

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

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No. 28



"I don't think that is pretty, Gretchen. I  
didn't mean to hurt you."

THE Panama Tolls Repeal Bill was passed by the United States Senate on June 12.

"CYRUS FIELD tried to lay the Atlantic cable thirty times, in ten years, before he succeeded."

OVER two thirds of the babies born in New York City during 1910 had foreign-born mothers.

FROM an area less than that of Texas, Germany draws nine tenths of the food supply for 65,000,000 people.

"JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY sent to one magazine one poem a month for seven years before one was accepted."

SERVIA and Bulgaria have good schools and universities, and elementary education is compulsory with them. The Servians are tillers of the soil.

CHICAGO spends nearly \$325,000,000 every year for food. A proper reform in marketing methods, it is estimated, would save \$51,000,000 of this sum.

It is not generally appreciated that while in the United States there are over 70,000 post offices, in probably less than 3,000 cities, towns, and villages does there exist either a public library or a bookstore.

INDIA feeds and cares for five million religious mendicants, most of whom are lazy, ignorant, and immoral. This vast nonproducing class is no inconsiderable source of Hindu poverty and degradation.

BARON EDMUND ROTHSCHILD has purchased a large tract of land in Palestine for archeological investigation. He is planning to build on it a Jewish museum, and expects, in the surrounding region, to find much from the time of the kings of Israel.

GREECE of today is very different from the ancient Greece which gave the world so many famous philosophers, sculptors, and warriors. Socrates used to thank the gods daily that he was "man and not beast, male and not female, Greek and not barbarian."

THE Y. W. C. A. is to have a building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. This will serve the thousand girls employed on the grounds and the thousands of girl visitors from over the country. It will be an effective demonstration of Y. W. C. A. methods.

THIRTY-FIVE Armenian families have emigrated from Asia Minor to Salem, New Hampshire, and are engaged in agriculture. They have organized there the Ararat Congregational Church, and have built and dedicated a church costing between \$3,000 and \$4,000.

IN one of the Presbyterian missions in China is a preacher who formerly was a writer of theatrical plays and the manager of twenty-four theaters. He was converted by reading a tract, and is a preacher of extraordinary power, quoting the Scriptures literally by the chapter.

THE Mormons are looking forward to the time when Cardston, their headquarters in southern Alberta, will be a center rivaling Salt Lake City in size and influence. They are planning to erect there a million-dollar temple equipped for all the needs of Mormon ritual.

THE richest and most progressive of the Balkan States is Roumania. The people of Roumania are said to be "in part descendants of those hardy Dacians conquered by Trajan,—men of steel and blood on whom the Colosseum drew for its fiercest and most reckless gladiators,—and in part descendants of the Roman legions stationed in that region to repel the Asiatics." Roumania's population is estimated at eight million. She claims purer Roman blood than the people who live in Rome today.

THE province of Shan-si was the one in which a large group of missionaries connected with the American Board Mission were massacred by the Boxers in 1900. Its provincial government has now asked the American Board Mission to take entire charge of its public school system in a large section of the province. The government offers to furnish the schoolhouses, equip the same, and to make an annual grant of four thousand taels, if the board will supervise the work. Full religious liberty is to be allowed, and the Bible and the Christian religion can be taught.

HEREAFTER a new country will be found on the Balkan map—Albania, or Shkypnia. I think we shall call it by the easier name, don't you? The Albanians are a tall, blue-eyed warrior people, of Aryan stock, like Alexander the Great. Albania is called the Land of the Mountain Eagle. A man of this nationality can buy a wife on the installment plan—as we might buy a piano. Sometimes he begins to pay for his choice while very young.

A BIGOTED Chinese who could never be induced to attend a Christian service, went to a missionary and said: "I want to hear about your religion. I have never heard the words of it, but I have heard the laughter in your house and in the houses of my countrymen who have embraced your faith. And if you have anything that makes people so joyous, I want it." One crying need in all lands is for more *glad* Christians.

MRS. MARY I. WOOD, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is leading a force of one million women in a nation-wide crusade against present-day styles of dress. She says to the American women, "Is it not time that we should cease to adopt and countenance styles set for us by Parisian houses, regardless of the influence of such styles upon our comfort, taste, or sense of decency?"

MR. HAWKER, of the Aana district school, Samoa, has adapted Pitman's shorthand system to the Samoan language, and various of the lads have taken up the study with avidity. How pleased would R. L. Stevenson have been to see his Samoan neighbors' boys pegging away at shorthand!

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### Summer School

THE Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan, has a permanent summer school, which affords teachers an opportunity to make regular progress in their chosen work; to prepare for teachers' examination; to review studies, and prepare for college work. College students can make up back work, work off conditions, or pursue regular studies. The school is in session from June 16 to July 27. Write for the Summer School Announcement, to ascertain terms, curriculum, or for other information.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

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No. 28

## Little Things

ONLY a little shriveled seed,  
It might be a flower or grass or weed;  
Only a box of earth on the edge  
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge;  
Only a few scant summer showers;  
Only a few clear, shining hours,—  
That was all. Yet God could make  
Out of these for a sick child's sake,  
A blossom as wondrous, fair, and sweet  
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,  
Wet with sorrowful tears of rain;  
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam  
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream;  
A life as common and brown and bare  
As the box of earth in the window there;  
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom  
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room,—  
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold  
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—Henry van Dyke.

## Two Experiences

S. A. NAGEL



LOOKING through my notebook the other day, I came across the following experiences of two young persons, which I copied there a long time ago. May the young person who reads them take their lesson well to heart:—

Up in the mountains of North Carolina lived a farmer who had a poor farm. The soil was thin, and it took hard work barely to make a living for himself, wife, and son. His son, however, was a remarkably bright boy, the head of the district school.

One day the old man said, "Our son is a natural scholar, and though he is only a farmer's son, he shall have as good an education as any one." So the father and mother economized in every way to get enough money to send that boy off to college.

The boy did well, and every little while the letters would come telling how well he was getting on in his studies. One day a letter came, and after reading it the father said: "Mother, these letters are all right, they cheer my heart; but I want to see my boy. I can't wait any longer, and I'm going to see him."

His wife tried to get him to stay, but he would not. He arose early the next morning, hitched up the old team, and started for the college town. He drove all the way, all the time thinking how slowly the horses went, and saying to himself, "I'll soon see my boy."

As he drove up the hill to the college, he saw his son and two gay companions coming down. The old man's heart gave a jump. "Won't he be surprised! Won't he be glad!" the old man thought. And then, as the horses were tired, he got out and ran up the hill to meet his son.

His son was surprised, but he was not glad. He was ashamed of his father in his homespun clothes before his gay companions. He laughed, and turning to the old man, said: "There must be some mistake, sir; you are not my father. I do not know you," then with his two friends passed on.

He might as well have driven a knife into the old man's breast. I have been told that the father went home with a broken heart to die. Whether that is true I cannot say, but I can well believe it. What do you think of such a son? Nothing is too bad for him you say.

Stop before you condemn him. Some of you are more ungrateful than that son. Jesus Christ has done

more for you than that father did for his son, yet some of you are so ungrateful you will not confess him before the world. You are afraid of what some one will say. You are ashamed of him.

Let me tell you another story. I am thankful it is a different one:—

Down in the mountains of Georgia lived a poor widow. She had a few acres of ground where she raised berries, and she also made a little money by keeping chickens and selling eggs. Sometimes she took in washing, and did whatever she could to get a living.

But God had given her a bright son. He surprised every one in his home school, and the mother said he must go to college. And she worked hard and went without many things herself to get money to send him. He was graduated with high honors, and won the class gold medal for special excellence in study.

When it came time for him to be graduated, he went up to his mountain home to get his mother. But his mother said, "No, I have nothing fit to wear." But the young man said: "Wear the best you have. I owe everything I am to you, and you must come. What is more," he continued, "if you won't come, I won't graduate." Finally she yielded, and he took her to town.

When the graduating day came, she came to the commencement exercises in her plain calico dress with her neat but faded shawl and simple mountain bonnet. He tried to take her down the middle aisle where the richest people of the town and the friends of the class sat, but she said, "No," and insisted on sitting away back under the gallery.

The son went up to the platform and delivered his address. He was handed his diploma and received his gold medal. No sooner had he received it than he walked down from the platform and away to where his mother sat under the gallery, and pinned the gold medal on her faded shawl, saying, "Mother, that belongs to you; you earned it." The president of the college said that when the young man did that, there was such a round of applause that the exercises could not go on for five minutes.

Let us be as faithful in fulfilling our twofold obligation — to our fathers and mothers and to our Elder Brother, Jesus Christ.

Wai Chow, China.

### Clenched Fists — Extended Palms

ACCEPTING the invitation of a man prominent in political affairs to visit him at his home, I go there expecting an interesting experience. In response to my knock for admittance, my political acquaintance appears at the door of his house, and, with clenched fists and a scowl on his face, in a gruff voice asks me in. I look at the scowling face, and at the clenched fists held in front of it, and decide instantly not to enter the house. My interest in my visit vanishes, and I conclude that the one standing in front of me is unapproachable. Should he, however, greet me with a smile, and, with both palms extended, enthusiastically urge me to enter his house, I should do so without any hesitancy. And my experience in the home undoubtedly would be as pleasant as was the invitation.

