

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX


October 29, 1912

No. 44


DERELICT!

H. Stout

Adrift on ocean's trackless waste,
The plaything of its waves,
Tossed in its grasp to reeling heights
Or prostrate in its caves;
Sport of the winds that howling sweep
Through crippled spar and sail,
There floats a hulk, a battered hulk,
Abandoned to the gale.



From port, with song and soaring hopes,
In fair and favoring breeze,
A gallant ship with freight of gold
Put forth to sail the seas;
Leaping the waves in fearless might,
Dashing their crests to spray,
Proud of its trust, it sped along,
Bound to the gates of Day.



But Night drew round 'neath threat'ning skies,
With demons on its wing,
Angry to know the dauntless bark
Should them a challenge fling;
Then on that ship, when seas broke high
And bruised and tore her side,
Ambition fled, the helm swung free
For lack of able guide.

On life's broad sea how many wrecks
Go drifting, drifting past,
That yesterday had hope-filled sails
And courage on the mast!
Now with torn sheets, with pennon gone
Nor rising to the wave,
On aimless course they lurch along,
Their destiny a grave!

THE first Japanese came to America just seventy-five years ago.

SINCE 1885 there have been over two thousand five hundred lynchings in this country.

"THE oldest horse in the United States," says the *Technical World*, "is forty-one years old."

BETTER decoration of schoolrooms is one of the aims of an association for national culture recently formed in Italy.

DR. NOVY, of the University of Michigan, has announced the discovery of a micro-organism that kills rats infected with bubonic plague.

THE king of Montenegro rules over only about two hundred fifty thousand persons, while the area of his kingdom is about the size of Connecticut.

NEARLY one hundred thousand persons are murdered in this country every year. This homicidal rate is 6.22, nearly *seventy* times as great as that of England and Wales.

SWIMMING and life-saving will be taught to teachers of rural schools and pupils in normal schools in Sweden by the Swedish Life-Saving Society. The government has paid a subsidy for the work, and it is the intention eventually to make swimming compulsory in all the schools.

IMPROVISED historical plays form part of the history lesson in a London school. Children nine and ten years old act the plays. In the play, "The Introduction Into England," the king visits Caxton to see the printing-press, and to have the process explained. Interest is maintained at high pitch despite the fact that there is no costuming and no stage-setting, the printing-press being represented by a plain wooden box.


MR. BENJAMIN BROOKS recently made the statement in an article in the *Technical World* that "all really profound investigators observe that many communities, apparently indifferent to the lives of their individuals, get noticeably peeved when their property is menaced."

THE names of the nine richest men in America, with their estimated wealth, follow:—

John D. Rockefeller	\$1,000,000,000
Andrew Carnegie	500,000,000
J. P. Morgan	300,000,000
William Rockefeller	250,000,000
George F. Baer	250,000,000
James B. Duke	200,000,000
James Stillman	200,000,000
Henry C. Frick	150,000,000
W. K. Vanderbilt	150,000,000

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 29, 1912

No. 44

Ah, This Sweet World

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING

Ah, this sweet world has store of good
To fill my hungering,
And hands stretch out from field and wood
To bless their humble king.
The rushes by the roadside well,
The maples' flaunting dress,
The mellow clang of far-found bell,—
These satisfy and bless.
And O, this world seems good to me,
An earnest of the world to be!

Ah, this sweet world has store of rest
To chide my wearying;
With quiet cheer it greets its guest
When there my cares I bring.
The smooth caress of flowing stream,
The deathless grass's couch,
The four-wings' unobtrusive theme,—
These have the healing touch.
And O, this world has rest for me,
In promise of the rest to be!

Important Cities of the Lower and Middle Yang-Tze—No. 1

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL



SHANGHAI, "approaching the sea," is the principal emporium of the Far East, and is at the same time one of the most interesting places in the world. This city is not situated directly on the seacoast, but lies mostly on the north side of the Hwangpu River, about twelve miles from its mouth, at the junction of the Soochow Creek. Through both these streams it connects with many large cities and marts on the Grand Canal, and by its proximity to the great Yang-tze, it has uninterrupted communication with even remote Si-chuan and Yun-nan.

The entire country for miles around Shanghai is flat. In fact, Shanghai stands upon what is but a small portion of the vast alluvial plain of China, which extends from Peking in the north to Hangchow in the south, and as far west as the internal portion of Hupeh province. This great plain, which is one of extraordinary fertility, is supposed to have been, ages ago, part of the sea, and its formation into dry land is owing to the ceaseless deposits of silt brought down by the Yang-tze and its confluents. This recession of the sea and encroachment of the land is still going on, and will continue as long as the Yang-tze is in existence.

Strangers visiting Shanghai for the first time will, when coming up the Woosung River, be at once impressed with the evidence of industry on both banks of the stream, in the shape of cotton- and paper-mills, ship-building yards, water-works, petroleum companies' reservoirs, vast godowns filled with merchandise, the length upon length of spacious wharves, and the numerous large ocean steamers in the harbor, loading and unloading cargoes from all parts of the world, interspersed with coasting and Yang-tze River steamers. Owing to the sand-bars at the mouth of the Hwangpu, most of the transpacific steamers have to anchor at Woosung, and discharge part of their cargoes before they can cross the bar. Passengers are, in consequence, brought up to Shanghai with their baggage on comfortable steam-launches, called tenders.

As one comes within sight of Shanghai, the famous bund, with its shade-trees, will be seen ahead and stretching away to the left, the public gardens being merged into and apparently forming a part of it. The garden bridge, a little to the right, will be at once noted, the lofty and splendid buildings of the settlement forming a background for the picture. The river

covered with junks, sampans, cargo boats, steam-launches, with perhaps an occasional ocean-going steamer, together with gunboats, torpedo-boat destroyers, and always English and Japanese, with occasional German, French, American, and Chinese, men-of-war,—all tend to impress the mind with the fact that one is entering no mean city. On land, numerous pedestrians are crowding the streets; the jinrikishas, each with its single passenger, are speeding along, drawn by native coolies; gaily painted electric street-cars, with numerous motor-cars, are running hither and thither; here and there is a carriage; and last but not least, the real Chinese wheelbarrow, of which much has been written, is being trundled along by its perspiring coolie. All this serves to arrest the attention of the Occidental making his first acquaintance with Shanghai, the "Paris of the East."

The city is divided into several parts, among which the most important are the native Chinese city, the French Concession, and the International Settlement, within which is located the Hongkew, or so-called American Settlement. Although the city is built along both sides of the river, commercial activity is mostly confined to the left bank. Here are found the consulates, city halls, banks, hotels, the custom-house, markets, churches, hospitals, schools, mills, factories, warehouses, and splendid stores. The city has a library, museum, its foreign and native daily newspapers, besides all the amusements usually found in an American city. The weather forecasts are also secured from an observatory at Sicawei, a suburb which has been largely built up by French Catholics.

In Shanghai are located the headquarters of the China Union Mission of Seventh-day Adventists. Thus far all the work has had to be carried on in rented quarters; but land has been purchased, and buildings are now in process of erection, where the printing-press and offices for the Asiatic Division and the China Union Mission, as well as several homes for workers, are to be located. At present there are eight families of foreign workers living in Shanghai. Some evangelistic, Bible, and dispensary work has been done during the last two years for the people of this city, and the church-membership is steadily increasing. But this is only a drop in the bucket when compared with the vast multitude of nearly eight hundred thousand inhabitants to be warned in this one city.

Chang-sha, Hunan, China.

Sympathy Among Young Workers

THE work that is being accomplished by our Missionary Volunteers is surely a cause of great rejoicing among us; and as there is no benefit of a worldly nature to be derived from joining these societies, we must conclude that deep in the hearts of our young people there lies a sincere desire to do their part in this closing work. But in order that we may the most successfully work for unbelievers, we need continually to be doing all in our power to strengthen our own forces. "Regard yourselves as missionaries, first of all, among your fellow workers."—"Ministry of Healing," page 493. While there are those who live so close to the Saviour that whatever their perplexities and trials, they maintain an abiding trust in his promises, a great majority, even of Christian workers, do not experience that peace which it is their privilege to enjoy. These especially need the help of their fellow workers; and, thank God, this opportunity to help is within the reach of every one.

Only God can read the thoughts and intents of the heart. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." Because we can not know the motives prompting the action which to us seems inexcusable, we need to be more sympathetic with one another. Especially is this true of the young. Older Christians have the benefit of past experience to guard them against unwise words and actions; but the young are venturing upon ground they have never before trodden. There are few persons who, when the experiences of youth are in the past, although they may have done that which, at the time, seemed best and right to them, do not long to recall many of these experiences, thinking that now they would speak and act more wisely.

