

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER GET UP"

THE Marconi station at Boston recently communicated by wireless with a vessel eight thousand miles away, or one third the distance around the earth.

A PAPER bag placed in the garbage can to hold the garbage, aids greatly in keeping the can in a sanitary condition, as no refuse is left adhering to the sides and bottom of the can.

A COOPERATIVE glass company in Cumberland, Maryland, has declared a dividend of ninety-two per cent for the year ended with June. Nearly all the shares of the company are owned by its three hundred employees.

MR. SEYMOUR DEMING in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* urges "the middle class to see clearly the *coming revolution*, and as its only refuge to cast in its lot with the worker in frank opposition to the capitalist."

A MASS of snow and ice swept down the steep mountain side recently, burying the French village of Chamonix, from which travelers usually start for the ascent of Mont Blanc. Houses and shops were buried under forty feet of snow, and a number of lives were lost.

CHARLES KINGSLEY made it a rule of his life never to lie down at night without being able to say: "I have made at least one human being a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day." In striving to prevent spots in other lives we go a long way in keeping our own life "unspotted." See James 1:27.

THAT the wireless telephone has at last been developed to such a stage that it is a practical means of long-distance communication was demonstrated recently when a wireless-telephone conversation was transmitted from London to Berlin, a distance of about six hundred miles, by means of Marconi transmitting and receiving instruments.

A BILL regarding the abandonment of destitute, infirm, or aged parents, in the District of Columbia, was passed by the Senate yesterday. It was introduced by Senator Pomerene of Ohio. It provides that any adult resident of the District able to earn means sufficient to provide food and shelter for his or her aged or infirm parents, and who fails to do so, shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$500, or by imprisonment for not less than three months nor more than one year.

THE largest locomotive in the world is the "Matt H. Shay" of the Erie Railroad. "With each piston stroke there is expended energy equivalent to the discharge of four of the navy's most powerful twelve-inch guns. But instead of hurling 850-pound projectiles a dozen miles or so, the power of these steam chests is chained to the humbler task of pushing heavy freight trains over the mountains east of Susquehanna, Pennsylvania." It can move a train nearly five miles long, weighing 90,000,000 pounds and composed of 650 freight cars.

Worthy Periodicals

IF your child needs periodicals and magazines to read other than those furnished by our own publishing houses, remember that the *National Geographic Magazine*, *Guide to Nature*, and *Popular Mechanics* are among the best that can be obtained. *Our Dumb Animals* is also of interest to the younger boys and girls.

A Death House for Rats

AT the Panama Exposition in San Francisco next year will be exhibited a model of a scientific rat trap for hotels, apartment houses, large restaurants, or any buildings larger than a residence. The trap is quite simple, though sufficiently thrilling for the victim. In the kitchen, pantry, butcher shop, wine room, and in every part of the building that the rats would be likely to visit, an entryway to the trap has been made. This consists of a wire cage, baited and opening with an automatic door, so that when the rat creeps in to snatch at the bait, the floor drops from under him and lets him down into a long wire passage. Behind him the way is blocked, and the rat can travel in only one direction — straight ahead. He trots along the tunnel until he steps jauntily through another gate onto another trap door. This lets him down into a continuation of the passage.

The rat travels in this manner possibly eight hundred feet, finally winding up in the engine room. This is comfortably warm, and as he makes the final turn, he is confronted by another gate, a trifle more complicated than the rest. He is used to it by this time, and plunges on ahead; there is a queer little click, the gate slams back into place, and he has been registered. He now enters the death chamber, a sheet-iron, box-like affair, containing food and water for the victims to subsist on until the date for their execution arrives.

When the main trap contains a dozen or more rats, the modern Pied Piper looks them over, shuts up all the air vents, and turns on the gas. This is an easy and humane but certain death for the rats. This is probably the only trap in existence which does not scare the rats, but looks more like a place of refuge.

Since its installation in a Los Angeles club, the trap and apparatus have registered and executed 4,812 rats. It is expected that a trial will be given the apparatus in the United States Navy.—*The Independent*.

Discovering Oil Fields by Philology

A FRENCH linguist and geographer has suggested a plan to the Academy of Sciences, of Paris, for the study of the native names of localities in the French colonial possessions, with the purpose of finding any indication in the original names of places which seems to signify presence of petroleum deposits. He stated that by this means he had located an oil field in Algeria, in a tract the nature of which would have led no geologist to suspect the existence of petroleum. Several places in Indo-China bear names indicative of oil, according to this scientist, but as yet the localities have not been examined to verify his theory.—*Selected*.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 33

Jesus Is Coming Again

LUCENA MOON

JESUS is coming in glory,
Join in the joyful refrain;
Tell to the world the glad story,
Soon he is coming to reign.

CHORUS:

Tell the good news, tell the good news,
Tell the good news of his coming,
Sing it o'er land and o'er main;
Coming again! Coming again!
Tell the good news to the nations,
Jesus is coming again.

Once as a babe in the manger
Lowly they laid him to rest;
Sweet was the sleep of the stranger
Watched by the angels so blest.

Once in the desert he hungered,
There he was tempted and tried;
Once of his own was rejected,
And for poor sinners he died.

Raised from the grave to redeem us,
Pleading for sinners he stands;
Soon he is coming to claim us,
Gathering his loved from all lands.

Swift to the work let us hasten,
Tell the sweet story of love,
Gathering sheaves; for the Master
Soon will come down from above.

Why Jonathan Was Beloved of God

T. E. BOWEN



THE life of Jonathan, the son of Israel's first king, is not only worthy of careful study by every young person, but presents an example worth following. The situation was this: Israel had asked Samuel, their judge and prophet, for a king, to be like the nations about them. Samuel had tried to persuade them to be content and let God be their king. But they persisted in their request. So the Lord told Samuel to listen to them, and although it was not best, to give them their desire. He soon sent Saul to Samuel to be anointed king. At first Saul was humble, little in his own eyes, and God was with him. Later he allowed his heart to be filled with self-sufficiency and pride, and went on in his own way until God rejected him as king. Samuel was then sent to Jesse, down at Bethlehem, to anoint another for king, who, God said, would be a man after his own heart. This time the youthful, ruddy shepherd boy David was chosen.

But David was not a relative of Saul. The rule among the nations away back there was that the oldest son of the king should succeed to the throne at his father's death. Therefore, by all the rules, Jonathan was heir to Israel's throne. But after David with the few smooth stones and his shepherd sling had brought down Goliath, the defier of Israel's God, Saul demanded of Jesse that David should live at the court of the king. It was not long until Saul discovered that the Lord was with David in a special manner. There was a spirit about him that won the affections of the people. While he permitted the spirit of hate and jealousy to enter his heart when he perceived that David was being led toward the throne by an unseen hand, a far different spirit entered the heart of Jonathan, the rightful heir. His soul was knit to the soul of David in genuine love. His noble decision was made then and there, that if it were the will of God that David should be king in place of himself, this should not change in any particular his love for David. He was willing to step aside and be lost sight of, and to see David, in place of himself, exalted to the throne.

Jonathan was severely tested, but he was as true as steel to God and to David to the very end. While Saul sought David's life, Jonathan protected him. He

gave David his robe, his bow, himself. He thus acknowledged himself henceforth as David's servant, his obedient subject. Ah! this was a mighty test. Not one in ten thousand has thus ennobled his manhood. John the Baptist successfully stood the same test. When he nobly said of Jesus, at a time when he might have taken great honor to himself, "He must increase, but I must decrease," he became a companion of Jonathan, as he entered willingly into the purpose of God, even though that purpose indicated that he must step aside that another might be preferred before him. And this is the spirit that heaven loves, and will honor highly when the proper time comes.

"On the record of those who through self-abnegation have entered into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, stand — one in the Old Testament and one in the New — the names of Jonathan and John the Baptist."—*Education*, pages 156, 157.

Saul little appreciated God's loving-kindness to him in permitting Jonathan to remain by his side as a sort of heaven's light for Israel during the dark days of Saul's declining kingdom. Faithful to his father, at the same time loyal to David, Jonathan stood firm for the right even though his own life was imperiled.

On one occasion when Saul had secretly purposed unbeknown to Jonathan to kill David, Jonathan proposed to test the matter. David somehow perceived that his life was in danger, and dared not go home to the court of the king to a certain feast. Jonathan thought David had not divined correctly. So together they decided to test it. David gained Jonathan's consent to be absent as if he would go to Bethlehem. Instead, he waited in ambush for Jonathan's sign. Saul passed by David's absence the first day. On the second, when his place at the table was again vacant, Saul turned to Jonathan and said, "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor today? And Jonathan answered Saul, David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem. . . . Therefore he cometh not unto the king's table. Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? . . . For as long as the son of Jesse

liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."

Saul seemed to divine that Jonathan knew where David was. And so he did. But he did not fetch him to be slain, even though this might mean his own establishment upon the throne. Instead, with tears, he sent him away after he had twice made David swear that he would deal kindly with him and his children when God should establish him upon the throne of his father. What a noble example of God's enduring love! How like the Son of God himself!

Inspiration gives us the parting scene of these noble young men. "As soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place [where he was hidden], . . . and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever. And he arose and departed: and Jonathan went into the city."