God invites men to come to him, and he has no clenched fists which he thrusts in the face of the sinner. There is no scowl on his face, there is no harshness in his voice, as he invites men into his presence. All day long his hands are extended, and they are wide open, ready to grasp the hands offered in response to his pleading. When the hands of the Almighty close around those of the sinner, the sinner is drawn out of the "horrible pit" into which he has fallen, he is released from the "miry clay" which made his path through life a burden. A new experience is given him; his feet are placed on the everlasting Rock; a new song is put into his mouth; his ways are established. God supplants Satan, the "expulsive power of a new affection" eradicates evil from the life; peace takes the place of enmity; gladness and hope abide where formerly sorrow and despair existed. No longer is he a child of wrath, but a child of God; no longer led "captive by Satan at his will," but a willing captive of love.

Reader, God invites you into his presence, that he may pardon your sins and accept you as his child. Open your clenched fists and give up the fight against God; open your clenched fists, and God will clasp your hand in his. God desires to abide with you, so that he may make your life a watered garden. Harden not your heart; surrender. God waits, and waits patiently, for your open hands. Must he wait until at last you cry in despair, "The harvest is past; the summer is ended, and I am not saved"? I trust not.—*West Indian Watchman.*

### A Larger Vision

FOR ten years I attended the public school in my home town. The school building was only two stories high, but it seemed very high and large to me. A few blocks away was a university building about four stories in height, and standing upon a mountain (as I thought).

These were the largest structures in the world in my estimation. Many times I looked upon that college with great admiration. How massive it was! Of what large blocks of rock it was built!

But the time came when I left that little town and sojourned in some of the large cities. Chicago was one of the first ones to enter my vision. For a moment I was bewildered at the great skyscrapers, but, with many other wonderful things, they soon became common, and other sights attracted my attention.

One summer I made a visit to the old home. What a change had taken place! The schoolhouse and the college had grown surprisingly small. The college

mountain was only a molehill. What was the trouble? I had received a vision of larger things.

So with our spiritual and mental natures; there is danger of our remaining in one place until our view becomes short and narrow. We sometimes do not rise and grow, and extend our perspective.

As we look into heaven, earthly things become small and trivial. To be specific: Study the Word of God and you will ride upon the mountain peaks of literature, and will have no time nor inclination for cheap and trashy reading.

When Mayor Gaynor of New York was convalescing from his attempted assassination, he said that after one had entered the valley of the shadow of death, things in this world look small and insignificant. He had received a glimpse of the eternal.

Shall we not rise to higher planes in every walk of life, blessed, as we are, with a survey of the heavenly Canaan?  
C. E. HOLMES.

### Unsettled Conditions in Ireland

A LARGE business house in the north of Ireland sent to a firm in Glasgow, Scotland, the following letter, dated March 23, 1914. It will be read with interest, as the question treated is at present agitating the English-speaking world:—

We thank you for your letter received today. We have got beyond the stage of business over here. You could not realize the extreme tension that exists here just now. All domestic life is entirely upset, and we cannot foresee what is going to happen to us. One thing is certain, we are not bluffing. We abhor the idea of fighting, but we will die willingly rather than submit to be forced under the heel of the merciless Church of Rome. It is not politics in Ireland; it is religion. But English and Scotch Radicals do not understand that as we do.

I have arranged to send our children away to school. My wife undertakes the management of food supplies in one of the hospitals. My brother-in-law and I are drilled and ready to go under arms if the call comes.

Charles E. Hands is a war correspondent, and he reported the Spanish-American war, the Boer war, and the Russo-Japanese war for the London *Daily Mail*. Writing to the *Daily Mail*, from Ireland, he tells us that—

business people in the towns express views which, however, have to be considered in relation to the curious fact that throughout the south and west of Ireland the principal business people are for the most part Unionists.

"If they had only let us alone for a few years more," said a big business man in Sligo, "we should have settled down to be a prosperous people. After the South African war, though you in England may not know it, the old animosities softened down, and old opponents were getting along together on very friendly terms. If they would only have let us alone for a time, everything would have been easy. But they bring up this wretched home rule again to set us once more by the ears."

There are signs that the organizers are at work preparing manifestations in support of home rule, but I was told that it will be very difficult to work up any effective demonstrations among the farmers. The National Volunteer movement is being energetically pushed forward, but for the most part is meeting with indifferent success. Moderate Nationalists regard it as a danger to home rule settlement.

Mr. Hands makes clear why the Irish farmers are indifferent to the National Volunteer movement:—

Everywhere I went I was told one thing, and told it both by Nationalists and Unionists, and that is that the freeholder farmer, having now his desires satisfied, has lost most of his interest in politics. In Galway a Nationalist told me it is almost impossible to get a farmer who has obtained the freehold of his farm to put his hand in his pocket for a subscription to any political organization. "They are Nationalists still," he said, "in theory and in name, but they will not put their names down on subscription lists, nor will many of them attend political meetings. Even the priests are finding that they do not give the same 'show of milk' that they used to in the agrarian days. And why would they trouble them-

selves now?" They have got all they want and more than they ever hoped for for themselves, so why would they trouble about anything else? They are doing well. There is more money in the country than ever there was. They want to be left alone to make the best of it all. Why, the hats their daughters wear would take the sight out of your eyes, and you will see men now with their side cars or traps who could hardly afford a donkey cart in the old days. They do not want things altered.

Mr. S. N. Dancy, a lieutenant of Sir Edward Carson and member of the Irish Nationalist Alliance, is at present touring the United States, delivering lectures on the British crisis. On May 17, in Ford Hall, Boston, he delivered an address to an audience of one thousand two hundred who succeeded in gaining admittance to the hall. A great number were compelled to remain outside the hall, but the enthusiasm of those in the hall reached those on the outside. As reported in the *Boston Herald* of May 18, Mr. Dancy said:—

The Home Rule Bill itself is so complicated that even a Philadelphia lawyer could not untangle it. But I can assure you that in spite of what the American press and T. P. O'Connor may have to say, there will never be home rule in Ireland.

Though the larger part of the population of Boston may be favorable to the home rule cause, I have, nevertheless, found thousands of men and women here who are willing to uphold a cause that stands for what is true, right, and just. It is on those principles that Ireland and this great country were founded.

Not so with the Irish societies in America. It is in the halls of these societies that you will find the conspirators and the financial backers of the home rule movement. These men are Irish-American or American-Irish—that is, a little of both and not much of either. It seems to me that if I were an American citizen, I should swear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes and be proud of it.

These societies are not only meddling in the affairs of Ireland, which they intend to control and use for a dumping ground, but they are also trying to sow the seed of discord between Great Britain and the United States. They say that England is not a friend of this country. I tell you that Great Britain is the best friend America has today.

When there was trouble in sight fourteen years ago in Manila Bay, did not England "strip her boats for action" to lend a friendly hand? I would also mention the treatment that American refugees in Mexico have received recently from the British ships. Blood is thicker than water, and I say that every patriotic American should stand by those principles of religious freedom on which this nation was founded.

The American press has given only one side of the home rule question. The wires come direct from the other side, but perhaps via Chicago. Many of those in this country who cry loudest for home rule are most ignorant of local conditions in Ireland. I might add that they are ignorant in many other things also.

The events of the next few months will have a great bearing on the cause of Protestantism, and lovers of true Christianity will keep in touch with current events. The hand of the papal hierarchy is to be seen everywhere, seeking to bring back to the papal fold all that has been lost to it through the Reformation.

ELISHA DODD.

### A Coming Russian Sculptor

AMONG the recent productions of Russian sculpture the work of Innokenty Ioukov stands out preeminently. The art in which Ginsburg, Konekov, and Antokolsky have achieved distinction has made a stride forward with the advent of Innokenty Ioukov into the ranks. He has introduced a new note into the sculpture of his country, which, up to the time, lagged along the wayside, imitating the classicism of Canova. Ioukov has broken with that tradition. His originality refuses to bend before old academic formulas or to make exact copies of nature. Ioukov is an artist of whom one can say that he is "a personality and a soul."

Born near the shores of Lake Baikal, in the vicinity of the famous Siberian gold mines, he studied at the school of Tchita and later at the University of St. Petersburg. But no master initiated him into the art

of which he was to become the exponent. He followed his own inspiration, and was the pupil of none but nature.

From the age of twelve his vocation manifested itself; the child spent his time carving in the roots of trees, and had quite a little museum of his own, which was the object of great admiration among his playmates. When he exhibited his works in St. Petersburg for the first time, some seven years ago, he immediately became famous. In 1912 he again gathered a collection of his works in Moscow,—about two hundred of them, for he is a prodigious worker,—and they were very nearly all sold, so captivated was the public by the originality of his conceptions.

This artist is not content with a perfect command of technique. He has ideas; each one of his productions proves it. His work is a fervent hymn sung to Life. He has infused the most intense poetry into every one of his creations. He has molded in clay and



"WITH WHOM IS SHE WALKING?"

wrought in marble with love, almost passion, his high philosophic conceptions. . . .

There is nothing so precious to him, so interesting, as the human soul in all its manifestations.