Often we are tempted to think, and sometimes to say, "He does not *try* to overcome that fault." But maybe while he does those things we should not do, we may have faults equally offensive to him. We must all confess with Paul that "the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." We should remember that the heredity, training, and daily surroundings of no two are the same; and it is largely by these that our lives are influenced.

"Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity."

To think often of our own failings, and to give others credit for being as well-meaning as ourselves, will greatly aid us in our efforts to put away evil surmising, criticism, and judging.

Oftentimes the little expressions of sympathy, the helping hand, the cheering word, and even no more than a pleasant smile, while they cost us so little, greatly encourage souls struggling for the mastery over fierce temptations.

"Many, many, have fainted and become discouraged in the great struggle of life, when one word of kindly cheer would have strengthened them to overcome."—"Desire of Ages," page 504.

"We are too indifferent in regard to one another. Too often we forget that our fellow laborers are in need of strength and cheer. Take care to assure them of your interest and sympathy. Help them by your prayers, and let them know that you do it."—"Ministry of Healing," pages 492, 493.

Let us faithfully improve all opportunities for en-

couraging one another, thus enabling them to do more effectual work, and showing forth in our lives that blessed sympathy which ever characterized the words and works of the Great Missionary.

LULU M. SPAULDING.

Say, "Thank You"

I SAW a needy one relieved,
And forth he went, and glad;
But not one word of gratitude
That lightened spirit had.
His benefactor, bent by cares,
Went wearily all day;
While him his kindnesses had served
Went careless on his way.

If you have given aught for me,
Ought not my voice return
One little word of graciousness?
O, breaking spirits yearn
Just for the human touch of love
To cheer the aching heart,
To brighten all the paths of toil,
And take away the smart!

Say, "Thank you!" then. 'Tis small enough
Return for help bestowed.
Say, "Thank you!" You would spurn to slight
The smallest debt you owed;
But is not this a debt?—Ah, more!
And honor, if true blue
Your loyal heart of rectitude,
Impels to say, "Thank you!"

B. F. W. SOURS.

Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

Cured of Blasphemy

INCLEMENT weather had made Broadway, New York City, very unfavorable for pedestrianism. A young man, noted among his fellows for his immaculate personal appearance, and who was ill at ease when in any way his clothing was soiled or disheveled, was chagrined when a dog ran across his patent-leather shoes, leaving on them the marks of his paws. Although careful about his personal appearance, he was addicted to the use of profane language, the least provocation causing him to pour forth a torrent of oaths. As he beheld his soiled shoes, he became enraged, and looking after the retreating dog, he poured forth a volume of imprecations upon the offending canine.

A Christian man who was approaching the young man, on hearing the language laid his hand gently on the shoulder of the young fellow, and in a kind, quiet tone of voice, said, "Friend, don't swear."

Both men passed on, and for days the words, "Friend, don't swear," kept ringing in the young man's ears. The expression of peace and purity revealed in the face of the man who had the courage to speak to him, also impressed him. Try as he would, he could not forget the request of the stranger, and the conviction of sin deepened. He tried to reform; but the habit was so firmly fixed that he awoke to the fact that he was in bondage, and needed a deliverer.

Circumstances brought him in touch with those who pointed him to the Lamb of God, and coming to Christ, he found him an all-sufficient Saviour, one who could break every yoke. He surrendered, and God transformed his character. Now his voice is used, not to blaspheme the holy Name, but to honor and adore it; and it is refreshing to listen to him as he tells of his gratitude to God for the deliverance that he has experienced.

Perhaps the man of God who spoke the word in season may never know what it accomplished, but God honored the spirit of loyalty, and did not allow the words spoken in his name to fall to the ground and

perish. He blessed them, and won to himself a loyal subject.

Let us ever be ready to speak a word for our Lord and Master, knowing that in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Education Notes

NEARLY two thirds of the American public-school enrolment is in the rural schools.

The largest public-school building in Europe is the new continuation school in Vienna.

Home economics is to be made compulsory in the primary schools of Saxe-Weimar, Germany.

The educational expenditure for Scotland for the past fiscal year was \$18,300,000, of which \$840,000 was for continuation schools.

An investigation of the Prussian schools shows that an average of sixteen per cent of the pupils evade the prescribed physical exercises, by physician's certificates or other means.

A traveling school of domestic science has been instituted in the department of Yonne, France. The school will make a stay of three months in any commune where an attendance of fifteen is guaranteed. Similar itinerant schools for domestic science exist in Ireland.

Some of the exciting experiences of teachers and others in service in Alaska are told in recent reports received by the United States Bureau of Education. One of the most interesting reports describes the eruption of Matmai Volcano, in western Alaska, which destroyed a native village, and buried the country for a hundred miles around in volcanic ashes. Three feet of pumice covered the ground where the village of Katmai formerly stood, and the natives had to flee for their lives. They were eventually rescued by the United States revenue cutter "Manning," and taken to a new site on Ivanoff Bay, where the government has set them up in housekeeping. A school will probably be established in the new village.

New York's magnificent new State education building is now completed, and was dedicated this month. It is considered one of the finest structures in the world devoted to educational administration. It is surrounded by what is said to be the longest colonnade in existence. The building cost three million five hundred thousand dollars. Prominent educators of this country and others have been invited to be present at the dedication ceremonies.

An increase in significance of the A. M. degree is planned by university authorities. Yale and Rutgers now require two years of study after graduation for this degree, whereas one year has been the requirement heretofore. The aim is to raise the standard of the A. M., so that it will be sought by highly qualified men and women who have no special inclination for the pure research work demanded for the Ph. D.

The republic of Uruguay is making rather remarkable progress in primary education. Six years ago Dr. A. J. Perez, in charge of the service, aroused by the backwardness of this country in this respect, entered upon a campaign of education. The result is that the republic has increased its appropriations for the aid of schools, normal training has been greatly improved, and the efficiency of the local inspectors has been greatly increased.

The State of Minnesota has engaged Dr. Ernest B. Hoag, a health expert, to travel about the State and demonstrate to the citizens that rational conservation

of the mental and physical health of children is possible and practicable with the means already at hand. Three plans are proposed: (1) Organization with a medical officer and a nurse or nurses; (2) organization with a school nurse or nurses only; (3) organization by the employment of a simple non-medical health-survey on the part of the teacher only. To make it possible for every community, however small, to possess the necessary technical knowledge, the State board of health will maintain at the State capital a "clearing-house of information concerning child hygiene, medical supervision, the teaching of school hygiene, and the like."

The Common's Invitation

A LITTLE boy who saw for the first time the sign "Common," in Boston, at the entrance of the great park known as Boston Common, called out joyfully: "It doesn't say, 'Keep Off the Grass;' it says, 'Come on!'" And this is the gospel invitation. Not "Keep off," but "Come on!" An interested listener said to Mr. Moody, "One might think that the word 'Come' is your pet text." "I have two; one is 'Come' and the other 'Go,'" was his answer. "Come for cleansing and acceptance. Go into service. Go and get others to come."—*Mary E. Watson.*

What Sociability Did

H. A. BRIDGMAN writes of a young woman who started on a journey: "Just as the train moved out of the station, a gentleman entered whom she knew, accompanied by a young woman whom he placed in the next seat. Then he introduced the young woman, saying, 'You'll have a good talk together on your way.' Ah, but that was just what young lady number one didn't want, for she was tired. But overcoming her reluctance, she entered on a long and what proved to be a mutually interesting conversation. As a result, young lady number two is in social-settlement work in the Hawaiian Islands to-day. That outcome was farthest from her thoughts when she entered the train, and she owes her present place to the fact that her chance acquaintance who knew of the position took pains then and later to guide her to it."—*Selected.*

Stanley's Prayer in Africa

THE following paragraphs are Henry M. Stanley's own words relative to a prayer he offered:—

I was taught as a child to read the Bible, and I have never been able to shake off those early influences. I have always believed in God's providential care. I have always felt that God was about my path. For instance, when the expedition in search for Emin Pasha was nearly annihilated for want of food, I left Bonny with the invalids, and about a biscuit a day for their allowance. About a dozen men accompanied me on a desperate and final quest for food, and day after day we met with no success.

We had been nine days away from camp, and I felt that we all must perish unless help came from God. I began to pray: "O Lord, help us. Do not let these poor, innocent people perish. I have had light and knowledge, and have sinned much against thee, but these men know very little, and I have brought them here into the desert, for which they are not responsible. Do not let the innocent suffer with the guilty."

All night I prayed, and when the morning light glinted through the trees, I called to the men to begin to march. I felt sure we should find food that day. Before we had gone half a mile, we saw stretching out before us a small grove of ripe bananas. We were not following any track. I was steering by the compass, and if we had gone five hundred yards to the right or left, we should likely have missed this beautiful sight. At once we began to pull them and roast them, and, having eaten a good meal, we got one hundred fifty loads of ripe bananas, with about sixty pounds to the load, and the expedition was saved.

