

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIII

January 5, 1915

No. 1



18513

ITALY has ordered from this country twenty-five thousand horses.

SEATTLE, Washington, has elected Miss Reah Whitehead as justice of the peace.

A FIRST-CLASS battleship costs as much as all the hundred buildings of Harvard University.

MISS ANNA ADAMS GORDON has recently been elected president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

A BRITISH naval airman dropped a bomb upon a German ammunition train. The explosion was felt for miles along the Allies' line.

MONTANA is sometimes called the "wettest State" in the Union. But a plan is on foot to change Montana from the wet to the dry policy.

IT is interesting to note that for the fifth time in succession the world's typewriting championship has been won by a writer of the Gregg system of shorthand.

A GOOD example for the white man was set at the Umatilla Indian Reservation, for not a single Indian wet vote was found, the precinct voting dry unanimously.

THE *Outlook* of December 9 contains photographs of the czarina and her two daughters, and the word that these members of the royal family are honorary officers in the Russian army.

A COPY of the Bible is to be placed in the hands of every soldier in the hospitals, prison camps, and on the battle fields of Europe by the American section of the World's Sunday School Association.

BEFORE Oregon no State in the Union ever carried every county dry. Colorado has a dry governor, lieutenant governor and attorney-general. All its national congressmen and senators are pledged to support national Constitutional prohibition at Washington.

THE Everett Brewing Company of Washington State will be converted into a wholesale grocery store, and another brewing company will be turned into a fruit by-product plant. There can be no doubt as to the benefit such a change will bring to the State.

THE order by the admiralty to discontinue fishing operations in the Firth of Forth, Scotland, brings consternation to a thousand or more fishermen who face ruin. Great excitement also pervades the population, as it is believed that the price of fish will be beyond the reach of the poor, whose principal diet is fish.

WE are told that rabbits are the chief bane of the farmers in Australia, for they are almost as numerous as mice, and equally hard to exterminate. But the European war has created a demand for them for food; so within a recent fortnight 576,336 rabbits reached London from New South Wales to be added to the food supply for the war sufferers.

SHARTENBERG AND ROBINSON, owners of the largest store in New Haven, Connecticut, have posted the following rules, which must not be disobeyed by employees, on pain of dismissal: "Clerks must not eat onions or garlic. Clerks must take a bath every week, keep their linen spotless and their finger nails manicured. Men employees must not use tobacco or liquor. Women employees must not use face powder or perfume."

THE Servians are in great need of hospital supplies. They greatly appreciated a shipment of shoes from America that arrived in October. Most of the Servians were going barefoot. A number of Austrians were captured by a small detachment of barefooted Servians. The Austrians were in light-blue uniforms, with tight, high collars, incut waists, and high-heeled boots, forming a striking contrast to the Servians. The outraged Austrian general, fuming impotently at the capture, suddenly addressed his men. Pointing to the Servians, he cried: "Look at your captors! Barefooted! They are men. You are nothing but uniforms."

THOUGH the war has been disastrous to many manufacturing enterprises, it will no doubt be the means of liberating the United States from foreign industrial subjection. It will to a great extent throw our manufacturers on their own resources, and in this way arouse their latent possibilities.

THE ingenuity of Thomas Edison has devised a car-bolic process for the manufacture of his phonograph records. He is now entirely independent of Germany, the country from which he has received his supply in the past, and from which he has been cut off by war conditions.

THE American Prison Association is giving careful study to the problem of prison reform, and from the latest report of this association it is evident that many of the old harsh practices in prison discipline are being replaced by more liberal methods of punishment.

BELGRADE, the Servian capital and metropolis, has been captured by the Austrian army. The taking of this city means much to Germany, as it makes possible a direct line of communication between Berlin and Constantinople through the Servian railway.

THE report of Postmaster-General Burleson shows that the number of parcels handled by the government service during the last year reached the enormous total of 700,000,000. Of this number there were 300,000,000 parcels weighing more than one pound.

THE total expenses of making ready the great Panama-Pacific Exposition, including the State buildings, the government structures, and those of foreign nations, will be over \$56,500,000. The total cost of the St. Louis Fair is placed at \$32,000,000.