He repeatedly typifies it in the shape of a singular-looking bird which symbolizes the human soul inclosed by the senses. He longs to see it cast off its chains, and he studies it intently to its inmost depths. The sculptor is a psychologist and something of a humorist, and his work embraces every phase of human emotion.

Some of his distinctive works are worth mentioning; chief among them the "Future Aviators," a symbol of human progress. This consists of a group of children looking up at the man bird passing over their heads and gradually conquering the heavens. Another one, "With Whom Is She Walking?" is a humorous if not caustic illustration of the old woman's curiosity, spying upon a neighbor.—*Review of Reviews*.

### What Matter?

WHAT matter if God wills  
That we should sometimes walk in shady places?  
The shadows of the everlasting hills  
Are mirrored in the silver-bosomed rills,  
Whereto we stoop to cool our tired faces.

We feel ourselves apart  
From the fair world and love's remembered sweetness,  
And heart cries out for answering human heart,  
And yearns to claim once more a little part  
Of all that goes to make up life's completeness.

What matter, so we know  
That Christ himself doth guide and still will guide us,  
When faltering, fearing as we onward go  
With drooping head, and footsteps tired and slow,  
We blindly grope, and feel him there beside us?

—F. M. P. Deas.

## Consecration

JENNIE HALBERT



CONSECRATION is self-surrender, or surrendering self and all to Christ. After all that we are is given unconditionally to him, then all we have will be used as he directs. He may tell us to keep or forsake, as he sees best. With the rich young ruler, when Jesus said, 'Sell that thou hast,' the very fact that he would not, showed conclusively that there was something for which he cared more than doing Christ's will,—that he was not ready to surrender himself to Christ. Later, Jesus was with another rich man, Zaccheus, who gave such evidence of complete surrender of self that he was not asked to let all of his possessions go. Apparently, Jesus saw in him a man who could be trusted to use his wealth to the glory of God.

"The moment we have something we would not be willing to forsake, or do without at Christ's word, that moment we have not surrendered all. One has surrendered all when he places at the disposal of the Master all that he is and has, and makes it the supreme business of his life to devote all he has of time, money, and other possessions, for the kingdom. Consecration is not a question of what we have but what we are doing with what we possess. It is a question to whom we belong—Christ or our possessions."

Many a soul has met disaster and defeat through unwillingness to yield all to Christ. "God gave all for man, and he asks him to place his service above every earthly and selfish consideration." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Matt. 16: 24. "To deny self is to treat it as Peter did Christ, and say, 'I know not the man.' A cross is obviously the crossing of a smaller piece of wood, which represents our own choice and way, by a longer piece, which stands for the divine. Generally, in each life, there is one relationship or demand where the collision between these two becomes the most marked and painful. There always the ego, or I, has to be subordinated to and crossed by the Almighty's purpose. That is the cross which lies at our feet. We have to stoop and take it up. Of course, we may avoid it; but if we do, we miss the one opportunity of being raised or lifted to higher things, and of being a living blessing to others."—*F. B. Meyer.*

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." Rom. 12: 1, 2. Study this whole chapter, which is called the consecration chapter.

How may we become consecrated?—By study of the Scriptures, prayer, faith, and love. When the Lord spake unto Joshua after the death of Moses, he said, "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein." The psalmist said, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin

against thee." His delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law he did meditate day and night.

"In order to delight in the law of the Lord we must feed upon it. The prophet says, in Jer. 15: 16, 'Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.' The reason many do not enjoy the Word of God is because they do not eat it. They skim over a few verses, or many verses, but they do not stop to eat one verse. How different the Word becomes if we really feed on it, assimilate it!

"How to study it?—'Meditate' therein. There is no greater enemy to successful Bible study than haste. The words of the psalmist tell us not merely how to study, but when to study—'day and night.' Many people are asking, 'How much time must I devote to Bible study each day—fifteen minutes, a half hour, or two hours?' 'Day and night,' replies the psalmist. This, of course, does not mean that we should be sitting with an open Bible before us every moment, but it does mean that, having studied our Bible, we should carry away in our mind and heart what we have read, and meditate upon it as we go about our several duties."—*R. A. Torrey.* What characters would be ours if we made this the rule



instead of the exception.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy Word." Ps. 119: 9.

### I Will

I WILL start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;  
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;  
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;  
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;  
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;  
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;  
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;  
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;  
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;  
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more concerned with mine.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

ELECTRIC cooking will be the only way in a new apartment house of eighteen suites now building in Worcester, Massachusetts. In this building there is no gas piping, and no coal will be used except for the central steam-heating boiler. In the face of a gas rate of only seventy-five cents, only electric ranges will be used.

In 1913 the American Bible Society issued 5,251,176 volumes, an advance of 1,201,566 volumes over the previous year.



# 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."



## Curfew

MRS. K. L. DAVIS

The curfew is ringing the children in:  
Run home, little boy, little girl;  
Out in the dark is temptation and sin,  
And mother waits each little pearl.

Curfew rings out on the evening air,  
And one little boy doesn't come;  
Mother is waiting with anxious care  
For one little wayward son.

Curfew tolls out in tones sweet and sad,  
Sweet and clear to those who obey;  
But sadly its toll must sound to the lad  
When mother's alone at the close of day.

Curfew is tolling the hour of prayer,  
The children are all coming in;  
These are the moments precious and rare  
When we bring all our darlings to Him.

Curfew is silent, and the sun way down,  
The morn peeps over the hill;  
Stillness and quiet creep over the town,  
And this is surely God's will.

## Etiquette on Privacy in Life



MOST of us fail fully to realize the value of privacy in the etiquette of the household. Especially if our houses are small, and if the members of the household are bound by the intimate ties of relationship, we are all too prone fairly to overwhelm one another with our presence and to leave one another too little opportunity to be and to act alone.

This is one of the first things that impresses our English cousins when they visit our American homes. We seem to them to have no respect for one another's individuality; we rush into one another's rooms without even so much as knocking or asking permission; our children romp and play through the whole house regardless of their elders; guests are never given a moment to themselves—in short, the American family herds together from morning to night in almost barbaric fashion.

This criticism need not disturb greatly, for undoubtedly we should be as much inclined to criticize the apparent unsociability and coldness of the English woman's home life as she is to criticize our lack of privacy. But, just the same, a little greater privacy in the home would often add tenfold to the happiness and courteousness of its members.

I was spending a few days not long ago in the house of a friend who has the good fortune to have a dear old aunt living with her. This little lady is a lovable old soul, and I am morally certain that my friend would do almost anything she knew how to do to make her happy.

One day during my visit, shortly after breakfast the little old lady slipped away from the living room, where there was a merry conversation going on that no one could reasonably expect the old lady to be interested in.

"What has become of auntie?" exclaimed her niece in great solicitude before she had been gone many minutes; and when after a few more minutes "auntie" did not return to the family group, her niece became aroused, and sent her little daughter to the old lady's room to see what could have called her away.

"Auntie says she just wants to be alone for a while,"

was the child's explanation. "She is reading up in her room."

"Something must be the matter with her," gasped the niece. "She knows I don't like to have her go off alone. O, I am afraid she is ill!"

With this the niece went upstairs, and with great alarm broke in upon the old lady.

There she sat with tears in her old eyes, old eyes that for the time were looking back through the years into the far-off days of her youth; and before her she had spread out a package of old letters, yellow with age and worn with many readings.

"O auntie, what are you doing? Aren't you happy?" asked the niece.

The old woman came back from her musings with a start, and then slowly she explained that she had gone off by herself to read the old letters, that it was an anniversary of her wedding day, and that she wanted to be alone.

In spite of this explanation the niece waited till the old lady had replaced the letters in the little chest from which she had taken them, and then fairly dragged her downstairs again to join the rest of us.

Later, when I was alone with the old woman, she told me about it.

"My niece is very kind to me," she explained, "and she does her best to make me happy. But sometimes I just long to be alone. It is an old-fashioned idea of mine that people ought to be allowed a little privacy, and that even people who love each other very dearly, sometimes get along better if they allow each other just a little time to be by themselves, and don't always make them account for everything they think and do."

For my part, I think the old lady was right, and I know altogether too many homes where nerves and tempers are tried by too much contact and too little opportunity to be alone.

Very often this lack of consideration is due to wrongly directed affection. Especially is this the case with the parents who, as their children grow up, do not allow them the privacy that every normal child longs to possess. These parents are so used to thinking and acting for them that they dislike to give them a chance to think and act independently.

If children, as they grow out of babyhood, cannot have rooms to themselves, they at least ought to have their own dressing tables, bureaus, and chests of drawers, which they should be taught to keep in order for themselves. It seems needless to add — though there are many cases where this is not the practice — that children should have their own combs and brushes, towels, and manicure articles, as soon as they outgrow the dainty articles of their baby baskets.

And no matter how much you love your children, you should never let them intrude on your privacy. Even in the humblest household they should be taught that respect for the rights of their elders which was so necessary a part of a child's education two or three generations ago. Yet how many weary mothers let their children spread their toys through the entire house, and how many doting fathers allow their youngsters to pilfer their handkerchief boxes and appropriate their collar buttons unproved!

Most men have little privacy in their own homes. They seem to be willingly shackled by the everlasting intrusion of things feminine.