Only once or twice after this did they meet. Jonathan remained with his father at the risk of his own life, and with him in the prime of his life perished upon the hills of Gilboa. David took the kingdom, but his love for Jonathan never abated. When he heard of his death, he rent his clothes, "and they mourned, and wept, and fasted until even, for Saul and for Jonathan." David said: "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful." David sacredly kept his vow. Most tenderly did he care for Jonathan's children, causing them to eat at his own table in the king's palace at Jerusalem.

Jonathan's name stands high on heaven's honor roll. He submitted his will to God's. He was willing to perish that another might be seated on the throne. Such love truly is "wonderful;" for it resembles so much the wonderful love of Jesus.

Home Courtesies

How many times does a wife refuse an invitation from a husband because it lacks heartiness! How many times does a husband regret giving one because it is accepted in a "don't-care-anything-about-it" manner! One of the most talented and busy men of the age, a man whose profession requires the use of every faculty and every minute, finds time to treat his wife as if she were a queen. Her entrance into a room in which he is, even in her own house, brings him to his feet until she is comfortably seated. Her slightest movement is not lost to him. The tones of her voice make or mar his happiness for the time being. His eyes follow her with looks of love and pride that make her an object of envy to wives whose hearts ache for a crumb of similar attention from their own husbands.

But there are many wives who, by receiving attentions in an indifferent manner, kill the impulse in the husbands to show attention. Wives sometimes do not invite such attentions; and when their attitude is one of coldness, the expression of affection by tender, loving attentions is repressed, and, after a time, dies. Fussiness is not tenderness. Worrying over one is not evidence of affection. It may be the depths of

selfishness—a fear that material comfort will be interfered with by illness. But tenderly dignified courtesy cannot fail to call forth the fullest affection if there is any capacity for affection in the heart.

A courteous, dignified manifestation of affection is a most beneficent education in the family life. It is the most refining influence that can be brought to bear in forming the manners and usages in the home life.—*Selected.*

Juniper Wood to Replace Cedar for Pencils

AFTER a long series of experiments, conducted with the cooperation of four large manufacturers, the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture has reached the decision that juniper is the most available substitute for red cedar for use in pencil making. In pursuance of this, arrangements are now being made, by some of the largest companies, for lumber rights in the juniper lands in New Mexico and other places. The present output of pencils in this country amounts to 1,000,000 daily, while it requires 7,000,000 cubic feet of wood a year to allow for this production. The Forest Service and the manufacturers have been worried for some time over the lumber situation, as the supply of cedar is diminishing rapidly. Hard woods could be used but for the fact that few pencil users ever carry sharp knives.—*Popular Mechanics.*

My Folks

I THINK my folks are very queer—
You'd be surprised at things I hear.
Sometimes it seems I'm very small,
And then again I'm big and tall.

At night I tease to stay up late,
But mother says: "No, no, it's eight.
Go right upstairs; and hurry, too.
Indeed—a little boy like you!"

At six next morning, from the hall,
She wakes me with this funny call:
"Come, come, get up; and hurry, too.
For shame—a great big boy like you!"

When through the night I grow so fast,
How very strange it doesn't last!
I shrink and shrink till eight, and then
I'm just a little boy again.

—*Anne Porter Johnson, in Harper's Magazine.*

Runaway Stars

ALDEBARAN, the red first-magnitude star in the eye of Taurus, is going away from you at a speed of thirty-five miles a second, seventy times as fast as the swiftest cannon ball. Every successive night it is 3,000,000 miles farther than it was twenty-four hours before, and yet its distance is so great that it has not appreciably diminished in brightness in 1,000 years.

A little star under the feet of Orion, which astronomers call Delta Leporis, is flying away from us at the rate of sixty-two miles a second. That means a retreat of more than 5,250,000 miles between one night and the next, and yet Delta Leporis does not sensibly fade. It is like a distant steamer's light—so far away to begin with that no alteration of its distance can produce a change in its apparent magnitude until the time elapsed begins to bear some appreciable proportion to the space that intervenes.

If you will regard another little star in the Whale, called Eta Cephei, you will be looking at a projectile as big as a sun, which is shooting toward us more than fifty miles a second. The great Dog Star, Sirius, which crossed the Milky Way hundreds of centuries before history began, is speeding in our direction at

the rate of 15 miles a second, and the Little Dog Star, Procyon, is chasing after him with the losing stride of ten miles a second.

The magnificent Arcturus is retiring into the depths of space with dignified step,—three miles a second,—while Alpha Centaurus, a twin star, each of whose components equals our sun, is drawing a million miles nearer every twenty-four hours.—*Selected.*

A Letter From Africa

MATANDANI MISSION, NENO, NYASALAND, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA, May 14, 1914.

To the INSTRUCTOR.

DEAR FRIENDS: This has been a beautiful day. The rainy season is nearly over, and then comes our cold weather. It is strange to think that our winter months are June and July, when our brothers and sisters in the homeland are in the midst of summer.

We feel the cold here nearly as keenly as you do in December. We have fire in the fireplace, and wear wraps during the mornings and evenings. When we have a good day, we usually take advantage of it for visiting our village schools scattered throughout the bush.

Today we visited a little school located on the mountain to the rear of the mission. The boy had the donkey saddled early, as many schools begin very early in the morning so that the natives can go into their gardens and watch lest the baboons carry off their food.

We left the station just as the bell was calling the boys to worship. On passing through the compound I called at one of the teacher's huts and asked him to substitute at the Neno schools until the teacher there could go to his home and get his wife. It is very important that the teachers have their wives with them at their schools. The teacher usually builds his hut near the little grass church at the edge of the village. Then I saw another boy and asked him to look after the game traps. These traps are baited with live fowls, to catch leopards. So far we have caught three small bush cats and one large one. As we wended our way up the mountain, we passed one. A little farther on we had a stream to cross. The banks of some of these mountain streams are so steep that one has to dismount in order to climb them. The Wamkuru Madzi (Great Waters) is a beautiful spot; the banks are lined with ferns, and the water dashes down over rocks, and the tropical verdure makes it a picturesque place. Here I crossed on some trees, while the donkey had to pick his way through the water.

Farther on in our journey we found the narrow path filled with warrior ants. These ants go in droves of millions, and even though the donkey trotted and the boy and I ran through them, some crawled on us. The only way to get rid of them is to pick them off. One cannot brush them off. It is said they will kill large game, and eat every bit of the flesh. When they come on the mission and get near the cattle sheds, we take dry grass and set it afire. This compels them to change their course.

We met some of the hill people coming to the mission. One had some fresh green corn for sale, and the others had mats made of reeds. The Donna bought the corn, eight ears for two cents.

By pressing on as fast as we could, we arrived at Mseula's village, where we found the women pounding their corn in hollow trees. The school had already begun. I found that the school was doing well. There

were thirty in attendance. They were reading, writing, and some were working arithmetic problems. Then they said their memory verses and repeated the ten commandments very well. They also sang for me. The only popular songs in this country are those learned in the mission schools.

The chief came to greet me at the church, and a boy asked me to go to see a sick man. I went to see him, and found a large ugly sore on his foot. I told him to come to the mission. His friends could bring him, and I would give them a hut to stay in while we looked after the bad foot. They said they would bring him.

On leaving this school to go to the second school, I met one of the natives who had been to the witch doctor to get some roots to tie on the leg near the wound. I begged one, and after a while he gave me a small piece. After more questioning I found that a witch doctor lives in a village where we have a school.

On reaching the second school I found some poles placed for a nice large church. I was glad to see this, as the other hut was falling down. I said, "It is too large," thinking that they might tire of building before it was finished; but they said, "No, if it is any smaller all the people cannot get in on the Sabbath." What a change the Word of God will make if we allow it to dwell among us! I saw an image the natives were worshiping when I visited them before, but they all said, "We do not worship it any more."

On going to the little church to examine the school, I saw a huddled heap covered with cloth, lying on a reed mat. I asked what it was, and was told that it was a sick person. I went over and uncovered the head and found a woman burning with fever, and her little babe lying by her side. I at once asked the women sitting in the compound to help with the baby, and for one of the boys to come to the mission with me to get some quinine. The woman recovered.

We returned home, glad for a chance to "help a little."

S. M. KONIGMACHER.

Intemperance

SIX thousand years ago war was declared against the human race. The conflict is still on. Nations as well as individuals find themselves embroiled in the strife. The enemy of mankind has one weapon which in the past has slain its thousands, and today it numbers its victims by the tens of thousands. It is intemperance.

The spirit of invention and discovery manifested in these last days has made the effectiveness of intemperance still more evident. For many centuries practically only one intoxicating liquor was known—wine. Belshazzar was slain as he drank wine with a thousand of his lords. Alexander, the great general and king, perished by the same weapon. Today we see this one poison multiplied by the score.

When Babylon fell, those who took the kingdom were a temperate people. Of the Persians it was said: "The only food allowed either the children or the young men was bread, cresses, and water; for their design was to accustom them early to temperance and sobriety."

When the Romans began to make themselves felt in the world, they were a frugal and economical people. When Rome fell, her populace were physical and moral wrecks. The barbarians who took the kingdom were hardy, healthy, and temperate.

When a nation fell, a temperate nation was ready to step in and take its place. But where is the nation today which will supplant the degenerate nations, which are fast speeding on to destruction, and are wasting their lives and substances in riotous living?