NATURE and SCIENCE

Developing the Future Engineer



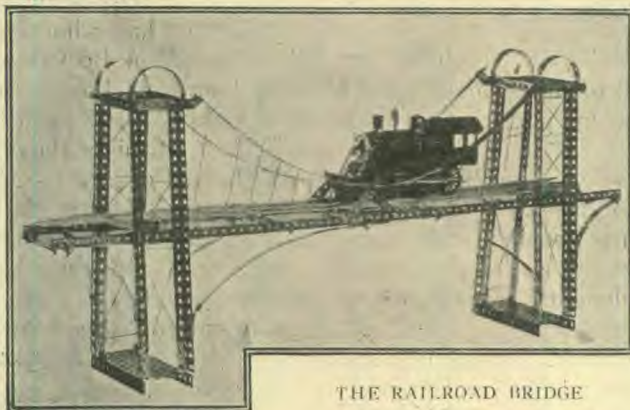
THE boy with a real mechanical turn of mind is seldom satisfied with store toys. He would a hundred times rather take hammer and nails, with what odds and ends he can find in the wood-shed, and work out some idea of his own than to possess a whole houseful of ready-made

locomotives and fire-engines, which to his critical eye lack many important details.

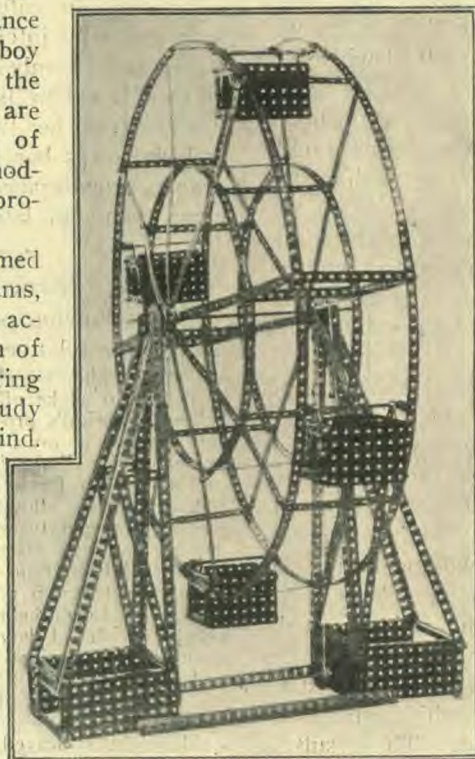
Until recently none of the toy manufacturers have seemed to realize this desire on the part of the young mechanic to build something himself; but one man, who perhaps remembers some of his boyish impulses, has developed an idea possessing all the marks of a winner with the embryo engineer. He has undertaken to furnish outfits of mechanical parts from which may be built anything from a toy wagon to a miniature Ferris wheel. These outfits consist of strips of light metal, varying in length, and having holes punched at equal distances from end to end. By means of small screws and nuts the various parts are put together in almost numberless ways, and structures surprisingly real in appearance can be produced by an ingenious boy in a very short time. Besides the structural material described, there are also grooved pulleys and gears of great variety, so that almost any modern work of engineering can be reproduced in miniature.

The various metal strips are formed in imitation of structural steel beams, and the young engineer readily acquires a knowledge of the strength of materials and elementary engineering practise which many weeks of study would fail to impress upon his mind. He also becomes familiar with the form of many of the well-known works of engineering, and acquires a knowledge of the subject which can not fail to be of great value to him in later years, even though he may not follow the engineering profession.

Each piece of the material is nicely finished, with smooth edges and rounded corners, and nearly all the parts are nickel-plated. With the outfit, everything is furnished that the boy will require, even to a quantity of good stout string; for even this is not always obtainable in the home. Complete instructions are furnished.—*Technical World*.



THE RAILROAD BRIDGE



THE MINIATURE FERRIS WHEEL

How Time Is Set

ON the outskirts of the city of Washington, in a beautiful park, are several stone and white sheet-iron buildings, all of curious forms and with odd windows and still odder domes. Inside these various buildings and domes and behind these windows are many astronomical instruments, from the hand sextant to the mighty twenty-six-inch reflector, and busied about them a corps of expert astronomers and mathematicians.

The world at large knows little of the institution, except that it exists. That it is at the bottom of the regularity of the lives of ninety million people is a concept almost revolutionary; but as time controls the world, and time, as regards watches and clocks and high noon and midnight, is here determined from the heavenly bodies which make its steady, implacable and never-varying march a possibility, the importance of the institution is greater, economically considered, than that within the other white stone and lofty-domed building wherein sit five hundred lawma-

ners. They govern the country, but time governs them.

Of course, the finest clocks are used at the observatory to keep the time. The standard clock is in a vault, underground, where the temperature never changes. It is in a glass case, where the atmospheric pressure is kept always slightly below that of the lowest possible barometer reading, for changes even in the surrounding air pressure make a difference in the running of the clock. The standard clock is wound every half-minute by electricity, using a very small weight, because heavy weights and long intervals between windings cause fluctuations in the way the clock runs. The mechanism is as simple as that of a clock can be, and is as fine as the finest of material and the finest of workmen can make it.

But in spite of all that, the clock does not keep perfect time. No clock nor watch in the world keeps true time. The only thing in the world that does keep time is the earth itself and its changeless rotation.

So the clock is constantly compared with the true time derived from star or sun. An instrument called a transit, or in the case of the observatory, a meridian-circle, is used for this work; and for the reason that the work it does is so indispen-

sable, really this simple instrument is the most important in the whole institution, excepting not even the mighty twenty-six-inch reflector, impressive and picturesque as it is.

Now, observations for one hundred fifty years have

provided astronomers with many tables and much data. We know to a hair just the exact instant when a certain star — any one of hundreds of stars termed "fundamental stars," because their hour-angle with the vernal equinoctial point has been accurately determined — will cross the meridian of any given place. So if at the instant that it does cross a certain meridian, we note the time the clock gives for that meridian, we know the error of the clock. This error, or rate, as it is called, is fairly constant. While we can't make clocks that keep time with the stars, they do, pretty well, keep time with themselves, and lose or gain an equal amount day after day. But this rate does vary a little, and it is this little variation which the observation on the star corrects.

We have now seen how the clock, in its dark vault underground at Washington, gets its time from the stars. But how do you and I, and the trains, and men, women, and children, get the time of the clock?

Electrically corrected by this standard clock are two time-sending clocks in the main building of the observatory. There are two, so that if one breaks down, time-signals will still be sent out. Every day, just before noon, Eastern time, the trunk lines of the Postal and Western Union Telegraph Companies are cleared of all other business, and, instead of the curious mixture of dots and dashes which are messages, the sounders in the main offices of the country begin to beat out seconds. At the end of every minute of the five minutes before twelve there is a short wait of five seconds. And just before noon, for ten seconds, the sounders all stop beating seconds; and then, just on the stroke of noon, they all begin to chatter hard a long roll. Noon is here. The sun is at the top of its daily course in Washington. A new lease has been given the life of time.—*Weather Almanac.*

Novel Steering-Gear

A QUEER turnout is shown in the above picture of a wagon drawn by three dogs guided by means of an unusual steering-gear which runs on two wheels. These wheels are attached to the front of the shafts, and run ahead in such a way that they can be guided by a pair of reins held by the driver, the axle working on a pivot. With this device, it is not difficult to guide a team of dogs, and the animals are not burdened with superfluous and annoying harness. All they do is to furnish the motive power and follow the guide wheels.

This outfit is in daily use in one of the mining-camps of Alaska, and the dogs are of that hardy type which has helped the white man conquer the wild and almost inaccessible passes of that Territory.—*Technical World.*

"THE difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

A Young Woman Who Makes Violins

ONE of the few women violin-makers in the world has her workshop in New York, according to the *Washington Herald*. She is only twenty years old, a Hungarian by birth, and claims to be the possessor of a secret formula for making a kind of violin varnish, entrusted to her by her father on his death-bed.

"I spent most of my time in my father's shop," the girl said the other day, "watching him work, and making little things myself from the scraps of wood that he discarded. I soon developed quite a turn for the work; and when I was twelve years of age, I made an instrument that was practically perfect.

"We were then living at The Hague; but when we moved to Budapest and my father opened a school for violin-making, I began a regular course of instruction. I was first set to repairing broken instruments, was taught to put in new backs, necks, and tops, and was taught to make the difficult f-holes. From repairing, I was taught to construct the entire instrument.

"It takes much time and patience to make a violin. No matter if I work all day, I am one month making a violin. It is the varnishing that takes the time. The finished instrument must be gone over with the varnish six or seven times, and

rubbed down each time with pumice and oil. A great deal of sunlight is required for the varnishing process. That is why I have my shop on the sunny side of the house. I could not make good violins in a dark and gloomy shop.