"Jimmy's den has been such a success!" I heard a young matron say a year after they had built their suburban home. "I never had a place to keep my sewing machine before, and it is such a good place to hang the old pictures that I somehow don't like to throw away, but that would just spoil the color scheme in the living room."

As the children in the family grow older, they should be taught to respect one another's possessions and one another's privacy, and any intrusion in these matters should be regarded as a decided break in the family etiquette.

At no time in the life of the children in the household is there such a real need for this spirit of privacy and respect for others' rights as when, in the course of time, the older children enter upon the serious business of courting; for no matter how amusing it may seem to us, it is always deadly serious to them. The troublesome small brother comes to be a joke, and assumes the proportion of a real trial and mischief-maker when he has not been taught to have a fitting respect for other people. Many young women are given no end of uneasiness owing to the vulgar intrusion of the young brother, who in a spirit of teasing rather than through any malicious curiosity, intercepts his sister's love letters. Such an act is a really grave offense which would not readily be excused in any one but a member of the family.

It is partly through a lack of sympathy and lack of understanding, partly through natural curiosity, that brothers and sisters are so intrusive in one another's affairs; but, besides that, it is lack of training, and a lack of breeding the fault of which lies not with the prying small brothers and sisters, but with the parents.

So, too, in the matter of the family conversation there might well be a trifle more of the formality that was in vogue a generation or so ago. We have become too blunt in our speech, and too inconsiderate of the niceties that good breeding has always demanded. Especially is this true of a family where outsiders seldom come within the gates.

For instance, the mother of the house forgetfully discusses the symptoms of little Johnny's fever at the breakfast table, and never realizes that perhaps little Johnny has some feeling of delicacy on the subject and longs with all his little heart to have her cease.

We smile sometimes at the old-school formality and prudishness of our grandmothers, and sometimes go to

the other extreme. Why not try to strike a happy medium between the stiffness of those days and the free and easy overfamiliarity of these? — *Selected.*

#### Disarming Fate

"I NOTICE Mrs. Simmons is having a new porch put onto her house," said Deacon Wood, polishing his glasses.

"Yes," said his wife, "she always wanted one clear across the front of the house, but Silas never would build one, so the first thing she did with some of the insurance money was to have one."

The deacon looked at his paper thoughtfully for a moment, then remarked: "The Widder Davis is setting out a good many flowers, isn't she? She keeps getting seed catalogues at the post office."

"Yes," replied his wife, "her heart's been set on a posy garden a good many years; but I should almost think 'twould make Jed Davis turn over in his grave — he always thought flowers was such a foolish waste of time and money."

For a time the deacon was silent; then he said, "Wasn't that a new rubber-tired buggy I saw Prunella White in yesterday?"

"Yes," said his wife with animation, "and I'm glad she's got it at last. She rode 'round for years in an old farm wagon, though Leander could well afford a decent buggy for her and the girls; but if he'd a' lived, they'd never have got one."

For a time the deacon remained silent in thought; then he asked, "If you had a considerable sum of money to do just what you wanted with, Mandy, what would you get?"

"I'd have me a hardwood floor in that kitchen," his wife said firmly. "I never scrub that old floor but what I run my fingers full of slivers."

"Mandy," said her husband with fervor, "you'll see the carpenters at work on that new floor in the mornin'." And the deacon resumed his paper with a sigh of relief. — *Onward.*

#### Taught to Borrow and Lend

MISS EDITH HOOKEY, a school-teacher of Minneapolis, Minnesota, who recently aroused interest by taking her pupils on street car rides and teaching them how to behave, has introduced a new "game," teaching them how to borrow and lend in the proper and decorous manner.

"Borrowing," says Miss Hookey, "has become a national habit. It is a necessity of life to know how to borrow and lend gracefully. Yet many persons forget their manners when borrowing, and still more when lending. But my pupils never will."

Two little girls are designated "neighbors." They set up housekeeping establishments on opposite sides of the classroom. One is baking a cake, the other cleaning house. There is a knock at the front door.

"May I borrow an egg, Mrs. Jones?" asks Mrs. Smith.

"Certainly I will lend you an egg, Mrs. Smith," replies the neighbor, and hands her a good egg, for real articles are used in the lessons.

"Thank you very much," says Mrs. Smith.

"You are very welcome," says Mrs. Jones.

And the transaction is almost complete. Later, however, Mrs. Smith, with elaborate ceremony, returns the egg, and is duly thanked by Mrs. Jones, and asked to call again. The boys are taught the same game with workmen's tools and the like. — *Selected.*





The Cape Cod Canal

**A**FTER more than two centuries of discussion and five years of work, the project for constructing a ship canal across Cape Cod is rapidly approaching completion. The "hook" at the eastern end of Massachusetts is already an island, and further widening and deepening of the channel is being done by dredges. Small vessels will be admitted within a few weeks, and by November, it is expected, the canal will be ready for the larger ships. A sea-level channel has been dug through from Buzzards Bay to Cape Cod Bay at a place where these waters are but eight miles apart. By using the canal instead of "rounding the hook," vessels will be saved a journey of seventy miles along one of the most dangerous parts of the Atlantic coast, noted for its narrow channels with shifting shoals, and for the frequency of fogs and gales. The channel has been dug to a minimum depth of twenty-five feet, with a width never less than one hundred feet. There are said to be not more than half a dozen vessels engaged in coast-wise trade which could not go through the canal. Most of the present traffic around the cape is sailing ships and tows, with cargoes consisting mainly of coal and lumber.

The Cape Cod Canal, while complete in itself, is in effect a link in the chain of canals and natural waterways which some day in the not distant future will afford a safe inside passage for ships from Boston, Massachusetts, to Beaufort, North Carolina, with stopping places all along the route. Vessels making the trip from Boston, for instance, will go by way of Massachusetts and Cape Cod Bays, and the new canal, into Buzzards Bay and Long Island Sound; thence by the East River into New York Bay; through a proposed second canal across New Jersey to the Delaware River at Trenton; down the Delaware and through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal (which is to be enlarged and improved) into Chesapeake Bay; down that body and through the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal (now being improved under authorization of Congress) to Beaufort. The advantages of such a route are obvious when one remembers the many danger points along the coast which are avoided. Probably nowhere else in the world could such an extensive inland waterway be constructed along a sea-coast, using so large a proportion of natural waterway, and connecting such commercial centers as Boston, Providence, New York City, Jersey City, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Norfolk.—*Review of Reviews.*

"Of thy word unspoken thou art master; thy spoken word is master of thee."

Vegetable Milk and Cheese

THE soy bean of China is a vegetable belonging to the bean family. It is much used in China and Japan for making soup. For some years the attention of scientists has been given to the production of a good vegetable milk, one that will not be expensive, and yet will contain all the elements of natural milk. The Synthetic Milk Syndicate is about to establish a factory at Liverpool, England, for manufacturing soy milk.

"In order to produce one hundred liters of milk by this process, ten kilos of finely ground soy beans (or any of several other vegetable seeds, such as earth nuts, pistachio nuts, or sesame, which have recently been found to be suitable for use instead of beans) are mixed with one hundred liters of water and about five grams of phosphate of soda or potash, allowed to stand for an hour, and then slowly brought to the boiling point. The liquid is then filtered, and the residue

is pressed. To the resulting liquor are added small quantities of milk sugar, or other carbohydrates, sodium chloride, and carbonate of soda, and about two kilos of sesame oil or other suitable mixture of fats or oils. Enough pure water is added to bring the total quantity up to one hundred liters. It is expected that this 'milk' will be retailed in England at four cents a quart. It is claimed to have the same nutritive value as natural milk, and to be free from the characteristic oily flavor which makes other soy bean products unpalatable to most people who have not acquired the tastes of the Orient. There are several other methods of manufacture.

"Treated with a mineral salt or an acid, which acts the part of rennet, vegetable milk can be converted into cheese of several varieties.

In Indo-China, where the soy milk industry has assumed large proportions, three principal kinds of cheese are made: a fermented variety with a taste suggesting Roquefort; a white, salted variety, resembling goat's milk cheese; and a cooked or smoked variety, like Gruyère."

Greedy of Gain

PAKHOM, said Tolstoi, receives permission to possess as much land as he can walk around from sunrise to sunset. At the moment of sunrise he is ready to start. He starts leisurely. It occurs to him that by quickening his pace he can possess more. At once he does so. By a faster pace he can take in much beautiful country. Still faster he runs. The fever burns in his veins. One word is with him: *more, MORE, MORE.* The sun is hastening to its setting. With tremendous energy he forces his body to the last possible exertion, and, as the sun sinks behind the horizon, he reaches his goal—to drop dead. "So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain; which taketh away the life of the owners thereof."—*Ida I. Moulton.*

"SEEN in their true relation, there is no experience of life over which we have a right to worry."





# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## The Dandelion

THERE'S a dandy little fellow,  
Who dresses all in yellow,—  
In yellow with an overcoat of green.

With his hair all crisp and curly  
In the springtime bright and early,  
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.

Through all the bright June weather,  
Like a jolly little tramp,  
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;

Around his yellow feather,  
The gypsy fireflies camp;  
His companions are the wood lark and the toad.

Spick and spandy, little dandy,  
Golden dancer in the dell!  
Green and yellow, happy fellow,  
All the children love him well.