THE theaters of Paris are closed, and officials say they will not be opened until the invader has been driven entirely from France. "Now is no time for Paris to laugh," say those who have the closing of the playhouses in charge.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 5, 1915

No. 1

The Burden

"O God," I cried, "why may I not forget?
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle
Throng me yet.
Am I their keeper? Only I? To bear
This constant burden of their grief and care?
Why must I suffer for the other's sin?
Would God my eyes had never opened been!"

And the thorn-crowned and patient One
Replied, "They thronged me, too; I, too, have seen."

"Thy other children go at will," I said,
Protesting still.

"They go, unheeding. But these sick and sad,
These blind and orphan, yea, and those that sin
Drag at my heart. For them I serve and groan.
Why is it? Let me rest, Lord. I have tried —"

He turned and looked at me: "But I have died."
"But Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul!
This stress! This often fruitless toil
Thee souls to win!
They are not mine. I brought not forth this host
Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest-tossed —
They are not mine."

He looked at them, the look of one divine;
He turned and looked at me, "But they are mine."

"O God," I said, "I understand at last.
Forgive! And henceforth I will bondsman be
To thy least, weakest, vilest ones;
I would no more be free."

He smiled and said,
"It is to me."

—Lucy Rider Meyer.

Which Way Are You Going?

MRS. M. A. WHEELER



GOING down, going down," shouted the elevator boy. "I've been going down these twenty years," said a voice, tense with hopeless sorrow and regret. I glanced up quickly to see two distinguished-looking men standing near by. The one who had spoken, however, though seemingly designed by the Creator for one of nature's noblemen, bore the unmistakable marks of intemperance and a prodigal life. Taking the arm of his friend, he stepped inside the elevator, and descended to the regions below, to me a striking suggestion of whither his steps were tending. And what a train of thought was suggested by this incident! How many of the flower of our land are going down under the power of this terrible scourge of intemperance, so many thousands of noble lives wrecked and destroyed by this monster and his associates! The possibilities of these lives, had they never yielded to the blighting influence of sin, absorbed my thought, and called to mind a lecture to which I had listened a short time before, given by one lately returned from travel in many lands, and who, by his wonderful word pictures, carried his audience with him from one object of interest to another, until finally we stood with him before the Parthenon in Rome, and he told us how he had stood there in awe and wonder gazing up at its massive pillars of white marble, the exquisite carving, the wonderful architecture — a marvel of beauty even in ruins; for in years long past, one enemy after another, sweeping across the country, had left traces of its destructive work upon it. He thought and wondered long what the perfect plan of the great master mind that produced it could have been, when in spite of the vandalism of man and centuries of decay, there was yet so much of grandeur and beauty remaining.

So we see in every walk of life ruined lives, statesmen, men of mighty intellects, patriots who have done valiant service for their country, the silver-tongued orator and "the man with the hoe," all "going down," and we can only wonder to what heights they might have attained had they not fallen beneath the power of the great destroyer.

Dear young people, the great "Architect of the universe" has a "high calling," a plan for each one,

and is beckoning you onward and upward. You need not mourn wasted years; you stand upon the threshold of life, and of great opportunities.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling —
To be living is sublime," —

sublime because in this age — in our day — "the Desire of all nations" is to come. The times demand strong hearts, loyal hearts, characters that will shine forth reflecting the image of the "perfect Man" amid all the darkness and sin of these last days. By a diligent study of God's Word, communion with him, and a life of unselfish service, you may rear a soul temple of such infinite value that in comparison the most costly edifice reared by man sinks into insignificance. He has said, "Lo, I am with you alway," and "with God all things are possible."

"We are building in sorrow or joy
A temple the world may not see,
Building, building every day,
Building for eternity."

A Heathen Death in Africa

ON the evening of October 19 I was called out to a native kraal, or village, about two miles from the mission. Two young men came and wanted somebody to go to the kraal to be a witness of the death of a woman who was then dying. It is the custom of the natives near a mission to have a missionary present at the death of one of their number.