Daniel says the kingdom that follows Rome, or the fifth kingdom, will be given to the saints. God is today gathering out of this wicked, intemperate world a people who will be temperate. Soon will be written upon the walls of earth's palaces, Weighed in the balances and found wanting; thy kingdom is given to the saints.

Daniels are needed who will stand in the courts of modern Babylon, amid the lords and kings, and interpret the handwriting of God now being written in the fulfillment of prophecy.

C. E. HOLMES.

The Reality of Christianity

A MINISTER asked a playwright why more people attended the theater than the church. The unsuccessful representative of the gospel received this thought-provoking reply: "It is because I live and act out that which I know to be untrue and unreal as if it were truth, while you live and act that which you know to be truth as if you did not believe it yourself." This happy description of an unhappy condition suggests the question, To how many of us is Christianity a reality? Can we see it, feel it, taste it? Does it enter into every thought and plan of our lives as its importance demands?

It is a constant and all too successful effort of the enemy of our souls to get us to lose our conception of the relative importance of things we meet, or experiences in life. Could we but keep in mind that all we are here for is to prepare for a better place, or prove ourselves unworthy even of this world, we should be seen to plan our days and years quite differently from what we many times do.

Had we this correct vision, we would as young people so plan our future as to get the most good out of life by rendering the greatest amount of service to those about us. We should understand that the most thankless job in the world is the service of self. We should not only study carefully and thoughtfully the record of the actions and deeds of the Master, but seek to arrive at an understanding of the principles which controlled his life. Then we should seek to work these principles out into action in our own lives.

The matter of position, money, or influence cannot be a governing power in a truly converted life. This is a spiritual impossibility. The reason we see so frequently the would-be exponent of Christianity choosing these will-o'-the-wisps is that not all have completely escaped from the Babylonish fog of ideas which is the heritage of the sons of Adam. We should pray for a conversion, a more real experience in the things of God. When we have this, the enemy will not be able to convince us, even for one moment, that Christianity is not a tangible reality. We shall then act out in real life that which we are enthusiastically sure is truth.

E. R. ALLEN.

THE man who gives knowledge to his generation is enabling ten thousand of his fellows to buy their own flour and procure their own raiment.—Henry Ward Beecher.



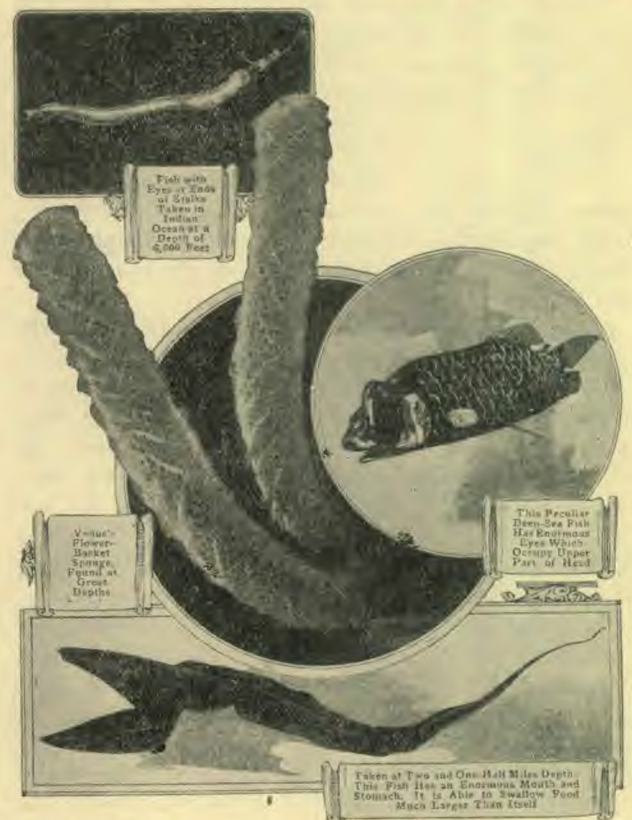
At the Bottom of the Ocean



THE "Albatross" is a ship built for the United States Fish Commission in 1883, and fitted up for deep-sea dredging. Mr. Ray Chapman Andrews in *Popular Mechanics* gives the following description of the work of the "Albatross":—

"The deepest sounding which has yet been made by any ship was in the Pacific Ocean between the Hawaiian Islands and Japan, and showed a depth of six and one-half miles. During the past twenty-seven years the 'Albatross' has made five thousand separate soundings in the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

"There are two styles of dredges by means of



Popular Mechanics

which the animals and fish of the great depths are captured,—the nets which are dragged over the bottom and those trawled just below the surface. The bottom dredge consists of a pair of heavy iron running frames connected by one or two crossbars twelve feet in length. Fastened to this frame is a cone-shaped bag thirty feet long, made of heavy web, the end of which is closed by a lashing. The dredge is hung over the starboard side of the ship on a long boom, and by means of a steel cable is slowly lowered to the ocean bottom. A dial indicates the number of feet of wire out, and a pointer on a scale shows the strain, which often amounts to five or six tons, upon the cable. When the dredge has reached the bottom, the ship steams ahead at about two thirds of a mile an hour, dragging the net over the ocean floor. It remains down for an hour or so, and is then slowly lifted to the surface. The deepest haul which the 'Albatross' has ever made was five and one-half miles, and it was seventeen hours from the time the

dredge was first lowered until it again appeared. The net is towed beside the ship for a few minutes, then it is swung on board, the lashings at the bottom unfastened, and the contents dropped upon a table. The ice-cold mud is carefully washed away, and the specimens carried to the laboratory.

"It is like opening a Christmas package for a naturalist to watch the dredge come to the surface bringing unknown treasures from the hidden depths. Perhaps the dredge has been drawn through a bed of sponges, and numbers of the beautiful Venus's-flower-baskets may be entangled in its meshes.

"Usually, at depths of several miles, the marine life is disappointing and not of great variety. On our Dutch East Indies cruise we found that below a mile fish were scarce, but that the net always contained great quantities of huge, purplish sea urchins and other specimens of that family.

"But the work of the naturalists on the 'Albatross' does not consist entirely in studying deep-sea life and the ocean bottoms. The shallow-water forms are just as important, and to catch these a heavily weighted ten-foot ring, to which is lashed a net of fine mesh, is towed along halfway between the surface and the bottom. Sometimes at night this net is fastened just under the water and an electric light hung from the boom above it to attract the surface-living fish.

"The 'Albatross' has done much collecting along beaches and in rivers with seines drawn by a crew of six or eight men. But most interesting of all methods of shore collecting is dynamiting the fish which congregate in great numbers upon the coral reefs of the tropics.

"Peering through a glass-bottomed box, one looks down upon a marvelous garden filled with coral flowers of the most exquisite colors, where fish of brilliant hues dart in and out. A shot of dynamite exploded by electricity in this most wonderful of nature's gardens leaves it shattered and torn, but brings to the surface many varieties of fish which otherwise could never be secured.

"The 'Albatross' and sister ships of many nations are carrying on other important studies of the deep sea which can be only mentioned here. The distance to which light penetrates below the surface has been determined by exposing photographic plates on electric wires at different depths; currents are being followed and mapped, and tidal observations taken. All these investigations may seem very far removed from the practical life of today, but it is only through such work that the thoroughfares of the sea have been made almost as safe as are those on land, and that the mysteries of the ocean are being written for all to read."

Blood Will Tell

THE chief impediment in the way of medical treatment is now, as it always has been, difficulty of diagnosis, particularly in the case of obscure diseases of the internal organs where the visible symptoms are vague and similar. But recent experiments on animals, chiefly carried on by Professor Abderhalden, of Halle, point the way to a new and more accurate method of diagnosis for such diseases by the analysis of the blood, similar to the methods worked out by Koch and Behring in the case of infectious diseases. They discovered that when bacteria of any kind invaded the human organism, a protective ferment was formed and appeared in the blood which destroyed

the foreign matter, xenogenes, produced by these particular bacteria. Now it appears that the body adopts the same means of protection against the excretions and products of decomposition of diseased organs (hemoxenes). This gives an opportunity of ascertaining the existence and location of a malady in its early stages, when the chances of cure are more favorable than when it becomes chronic. For instance, a patient complains of strong and continuous headaches accompanied by insomnia. The examination reveals no symptom permitting a definite diagnosis. The doctor takes a small quantity of blood from the patient and distributes it in a number of test tubes. Into each test tube is then put a piece from a different organ of the animal used for the control, a piece of brain matter, a piece of liver, of the lung, of the kidneys, of the heart, of the thymus, and of the thyroid gland. Examining the test tubes twenty-four hours later, it is found that lung, liver, kidneys, and heart have not been altered by the serum, but that the brain and the thyroid gland show signs of being decomposed. This proves that the blood of the patient contains ferments from the brain and from the thyroid gland, and that indicates that the functions of these two organs are disturbed, thus introducing into the blood, cells insufficiently decomposed. The secretion of the thyroid gland being of extreme importance for the proper function of the brain, the positive reaction of this part of the experiment shows that the disturbances of the brain cells are caused by the thyroid gland's supplying the brain insufficiently with this necessary secretion. Thus the doctor knows exactly where his treatment has to begin.