But at last this little fellow  
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,  
And very feebly totters o'er the green;

For he very old is growing,  
And, with hair all white and flowing,  
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.

The little winds of morning  
Come a-flying through the grass,  
And clap their hands around him in their glee;

They shake him without warning,  
His wig falls off, alas!  
And a bald-head dandy now is he.

O! poor dandy, once so spandy,  
Golden dancer on the lea!  
Older growing, white hair flowing,  
Poor little bald-head dandy now is he!

—The Household.

## The Jesus Man\*



It was a cold, dreary evening in the city of London. The heavy fog so common to that locality seemed denser than usual. Few people were on the streets compared with the great multitude that surged to and fro on week-day evenings, for this was Sunday night in the great metropolis.

Tim Losson, a newsboy twelve years of age, was trudging along that section of the city that constituted his "beat" on week days when he sold his papers. Notwithstanding all the dreariness without, Tim seemed very happy and light-hearted as he loitered leisurely along. Suddenly he came upon a little mission chapel. The outer door stood wide open, and from within came the sound of singing. Tim, passionately fond of music, lured on by the soft, sweet strains, crept timidly into the vestibule. The door was ajar, and the pleasant warmth stealing gratefully over his benumbed senses appealed to him so powerfully that, overcoming all his native bashfulness, he slipped quietly into the seat nearest the door, unobserved by any in the partially filled room, except the keen-eyed preacher, who noted his serious face and the wide-eyed wonder. The prayers seemed to stagger him, but he eagerly drank in all that was said about the "Jesus Man," as he spoke of him always after. The minister noted the absorbing interest of the lad, and resolved to detain the little fellow after the service and learn more concerning him.

But Tim was too quick for him. As the people rose for the last hymn, he slipped out as silently as he had entered the little mission chapel; but it was not the same Tim. He did not whistle now, and his little brow was puckered up in deep lines of thought as he silently took his homeward way.

The next day was bitterly cold. Tim shivered on his daily rounds in spite of his thick overcoat, somewhat worn, but good and warm, which some kind patron had bestowed upon him; and his teeth almost

chattered when he attempted to cry his papers. Turning a corner sharply, he came upon Jimmy Ross, who had no overcoat, and who was crying bitterly with the cold.

Jimmy Ross was another newsboy, much smaller and much younger than Tim, and somewhat new to the business of selling papers. But he was a brave little fellow, and traveled for long hours, uncomplainingly trying to help out the finances in the poor, miserable place he called home. Today was quite too much for him, however. His fingers and his lips were blue with cold, and he could hardly steady his voice to answer Tim's breezy question, "Hi, there, Jimmy! Wot's the matter wid yer?" With the swift instinct of the street child, Tim instantly grasped the situation, and without a moment's hesitation pulled off his outside coat and wrapped it around the freezing Jimmy, at the same time bidding him run home, and saying that he would sell for him what papers he had left.

Tuesday was not quite so cold as the preceding day, but it was sufficiently so to be uncomfortable; and Tim, when he went to Jimmy's house to get his overcoat, bade the little fellow stay indoors till the weather was milder, at the same time offering to sell his papers for him another day. Jimmy was only too glad to stay by the meager warmth of his miserable abode, and Tim sallied forth to the double task he had undertaken for the day. "I think the Jesus Man would want me to do it," he said to himself as he went about his work, "for the little fellow suffered somethin' orful with the cold. He couldn't stand it nohow."

Tim could not stand it, either. The severe cold which he had contracted from the exposure of the day before gained upon him every hour. He began to feel weak and sick. His voice, which had sounded husky and unnatural from the start, became so hoarse from crying his papers that he could not make an audible sound. A fever burned in his veins, and finally, overcome with exhaustion, he staggered and fell in a heap just as a policeman, who knew him well, came along and discovered his pitiful condition. Hail-

\* Reprinted by request.

ing an ambulance, the kind-hearted officer lifted Tim into it, and sat beside him till they reached the hospital, where Tim was given over into the care of skillful hands, and all needful remedies were speedily applied.

But it was of no avail. Day by day the boy grew steadily worse. There were hours of delirium when he muttered unintelligibly about the Jesus Man, and shrugging his little shoulders, now grown pitifully thin, he would cry out about the bitter cold, and how he pitied the poor little ones who had no overcoats. Finally, there came a day when the fierce fever abated. The eyes that looked forth from the wan, pinched face were bright again with the light of reason, but Tim's strength was not equal to the strain put upon it, and he was failing rapidly. One of his attendants who had learned of his having taken off his coat, said, "What made you do it, Tim? Why did you go without your coat for the sake of the other boy?" And Tim, with a smile more pitiful than tears, made answer, "I thought it would please the Jesus Man, and the poor little chap was crying with the cold." When asked who the Jesus Man was, he told of his going to the chapel the Sunday before and hearing all about him, then added, "I wish I could see that preacher again."

Tim had won all hearts by his sweet, patient, uncomplaining manner, and tears of genuine grief were shed over him as it became apparent he would soon be beyond all earthly caring. So it came to pass as the city missionary for that section of the city where Tim attended the chapel was coming down from his pulpit the Sunday following Tim's illness, he found a messenger, the doctor who had attended Tim, awaiting him, who informed him that a boy dying of pneumonia at the Cross Street hospital had begged to see him. And as the two hurried along to the hospital, the young doctor gave details of the case to the minister.

When the minister reached Tim's bedside, he was sure he never would have known him but for the expressive face with the big lustrous eyes which burned like fire in the pale countenance. But Tim instantly recognized the preacher. His face lighted up with a wan smile, and in a voice weak but eager, he exclaimed, "O mister, I saw the Jesus Man in my sleep last night wot you told me about, and wot do you think, mister! He had my overcoat on wot I put on little Jimmy; and he pointed to the coat, and smiled so beautifully on me, and he said, 'Come wid me, Tim.' And just then I woke up." The minister's tears were falling fast, and the physician's eyes had a suspicious moisture in them. Tenderly taking Tim's hand in his own, the preacher said in a voice broken with emotion, "Can I do anything for you, my lad?"

"Yes,—mister,—tell—the—other—boys—it's all—straight—wot you said—about the—Jesus Man. He was—so good—to die for—us all,—and he smiled—so sweet." And as the little voice, growing fainter and fainter, trailed off into the silence of death, it seemed as if the beautiful smile already curving about the pale lips might be a reflection of the same smile he saw in his sleep upon the Saviour's face.  
—Selected.

A MAN whose only motive for action is wages, does a bad piece of work.—Charles Wagner.

"DON'T worry about your work. Do what you can, let the rest go, and smile all the time."

### One Little Widow \*

SEVEN years a widow, yet only eleven years old! The shadow—nay, the curse—of widowhood has hung over little Sita ever since she remembered anything. The little brown girl often wondered why other little girls living near her had such happy, merry times, while she knew only drudgery and ill treatment from morning until night.

One day when six of the weary years had passed, and she was ten years old, Sita found out what widow meant. Then, to the cruelties she already endured, was added the terror of woes to come.

She had gone, as usual, in her tattered garments, with three large brass waterpots on her head, to the great open well from which she drew the daily supply of water for a family of nine. She was so tired, and her frail little back ached so pitifully, that she sat down on a huge stone to rest a minute. Resting her weary head on one thin little hand, she was a picture of childish woe. Many sorrows had fallen on her young heart, but she was still a child, yearning for companionship and love.

Many Brahman servants were drawing water near her, singing little *bhajans*, or songs, and looking bright and happy in their gay-colored cotton *saris*. A woman so poor that she must draw her own drinking water, but still a Brahman, came near, and to her Sita appealed for help:—

"Will you not draw a little water for me? I am ill and tired, and the well is very deep."

The woman turned angrily and uttered, in a scathing tone, the one word, "Widow!" Then she burst out:—

"Curse you, how dare you come between me and the glorious sun? Your shadow has fallen upon me, and I'll have to take the bath of purification before I can eat food. Curse you, stand aside!"

Poor Sita stood bewildered. She made no answer, but tears coursed down her cheeks. Something akin to pity made the woman pause, and halting at a safe distance from the shadow of the child, she talked to her in a milder tone. She was thinking, perhaps, of two soft-eyed daughters, very dear to her proud heart, though she mourned bitterly when they were born, because the gods had denied her sons.

"Why should I help you," she said, "when the gods have cursed you? See, you are a widow." Then, in answer to the child's vacant gaze, she continued: "Don't you understand? Didn't you have a husband once?"

"Yes, I think so," Sita answered; "an old, bad man who used to shake me and tell me to grow up quickly to work for him. Perhaps he was my husband. When he died, they said I killed him, but I did not. I was glad he was dead though," added the sad little thing.

"So you call him bad!" the woman cried. "Ah! no wonder the gods hate you. No doubt you were very wicked ages and ages ago, and so now you are made a widow. By and by you will be born a snake or a toad." And gathering up her waterpots, she went away.

The slender, ill-fed child hurriedly filled the brass vessels, knowing that abuse awaited her late return. Raising the huge jars to her head, she hastened to her house—a *home* she never knew. The sister-in-law met the little thing with violent abuse, and bade her prepare the morning meal. The child was ill, and nearly fell with fatigue.