"The next most difficult task in violin construction is to fashion the f-holes; the six blocks which are glued to the model are very important. It is necessary that these be perfect, and unless the base bar is just the correct thickness, much of the sweetness of the instrument will be lost. Every piece of wood in the violin must be the correct weight, size, and thickness, varying according to the hardness of the wood. It is only by experience and close observation that these little points are learned."

The wood that the girl uses in making her instruments came from Hungary. Her father brought it to America with him when he came over five years ago. It is a variety of maple in which the grain is very dense. He purchased it when an old church in Budapest was torn down, the pulpit being made of this wood. He sawed it into blocks, and brought it to America. His daughter has enough of this wood on hand to make about twenty-five instruments. It is more than two hundred years old, and is, of course, thoroughly seasoned.

The violin-maker is a strong girl, and her well-formed hands have been trained to do things.

"It takes much strength to make violins," she said. "If I did not have great strength in my arms and hands, I could not do the work."



A NOVEL STEERING-GEAR



Watch that was taken from the stomach of a Lake Erie fish, and can still be wound and run.

The girl is a musician, and has an accurate ear for tone. She can tell instantly when she gets the desired tone in one of her instruments, and she never puts aside a new violin until it "speaks correctly." She plays on the piano as well as the violin, and also has a good singing voice.—*The Classmate.*

A Microbe Battle

DR. J. COMANDON, a distinguished French bacteriologist, has succeeded in obtaining some marvelous photographs of the warfare waged by the corpuscles of the blood upon intruding microbes. Usually the only microbes that a scientist studies are dead before he studies them. The investigator kills the germ, mounts it on a slide, and then examines its structure at his leisure. But Dr. Comandon wanted to do more than this—to have the living bacteria taken by the cinematograph in such a way that their magnified movements could be seen and studied on the moving-picture screen.

Bacteria are extremely sensitive to light. Sunlight and sun heat usually kill them, or at any rate weaken them so that their motions are too feeble to be of value; and the electric light is almost as deadly to them, so special arrangements were made for circulating cold water, and shutting off the light except for a fraction of a second. Nearly a year was spent in experiment, but at last a fine series of battle scenes was obtained, and "micro-cinematography," as the new development is called, was proved not only a possibility, but a success.

First came the battle between a foreign bacillus, entering the veins of a frog, and the blood-corpuscles. It was magnified twenty-five thousand diameters, from a blood drop. The picture showed the corpuscles about the size of a dinner plate. The bacillus looked like a tadpole, and went darting hither and thither, attacking the corpuscles, and knocking them about. This was the first stage of the battle that takes place when a germ-disease attacks the blood.

In another film the bacillus of the deadly sleeping-sickness of Uganda was shown in several stages. This germ, the trypanosoma, was discovered by Sir David Bruce, who was sent by the Royal Society to Africa to investigate the disease. He found that the tsetse was the host and carrier of this germ, just as the mosquito carries yellow fever and malaria. Dr. Comandon inoculated mice with the trypanosoma, and then photographed their blood drops. In the first series the parasite was seen knocking about the blood-corpuscles. As the film advanced, the bacilli were seen to increase tremendously in number, overwhelming the feeble efforts of the blood-corpuscles to seize them, and in the last of the film the parasites triumphed, and the corpuscles were inert and dying. This film was shown before a gathering of medical men, so Frederick Talbot says, in telling the story, and attracted great interest among the profession.

Another series showed the battle going the other way. The blood of a fowl, infected by spirochætas, was photographed, and showed the microbes swimming about, attacking the corpuscles as usual. But in this case the white corpuscles—the warriors of the blood—did not object to being attacked. A group of spirochætas would gather around a white corpuscle, and it would grasp them, throwing out a sticky substance that held them fast. For this reason, the white corpuscles have been nicknamed the policemen of the blood. At length the spirochætas find themselves pris-

oners; they struggle in vain. They grow weaker and weaker as the white corpuscle throws out more and more of the "agglutinate," and begins to devour them alive. This combat, magnified one hundred thousand diameters, is said to be quite fearsome, brilliant, and animated—a struggle of picturesque monsters.

What the microscope is to the naked eye this new micro-cinematograph is to the microscope. It enables the spectators in the Paris Laboratory, where it has been shown, to see the actual conflict that a germ-disease really is, and to learn the tactics of the microbe and the white corpuscle in the fight. The red corpuscle is shown to be only a helpless prey, not a combatant; the "policeman" must do it all, enforcing law and order and protecting the blood current. That is why keeping the blood in good condition is the best protection against disease.



A WHITE BLOOD-CORPUSCLE

This novel field for moving pictures will, as it develops, naturally divide into two parts. It will become popular, of course, along certain lines, showing to general audiences some of the more dramatic parts of bacteriology. But its most important part will be the living study of bacteria, their habits and processes; and in this it is one of the great educational and scientific discoveries of the age, and a tremendous addition to the power of man over the world of micro-organisms.—*John F. Daniels, in the Wellspring.*

New Uses of Paper

GERMANY manufactures annually 425,000 tons of paper, England 260,000 tons, France 190,000 tons, Austria 155,000 tons, and Italy 120,000 tons. But the United States makes and uses more paper than all Europe, the annual production amounting to 1,330,000 tons.

Roofs of paper and compressed wood-pulp have proved successful. A Chicago firm makes paper garments which are so light, flexible, and convenient that they are largely used in hospitals. The paper is made of the bark of the paper mulberry-tree, and is tub-sized and finely craped. Several sheets are superposed and sewed together. The garments have narrow woolen bindings, buttons, buttonholes, and other fastenings. Paper cigars are made by steeping paper-pulp for ten days in a decoction of cigar clippings, passing it between cylinders, and rolling the sheets into the form of a cigar.

Paper bottles and grain bags are made in Philadelphia. A recent invention is the paper horseshoe, which, according to the inventor, is more durable as well as lighter than the iron shoe, and eliminates all danger of injury to the hoof, as it is attached not by nails but by cement. Two German engineers have invented a sort of reenforced paper, composed of paper-pulp, linen, and raw silk, reenforced with steel wire. The new material is light, water-proof, fire-proof, and suitable for the construction of vessels, including war-ships, automobiles, and other vehicles, for railways, street pavements, and many other uses.—*Scientific American.*



Choice

IF I could choose whate'er I would
From all of life's estate,
I'd make my choice—I'm sure I should—
Without a moment's wait.
I'd choose that lot which no mishap
Could prove a hollow sham;
I'd choose to be the sort of chap
My mother thinks I am!

—Chicago News.

The Old Worn Dress



NOTHING I can do for you in town,
mother? I'm just off."

Muriel Bennet's bright face looked in at the open window of her mother's sitting-room.

"Why, dear, aren't you very early?" asked Mrs. Bennet.

"Well, you see, mother, I want to go to Simpson's before the store gets crowded, to choose that new dress goods, and if possible, I want to have a little talk with Sophie. She is in that department now. You remember I told you about her?"

Sophie Marshall, gay and thoughtless, was a member of Muriel's Bible class,—the only member about whom Muriel did not feel happy. For some time now she had been praying for Sophie, and longing to find some way to reach the girl's heart. It was a sudden inspiration that sent her hurrying along the road to town this morning.

Muriel started off on her shopping expedition. The large house was still almost empty when she arrived, and it was Sophie herself who came eagerly forward to serve her.

"You must help me choose material for a new dress, Sophie," said Muriel, after greeting her kindly; and they were soon busy.

The selection was made at last, and the bill paid.

"I think I'll ask you to send the parcel for me," said Muriel. "You could let me have it to-day?"

"O, yes, Miss Bennet; you shall have it early this afternoon."

"You will be quite sure to send it, won't you, Sophie? You won't forget about it, or let it be lost?"

"Why, no!" exclaimed Sophie. "I can promise you that you will have it this afternoon."

Muriel returned a minute later; Sophie was still busy at the counter putting away the rolls of material.

"I suppose, Sophie, you will not sell that material again to any one else, will you? You will remember that it's mine, that I've paid for it?"

"Why, of course not!" The girl's voice was rather indignant. "I assure you, Miss Bennet, you will receive it quite safely."

For the last time Muriel returned.

"Sophie," she said in a low voice, "you won't take my material, and have it made into a dress yourself, and send it to me when it's old and worn, will you?"

"Really, Miss Bennet," and Sophie's face flushed

crimson, "I don't know what you mean! This is a respectable place of business; I am sure none of us would dream of doing such a thing. I think, too, you might know me better than even to suggest it."

"Ah, dear, forgive me if I have seemed rude," and Muriel laid her hand gently on the girl's arm. "Don't you see what I mean, what I am trying to show you? You are like that dress; you are chosen, bought, paid for by One, but you won't acknowledge it. You are keeping back the life that is his by right, and using it just for yourself. Are you going to wait till it is old and worn before you give it to him?"