This method of diagnosis has been found useful in determining whether or not an operation for cancer has been successful. If it has, the cancer ferments disappear from the blood in about a fortnight after the cancer has been removed. If not, a test of the blood a month or two later will show that the cancer has not been completely eradicated.

The importance of the discovery lies in the fact that it is likely to lead to methods of treatment for organic diseases such as have been so successful in infectious diseases, like diphtheria and typhoid.—*The Independent*.

Long Ropes Made of Human Hair

It is customary when a temple is being built in Japan for the peasants to donate their hair to the deity for whose worship the edifice is being erected. This hair is made into a great rope, and is used to raise the beams of the temple. After being used in this manner, the rope is coiled within the temple and kept as a votive offering to the god. The rope shown in the illustration is one hundred and ten feet long and four inches in diameter. Travelers have seen fifty-three of these ropes in various temples throughout Japan.—*Selected*.



Two steamships from Australia and New Zealand brought about 5,000 tons of beef, mutton, and lamb to Boston and New York, recently, and other cargoes are to follow. Imports of meat in June were 48,648,023 pounds.



It Saves the Boys



THE best argument I have found in Maine for prohibition was from an editor of a paper in Portland that was for political reasons mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:—

"Where were you born?"

"In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly; there was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the drink shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years, or until after I was twenty-one years of age. Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

That is all there is in it. This man and his school-mates were saved from drink by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men become drunkards who know not the poison until they are twenty-one.—*Selected.*

Enslaved by Drink

RECENTLY as I was coming out of San Bernardino, California, a man called to me and asked if I was going past the fair-grounds. I told him that I was, and that he could ride if he desired to do so. He took the seat by my side, and for a time turned his face from me. Soon he turned to me and in what might have been cultured language had it not been for the thickness in his voice caused by drink, said: "Sir, it is too much whisky, too much whisky for me. I didn't intend it; no, sir. I meant only a glass before going to the fair-grounds, but he got me; yes, sir, he got me. After that first drink I was not myself. I drank too much." He paused for a minute, then with a mute look of helplessness, he continued: "It will get you, it's sure to get you, if you take the first drink. They work you to take it, then it's all up. I'm a drinker now. I can't somehow help it, you know. It's taken all I have, all I have. I am not myself any more."

Poor man! still young, but with his finer sensibilities blunted, and hope for something better nearly dead in his breast. This man was evidently educated by parents who loved him tenderly, and who, from his infancy, planned a noble future for him. When he chose his associates, his parents may have pleaded with him, wept over him, but he said: "No danger! Don't worry about me. You do not think that I would become a drunkard?" The sword that pierced the heart of Mary was not more keen than that which has pierced the heart of many a mother as such words from her noble son have fallen upon her ears. She knows the hidden snare that the feet

of her boy are entering. Yet how helpless to shield him!

As the man sat beside me, I thought, Do his parents know where he is now, or has his last feeble sense of manhood caused him to drop from their sight? Satan tempts some to do this, but if there can be a finishing blow to

the parents' wounded hearts, it is for the poor victim to leave them to the uncertainty as to what has become of him. It is the last barbed arrow from Satan's quiver, and it strikes the deepest.

O young man, why will you, against the plea of those who love you best, those whose lives have been spent for you, turn to those whose interest in you lies only in what they can get out of you, and at their behest take the fatal first drink? You may say, "No danger!" It has been said thousands of times by those as strong as you are, who are now wretched and loathsome. If there were no danger, why were you overcome with the first drink? You have not become stronger since. You have seen some who asserted their power years in the past. How are they now? Look at that bloated face, that bleared eye, that reeling step. When that man placed his feet in that path, he was as sure as you now are that no harm could come to him. The man beside me knew to his sorrow the truthfulness of his words, as he said to me: "It will get you, it's sure to get you, if you take the first drink. They work you to take it, then it's all up."

CLARENCE SANTEE.

The Will Power of Sir Francis Galton

SIR FRANCIS GALTON recently died in England at the age of eighty-eight years. Sir Francis during his long life was not a soldier of guns, bayonets, and battle, engaged in destroying his fellow men, but a soldier of science, and as such a remarkable benefactor of his age and race.

His early explorations of Africa in the last century gave the world its first accurate knowledge of much of that continent. He was the discoverer of the hitherto unknown Ovampo race, farmers of Africa of a successful type. He was the inventor and designer of our modern weather map, having prepared one in 1863, or eight years before any official weather bureau existed in the United States.

It is related of Sir Francis that early in life, when he was about twenty-four years of age, he decided on beginning the African explorations which were to bring him his first fame. He was not familiar with African climate, and decided to consult a physician, a family friend, as to his strength for facing the jungles.

"You are in fine condition," said the physician, after an examination, "but for one thing. The action of your heart is too quick. I do not find this is due to physical weakness, but to irregular eating or some habit you may have of which I do not know."

Sir Francis admitted he had a "habit" which he believed caused his heart irregularity. The physician advised him either to give up all thought of Africa or to give up the habit. He chose the latter course. For six months he remained in England combating this habit, which may have been tea, coffee, tobacco, or liquor,—the story does not tell. At the end of that time he returned to the physician and asked for another examination. When this was ended, the latter observed, "You are fit for the north pole or for Africa."

"I'm master of myself," said Sir Francis, and started for that long career in Africa which was to make his

name in the circles of science one of the most famous in the world. He would not undertake the great ventures ahead of him until he was certain he had self-control. No chance would be taken with a habit that might in the moment when success was within his grasp rob him of victory. "Outside circumstances might have defeated the ambitions of Sir Francis Galton, but he did not propose that a fault of his own should ever appear in evidence as having caused failure."—*Boys' World*.

The Two Spirits

THE Spirit of God and strong drink will not harmonize. They cannot dwell in the same body. One defiles, and the other purifies. One degrades, and the other elevates. Alcohol comes from fermentation, a process of decay. The Spirit of God is from heaven. The work of the Spirit of God in man is the restoration of the image of God. When alcohol is permitted to accomplish its work, the image of Satan is formed.

This fact is clearly set forth by the Spirit of God in the following words regarding John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ: "For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither *wine* nor *strong drink*; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." Luke 1: 15. The Holy Ghost and strong drink are not in harmony. They cannot dwell in the same body at any time from childhood to old age. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." 1 Cor. 3: 16, 17.

S. N. HASKELL.

A Costly "Beer"

HUNDREDS of thousands of dollars may seem a large sum for a small article, but it was virtually paid by a man of great resources who had an ingenious expedient for saving the horse-flesh of the world. Some years ago a veterinary surgeon, who was with the army at Bombay, found that the excessive heat of that country caused the tops of the horses' necks to sweat freely, thereby producing sores under the leather collar. All the expedients that he could suggest were of no avail to remedy this state of things. One fourth of the horses used for draft purposes were laid up by what is called "sore neck."

This vet in his younger days had studied chemistry, and he found that sulphate of zinc was the best and almost only cure for horses' sore necks; but the difficulty in applying this preparation lay in the fact that the horses had to rest during the time of its application, otherwise the collar would rub it off, and there would be no chance for recovery. The thought struck him that to make a zinc pad and fit it under the collar would, at any rate, prove an ameliorative, and maybe a cure. The man, though ingenious in his way, was much given to drink. While this thought was simmering in his mind, and before he had put it to actual test, he happened to be in a drinking-bar.

His finances at this time were at the lowest ebb, for his future was mortgaged for all it was worth, and the publican refused to trust him with any more drinks. An American drummer happened to be representing a large leather house, and knew a good deal of the difficulty with which the American farmers of the Southwest had to contend. The two men got into conversation, and, as a natural result, the veterinary surgeon spoke of the idea that was uppermost in his mind, and said that he thought he knew of a remedy for that most troublesome complaint from which all horses in hot countries suffer.

The American was perfectly convinced that he was talking to a man of good ideas though bad principles, and asked what he would take for the idea.

"I am awfully hard up and can get no more drink on trust, so I will give you the idea for a glass of beer."

"Done!" said the other.

The American at once saw there were probably millions in this, and he conceived the notion that the matter oozing from the sores on horses' necks would corrode the pad and produce sulphate of zinc; thus the disease would provide its own remedy. He also saw that zinc, being a non-conductor of heat, would keep the parts cool. The more he thought of it, the more he liked it; and although his business would have kept him in Bombay some months longer, he in a few days took the first steamship to Liverpool, and then to Boston. Arriving in Boston, he threw up his appointment with the house, and started the manufacture of zinc pads, after obtaining a patent for the idea; and he is now worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. These zinc pads are used in every country on earth, and are one of the greatest blessings the farmer enjoys.—"*Economics of Prohibition*."

The Stranger at Church

A STRANGER in a city started out one Sunday morning to attend services in the first church to which his course brought him. He very soon came upon a little church in which was already gathered a fair congregation. He entered and found a seat, then waited and waited for the service to begin. All was silence. No one spoke, no one sang, no prayer was offered, no sermon preached, for it was a Quaker meeting-house which he had entered. When the stranger could no longer stand the oppressive silence, he arose and gave a stirring testimony. Then he sat down and waited and waited and waited and continued to wait for some one to follow his example, but still all remained silent. Then he arose and gave another testimony. Then he sat down and waited again. Then he sang a song. Then he waited again. Then he offered prayer. Finally, when all this started nothing, he turned to the man beside him and said earnestly, "What on earth are you?" The man quietly replied, "I am a Quaker." The stranger said, "Well, I am an *earthquaker*; let's start something."

