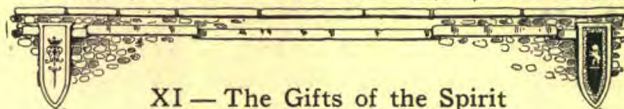
Notes

1. If the gifts were all the same, we might have all teaching, or all healing, or all prophesying. God knows just what the church needs to bring it to perfection. "That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Eph. 5: 27.

2. The comparison of the church to a human body and the various gifts of the Spirit to the different members of the body, is one of great force and beauty. Even the gifts that call for the most humble service are necessary for the good of the body, and it is not for us to say which is the more important.

3. The gifts will remain in the church as long as there is need of them. No doubt as we near the end, these gifts will be seen in greater perfection, till we reach the time when the church will "come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 1: 4-7.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



XI — The Gifts of the Spirit

(September 14)

LESSON HELP: *The Sabbath School Worker.*

MEMORY VERSE: "The eye can not say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." 1 Cor. 12: 21.

Questions

1. Concerning what are we admonished not to be ignorant? 1 Cor. 12: 1.
2. Where did the Lord place these gifts? Verse 28.
3. What unity is there in the diversity of these gifts? Verses 4-6.
4. Name these gifts. How are they distributed? Verses 8-10; note 1.
5. To what is the church possessing all these gifts compared? Verses 22-27.
6. For what did the apostle Paul fervently thank the Lord? 1 Cor. 1: 4-6.
7. Will the time come when these gifts will not be required? 1 Cor. 13: 8.
8. Why will they not be required? Verses 9, 10; note 2.
9. Does the Bible recognize any difference in these gifts? 1 Cor. 12: 31.
10. What gift is mentioned as one of these "best gifts"? 1 Cor. 14: 1, 39.

Notes

1. It is by means of the Holy Spirit, which is freely given to those who believe, that these spiritual gifts are bestowed upon the followers of Christ. These gifts are given, not as the believer may choose, but as the Spirit wills. 1 Cor. 12: 11.

In the scriptures cited there are many different and distinct gifts of the Holy Spirit. There are other gifts as well, such as "gifts of healing, helps, governments." Many make a mistake in emphasizing one gift of the Spirit to the exclusion of other important and helpful gifts which have been placed in the church for the edification of the body. While one gift may be more helpful and important than the others, all are necessary.

2. So long as the Holy Spirit strives with man, the gifts of the Spirit will be seen to a greater or less degree. God placed these gifts in the church "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." And they will remain there during the militant period of the church.

Christ's Funeral Sermons

A good many years ago, when I was a young man, I used to spend the summer in Chicago, and when the ministers were gone away, I would be sent for to officiate at funerals. One day I was called suddenly to conduct a funeral. There were to be a great many business men, not Christians, there. I said, "This is my opportunity; I will give them a Christian sermon." I tried to find one of Christ's funeral sermons, and I found that he broke up every funeral he attended. The dead could not stay dead where he was.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Youth's Instructor

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The Crab's Advice

Said the crab: "'Tis not beauty nor birth
That is needed to conquer the earth,
To win in life's fight:
First be sure you are right,
Then go sidewise for all you are worth."
— Selected.

Detached Ears and Tongues

THERE is a Japanese legend that says that once upon a time a peasant went to heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange looking upon it. "What is that?" he asked. "Those are ears," was the reply. "They belong to persons who when they lived on earth heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they did not pay any attention to it; so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not." After a while the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it. "What is that?" he asked again. "These are tongues," was the answer. "They once belonged to persons in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do; so when they died their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."— *The Classmate.*

Useless Prayer

A CITY missionary tells of an experience in London. He was hurrying on his rounds one bitter January day, when he heard cries of little children in a house he was passing. He listened for a moment, then knocked at the door, but no one answered his knocking. Then he opened the door and went in. He found himself in a miserable apartment, without furniture, without fire. In one corner, on a pile of straw, lay a woman, dead, with two children clinging to her and crying piteously.

At a moment's glance the missionary saw the sadness of the case, and, falling upon his knees, began to call upon God. He believed in prayer, and pleaded with intense earnestness that heaven would send help to these orphaned children in their great distress. So importunate did he become in his pleading that he spoke rashly, and said: "O God, send thine angel to care for these poor, motherless children. Send at once, or my faith this instant dies." Immediately he seemed to hear, plainly and clearly, as if a divine voice were speaking to him, the words, "Thou art mine angel; for this very purpose did I send thee here."

He saw now that he had no right to ask God to send any other messenger to minister to these needy little ones; that prayer was presumptuous, and but a waste of God's time. Taking the children by the hand, he quickly led them to a place of shelter, where they were cared for.— *"The Upper Currents."*

Seed Thoughts

IF our mental activities had no wider range than the things taught in text-books, we should be narrow indeed.

Perhaps the most important fields of thought and study have never found their way into the text-books.

Text-books are important, but the disciplining of our minds relative to its many needs, involves more than mere institutional learning.

The Holy Scriptures, if studied thoughtfully and prayerfully, would supply the education most needed by every soul.

Self-control and whatever else counts for moral character should be considered the essential part of one's education; for these constitute the foundation upon which every one should build. J. W. LOWE.

Only Orchids?

"BUT one can't like *everybody*," Alice always protests. No, not everybody; but the more the better. Liking, not disliking, is the ideal. We want to reach out, not draw in. I had a teacher once who could enjoy only three of our English poets,—Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, I believe they were. She was a brilliant woman, and could give admirable reasons for finding all the others wanting; but I shall always think she might have had more pleasure herself, and done us just as much good, if she could have extended her range a little.

We should pity the person who could not enjoy any flowers but orchids. Even if she added lilies and roses to her list, we should still be sorry she was losing all the pleasure the rest of us take in pansies and lilacs and daffodils and nasturtiums and goldenrod and buttercups. The girl who can like only two or three kinds of people is far more to be pitied. She is losing not only pleasure, but the chance for service. Even flowers are said to grow better for those who love them. People certainly do.

I know the source from which generous sympathy springs, and *that* we may all share. It is the faith that we are all alike, children of God, on equal footing before him, all brothers and sisters in the care of a loving, impartial Father.

Now we all believe that. But how many of us behave as if we did? How many of us actually realize what it means? You are clever and ambitious, and to your friends, as well as to yourself, you seem a very important young person.

You are proud of your capable father and mother, and of the farm which has been in your family from pioneering days. But that little Armenian girl who brings laces to the door, that Chinese boy who comes with the laundry bundle,—they are as important, to God, as you.

Does that seem hard to realize? Then there is all the more need to make the effort. Try using the formula for a while: When any one seems to you contemptible or insignificant or uninteresting, try saying over to yourself, "SHE IS AS IMPORTANT, TO GOD, AS I."— *The Wellspring.*