Like a flash, Sophie saw it all. Her face quivered and she turned away with a sob, and Muriel, thankful that they were still alone in that part of the shop, slipped quietly away.—*Selected.*

The Silent Man

AMOS R. WELLS told of the Silent Man thus in the *Christian Endeavor World*:—

"Years ago I was a member of a large church. In a pew near by sat the Silent Man. After the service he used to edge his way through the throng to the door, and disappear.

"Often I rode on the same car with him, but received no sign of recognition. Often I passed him on the street, but he was always silent and tight as a clam. I blamed him. I said, 'Why doesn't he speak?'

"Then I met a friend who knew him, and he told me something of the Silent Man's life and habits and infirmities. My friend confided to me that this man wondered why I did not speak to him or recognize him.

"The next Sunday I tried a smile, and his lips twitched. Then I ventured to say, 'Good day.' The ice melted, and the Silent Man became my friend. I found that to break the silence is a good rule."

Suppose we try Mr. Wells's prescription when we are tempted to complain because the Christian Endeavor members are so stiff and formal. How much of the stiffness is due to us?—*Selected.*

An Obligation

AMONG the marble quarries of Vermont, from which comes the finest marble used in the United States, it is not uncommon for a prospector to spend a hundred thousand dollars in opening up a quarry, before a single dollar's worth of marketable stone is taken out. From the tests that he has made, he believes that the marble is there, and he is willing to risk a large amount of money on the chance of what he will take out of the quarry. His interest, of course, is a selfish one; he hopes to get back for himself a much greater sum of money than he has invested.

There is a certain likeness between the investment of the prospector and the investment which fathers and mothers the world over are making year after year in the boys and girls who are growing up in their homes. The average young person who has reached the age when he must decide on his business or profession would be surprised if he knew just how many dollars he has cost his father and mother in the years that he has been in the world. The money has been cheerfully, gladly spent, but it has been spent, invested if you choose, in order that he may be comfortably clothed and fed and sheltered, that his body may be kept well and strong, that he may have the education that will make it possible for him later on to compete

with other men on equal terms. Unlike the investment of the prospector, that of the father and mother is unselfish, and has in view the happiness and success of the child rather than their own benefit.

When the time comes for the choice of an occupation, and the young son or daughter shows special promise in some direction, the father and mother, if they can do so, add to their investment by spending their money for a college course or for technical training of some sort. They make the investment as the marble prospector does, with faith that it will be worth while, that their money will bring largely increased returns, not to themselves, but to the boy or girl for whose sake they are spending it.

In this later investment there is a great chance of loss and disappointment. The student who finds after a fair trial that he is not fitted for the course he has taken up, is right in withdrawing from it before his father has spent any more money uselessly. But when his real reason for giving up is not that he finds he has made a mistake, but that he does not like the hard work and study, the steady routine, the disagreeable grind that may be a necessary part of the preparation for his trade or profession, he at once makes his father's investment an unprofitable and perhaps a disastrous one.

Whatever the course of study he may have taken up, the student should give it a fair trial before he decides to throw it aside, and so make his father's investment of no account. He should ask himself whether his desire to quit comes from an honest feeling that he has made a mistake in his choice, that for some good reason he is not likely to make a success in this particular line, or whether it is because he finds the necessary preparation harder or less interesting than he expected. Unless he feels reasonably sure that he has made a mistake, he owes it to his father and mother, who in most cases have made many sacrifices for him, to stick to his work, and by his final success to justify their investment.—*John Gordon Wright, in Young People's Weekly.*

How Life Looks

To the Pessimist

Keep out.
Dangerous.
No admission.
Beware of the dog.
Keep off the grass.
Elevator not running.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.

To the Optimist

Come in.
Admission free.
You are invited.
Strangers welcome.
Ask for free sample.
No trouble to show goods.
Let us "feather the nest."
Money back if not satisfied.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Live Nobly

PRESIDENT TAFT, in one of his speeches two years ago, remarked upon a tendency of some Americans to look down upon foreigners and to speak slightly of their social codes, which he thought entitled to our study and respect. He had in mind, perhaps, the courtesy of the Spaniard, perhaps the less stately, but not less charming politeness of the Japanese—qualities which a bustling world is likely to underestimate as forces of civilization. In the Japanese code of conduct, known as *bushido*, the training of manners is fundamental, being the basis of the other qualities of rectitude,—courage, benevolence, veracity, honor, and loyalty. Before a child is fifteen years of age, he has had instilled into his consciousness his relationship not merely to the family, but to the state, and has become a patriot in embryo. With that practical eagerness to adopt what is best, which is a marvelous trait of the Japanese, the harsher features of the code, those of suicide and revenge, derived

from the Samurai or aristocracy, have been given up or are rapidly disappearing, leaving only the *noblesse oblige* of the days of knighthood, the altruism which is the animating principle of Christianity and other religions and of true democracy.

It is not that our people are at heart inferior to others or more lacking in good will to men. In a great emergency, like the "Titanic" disaster, the innate chivalry and self-sacrifice of the American come to

the front, and palpably raise the outward standard of heroism of the nation. What is desirable is that this altruism—this willingness to serve others—should become a vital and pervading force in the humdrum and routine of government and politics. How to bring this about is a problem that may well employ the thoughts of educators, sociologists, and Christian workers; but we shall begin too late if we overlook the agency of manners as taught to children. To teach a child not to enter a private room without knocking; not to take things belonging to others; to rise to its elders and to defer to them; to welcome and master hard tasks, and be ashamed of doing bad work; to scorn all forms of meanness; to be just, as well as chivalrous to the weak and poor; to be fair in fight and brave in the defense of right,—such injunctions are, in their varying degrees of importance, lessons in good citizenship and patriotism. The future of America lies in a keener perception of the solidarity of the nation, and this can be promoted by the greater ideality and devotion of parents. Instead of yielding to the quadrennial absorption in factional hatreds and divisions, it is better to keep in mind that the heritage of freedom can best be guarded by learning and teaching how to live nobly in every relation of life.—*The Century Magazine.*

To keep from making a noise in putting coal on the fire in a room where there is an invalid, fill a number of paper bags with coal, and place them near the stove. When coal is needed, lay one or more bags on the fire.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Work Together

"I WILL not work with Mr. Pen,"
Said Mr. Ink one day;
"Nor I with you," said Mr. Pen;
And so each went his way.

Then Mr. Pen and Mr. Ink
Said, "We have foolish been.
Hereafter we'll together work;
Right now we will begin."

Said Mr. Pen, "To-day, I think,
A letter I will write."
Alas! he could not make a mark
Upon the paper white.

Said Mr. Ink, "I think I'll write
A story; now, why not?"
But though he worked both long and hard,
He only made a blot.

Now we can all a lesson learn
From this short tale, I guess,
For "work together" is the rule
If we would have success.

— Selected.

The Barrington Trait



HERE! she's at it again, Maria." There was irritability in Aunt Jane Pettibone's voice as she suspended operations on the gap she was bridging in a boy's stocking, and, leaning nearer the window opening on the court, endeavored to catch sight of the sweet-voiced singer in the flat across.

Maria, an elderly woman who sat at the other window in the room making buttonholes in a waistcoat with swift, nervous fingers, replied, without looking up from her work: "Don't begrudge her the joy of singing, Aunt Jane; it evidently is a joy. Her voice makes me think of sunshine and flowers."

"And it's very evident she hasn't begun yet to realize the solemnness of life," Aunt Jane replied severely.

"Time enough for that," Maria commented. "It's fine to hear her sing as if she'd never known a sorrow nor a care, which she probably hasn't."

"There! she's stopped," Aunt Jane exclaimed; "and time, too."

The forbidding look was still in the old woman's eyes when a light tap sounded on the door, and in answer to Maria's invitation to enter, the door opened, and the singer from the flat across the court stood on the threshold.

"Good morning," she said cheerily. "May I borrow your hammer? We can't find ours anywhere. We probably packed it with the best dishes, or with mother's Sunday-bonnet," and the girl laughed lightly. She was round and rosy, with sweet blue eyes, and soft brown hair parted in the middle and tied loosely back with a black ribbon; altogether, she was good to look at as she stood there.

"You're welcome to ours," Maria replied as she arose and took the hammer out of a drawer near.

"And mind you bring it back," Aunt Jane chimed in. "We don't make a practise of lending, 'cause folks don't make a practise of returning what they borrow."

"O, yes; I'll be sure to bring it back," the girl said pleasantly. "I'm Dora Denby. Mother and little Janet and I have come to live in the rear rooms. I ought to have told you that before I asked for the hammer, for of course you don't know who I am."