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"I'll show you how to wake up," the woman cried, and seizing a hot poker she laid it on the arms and hands of the child. Screaming with pain, the poor little creature worked on, trembling if the sister-in-law even looked her way.

This was one day. Each of the seven long years contained three hundred and sixty-five such days, and now they were growing worse. The last year, in token of the deep disgrace of widowhood, the child's soft dark tresses had been shaved off, and her head left bare. When that has been done, but one meal a day is permitted a widow, no matter how hard she works.

Most of the little girls who saw Sita would run from her, fearing pollution. But there was one who shone on her like a gleam of sunshine whenever she saw her. One day after the woman had abused her at the well, Sita found a chance to tell Tungi about it.

"There is a better God than that," Tungi said. "Our people do not know him, and that is why I am not allowed to talk with you. I am married, and my husband lives in a distant city. If I speak to you, they believe that he will die. But in the school I attend, many do not believe these things."

"How can you go to school?" Sita asked. "My sister-in-law says that only bad people learn to read."

"So my mother used to think," said Tungi; "but my husband is in school, and he has sent word that I must go until he calls for me to come to his home. Then he can have a wife who can understand when he talks about his books. He says the English have happy families, and it is this which makes them so. The wives know books, and how to sing, and how to make home pleasant. My mother says it is all very bad, but he is my husband, and I must do as he says. I am very glad, for it is very pleasant there."

Thus the bright-eyed little Brahman wife chatted away, as gay as a bird. The fount of knowledge was opened to her; the beaming eye, the elastic figure, and the individuality of her Western sisters were becoming hers.

But none of these things seemed for Sita. For nine weary months after Tungi went to school, the shaven-headed child, living on one poor meal a day, went about sad and lonely. When she again saw her bright-faced little friend, her condition had grown worse. Her neck and arms were full of scars where bits of flesh had been pinched out in the vindictive rage of her husband's relatives, who believed her guilty of his death. Brutality, growing stronger with use, made them callous to the sufferings of the little being in their power. No one who cared knew of the pangs of hunger, the violent words, and the threats of future punishment.

Once or twice she had looked down into the cold depths of the well and wondered how quickly she could die. Only the terror of punishment after death kept this baby widow from suicide.

One day as she was weeping by the gateway of Tungi's house, the little child wife told the little child widow of a safe refuge (the Sharada Sadan, a widows' home, founded by Pundita Ramabai) for such as she, where neither poverty nor ignorance could exclude her,—a home under the loving care of one who knew the widow's curse.

After many difficulties, Sita found this shelter. Here she forgot her widowhood and found her childhood. Here, in the beautiful garden, or at her lessons, helping with cooking, or leaning lovingly on the arm of Ramabai's chair, she passed many sweet and useful

years. By and by she found the greatest joy in love,—higher and better than human love can ever be. Later, when a beautiful young womanhood had crowned her, she was sought by an earnest, enlightened young Christian as his wife.

Many of the millions of child widows in India never find release from the bonds of cruel custom and false religion. In Hinduism there is no hope for such accursed ones.—"*Mosaics From India.*"

### For Sweet Charity

A BEGGAR musician stood at the corner of the streets in a crowded city, across the seas, playing on his violin. He was a very indifferent player, and the crowd surged by, not caring to listen to him, and few indeed were the coins he received.

He was almost discouraged, for life was hard to him. The price of one of the costly dresses, or of the dream hats of the ladies who passed him by unnoticed, would have kept him comfortable for many weeks. Still he played on. The lively jigs chorded illy with his dreary mood.

Little street children danced for a moment on the pavement, as they love to do in the cities, but were swept away by the passing crowd. What did life hold for him?

It was getting late in the autumn afternoon, and he had not earned enough to pay for a supper and his poor night's lodging.

A stranger came to him and said: "Let me take your violin, and you hold out your hat."

Mechanically compelled by something in the stranger's manner or his face, the poor man passed his instrument to him.

The stranger began to play. He played softly at first, and then the music grew clearer and sweeter. The warbling of spring birds and the joyousness of nature; soft love tones; the jubilant notes of victory; the solemn, soulful music of spiritual exaltation; and the soft sobbing of subdued sorrow were all interpreted by this player.

A violin best voices the emotions of the soul, if played by a skillful artist who loves it most dearly.

The passing multitude stopped to listen and lingered. A crowd gathered, and the coins began to pour into the beggar's hat.

"Who can this wonderful musician be?" was asked by all. "Such music was never heard before!"

This man who took a beggar's place for sweet charity was Luigi, the greatest violinist in the world.—*Selected.*

### Hurrah

AN interesting piece of history is connected with the origin of the word hurrah. The exclamation is fully a thousand years old, and dates back to the time of Rolf, or Rollo, the first duke of Normandy. Rolf was a famous viking, or sea robber, a respectable profession in those days. With his band of followers from Norway he sailed up the Seine and ravaged the country on each bank, laying towns waste and killing all who opposed him. At last, Charles the Simple, king of France, was wise enough to make a treaty with Rolf, ceding to him the country now known as Normandy, and giving him the princess in marriage, the conditions being that Rolf should become a vassal of the king and embrace Christianity. To these Rolf readily agreed, and became in time a good ruler of this realm.

He caused the ruined towns to be rebuilt, the dilapidated churches to be repaired, protected the farmers, and made robbery unknown. He took advantage of all the privileges of education provided at that time, and secured for his children the best tutors that could be obtained. His descendants inherited many of his traits,—quickness of thought, clear, bright minds, and energy of character. He died in 972, leaving Normandy much better than he found it.

The French people called Rolf, Rou, and during his rule a law was made that if any man was in danger himself, or caught his enemy doing any damage, he could raise the cry, "Ha! Rou!" and so invoke justice in Rolf's name. At the sound of the cry everybody was bound, on the instant, to give chase to the offender, and whoever failed to respond must pay a heavy fine to Rolf himself. Thus originated our English word hurrah.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

**"What a Friend We Have in Jesus"**

"WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,"  
Sang a little child one day;  
And a weary woman listened  
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,  
All her heart was sad with care;  
Sweetly rang out baby's treble:  
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,  
Who could carry every woe;  
And the one who sadly listened  
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens  
For a fainting soul to bear;  
But the baby singer bade her  
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,  
Weak and worn, she turned to God,  
Asking Christ to take her burden,  
Owning him as her dear Lord.

Jesus was her only refuge,  
He could take her sin and care,  
And he blessed the weary woman  
When she came to him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,  
Little knew she had a part  
In God's wondrous work of bringing  
Peace unto a troubled heart.

—Selected.

**Greatest War Chest**

THE world's greatest war chest, a monster tower, at Spandau, Germany, is the repository of thirty million dollars in gold, which the government insists must be kept inviolate for its original purpose—as a fund in case war should press Germany so hard that funds elsewhere would be unavailable.

The gold was obtained from France as indemnity after the Franco-Prussian war, and was placed in the tower to be held in reserve for the purpose of financing troops should Germany again be called to fight.

Recently a great corps of clerks, under the watchful eyes of scores of troops, counted every coin of the vast fortune and found all intact. Not a single coin had been moved from the original resting place given it when the gold was stored away.

Many political leaders in Germany who are convinced that the days of war are over, or ought to be, argue that the immense sum could be utilized with great effect in some humanitarian cause.

They insist that the grim tower standing there, dedicated to warfare and wanton strife, is a sad example to set before the nation and the world in these enlightened times.—*Washington Herald.*



M. E. KERN . . . . . General Secretary  
C. L. BENSON . . . . . Assistant Secretary  
MATILDA ERICKSON . . . . . N. Am. Div. Secretary  
MEADE MACGUIRE . . . . . N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

**Senior Society Study for Sabbath,  
July 25**

**Suggestive Program**

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
4. Foreign Mission Incidents (twenty minutes).
5. Reports (ten minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).

1. Song; prayer; special music; review Morning Watch texts for past week; collect individual report blanks and offerings; secretary's report.

2. 1 Samuel 10. See also "Patriarchs and Prophets." Suggestions: Saul anointed; twofold sign as evidence of Saul's selection; the Spirit of God changed Saul; signs fulfilled; selecting process at Mizpeh; Saul's modesty; selection of Saul.

3. 1 Tim. 2:8; Matt. 7:8. Announce texts one week in advance. Urge every one in the society to commit the texts. Give text, ask for volunteers to quote it. Give main thought, ask where it is found. Ask questions that can be answered by some one's quoting one of these scriptures.

4. Four live talks, each about five minutes long: "A Cruel Chinese Custom," "A Visit to a Chinese Drug Store," "If You Love Me, Lean Hard" (see *Gazette*), "One Little Widow" (see this INSTRUCTOR).

5. Reports from all work bands.
6. Repeat the Lord's Prayer.

**Junior Society Study for Week Ending  
July 25**

**Suggestive Program**

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. Children of the Poor—No. 6: "Little American Highlanders" (ten minutes).
3. "The Jesus Man" (ten minutes).
4. "Little, but Much" (five minutes).
5. Echoes From Abroad (five minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).

1. Singing; several short prayers; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; review all Morning Watch texts since last monthly review.

2. This pathetically interesting story by Brother Spaulding gives us a true picture of some of the poor mountain children in the South. Have the story read or related by a Junior who has studied it carefully. See *Gazette*.