The time has come for us all to be earthquakers; to start something that will end in the absolute destruction of the liquor traffic. Let us be up and doing!

Their Last Drink

THE day's work was almost completed in a tin-shop in Indianapolis, Indiana, when suddenly a man rushed in, exclaiming:—

"Two men have just been killed at the railroad-crossing!"

This crossing was near the tin-shop. One of the employees, on going there in the hope of rendering assistance, witnessed two more of rum's tragedies.

The body of one of the men was lying under a passenger-car, having been severed near the waist, with an arm crushed into a switch. The other man, with both legs severed from the body, was held in the arms of one who had witnessed the scene, and who was administering stimulants to him. The next day the wounded man died.

A few moments before the accident, both these men staggered out of a whisky shop, where they had been drinking the stuff which ruins soul and body. They were laughing boisterously, and did not notice a passenger-

train which was backing into the union station. The train ran into them, depriving them of God's blessed gift of life. Had they been sober, the tragedy would not have occurred.

Why will men, with so many examples of the terrible consequences resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors, allow themselves to indulge in the death-dealing drink? The only safe course is total abstinence; the only safe time to stop drinking is before one begins. The path of sobriety is the path of health, happiness, and safety.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Who Is to Answer These Prayers?

A CITY missionary in London was hurrying on his rounds one bitter January day, when he heard cries of little children in a house he was passing. He listened for a moment, then knocked at the door, but no one answered his knock. Then he opened the door and went in. He found himself in a miserable apartment, without furniture, without fire. In one corner on a pile of straw lay a woman dead, with two children clinging to her and crying piteously. At a moment's glance the missionary saw the sadness of the case, and falling upon his knees began to call very earnestly upon God to send his angel at once to care for these poor, motherless children. Presently he seemed to hear plainly and clearly, as if a divine voice was speaking to him, the words: "Thou art mine angel, for this very purpose did I send thee here."

So Christian mothers and fathers throughout our land are praying to God to protect their sons and daughters from the accursed liquor traffic, but the Lord expects these parents and us to answer such prayers ourselves as far as possible, by removing the temptation from the pathway of youth. Are we doing what we can to meet this obligation? Are we voting, praying, and working for the complete annihilation of the liquor traffic? Only in this way can American citizenship be protected from the traffic which has already during the last decade laid beneath the cold earth hundreds of thousands of our young men.

Blinded — Why?

"OUR State rests upon our homes," said President Taft. And this is true. But what does the liquor traffic do for our homes? It is recognized everywhere as the great home crusher. Then how unwise, how incongruous, how criminal, it is for the nation to tolerate, much less to license, that which is the greatest known menace to its homes. Why do not the wise men of the nation, those upon whom the people have placed the responsibility of guiding and directing national affairs so as to bring the greatest good to the people, see the necessity of annihilating this infamous traffic which annually destroys thousands of homes? There can be but one reason — cowardice.

Some claim they cannot see that prohibition is the wisest solution of the question. They would see if it were not for the American dollar held before their eyes by the liquor men. They would see if they did not fear loss of position or name. They can see clearly that prohibition is the best way of dealing with other evils, as burglary, robbery, murder, lottery, and gambling.

MR. ADOLPH TOPPERWEIN in a shooting-match missed only ten targets out of 20,000. This expert marksman never smokes or uses intoxicants. His abstinence is given credit for his steady hand and quick eye, since it has been proved conclusively by experimentation that a very small amount of alcohol invariably makes the nerves unsteady and therefore unreliable.

The Boy and the Cigarette

There's a great big war in this world just now,
And I'm going to tell you the why and the how
Of the whole campaign, and ask you to say
Deep down in your souls what you think anyway
About this great war and its outcome, and then —
What? Didn't know there was any? Well, where have
you been?

Well, I'll tell you right now, lest I chance to forget,
The war is 'tween us and the vile cigarette.

We want to be true, and we mean to do right;
And you who are older, you know what a fight
This life of ours is 'gainst the forces of sin —
Well, what should you think if you'd had to begin
As a boy in this life with a habit firm set,
Such as many boys have, from the vile cigarette?

Some think it's not harmful, and day after day,
To look like the grown-ups, they're puffing away
At the little white rolls that hang down from their lips,—
The sight sure is sickening,—and even the tips
Of the fingers that fashion the villainous thing,
They show the dread poison that lurks in the sting
Of that kind of a reptile; and day after day
That stuff's in your system and working away
Like a legion of demons, and spinning a thread
That will bind like a cable of steel—till you're dead.
With each puff that is drawn through that villainous roll,
The breath of the devil is searing the soul.
But some things are worse, now, than death, don't you
think?

When you ruin your soul with tobacco and drink
And blast all your prospects and live as a slave
To such ruinous habits, don't you think that the grave
Might be a relief? I should rather be dead
Than ashamed of my name and the life I had led.

God meant we should grow to be manly and pure,
Strong-limbed and strong-armed, with a heart to endure;
That we should be happy and earnest and true,
And find our true joy in the good we can do.
But the vile cigarette, with its talons of steel,
Grips the heart of the boy till he ceases to feel
The instincts of manhood, and craves for the base
And the low and the vulgar, till scarcely a trace
Of his manhood remains; and the mind that God gave
No longer is free, but a poor, cringing slave
To the basest of passions. That's what it will do,
My brave little brother, for me and for you.
And I'm telling you this lest you chance to forget
The cause of this war with the vile cigarette.

So we're banding together to fight for our lives;
For 'tis only the soldier who struggles and strives
Who wins any conflict that's worthy the name.
While we never may shine in the records of fame,
We will never defile our minds and our souls
With the drug that lies hid in those poisonous rolls.
'Tis the devil's own weapon to ruin the race
And gather us into his fiendish embrace.
If you'll give us your help, though, the battle is won;
But if you refuse, we are surely undone.
How many will give us the help that we need
Against the strong grip of this treacherous weed?
As many as will, rise right up to your feet;
Now stand by our side till our victory's complete.
We will march on together, a vigilant band,
Till that curse has been outlawed all over the land.
God, give us thy help, and we'll never forget
To wage a stout war 'gainst the vile cigarette.

C. M. Snow.

A NEW postal regulation prohibits the carrying on postal routes of the following articles:—

Ale	Snakes
Alcohol	Reptiles
Whisky	Dead animals
Wine, etc.	Dead birds, etc.

Strange that a substance unfit to be sent through the mails should be licensed by the government, and allowed to be delivered by hand to any home in the land. Better license venders of rattlesnakes, even though the dealers should introduce the venomous reptiles into the homes under false pretense, representing them as harmless household pets. They could not do the harm that the serpent in the wine-cup does.



“Crosspatch”

HELEN ADAIR

“I CAN’T,” whined Joy;
“O please,” coaxed Roy;
“I won’t!” she said,
And tossed her head.

“Excuse me, Joy,
See my new toy.”
“I won’t! I say;
You go away!”

“See my new ship
Make her first trip;
I’d thank you, Joy——”

“Your company
Is naught to me;
I *hate* your toy,
You crosspatch boy!”

Now, of the two,
Which one, think you,
Was “crosspatch”?

How Trot Was Cured



HIS real name was Thomas Trotter Wadsworth; but everybody, from the minister to the milkman, called him “Trot.” He was nine years old, and small for his age. He had big blue eyes, and a round, chubby face, plentifully sprinkled with freckles, and crowned with bristling sandy hair. When the minister, who had no little boys or girls of his own, visited Trot’s home, he shook hands gravely with the boy, and said, “Trot, my little man, I am glad to see you so regular in attendance at Sabbath school.”

The minister never said any more, and never any less. Trot was somewhat afraid of his solemn voice and stiff manner; but nothing save measles or diphtheria would have kept him home from Sabbath school. He even attended when his arm was broken by a fall from the grape arbor, which he had to climb to rescue Laura Joslyn’s kitten. Laura cried because the kitten could not get down, and Trot would willingly have risked his neck to save Laura a tear. When his face was battered and scratched in the grand football scrimmage, Trot convulsed the boys, and tried his mother’s patience to the utmost, by appearing at Sabbath school with more court-plaster than skin visible on his face. He had an idea—and it was not such a bad idea, either—that the Sabbath school would fail and the minister be disheartened if he did not attend.

On the whole, Trot was a clever, honest boy, just such a fun-loving, rough-and-tumble chap as you would like for a playmate. But he had one bad habit, learned from boys of a larger growth. On the corner above the brick house in which he lived was a grocery store,—only an ordinary grocery store, with the usual stock of fruit and berries in season,—but that store was Trot’s stumblingblock. Try as he might, he could not pass it; something seemed to draw and hold him as on enchanted ground. Mr. Martin, the grocer, was a good-natured man, who bore patiently the annoyance of ten or twelve boys standing around his pavement. His patience was sorely tried, however, when the boys developed a talent for tasting and sampling his pears, cherries, and apples. Some of them further annoyed him by pulling the silk out of the ears of corn to wrap in brown paper and make imitation cigars; but Trot was above that. He thought smoking was a filthy habit (What do you think?) but he was not above picking the largest strawberry

out of a box, or the best bunch of currants off a tray; else this story would never have been written for other little Trots. At such times he usually said, “What are currants today, Mr. Martin? Fine lot you have there,” just as he had heard Mr. Avery and Mrs. Miller say when they picked and tasted.