"Knowing don't make no difference," Aunt Jane declared. "There's some strangers I'd a good deal sooner lend to than a neighbor. We've heard you singing ever since you moved in; we ain't used to hear-

ing folks sing around here; they've got weightier things to occupy their thoughts.

The smiling eyes suddenly became serious, and for the first time Maria noticed shadows under them and a certain sadness in their depths. "I hope I haven't annoyed you," Dora said gently. "Mother loves to hear me sing; she says it always cheers her up."

The door closed, and Maria looked with reproachful eyes at the bent old woman leaning over the stocking. "You oughtn't have spoken so to her, Aunt Jane," she sighed. And Maria fell to thinking of what life had meant to her at Dora's age; the beautiful air-castles of that time had vanished, and in their place had left the stern reality of providing a home and sustenance for her relative and herself. It was years ago, Maria thought, since she had raised her voice in song, though she used to sing as light-heartedly as Dora. Aunt Jane deigned no reply to her niece's remark; life had proved a rugged road for the former to travel, and she had never made it easier by trying to find a pleasanter side to take; when others found and took it, she felt it her duty to criticize and censure them for failing to realize the responsibility of life.

A few minutes later, a second tap sounded on the door, and again in answer to Maria's invitation to enter, the new neighbor appeared on the threshold. "Thank you so much for the hammer," she said. "And mother begs you will accept these eggs. They were laid last Saturday; we brought them with us from the country. And the jelly is made from strawberries that grew in our own garden last year."

"Your mother is very kind," Maria cried, her face lighting with a smile. "Real country eggs and jelly are a treat to city folks. You must let us know if there's anything we can do to help you; it's quite a task getting settled."

"Especially when one is single-handed," Dora replied. "Mother has been in bed since the day we moved in, with one of her attacks."

"And you're doing everything alone!" Maria exclaimed. "If only I'd known that yesterday, I could have helped you a little; to-day I'm obliged to get this lot of waistcoats back to the shop."

"Thank you; it is good of you to think of it," Dora said. "I shall manage somehow. There's Janet calling; she's only five, and she wants to help, the darling! She's just the dearest little hinderer ever was," and Dora hurried away.

Aunt Jane arose. "I'll take these stockings down to Mrs. Garret, Maria," she announced. "Dick will be needing 'em." Aunt Jane darned stockings for most of the children in the building, and in this way helped to eke out the living, and at the same time relieved more than one overburdened mother in the big flat-building of a pressing duty.

An hour later Maria was beginning to prepare the noonday meal when Dora again appeared. "You will think me a real bother," she said apologetically. "But can you tell me where I can buy some cream? My mother can't drink her tea without cream, and I had an accident and spilled every drop the milkman left."

"There's a milk depot at the end of the street," Maria answered. "How is your mother feeling now?"

"A little better, I think," Dora answered cheerily. "Poor mother! she's having things pretty hard just now. She's never been well since father died last Christmas, and it will take her some time to get accustomed to this change from the country to the city. It seemed to be best for us to come because there is more opportunity for me here, and I hope to be a wage-earner as soon as we are settled and mother is able to take hold of things. She is so brave she never complains, dear mother!"

"Some one else is brave, too, I think," Maria said. "Some one who sings."

Dora's cheeks flushed a deeper pink: "Mother says I have the Barrington trait of always looking on the bright side of things," she answered. "Father was just that way, too."

"It is a fine trait to have," Maria said wistfully.

A moment later the girl with the Barrington trait tripped lightly away, pitcher in hand, singing softly to herself. At the bottom of the steps she met Aunt Jane, carrying a big bundle of stockings tied together. "Let me help you," Dora said with her friendly smile, taking the bundle. She tripped back up-stairs and was down again before Aunt Jane had taken half a dozen steps. "I hung the bundle on the door-knob," she explained.

"Thank you," Aunt Jane replied. She climbed the steps in her slow, laborious way, thinking about the new neighbor, and somehow, in spite of all she had said about her, Aunt Jane had a comfortable feeling that this girl with the sweet face and sweet voice had come to live in their midst.—*Fannie Fletcher, in the Girls' Companion.*

Some Animal Stories

The Sense of Memory in Dogs

THE late Mr. Eyre, a clergyman, left a dog, which was very much attached to him, at the country house of a friend while he left England for a long sojourn abroad. After two years, says the *London Telegraph*, Mr. Eyre returned. Having arrived at his friend's house late at night, he retired without having the dog called.

Next morning Mr. Eyre was awakened by the dog bursting into his bedroom, and leaping upon him with the wildest demonstration of delight.

"How on earth did he know I had arrived?" asked the clergyman.

"O, sir," the valet replied, "it is the most curious thing! As I was cleaning your boots, the dog recognized them, and I have not been able to quiet him till he saw where I was carrying them, and rushed along with me to your door."

The Strategy of a Weasel

A writer in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* says: "I was recently in a fishing camp that was near a large stack of lumber. It seemed that a large number of rats inhabited the cool crevices under the lumber pile. One day a weasel put in its appearance, and soon it had killed every rat in the colony except one that was nearly as large as a cat.

"The two fought several times a day, and the weasel always got the worst of it. One day we noticed it industriously digging a hole under the wood-pile, and thought little of it. A little later we saw it challenge the rat to battle, and as soon as the fight began to warm up, the weasel suddenly turned tail and sneaked to the hole. The rat followed in hot pursuit, and both disappeared. It was only a twinkling until the weasel reappeared, and flashed into the hole again.

"We watched a long time, and neither animal appeared. Finally we moved the wood, and dug out the weasel's hole. We found the rat dead, and the weasel had dug itself out another way. The weasel had trapped the rat and killed it at leisure, the hole being too small at one end for the rat to escape, which the weasel knew all the while."—*The Wanamaker Diary.*



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, November 16

Missionary Volunteer Work, No. 11 — Christian Help Work

LEADER'S NOTE.—Here is an opportunity for your Christian Help Band to get new life into this work. The program comes at an opportune time. Christian Help work is needed at all times, but at no time is it needed more than during the winter months. Have a stirring program. Have your plans well laid for doing definite work. Many societies have been blessings to the poor in their communities by remembering them with baskets at Thanksgiving, Christmas, etc. There is almost no end to the kinds of Christian Help work waiting willing hands in almost every community. For this program "Ministry of Healing" will be excellent help. Helpful suggestions will be found in the article by May S. Kennedy on "Opportunities for Christian Service Through the Department of Mercy and Help." It is interesting and inspiring to see what Christian young people in other denominations are doing in the line of Christian Help work. Gather reports. Close with a prayer for the poor, distressed, sick, and sorrowing, especially in your own community. May this program inspire all to deeper Christian service, for "O, the good we all may do, while the days are going by!"

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 5: "The Uplift of China," Chapter 5

NOTE.—See questions at close of chapter.

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 5: "Winning the Oregon Country," Chapters 5 and 6

1. WHAT plans had Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepard for getting in touch with the red men? What instruction was given the children? How were they supported?

2. Mention two hindering circumstances.

3. Tell how cattle were procured. Mention another service that Mr. Lee rendered.

4. How long were the Willamette missionaries without reinforcements? What new station was then opened? For what was July 16, 1837, notable?

5. When did Mrs. Whitman again join her husband? To provide their home, what labor had been necessary? Describe the home and its surroundings.

6. Tell of the endeavor to teach the Cayuse a better way of living, and of the result.

7. What picture is given of life at the mission?

8. What great trial now befell the missionaries at Wai-i-lat-pu? How did it affect their work? What assistance did they now give the white people?

9. Outline the efforts being put forth, and the improvements being made, at the Lapwai mission. What results were seen? Where and when was the first church organized in the Oregon country? Of whom did its first membership consist?

Opportunities for Christian Service Through the Department of Mercy and Help

I AM sure our young people do not fully realize the wonderful possibilities before this department of our league; if they did, they would all be anxious to work in it. There would be many happier homes, and our leagues would be the most successful of home mission societies.

I had no idea that it meant so much to be kind and helpful to others. Just a smile or pleasant word or little deed of kindness will give many a shut-in a pleasant hour. Some one said to me, "What good does a smile do?" Two or three of our young people went after church one night to carry a bouquet to a friend who had been ill. She was sitting up, but was not well enough to go out. We were all laughing and talking together, and when we left the house, the woman said, "It does one good to see them all smiling so."

It is the little things that count: for they not only bring relief to those in distress, but interest them more deeply in our Christ and his church, and in some instances lead them to begin service for him. Families who have never been interested in any church have been brought to see the Christlikeness of this work of the league, and have given their hands and hearts to the cause of the Master. A few flowers, with a brief poem or loving message, have not distilled their fragrance in the home of sickness in vain. Those who are already members of the church are drawn closer to it, and many who are careless or indifferent concerning religious things are led to love Christ, who prompted the kindness.