3. To be read by a Junior. See this INSTRUCTOR.

4. Recitation. See INSTRUCTOR of July 7. The smiles, the kind words, and the helping hands our Juniors are giving everywhere are helping much to brighten this old world. Let us all do more.

5. Appoint a Junior to glean missionary items from recent issues of our papers, also from the *Missionary Review of the World* if possible.

6. Devote a few minutes to social meeting. Never let a social meeting drag. Encourage all to speak promptly and briefly. Announce band meetings. Close by repeating together the membership pledge.

NOTE.—For one of the studies to be given soon you will need "With Our Missionaries During the Chinese Revolution." Leaflet No. 46 of Missionary Volunteer Series; price, 2 cents. Get it now.

**Missionary Volunteer Question Box**

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

34. SOME time ago you mentioned in your Question Box that Miss Taylor was entitled to a gift book in 1913 but did not obtain it until 1914. Was there not a mistake in the name?

Yes, the Question Box should have stated that Miss Walker

was entitled to a gift book. However, this does not change the number of gift books drawn by North Texas.

35. How many Reading Course certificates have been issued this year?

Up to June 15, 820 were issued.

36. Can you tell me how many Reading Course certificates the Southwestern Union has drawn thus far this year?

From Jan. 1 to May 26, 1914, our department issued 148 Reading Course certificates to the Southwestern Union.

### The Young People's Meeting in Australia — No. 1 \*

THE three essentials for a successful missionary meeting are an earnest, cheerful leader, a good program, and a report from each member.

"The leader as a captain of the Lord's regiment should go before and lead out" by doing what he asks others to do. We are told through the spirit of prophecy that "all who labor in the cause of God in any capacity should be whole-hearted in the work. There is a lesson for us in the experience of Gideon's army. Those whose hearts were in the work were so earnest that they would not stop to kneel by the brook to drink, but sipped up the water in their hands as they hurried on to battle, and these were the ones whom God used. Those who made deliberate preparations to drink and took their time for it, were sent back to their homes. The Lord God of Israel is watching every worker to see whether he is in earnest, whether he carries upon his heart the burden for souls. God sees whether his servants touch these living interests with the tips of their fingers, or whether they grasp them with all their might. If all had the interest that Knox felt when he cried, 'Give me Scotland or I die,'—a wrestling with God that will not be denied,—the Lord would work with their efforts and give them souls for their hire."

A leader also needs to be cheerful. "Cheerfulness honors religion. It proclaims to the world that we serve a good Master."

Our second essential for a successful missionary meeting is a good program. Programs have been provided, which have been well planned and thought out. These prove very helpful if used rightly. Although they are already in print, they need personal thought and preparation in adapting them to the local needs.

In order to have a good program, we must first remember that it is a young people's meeting. We want to make them feel that the society is theirs, and that they have some part and responsibility in arranging the programs and in making them a success. For instance, let the leader, assistant leader, and secretary act as a program committee and plan together for the meetings. It is necessary to plan at least two weeks ahead so as to give all time to prepare. One of the young people could be invited to join the program committee for a month, or else at the close of each meeting one of the young people be asked to remain to help the committee plan for the meeting two weeks ahead, until all the members of the society have had a turn. They get the experience of seeing how the meetings are planned, and it works wonders in holding their interest and attention. This is no longer an experiment, but a success.

Everything for the meeting should be thoroughly planned beforehand.

Let us not make the blunder of ignoring the children. The Saviour wants every one; and if the youngest child in our societies was the only one who would be saved, Christ would have suffered and died to save it. If the Redeemer would do all that, what effort should we withhold? Outline lessons are sent out, so that the little ones, if there are any, can be taken to another room after the opening exercises and have more simple lessons.

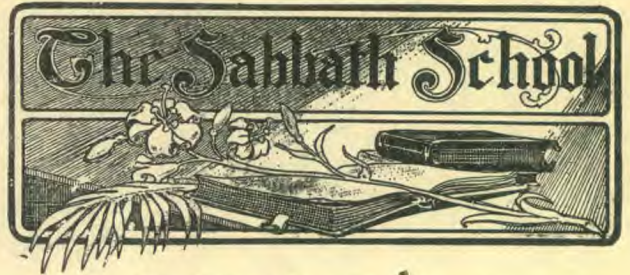
A song sung while those who have come early are waiting for the meeting to begin, occupies the attention and keeps order. Then if every one present joins heartily in the first hymn, a good step has been taken toward making the meeting a success. A great deal is at stake in the manner in which a thing is started. If the leader stands up in a half-alive manner, there is the same half-alive response right through the hymn. But if the leader acts as if the opening hymn were all-important, and "puts himself into the task," we have a good start, all will catch the inspiration, be ready to start at the right moment, and to sing with some energy and feeling. Better to sing one stanza and sing it heartily, than to sing five and get weaker in each succeeding one.

The meeting place should be made attractive with flowers. Shall we not claim the tender and ennobling ministry of God's thought in plant life and flower language for these meetings? At the close of the meeting the individuals appointed to visit the hospital on Sunday might take the same flowers to assist in their work.

A change should be made in the devotional service. The prayers should always be short and to the point. Sometimes two members could take part, sometimes only one, and sometimes the leader himself alone should take part. Chain prayer

\* Read at a young people's convention in New South Wales.

works well, where the members of one or more seats offer prayers of one or two sentences each. When opportunity is given before the prayer for some one to suggest what should be specially mentioned before the Lord, the prayers are more pointed, and more listen to what is said. It may be that some one has visited or spoken with an interested person during the week, and would ask your prayers for that one. At another time prayers may be offered for the relatives of all present who have not accepted present truth.



### IV — The Glory of Solomon

(July 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 4: 29-34; 10; 11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding." Prov. 3: 5.

#### Questions

1. Over how much territory did King Solomon reign? 1 Kings 4: 24. Note 1. See map. In what respect did his reign differ from that of his father? Verse 24. From Dan even to Beersheba, what were his subjects able to do? Verse 25. What did his name signify? 1 Chron. 22: 9, margin.

2. How did Solomon's wisdom compare with that of the other wise men of his time? How many proverbs did he speak? How many songs did he write? What is said of his knowledge of things in general? Who came to learn of him? But whence came all his wisdom? 1 Kings 4: 29-34.

3. What queen came to visit Solomon? Find Sheba on the map. How far was it from Jerusalem? How did the queen of Sheba travel? How was she accompanied? What caused the queen to go to so much trouble to see King Solomon? Concerning what was his fame so great? Then about what especially must she have come to learn? Of what did she commune with Solomon? With what results? 1 Kings 10: 1-3. Note 2.

4. Name some of the things which she saw while there. How did the sight of all this affect the queen? Verses 4, 5. Describe Solomon's throne (verses 18-20); his drinking vessels (verse 21). What in Jerusalem was as common as stones, and as the sycamore trees in the vale? Verse 27.

5. What did the queen of Sheba say? To whom did she give the praise? What presents did she give to Solomon? What did Solomon give to her? Verses 6-10, 13.

6. What does Jesus say the queen of Sheba will do in the judgment? Matt. 12: 42. What comparison, illustrating his care and power, did Jesus once give the people? Matt. 6: 28-30. Who gave David and Solomon all their glory? 1 Chron. 29: 10-12. What do we acknowledge every time we repeat the Lord's Prayer? Matt. 6: 13, last part.

7. Since all glory is of God, what necessarily departs when the Lord departs? 1 Sam. 4: 21. What finally led Solomon, the wisest and most glorious king in all the world, to forsake God and worship idols? 1 Kings 11: 1-3. Since God was both his wisdom and his glory, what did he lose when he turned from God? Verse 11. Note 3.

8. How often had the Lord appeared to Solomon? Verse 9. Nevertheless, what did wicked women lead him to do? Verses 4-8; Neh. 13: 26.

9. For what did he change his glory? How must the heavens themselves have felt? What two evils had he committed? Jer. 2: 11-13. What solemn lesson should his experience teach us? 1 Cor. 10: 12.

10. How bitter did Solomon say he had found the way of transgression? Eccl. 7: 25, 26. After learning both the evil and the good, how did he sum up his life-long investigations? Eccl. 12: 13, 14.

11. For David's sake, what mercy was still extended to Solomon? How long did Solomon reign? Where was he buried? 1 Kings 11: 12, 13, 42, 43.

12. What reasons have we for thinking that Solomon finally repented? Note 4.

13. What admonition has he left on record for us? Memory verse.

**Notes**

1. "Solomon reigned not only over all Israel, who were his subjects by choice, but over all the neighboring kingdoms, who were his subjects by constraint. All the princes from the river Euphrates northeast to the border of Egypt southeast, not only added to his honor by doing him homage and holding their crowns from him, but added to his wealth by serving him and bringing him presents. 1 Kings 4: 21. David by his successful wars, compelled them to this subjection, and Solomon, by his admirable wisdom, made it easy and reasonable." — *Matthew Henry*.