Poor, tormented Mr. Martin saw his profits being carried away before his eyes without redress. He did not want to offend the boys’ parents; but on several occasions, when his outraged sense of justice got the better of his discretion, he caught some of the more daring of the offenders by the shoulders, and spanked them,—just as your mother spans you. Trot was not punished that way. It was reserved for his mother to cure him effectually. For a long time he had been helping himself to Mr. Martin’s dried peaches, currants, berries, and fruit, when one morning he went home with three fine bunches of cherries in his hand.

“Where did you get your cherries, Trot?” asked his mother.

“Up at Mr. Martin’s,” answered Trot promptly. “Aren’t they beauties?” with an admiring gaze as he held them up.

“Yes, very nice. Did he give them to you?” was the next question.

The answer was not so prompt this time. Trot began to have some misgivings. “No,” he said.

“O, you bought them!” his mother went on, blithely. “How much were they?”

Trot’s answer was long delayed. At last he said, “They are twelve cents a pound; but—but—I did not buy these.”

His mother was looking searchingly at him, and those last words were hard to say. His eyes fell before her quick glance.

“What do you mean, child?” she questioned. “You did not buy them, and Mr. Martin did not give them to you. How did you get them?”

Should Trot live to be an old man, I do not believe anything will ever seem quite so difficult as that explanation to his mother. He stood on his left foot, ran his empty hand through his bristling hair, and stood on his right foot. His face grew red, and his breath grew short. O, it was dreadful! And all the while his mother’s eyes seemed piercing him through.

“Why—a—you see, they were there in the tray by the door, and I put my head inside, and I said,

'Fine cherries these, Mr. Martin; how much are they?' and he said, 'Twelve cents;' and then I—I — tasted them to see if they were good, you know."

Trot looked appealingly at his mother, but her face was very grave. "Trot Wadsworth, do you mean to tell me that you *stole* Mr. Martin's cherries?" There was an ugly little emphasis on the word *stole*. It made Trot wince, but he spoke up bravely:—

"No, ma'am, I didn't; I don't steal things. I just took them like the other people, so that I could see if they were nice." The excuse had a lame sound as he made it, even to his own ears.

"Stop, Trot," said his mother; "you did not buy those cherries and Mr. Martin did not give them to you, so you must have stolen them; taking them in that way is stealing. Do you understand?"

Yes, Trot understood all too well for his own comfort. "How many are there?" continued Mrs. Wadsworth, perseveringly.

Trot counted. "Eleven."

"How many have you eaten?"

Trot was not sure; he thought about five.

"Well," said his mother, "we will say seven. Eleven and seven are eighteen. Here is twenty-five cents. Now go up to Mr. Martin's, tell him you took eighteen cherries off his tray, that you did not mean to steal, and are very sorry." Trot looked as if he would cry, and he despised boys who cried. "Get him to weigh eighteen cherries, and then pay him."

In vain Trot explained about Mr. Avery and Mrs. Miller. His mother was inflexible. Incidentally, in his explanation, he mentioned a bunch of currants which Mr. Martin had seen him take without remonstrance. At that his mother looked so sorrowful that Trot thought she was going to cry.

"To think my little boy whom I so trusted is a thief," she said.

Trot broke down and cried lustily. Then the whole dreadful story came out,—raisins, dried apples, evaporated peaches, strawberries, currants, plums, and so on throughout the list of Trot's petty pilferings. It was a long story, interspersed with a great deal about Johnny Harris, and George McBride, and Charlie Keyser, and how they picked up Mr. Martin's wares. The grown folks came in for their share. In a way that would have made the interested parties blush, Trot told how Mrs. Walker ate two or three pears, to see if they were very good, then said, "I believe I will not take any today;" how Mr. Meyers cut off a piece of cheese, and Mr. Oldman devoured the ginger cakes, while Mrs. Merrill displayed a fondness for peaches and blackberries. But Mrs. Wadsworth insisted that this was no excuse for Trot. The end of it all was that she made a list on a sheet of paper of all the things Trot could remember. She gave him this paper and also two silver dollars with instructions to go at once to Mr. Martin, privately tell his story, show the paper, and get the grocer to affix a value to each of the articles taken. With his two dollars Trot was to pay the bill.

The little boy demurred at this, shook his head, cried, and passionately said, "I can never go. I never will. I'll die first."

His mother was firm. In a quiet way that meant so much to Trot, she said, "Must I go with you? I thought you would rather go alone."

That made Trot gasp for breath. To have his mother take him up to Mr. Martin, just as a policeman would take a thief; as if he, Trot Wadsworth, could not be trusted alone—why it was too dreadful

to think about. Trot's mind was made up; he would go at once and have it over.

It was very hard to do, and though Trot crept along at a snail's pace, the walk to Mr. Martin's never seemed so short. The grocer was very kind and forgiving to the little boy who sobbed out his unpleasant story. At first he refused to take the money, but Trot could not and would not go home without paying his debt. Afterward Mr. Martin offered to return the money to his mother; but Mrs. Wadsworth said firmly, "No; it is justly yours, and the lesson in honesty is worth a thousand dollars to my little son."

Today Trot is cashier in one of the largest banks in a great city. Not long since, one director said to another, "Good fellow, that Wadsworth! Very exacting, but honest as the sun! I believe if he picked up a dime on the floor, he would look up the owner. No danger of his running off with the cash."

"True," assented the second, "he is a queer fellow, though. Seems to worship that painted bunch of cherries over his desk. Won't have it out of his sight a minute. Must prize it because it matches his hair," and he laughed heartily at his joke.

At his desk near by Trot heard the talk. An odd little smile flitted over his face, and he said grimly to himself, "A bunch of cherries made Thomas Trotter Wadsworth an honest man."—*Mary F. Lathrop.*

"Do 'Ou Twust Me?"

"MAMMA, may I have some of the shoklets that are in your box?"

"Yes, dear, run upstairs and get two. Mamma is too busy to leave her fruit."

So little four-year-old Melville Sinclair trudged upstairs to his mother's room, opened the dresser drawer, and was soon seated on the floor with the delicious bonbons beside him.

How good they looked! He took out two. There were so many left! There was a large one with a nut on top, in the corner of the box. He would just lift it out to look at it. Three chocolates wouldn't make him sick. He believed he could eat four; yes, he would take four; no one would ever know, and there were lots left for mamma.

Just then he thought he heard a noise, so hastily thrusting the box into the drawer, he went quickly downstairs, carrying in his little blouse pocket the four chocolates.

"Well, did you get them all right, dearie?" said his mother, scarcely raising her eyes from the fruit she was putting into the jars.

"Yes, mamma." There was a queer little tremor in the wee boy's voice, and as his mother glanced up she saw from his flushed face that something was wrong. What could it be?

"Are you ill, dearie?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, mamma." The tremor in his voice was more noticeable now.

There he sat, in the far corner of the room, the very picture of misery. The little feet moved restlessly, the chubby hands twitched convulsively, and the beautiful eyes had a bright, unnatural expression.

"Mamma, do 'ou twust me?"

"Why, yes, dear."

"Do 'ou always twust me?"

"Certainly, darling."

"When 'ou tell me to take two shoklets, do 'ou twust me to take only two?"

"Yes, dear, just two."

"And if I took free or four shoklets would 'ou —" By this time the child was worked up to a terrible pitch of excitement. He rushed to his mother and buried his face in her dress.

"Take them, take them," he almost shrieked, as he thrust the four chocolates into her hand. "'Ou twusted me to take two shoklets, and I took free, four."

His mother took him in her arms, and when she had soothed her little morsel of humanity, she gently told him that God had been watching him all the time, and was so sorry he had done wrong.

"And why did he let me take the shoklets, mamma?" he sobbed. "I didn't want to, but they looked so good, and I—I——"

"My dear little boy, did you not hear a gentle voice saying, 'Just two, Melville, that is all mamma said you could have?' That little voice was God whispering to you to do what was right; but you didn't do it, did you, dear?"

Then they knelt down in the hot kitchen, while that little four-year-old sent up a prayer that went straight to the throne of grace.

The next day Melville's mother told him he could have two chocolates.

"You get them for me," he begged.

"No, dear, get them yourself," said his mother.

"Do 'ou weally twust me to get only two, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I know you will do what is right."

And so he did. As he went upstairs his mother heard him saying to himself, "Mamma said, 'Just two, Melville, not free, four.'" Then he added: "God, are 'ou watching me? If 'ou are, tell me to wun when I get two shoklets."

In a few minutes he was downstairs. He had his two chocolates in his hand.

"God talked louder dis time, mamma, for I dust grabbed two and wunned downstairs fast as ever I tould."

Tears of joy were in the mother's eyes as she saw the radiant smile on her little boy's face, and pressing him to her heart she gently murmured, "Except ye become as little children."—*Christian Guardian*.