Help for body and soul should be our aim, and O, the joy of it! To me this work has opened up a new world, and has revealed what is the real blessedness of Christian service — self-sacrifice for others. I have seen church-members no longer interested in anything pertaining to the cause, through a deed of kindness open their spiritual eyes upon new and blessed realities in the Christian life. I have seen parents who declared emphatically that they had no use for the church, brought to a spirit of adoration of and love for the same because of kindly attentions given to some members of the home. I have heard the tearful words of real heart gratitude expressed by those who were cheered in time of trouble by the mercy and help department.

By giving you an account of how our own department has carried on its work, and of its wonderful opportunities for taking help and sunshine into the lives

of so many in our church, I may give you some new suggestions for your mercy and help department.

Some Plans Worked Out

KEEP A LIST OF NAMES

Through the pastor and others we keep a list of all the sick, needy, and aged persons in the church and congregation, and see that they are visited, helped, and comforted. I could give you many most touching instances which have occurred during the past three years.

One dear old lady, who had for years taken an active part in the church, has been shut in for over two years. She has no family to run in to see her, or to cheer her lonely hours. On our first visit to her, almost the first thing she asked, "What is going on in the city? What's going on in the church?" and inquired if this one or that one attends church now. We gave her all the news of the church and of the city. When we were coming away, she thanked us for the flowers, fruit, and other things that the league had sent her, and said: "They are all lovely, and it's nice to be remembered, but O, if you knew how I long for some one to visit me often, and tell me what is going on outside these four walls! Now I shall have something pleasant to think about for several days to come."

Do you think it did not pay to make that visit? Try this plan for yourself and see how much real pleasure you get out of it, as well as giving others pleasure.

SUNSHINE BASKETS AND BAGS

We have used sunshine baskets and bags to cheer the lonely hearts of the sick and discouraged, and what we did has not been forgotten by them nor their friends. Several have been brought to the church, and a few have been converted, who had not been inside a church for some time.

We will get a pretty basket or bag, and have the different friends put into it some little gift for a sick-room, with their card or a cheery note. Then each morning the invalid takes out one gift. This costs little, and yet one can not realize the pleasure it is to the shut-in to look forward each morning for the next gift, and wonder who else has put something in the basket.

One young woman, a member of our church who had not attended for years, and who had often said that she had no use for the church or any church people, was taken ill, and was shut in for over two years. Every two or three weeks our league sent fruit and flowers to her. We got up a sunshine basket for her when she was confined to her bed. We covered a large peach basket with crape paper, and had thirty-two little gifts, each wrapped in white paper and tied with pink ribbons, dropped into the basket. The basket itself was bright and cheery for a sick-room.

For thirty-two days our sick friend had some little daily remembrance and message from a friend. Words are inadequate to describe to you what that basket meant to that dear sick girl or to the family. She finally sent for our pastor and members of the league and asked them to pray for her. She said she had no idea that there was so much kindness in church people. In a short time she gave her heart to God, and for the few months that she was with us was a great help and inspiration to us, and I am sure that some of us shall never forget the lesson we learned from her.

She had a note written to be read after her death to the Epworth League, thanking the league for all the

kindly attentions and help given her during her illness, and enclosed was a five-dollar bill to be used in the mercy and help department. Since her death, one of her sisters has united with our church, and faithfully attends all the services.

CHRISTMAS AND THANKSGIVING REMEMBRANCES

The practise of remembering the aged and sick at Christmas-time in some appropriate way has brightened many a life. Sending them home-made candy, fruit, flowers, mottoes, groceries, coal, and other things as needed, gives the aged much pleasure, and makes them feel the young folks have not forgotten them.

The night before Thanksgiving, jellies, groceries, canned goods, pies, cakes, and money are brought to our prayer-meeting. The next morning these are carried by the young people of the league to the aged, the shut-ins, and the sick, to the home for aged women, and to the hospital.

We send poems written by one of our members with the bouquets that the different members of the department send out Sunday after the service. These little poems are cheery lines, such as shut-ins delight to read.

GETTING FLOWERS IN SUMMER

During the summer while there are many flowers, we send as many as eight or ten bouquets a week. We get our church-members in the habit of bringing their flowers to the church for this department. We can always use as many bouquets as we can get. Last month we sent out forty-two bouquets. We also sent out a great many baskets of fresh vegetables.

PERSONAL VISITATION

The kind of work that means the most and brings the richest blessing to the workers is the personal visitation of the homes of the needy ones, when by fellowship with them we seek to ascertain what their needs are, and then plan to meet them as best we can. If they need groceries, coal, or medicine, we get the required article at once; pay the rent, secure work, clothing, in fact, anything that is needed.

We have a song service occasionally at the homes of our shut-ins, when ten or twelve will spend an hour in singing the old tunes we all love. Sometimes a song and prayer mean more than all else to a shut-in.

If some one is sick and finds the days of convalescing tedious, either at home or in the hospital, a shower of postals and cheery letters brightens many an hour. This is arranged by as many as possible mailing a card at a certain date, so all are delivered at the same time.

THE BIRTHDAYS OF THE AGED

With flowers, fruit, or sometimes a party, we try to remember the birthday of every one of our aged friends and shut-ins. Also a remembrance book is greatly enjoyed. This is easily arranged by several cheery notes, which, with a text for the day, are enclosed in a small envelope; all are arranged in a little book form, and one read each day. We have had them to last a month or more at a time.

Each church and community has its peculiar needs. What is of greatest importance in our city or town may be of least importance elsewhere. But there are persons all about us, of all ages and characters, whom by loving words and acts of kindness we may win for Christ and the church, for usefulness and heaven.

Jesus Christ has declared that to those who show Christian sympathy toward others, he will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom."

The success of the mercy and help department is in doing the work systematically, finding out the needs and then meeting them. Even then we shall not be successful unless the Master's spirit possesses the workers. We must feel that we are doing it as unto him; and if we once really feel the force and inspiration of his words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," we shall love the work and be glad to do it.—*May S. Kennedy, in the Epworth Herald.*

MISS E. M. GRAHAM, a worker in the Australasian field, says: "Yes, I think our young people do well in earning money for missions. It is wonderful how faithfully some of them work. In a family in Victoria some of the children were having diphtheria. One little boy was growing potatoes for missions, so he hurried to get them all dug and ready for sale in case he should be taken ill, too. He never left the house after this, becoming sick the next day and dying a few days later. Surely this little one was faithful unto death. The money comes in littles from many hands. In a few cases some of the older ones help, but in the main the money is earned and given by the youth and children."



VI — God's Guidance and Care

(November 9)

MEMORY VERSE: "He careth for you." 1 Peter 5:7.

Questions

1. What did David say the Lord was to him? What request did he make of the Lord? Ps. 31:2, 3.
2. Whom has the Lord promised to guide in judgment? Ps. 25:9.
3. What does he do for the righteous? Ps. 34:15.
4. How may we be sure that he will direct our paths? Prov. 3:5, 6; note 1.
5. How can we continually realize divine guidance? John 12:26; 14:23; note 2.
6. How did the Lord watch over the Israelites during their wanderings from Egypt to Canaan? Ps. 77:20; Deut. 1:30, 31.
7. How did he protect the three Hebrews who were cast into the fiery furnace? Dan. 3:26-28.
8. Who was with Daniel in the lions' den? Dan. 6:21, 22.
9. How was Paul cared for on the stormy sea? Acts 27:23-25; note 3.
10. Who stood with him when he was brought before Nero? 2 Tim. 4:17.
11. How was Peter delivered from prison? Acts 12:5-10.
12. Who quieted the storm on the Sea of Galilee, when it seemed that the disciples would be buried beneath its waves? Mark 4:37-39; note 4.
13. On whom should we place our burdens? 1 Peter 5:7; note 5.
14. What does David say of the safety of the righteous in the time of trouble? Ps. 91:9-11.

Notes

1. God never intends that we should be in uncertainty as to his will. He loves to take the weakest child by the hand and guide him. Sometimes he guides us by the Holy Spirit. If we are emptied of self, he will fill us with his Spirit. Instances of direct guidance by the Holy Spirit are recorded in Acts 8:29; 13:2; 16:6, 7. He guides us by his precious Word, which covers all circumstances in life. See Ps. 119:23, 104, 130. Whenever the Word of God is sufficient, it will be vain to look for other revelations. But God has often guided by special providences, as in the visions recorded in Acts 10; 16:9; 18:9.

2. If we would be guided fully by the Lord, we must yield our will entirely to him. We can never fully learn the strength of the Everlasting Arms until we let go of everything else, and have nothing to cling to but Jesus Christ and his promises. They are exceeding great and precious, and as sure as God himself. Some one has suggested seven pillars upon which the divine promises rest:—

- "1. God's purpose, which will not suffer him to forget.
- "2. God's holiness, which will not suffer him to deceive.
- "3. God's truth, which will not suffer him to change.
- "4. God's grace, which delights to fulfil.
- "5. God's mercy, which is everlasting.
- "6. God's love, which never fails.
- "7. God's power, which enables him to accomplish."