2. The queen came a distance of one thousand five hundred miles. "But ancient journeys are not to be measured by miles, but by hours. Now, both the queen and her company traveled by camels, and the camel can only go, with any degree of comfort, at a walking pace. We may be pretty sure, therefore, that the party would not travel, on the average, more than twenty miles a day, which would give something like seventy-five days for the journey to Jerusalem, and the same for the return. The journey through the 'great and terrible wilderness' would subject this lady to many discomforts. Camel riding is very tiring; desert travel is profoundly wearisome; there were 'perils of the wilderness' (Psalm 91; Deut. 8: 15), and 'perils of robbers.'" — *Pulpit Bible*.

3. "His wives led him into idolatry, and the wisdom God had given him was removed when he began to descend the declivity of life. . . . Had Solomon died prior to his departing from God, his life would have been one of the most remarkable upon record. But he tarnished his luster, and exhibited a striking example of the weakness of the wisest of mortals. The greatest men, and the wisest, will surely fail unless their lives are marked with trust in God and obedience to his commandments." — *Spirit of Prophecy, Vol. I, pages 396-398*.

4. The book of Ecclesiastes seems to have been written by Solomon in his old age. It sets forth the vanity of earthly things, and the closing words indicate that the only true wisdom is to "fear God, and keep his commandments."

"Solomon dishonored himself, dishonored Israel, and dishonored God. The nation, of which he had been the pride, followed his leading. Though he afterward repented, his repentance did not prevent the fruition of the evil he had sown." — *Mrs. E. G. White, in "Education," page 49*.

2. What is the method of such teachers? What is the character of their teaching? How does it react upon themselves? Verse 1, last part. Note 1.

3. What influence do their teachings have? What is the result of their course? Verse 2.

4. What motive actuates these false teachers? What is their stock in trade? Verse 3, first part. Note 2.

5. What end is awaiting such teachers? Verse 3, last part.

6. What is the earliest example of God's dealing with persistent teachers of heresy? Verse 4.

7. How did God deal justice to unrepentant sinners in the time of Noah? Verse 5.

8. What example of the end of the ungodly did God give in the days of Lot? Verse 6.

9. What extraordinary measures, when necessary, will the Lord take to deliver those who remain loyal to him amid great wickedness? Verses 5-8. See Genesis 6, 19. Note 3.

10. What general declaration is made about the Lord's dealing with men? Verse 9. Recall in this connection some of Peter's own deliverances.

11. What two classes of sin are especially offensive to God? Verse 10, first part.

12. After faith has wrought reconciliation of the sinner to God, what is the first Christian grace to be cultivated? 2 Peter 1: 5. Read note 7 in lesson 2. Compare James 3: 17.

13. What watchword does Paul give to Timothy as an example for all young men and women? 1 Tim. 5: 22, last part.

14. What is one effective way of cultivating purity? Phil. 4: 8. Note 4.

15. What standard of purity is set before the believer? 1 John 3: 3.

16. What traits are prominent in despisers of government? 2 Peter 2: 10, last part.

17. What shows that such persons boldly venture upon ground where angels fear to tread? Verse 11.

18. What will save the believer from getting into such a state? James 4: 6, 7; Eph. 5: 21; 1 Peter 2: 13-17. Note 5.

**Notes**

1. As the defection among the angels in heaven, headed by Lucifer, was at first carried on by secret insinuations and covert motives, so these false teachers do their work "privily." The true follower of Jesus should ever be on his guard against sly suggestions, "confidential" tales, and skeptical intimations; for what looks innocent at first often leads to serious consequences, even to shipwreck of faith.

2. Two things are characteristic of false teachers,—they speak evil of the way of truth in which they once walked, and they do their evil work among the believers, beguiling unstable souls, and making merchandise of them to their own ends. "From such turn away."

3. The Lord saved Noah because he was "a just man," "perfect in his generation," and because he "walked with God." But Lot, for the sake of sordid gain, pitched his tent in the cities of the plain, dwelling among men who were "wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." All but two of his daughters married Sodomites and perished with them. Yet the Lord, at the earnest entreaties of Abraham, five times repeated, saved Lot by the extreme measure of sending two angels to his house, who finally had to lay hands on him and draw him out of destruction.

4. For the one who is afflicted with impure, unwholesome thoughts, here is a gospel and psychological remedy: Keep the mind dwelling upon such wholesome, uplifting things as are enumerated in this verse. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

5. Here are three steps, given in logical order, which if taken will keep a man from becoming a despiser of government or of good organization of any kind: (1) Submit to God; (2) submit to one another in the fear of God; (3) submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake.

**IV — Warnings and Safety Measures**

(July 25)

Daily-Study Outline		
Sab.	Read the lesson scripture	
Sun.	False teachers; their work and end	Questions 1-5
Mon.	Examples to the ungodly	Questions 6-9
Tues.	Justice of God	Questions 10-12
Wed.	Christian purity	Questions 13-15
Thurs.	Remedies for presumption	Questions 16-18
Fri.	Review the entire lesson	

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Peter 2: 1-11.

**Questions**

1. Against what class does Peter give warning? 2 Peter 2: 1, first part.

WHAT do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to others?

# The Youth's Instructor

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## A Tribute to the Bible

THE most widely circulated magazine in Germany is *Kunstwart*, with a monthly issue of three hundred thousand copies. It recently gave its readers a little talk about Bible reading, which deserves repetition:—

"It is strange that the Bible, notwithstanding that every sentence has, in the past four hundred years, been subjected to a sevenfold scrutiny, is an unknown book in wide circles. Especially among the cultivated laity is this stupid fact noticeable. Persons who ransack the literature of all times and races for reading matter pass this one book by. That the Bible contains glorious narrative, many people seem hardly to know. They do not read it, though Luther's translation has made it one of the most beautiful monuments of the German tongue. . . .

"He who neglects the Bible puts no slight on it; he injures but himself. He who immerses himself in it does it no special honor, but so enriches himself that the desire to return to this spring of joy lasts as long as life."—*Record of Christian Work*.

## Philippine Notes

THE American public school system in the Philippines is proving a tremendous factor in loosening the grip of Rome. There are now more than half a million young people in attendance. From these will come the leadership of the islands in the next generation. One of the valuable outgrowths of the American educational work has been the school garden. There are more than three thousand of these in connection with the public schools, and they have proved so popular with the children that twenty-three thousand home gardens have been started, and are supervised by the school authorities. American children (including Afro-Americans) might well envy the industrial training which is given the Filipino wards. Girls are taught to weave cloth, and with it to make their own garments. In hundreds of places boys wear to school the hats they have made with their own hands. Basket making, cane seating, pottery, turning, and other industries are taught in the schools. The result has been a noticeable leveling up of village life in all that makes for order, thrift, industry, and comfort.

The Aglipay (Reformed Catholic) movement grows slowly, if at all. It is proving political and rationalist rather than evangelical. A version of the Bible with the first chapter of Genesis rewritten to fit in with modern geology has been issued. Archbishop Agli-

pay goes without hesitation to Protestant functions.

Christian dormitories in connection with government high schools and colleges are proving a valuable means of reaching Filipino students. The Bible is read before breakfast; no profanity is allowed; cleanliness and order prevail. Though not required to go to church, a considerable percentage of the residents in the dormitories do so.—*Record of Christian Work*.

## For Everybody's Letters

THIRTY million postage stamps must be printed, gummed, perforated, and counted every day in order that every one who wants to mail a letter in the United States may be supplied. Hitherto it has taken twenty-one processes to do all this. Today all but two have been eliminated by a novel machine.

A mechanic in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, B. R. Stickney, is the inventor of the device. The one machine now constructed was put into commission last spring. Eight others are to be built as soon as funds permit; ten machines in all would supply the entire demand, and that at an annual saving over the old methods of nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

The machine delivers stamps in coils, a form now useful only for affixing and selling machines. The bureau expects, however, to supply all post offices with coils instead of sheets when the manufacturing change is complete.—*Selected*.

## Recognition

THE game of recognition is designed to test one's general knowledge.

Each player is given a slip of paper and a pencil.

The leader intimates that he is going to put a number of questions, and that each one must number his answer to each question. Thus:—

1. What famous character is suggested to you by a hatchet?

The players write, 1. Washington.

No one must whisper or in any way communicate the answer to others.

Then the following questions are asked, and the list may be greatly enlarged:—

2. A rail fence? (Lincoln.)
3. A kite? (Benjamin Franklin.)
4. A muddy cloak? (Sir Walter Raleigh.)
5. A lonely island? (Robinson Crusoe.)
6. A burning bush? (Moses.)
7. A ruff? (Queen Elizabeth.)
8. A glass slipper? (Cinderella.)
9. An apple? (William Tell.)
10. A lamp? (Aladdin.)
11. A smooth, round stone? (David.)
12. Long hair? (Samson.)
13. A dove? (Noah.)
14. An electric light? (Edison.)
15. A spider's web? (Robert Bruce.)
16. A key? (Bluebeard.)
17. A wolf? (Red Riding Hood.)
18. A steamboat? (Robert Fulton.)
19. A telephone? (Graham Bell.)
20. A glowing coal? (Isaiah.)
21. A lamp in a pitcher? (Gideon.)
22. Rock salt? (Lot's wife.)
23. An African jungle? (Livingstone.)
24. A big stick? (Roosevelt.)
25. An elephant? (The Republican party.)
26. A donkey? (The Democratic party.)

—*Christian Endeavor World*.