Snapping Turtles Make Novel Team

WHILE novel means of transportation often are seen employed in different parts of the world, probably nothing more uncommon is to be found than harnessed marine reptiles. A Wisconsin boy has the distinction of being the possessor of a team of eight snapping turtles which he hitches to a small wagon and drives around at his pleasure. Although these are more unusual, if not spectacular, than actually useful as beasts of burden, they nevertheless are capa-



ble of performing the unnatural function demanded of them. They experience no difficulty in pulling the boy and his wagon, and probably could manage a heavier load if it were imposed. Domestication does not change the gait of turtles, however. They move at their own accustomed rate, which is not exceedingly fast.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Bishop Bowman's First Wedding Fee

It was my good fortune to hear from the lips of Bishop Thomas Bowman, while he was still in active service, the following story of the first wedding fee he received during his first year as a minister.

Bishop Bowman was spending Sunday with the Grand Avenue Church in Kansas City, Missouri. At the session of the Sunday school, with probably one thousand persons present, he was urged by Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, the pastor, to tell the story of his first wedding fee. The bishop modestly refused, but upon the insistence of Dr. Young at last consented, and related the following story:—

"Soon after arriving with my bride to begin my career as a Methodist preacher, I was waited upon by a committee with a subscription list.

"The town cemetery was greatly in need of a new fence and other repairs. The committee assured me that a generous subscription from the new minister would greatly assist and probably insure the success of the enterprise. I heartily approved the movement, and at once put my name at the head of the list, with the promise of ten dollars to be paid on a certain day.

"After the departure of the grateful committee, in consultation with my wife, in view of the small salary and limited resources of the family, some anxiety was expressed in regard to the prompt payment of the pledge.

"Days soon rolled by, and one evening I was reminded by my wife that on the morrow the money should be paid; but alas, no money was available. I felt my reputation for promptness was at stake. In the emergency, we did what many a preacher and his wife have done in like circumstances. Falling upon our knees, the matter was referred to our Heavenly Father, and assurance came to our troubled minds.

"That very evening a young couple came to the parsonage with a marriage license and asked for the assistance of the young pastor. The ceremony was soon performed, and the happy couple departed, leaving in my hand a small envelope.

"On opening the envelope neither of us was surprised but both rejoiced to find a crisp ten-dollar bill. Next morning on the exact date that it was due, I proudly paid my subscription, rather to the surprise, I think, of the committee in charge."

When the story was concluded, Dr. Young in the presence of all said, "Bishop, what was the name of the young couple?" The smiling bishop replied, "Really, Dr. Young, I have long since forgotten the name of the young people, but I remember the incident very well, indeed."

"Well," said Dr. Young, "if Brother and Sister Hurst will come forward," calling the names of two well-known members of the church, "I shall take great pleasure in introducing them to you after a lapse of more than forty years."

I shall never forget the delighted congregation, and the happy surprise of the good bishop. I can still see his benignant face, crowned with silvery locks

and shining with unquestioned surprise and delight.

As the bishop stood at the chancel and clasped hands with Mr. and Mrs. Hurst, the great audience filled the room with applause.

This beautiful incident will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.—*Harry Andrews King.*

Humming Birds

HUMMING birds, daintiest, brightest babes of air,
Vain of their gleaming dress, with reason vain:
Their wings so swiftly move they seem at rest,
But for their quivering, ever-changing hues
Of every gorgeous color 'neath the sun,
In whose warm light they happy dart and flash.
They flit and flutter mid the garden sweets,
Pecking the flowers with their slender bills,
Noting their pleasure with a drowsy hum;
Seen for an instant, in an instant gone.
Their virgin plumage knows no touch of earth;
They live in boundless ether, light and free,
Feeding on nectar, sunshine, and sweet dew.
No cravens they, but as the eagle bold,
Yet gentle, fond, and amorous as doves.



M. E. KERN
C. L. BENSON
MATILDA ERICKSON
MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary
Assistant Secretary
N. Am. Div. Secretary
N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Senior Society Study for Sabbath,

August 29

LET each society prepare its own program.

Standard of Attainment quiz (five minutes): Gen. 2: 22-24;
2 Cor. 6: 14.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending

August 29

FOR today each society will be left to prepare its own program, but we hope that no society will fail to have the regular Morning Watch drill.

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

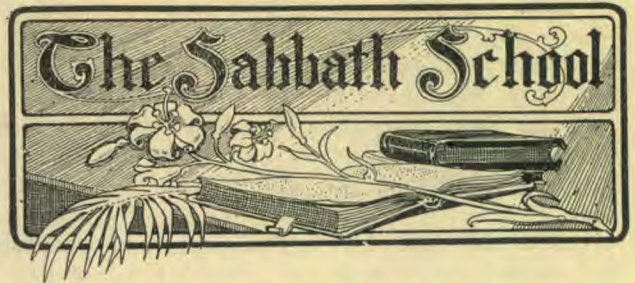
[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

49. How can we reach the financial part of our Missionary Volunteer goal?

The camp meeting affords an excellent opportunity to help reach our goal. When foreign mission work is under consideration, and pledges are being made, suggest to parents who have no child old enough to send to the foreign fields, that they might pledge five or ten dollars for their little boy or girl, the pledge to be redeemed in or before December. Young people also pledge at that time. Often the representatives of a Missionary Volunteer Society decide among themselves that their society will pledge ten, fifteen, or twenty-five dollars. All these pledges should be looked after by the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, and be credited to the Missionary Volunteer goal.

50. Why are the young people asked to report "tithes paid to church treasurer"?

The Missionary Volunteer Society is a training school for the younger members of the Lord's family in all matters of Christian activity. There is the same reason for asking that tithes and offerings be reported as that other lines of Christian work should be. There is a tendency for young people to think that because their income is small they need not be particular about the tithe. The individual report blank is a constant reminder of this Christian duty; and a faithful report from all our Missionary Volunteers will show how large a stream the many little rivulets make.



IX — Call of Elisha; Elijah's Translation

(August 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 19: 19-21; 2 Kings 2: 1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." 1 Cor. 15: 51, 52.

Questions

1. On his way back to Mt. Horeb, whom did Elijah find plowing? What did Elijah do as he passed by Elisha? 1 Kings 19: 19. Note 1.

2. What did Elisha understand that to mean? How did he bid farewell to his friends? What did he then do? Verses 20, 21.

3. For what was Elisha to be educated and anointed? Who told Elijah to anoint him? Then by whom was Elisha really called? Verse 16. Name others who have been called of God to do some special work in the world.

4. Who besieged Samaria about this time? 1 Kings 20: 1. Who promised to help King Ahab? For what reason? How easily did he then gain the victory? Verses 13, 16, 21.

5. However, a little later, what did the Syrians again do? What belief gave them courage to do this? Compared with the Israelites, how many were there? Verses 23-27.

6. But who again helped King Ahab? Why was help given? How great was his victory? What did the servants of Ben-hadad suggest? With what result? Although the Lord had helped Ahab win the victory, what wicked thing did he now do? Verses 28-34. Because of this, what message did Ahab receive from the Lord? Verse 42.

7. After all of God's mercy, how did King Ahab and Jezebel continue to defy him? 1 Kings 21: 1-16.

8. How did the Lord show that he knew where they were and what they were doing? What message did he send to Ahab? How did Ahab, at last, acknowledge his sin? How did God's mercy at once respond? Verses 17-29.

9. However, because he listened to false prophets instead of to the prophet of the Lord, what finally became of King Ahab? What prophecy of Elijah's was literally fulfilled? 1 Kings 22: 34-38.

10. When Elijah's work on earth was about done, to what schools of the prophets did he make a farewell visit? Who accompanied him? In what miraculous manner did the two prophets cross the River Jordan? 2 Kings 2: 1-8.

11. What precious parting legacy did Elijah give to Elisha? On what condition? Verses 9, 10. Note 2. Of what other parting legacy does this remind us? Acts 1: 5, last part.

12. "As they still went on, and talked," what strange thing suddenly appeared? What did it do to them? Where was Elijah taken alive? How was he taken? 2 Kings 2: 11. Note 3.

13. What other prophet was translated? Heb. 11:

5. What do these translations help us to understand? 1 Cor. 15:51, 52 (commit to memory). What change will come to those who are alive and who will be translated when Jesus comes? Verse 53.

14. What messenger, at Christ's first advent, was sent before him in the Spirit and power of Elijah? Luke 1:13, 17. What spirit and power are to attend the last great message of mercy before the Lord's second coming? Mal. 4:5, 6. Note 4.

Notes

1. "The Eastern plow is a rude affair, far inferior to the one in use in our country. It does not enter deep into the soil, and is of very light and simple construction, sometimes being made merely of the trunk of a young tree having two branches running in opposite directions. There are many plows, however, not quite so primitive in structure as this. . . . Some of them have one handle and some have two handles, and they are usually drawn by two oxen. The plowmen often plow in company. Dr. Thomson says he has seen more than a dozen plows at work in the same field, each having its plowman and yoke of oxen, and all moving along in single file. Anderson makes a similar statement. We can thus see how Elisha was 'plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him.' He had not, as some have imagined, twenty-four oxen yoked to a single plow, but there were twelve plows in a file, each having its own oxen and plowman, and he was 'with the twelfth;' that is, he had charge of the last plow in the file."—*Bible Manners and Customs.*"

2. Elisha asked for a double portion of Elijah's spirit. "He does not mean double what Elijah had, but double to what the rest of the prophets had, from whom so much would not be expected as from Elisha, who had been brought up under Elijah." In other words, he wanted "the portion of the eldest son. See Deut. 21:17. The eldest son was the successor of his father, the head of the household. Elisha's request was that he might be fitted to be Elijah's successor, to take up the work he had left, and carry it on."