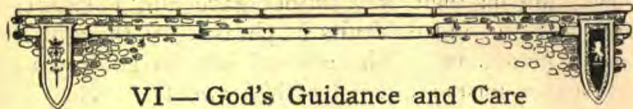
3. The winds and the waves obey the will of God. Angry kings and fierce beasts of prey meekly yield to his commands. Neither fire nor flood can stand before him. Prison-bars are as broken reeds, and Roman locks and seals melt at his touch. He is the Creator of all things, and should not the created obey the will of its Creator? Yet the Infinite One, who controls the stars in their courses, bends a listening ear to the feeblest prayer lisped by mortal lips, and will answer their requests.

4. "Carest thou not that we perish?" the disciples asked of Jesus. The Saviour cares. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. And he is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Shall we not accept the invitation and come to Jesus? Come, sinner, come. The Saviour invites, urges us to come. "And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The Spirit says, "Come." Hear him knocking at the heart's door. All who hear are commanded to say, "Come." Let us come, and help to spread the invitation to all the world.

5. If we cast all our care on the Lord, and trust him fully, a peace will fill our hearts that nothing can disturb.

"And the night shall be filled with music;
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arab,
And as silently steal away."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



VI—God's Guidance and Care

(November 9)

LESSON HELPS: "Steps to Christ," chapter entitled "Rejoicing in the Lord"; "Early Writings," pages 31-33; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "He careth for you." 1 Peter 5:7.

Questions

1. What prayer is appropriate for all Christians? Ps. 31:3.
2. Whom has the Lord promised to guide in judgment? Ps. 25:9.
3. What are some of the ways by which the Lord guides his people? Ps. 32:8; 73:24.
4. What is necessary on our part that the Lord may direct us? Prov. 3:6.
5. What will the Holy Spirit do? John 16:13. Compare Isa. 30:21.
6. What guiding care did the Lord have for ancient Israel in their journeying? Ps. 77:20; Deut. 1:30-33.
7. What gracious invitation does the Lord extend to the burden-bearers? Ps. 55:22; Matt. 11:28-30; note 1.
8. What did the Lord say concerning the affliction and persecution of his people in Egypt? Ex. 3:7, 8.

9. What admonition has the Lord given us concerning the things of this life? Matt. 6:25.

10. To what extent is the Lord's care exercised over the creatures he has made? Verse 26; 10:29-31. Compare Luke 12:6, 7. Note 2.

11. When the Hebrew worthies were cast into the fiery furnace, how did the Lord care for them? Dan. 3:26, 27.

12. When Daniel was cast into the lions' den, what care did the Lord have over him? Dan. 6:19-23.

13. When Peter was in prison, what deliverance came as a token of the Lord's care? Acts 12:6-10.

14. Who stood by the apostle Paul on the stormy sea, and spoke words of cheer? Acts 27:23-25.

15. When he stood as a prisoner before Nero's judgment-seat, what care was manifested by the Lord in his behalf? 2 Tim. 4:16, 17.

16. In the time of trouble, where may the confiding children of the Lord find refuge? Ps. 91:1-10.

Notes

1. It may seem at first thought strange to tell a burden-bearer that the way to find rest is to take upon him another burden, a yoke, though it be easy and light. But it is a different yoke from that of sin; it is Christ's yoke.

"The water-wheel is but a yoke put upon the neck of the river, that it may be compelled to spin and weave for us; the sail is simply a yoke attached to the winds to make them plow the great deeps with the furrows of a nation's commerce; the telegraph-wire is only a yoke for harnessing the electricity, that it may run our errands and flash our thought to the ends of the world. Nothing in earth or air or sea is of use to us till it has been restrained and made obedient to our will. And so, instead of contradicting the general order, Christ by these words lays down one of the most universal of principles. Freedom for service comes through repression of self. We must be narrowed into liberty, and constrained into true power."—A. J. Gordon.

2. Two sparrows, or five for two farthings. One is added, or thrown in, where the purchase was two farthings. The thought is that the one given away as of no comparative value, is not forgotten by the Lord. Then the statement, which if possible goes still further in expressing the intimate watch-care of our Heavenly Father, "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." With the psalmist we can exclaim, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I can not attain unto it." Ps. 139:6.

"Sometimes it is hard to believe that the infinite God, who holds the seas in his hand, and controls the stars in their courses, should care for each individual soul. We are so small, and God's universe is so great! We are but insects on a world which is but a grain of sand to many of the stars. . . . If he provides for birds and flowers, for the insects of an hour, for the bees, 'the singing masons building roofs of gold,' how much more will he care for the souls and bodies of his children, made in his own likeness!"—Peloubet's *Notes*, 1910, page 74.

Woman Doctors in India

THERE are one hundred fifty million women in India, and the majority of these, by reason of their moral and religious teaching, can not attend a hospital staffed by men. The high-caste purdah or veiled woman would rather endure suffering and face certain death; while all Indian women, whatever their caste, instinctively shrink from men doctors. When one reflects upon the mass of maternity work, and the vast number of cases of women's diseases which follow on unattended childbirth, it is not difficult to realize that the present provision of medical relief for Indian women is absolutely inadequate. There is urgent need for a continual and large supply of medically trained women for our Indian empire. There is work for many thousands of woman doctors in India, and there are approximately four hundred of them at the present time.—Dr. Chesson, in the *Zenana*.

SACRIFICE your life rather than your word or your purpose.—Stonewall Jackson.

The Youth's Instructor

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FEBRUARY: "I heard the tree complaining,
'O, this incessant raining!
My branches bleak and bare—
So cold! God does not care!
I heard the tree complaining."

OCTOBER: "I heard the tree regretting:
'O God, forgive my fretting!
My cup, it runneth o'er.
Faith ne'er shall fail me more!
I heard the tree regretting."

—Selected.

At War

BULGARIA, Servia, and Greece have declared war against Turkey, and added their forces to those of Montenegro, in the Albanian struggle. The situation of the Christians in Albania and Macedonia, and the demand of the Balkan States that those provinces should be allowed autonomous, or self-governing, government, are the main causes of the crisis.

"The present affair," says the editor of the *Independent*, "whatever it may amount to, is merely another step in the continuous process of the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire."

Famous Boys

A WOMAN fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she did, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, and also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow patriots wish he were in Guinea; but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian, who became one of the most celebrated painters of Italy.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself by making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did. He was Michelangelo, who

became a sculptor and artist as well as an architect, for it was he who designed the great St. Peter's Church in Rome.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it; I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.—*Selected*.

Life Is Real

LONGFELLOW, in his beautiful "Psalm of Life," rebukes Laziness masking as Resignation, and calls upon men to enter the arena and make the fight God and nature expect of a man. Hear him:—

"Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not the goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul."

There you have at once a psalm and a sermon. There you have a gospel that rings like a bugle-call, quickening the blood and kindling eagerness for the fray. Can you slumber while the echoes are sounding? Can you lag and excuse while your comrades are leaping to the front? Life is real, life is earnest. Men are not the playthings of fate, but the masters of destiny, in all truth.—*Ambition*.

Better Than Begging

THE easiest way to get rid of a beggar is to give to him and let him go; but it is not always the best way. Often beggars need advice, counsel, and brains.

An urchin nine years old, with a very dirty face and a pair of bright eyes, one day accosted a woman as she was hurrying across Boston Common: "Please give me some money to get something to eat," he whined.

"No; I won't give you any money to get something to eat," was the reply. The woman mimicked his whine.

Finally she hired him to carry her umbrella to her office, and on their way thither gave him a dissertation on labor and its fruits in phrases she thought he would understand. She advised him to go into the newspaper business, and lent him twenty cents to invest in papers, after he had signed his name to a contract she drew up promising to pay her immediately when he had cleared that amount.

In an hour and a half he came back to the office proudly, and deposited on her desk the money lent. She took ten cents of it, and he kept the other to make further investments. The next day he cleared one dollar and fifty cents. When he entered the office again, he was radiant.

"This is better than begging, isn't it?" she asked.

"You bet," he said.

"Now, if I give you this ten cents, will you promise to buy with it what I shall ask of you?"

"Yes'm."

"Then buy a cake of soap and use it."

That was the way one boy was started on the road to honesty and manhood.—*Young People*.

"LORD TENNYSON, what do you think of Christ?" asked a friend as they walked in the poet's garden. Stooping down and caressing a flower at his feet, the laureate answered impressively, "What the sunshine is to that flower, the Lord Jesus Christ is to my soul."
—*Rev. Thomas A. Stamp*.