"If thou see me.' But how could he see him if he did not watch? Ah, that is the whole doctrine! Look, expect, watch; keep your eyes open, fixed, intense—look as if you wanted the blessing, and you will get it."—*Joseph Parker.*

3. Prove each point in the following verses with a text of Scripture:—

Elijah was a man of old,
With passions like our own,
Who knew discouragement and fear,
And felt both sad and lone;
E'en once forgot that God was nigh,
And ran away and wished to die.

And yet God used him in his work
And heard him when he prayed,
In famine sent him food and drink
And cheered him when afraid,
Was with him in temptation's hour
And gave him overcoming power.

By faith he grasped Almighty strength,
And rose above his fears,
And grandly finished all his work—
When lo! a light appears,
And he is taken up on high,
To live with God beyond the sky.

If one just like us gained the sky,
Then why not you? and why not I?

4. "Through the long centuries that have passed since Elijah's time, the record of his life work has brought inspiration and courage to those who have been called to stand for the right in the midst of apostasy. And for us, 'upon whom the ends of the world are come,' it has special significance. History is being repeated. The world today has its Ahabs and its Jezebels. The present age is one of idolatry as verily as was that in which Elijah lived."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, Nov. 6, 1913.*

4. What is the distinguishing feature of the true and living God? Jer. 10:10-12.

5. What special message does God send in the last days? Rev. 14:7.

6. By what sign may the God who "made heaven and earth" be known? Eze. 20:20. Note 1.

7. For what reform then does the last gospel message call? Isa. 56:1, 2. Note 2.

8. When and how was the Sabbath made? Gen. 2:2, 3.

9. For whom was it made? Mark 2:27.

10. By whom was the Sabbath made? John 1:1-3.

11. How is the Sabbath to be kept? Ex. 20:8-11.

12. Can an unconsecrated man keep the Sabbath holy? Matt. 7:18.

13. Then what experience must accompany true Sabbath keeping? 1 John 1:9; Rom. 4:7; 5:1. Note 3.

14. When does the Sabbath begin and end? Lev. 23:32; Mark 1:32. How much of the day is holy?

15. What is the sixth day of the week called in Scripture? Luke 23:54. What work was to be done in the camp of Israel on the sixth day in preparation for the Sabbath? Ex. 16:23. Note 4.

16. How does the Lord regard carelessness or disobedience in the treatment of the sacred and holy? Eze. 22:26, 31.

17. What promise of blessing is made to the keepers of God's Sabbath? Isa. 58:13, 14.

Notes

1. The burden of the message of Revelation 14 is a call to worship him that "made heaven, and earth, and the sea," etc. This is a plain reference to the terms of the fourth commandment. It is the Creator who is to be recognized in worship, whose sign or memorial is his holy Sabbath. The warning of the last gospel message is against giving homage to the apostasy, whose sign or mark is the rival day, the Sunday.

2. The Lord placed a blessing on the Sabbath day, and those who keep it find the blessing. We hear this testimony from men and women in all lands. The Sabbath is a blessed gift from God to men—something given to us; not a day taken from us, as appears to unbelief.

3. Some people object, "Do you think Sabbath keeping will save you?"—Not at all; in fact, we must be saved from sin by faith in Jesus in order to truly keep the Sabbath. So it is with obedience to all God's commandments. We are not saved because we obey, but we obey because we have found the saving grace of Christ. The call to keep the Sabbath holy is in a direct way a call to holiness of life and the putting away of sin.

4. "God requires that his holy day be as sacredly observed now as in the time of Israel. The command given to the Hebrews should be regarded by all Christians as an injunction from Jehovah to them. The day before the Sabbath should be made a day of preparation, that everything may be in readiness for its sacred hours. In no case should our own business be allowed to encroach upon holy time. God has directed that the sick and suffering be cared for; the labor required to make them comfortable is a work of mercy, and no violation of the Sabbath; but all unnecessary work should be avoided. Many carelessly put off till the beginning of the Sabbath little things that might have been done on the day of preparation. This should not be. Work that is neglected until the beginning of the Sabbath should remain undone until it is past. This course might help the memory of these thoughtless ones, and make them careful to do their own work on the six working days."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 296.*

IX — Sabbath Keeping

(August 29)

Questions

1. Of what are unbelievers in the last days said to be willingly ignorant? 2 Peter 3:5.

2. Need any one be ignorant of this? Heb. 11:3.

3. Why is it essential to recognize the creative power in the word of God? 1 Peter 1:23; John 3:3.

PRESIDENT JAMES of the University of Illinois says: "Many failures in the college work of the first two years can be traced to alcohol and tobacco. The only safe rule for college students is, 'Touch not; taste not; handle not.'"

THE Chicago club of the National Baseball League are forbidden the use of all intoxicants, and also forbidden to smoke cigarettes.

The Youth's Instructor

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Needed

"No, I can't go this vacation," said the young teacher. "I'm the eldest daughter, you know, and when I'm out of school there are endless things to be done at home. Mother isn't very strong, help is hard to get and unreliable, and the children are always needing something." Was there a touch of impatience in her tone? Her friend, older by many years, watched the healthy, capable girl as she turned from one task to another; ready to help father with the gathering up and arranging of his papers, deftly tying the bows and managing refractory buttons for the little ones, then donning a big apron for the kitchen and "the gingerbread that nobody makes like Millie." The whole household turned to her. "O, you fortunate girl!" breathed the friend between a smile and a sigh. "I wonder whether you realize the most blessed thing in all this world is to be needed."—*The Northern Christian Advocate.*

Personal Influence

HARVEY was the leader in his class. The other students would follow him, imitate him, at all times. He wielded a powerful influence over them. One day he said to one of his class: "This Latin is a bugbear. I detest it!"

That week nearly all members of the class agreed that Latin was a bugbear. Consequently they refused to work at it satisfactorily, and poor marks ensued.

On another occasion Harvey let it be known that he did not consider trigonometry as worth much. Almost instantly the other members of the class found that trigonometry was a trouble and a nuisance.

One day the principal of the school, knowing that Harvey had been influencing the other members of his class to rebel at the class work, almost shook him by the shoulders and said:—

"Harvey, if you do only the things you like in life you will never accomplish very much. You will have to do a thousand and one things before you are thirty which will be uninspired, but you will compel yourself to do them. That is not what I cared to speak about, though. I want you to think of your duty in the faithful performance of your school duties, which seem just now to be so irksome to you."

"My duties?" asked Harvey.

"Yes," said the teacher. "The way you do your school tasks is the way you inspire almost your whole

class to do them. You wield a large power over them. Now we shall suppose that Latin is a bore. Then suppose you were to study it, in spite of your antipathy to it, until you had mastered it. What an inspiration that would be for the others! You would be inspiring others through your own uninspiring task, you see."

"I had never looked at it in that way," said Harvey. "That's quite a chance for me, isn't it!"—*Selected.*

European War

WHY all this talk and preparation for war among the nations of Europe? In brief the answer is this: The immediate occasion of the present tense situation is the recent assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne by a Servian. Thereupon the Austrian government made certain demands for reparation upon the Servian government. Serbia granted these with the exception of one, and that was that Austria should be permitted to conduct an inquiry in Serbia, independent of the Servian government, into the assassination plot. Serbia refused this as it would practically be giving away her sovereignty. Austria considered this refusal, with other grievances and apprehensions, sufficient cause for war upon Serbia.

Russia has long determined that no one power should gain predominant influence in southwest Europe and thus cut off her hope of one day coming into possession of the Dardanelles; so she began to mobilize her troops on the German border in order to protect Serbia from Austrian conquest. France as an ally of Russia began also to mobilize her troops. Germany, an ally of Austria, then demanded of France her attitude in the situation. Receiving no reply, she made an aggressive attack upon France and was repulsed. A French aviator observing a German dirigible containing twenty-five soldiers scouting over France, voluntarily drove his monoplane directly into the Zeppelin ship, wrecking both ships and destroying his own life with that of all in the German air vessel. It is evident that the aviator consciously sacrificed his own life for his country when he decided upon the collision, considering it the only thing to be done.

At this writing Italy remains neutral, though she is an ally of Germany and Austria. England may be drawn into the war to protect France.

Austria is reported to be willing to submit her grievances to an arbitration board, and the difficulty between herself and Serbia would be far more likely to be settled without war if the allies would only be content to stand by and bide the time when their interference was an absolute necessity. It may be, however, that the difficulty cannot be amicably settled, the present trouble being but a forerunner of the great battle of Armageddon.

An Arithmetical Surprise

TWELVE persons decided to lunch together every day, and agreed not to sit in the same order. One of the number, a mathematician, surprised his associates, according to *Das Buch fur Alle*, by informing them that their decision meant that one and one-third million years must elapse before they would again be seated in the original order.

Two men can sit together in only 2 different ways, 3 in 6 ways, 4 in 24, 5 in 120, 6 in 720, 7 in 5,040, 8 in 40,320, 9 in 362,880, 10 in 3,628,800, 11 in 39,916,800, and 12 in 479,001,600.—*The Youth's Companion.*