As they brought Jim, our head native teacher, to translate, I inquired very closely as to the cause of the woman's sickness, thinking it might be possible that something might be done for her. They said she was already unconscious, and that she was dying. Realizing that nothing could be done if such was the case, we took nothing with us.

We reached the kraal a little after eleven o'clock. Just outside the hut where the sick woman was, were ten or twelve men and women sitting around a fire. We found five or six others in the hut. There were a few coals burning in part of an old earthen pot in the center of the floor, which served as a lamp.

The dying woman lay on the floor near the fire. I recognized her face, and remembered having pulled a tooth for her a month or so before. She was breathing slowly and a little heavily, and her eyes showed that she was dying. I could find no pulse. Realizing that there was nothing I could do, I stepped back and sat down on the floor like the rest, and during that midnight hour I watched death and its effect upon those heathen people. Never shall I forget what I saw.

The woman's breath came slower and slower until the last. Her husband sat at her head, and her old mother just behind her next to the wall. Three other women were near; and with the several other men and women and ourselves the hut was nearly full. The old mother was weeping some when we entered the hut, and as death drew nearer others joined her. When death finally came, about thirty minutes after we arrived, nearly all in the hut and several outside were weeping and wailing. I could not understand a word they were saying, as they were nearly all of the Makalana tribe instead of the Matabele, the language of the latter being the prevailing language and the one which we are studying. Jim, knowing both well, though belonging to neither tribe, told me in English what they said. They would quote statements made by the woman before she became unconscious, and tell what they thought were the reasons for her death.

A few days before this, the woman had returned from visiting friends about fifty miles distant. While there a man who became angry with her, told her she would die when she reached home. Her family believe that this man accomplished her death in some mysterious way. They have some foundation for this belief, as the native witch doctors, who are certainly in league with the devil, dispose of natives in a very mysterious way.

Jim also told me, between times, as we sat there listening and watching, the customs of the Makalana tribe for burying their dead. And soon they began to prepare the body for burial.

After they had wept for some time, most of them stopped, and two or three women tore off what little clothing the woman wore. They then placed the hands to the face, and pushed the knees up to the chest. In that position, lying on the side, the body was buried the next day.

Other customs still more to be deplored were carried out, and as I sat there and watched the poor woman die, and listened to the dreadful wailing, and thought of their terrible customs, I could not restrain the tears. I saw black heathenism as it actually is, and I said, "O God, take me and make me more efficient for the salvation of this people." Then my mind went to the hundreds of young people in the homeland who could give their lives or their means, if they only would, for the salvation of the millions of heathen who are going down in ignorance and superstition just as this woman went down, "having no hope, and without God in the world." I appeal to young people who are blessed with Christian light, to come and share it with those who are cursed with heathen darkness.

R. P. ROBINSON.

Solusi Mission, South Africa.

WHEN all the facts are considered, strong drink is one of the chief causes of Negro crime in the South. In every instance where the prohibition law has been rigidly enforced and the Negroes have been unable to get liquor, there has been a decrease in the crime rate.

—Booker T. Washington.

Personal Work — No. 2

As Practiced by the Saviour

JESUS was a faithful example of his own teaching. It is evident that it was largely the definite personal efforts of Christ which drew the twelve disciples to him and made them his devoted followers and the apostles of his gospel.

The quiet, heart-to-heart appeal drew Matthew from his official position. Peter from his occupation as a fisherman, and others from their homes and friends to engage in his work.

The very words of his invitation form the most eloquent appeal to men to follow his example. To Peter he said, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." To Andrew and James and John he said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." His invitation virtually meant, Follow me, and I will give you power to do what I am doing,—power over the hearts of men to win them from sin to righteousness.

As they accepted his invitation, he constantly kept before them by precept and example the importance of love and labor for each individual soul.

"In the command to go into the highways and hedges, Christ sets forth the work of all whom he calls to minister in his name. . . . The Lord desires that his word of grace shall be brought home to every soul. To a great degree this must be accomplished by personal labor. This was Christ's method. His work was largely made up of personal interviews. He had a faithful regard for the one-soul audience. Through that one soul the message was often extended to thousands." — *"Christ's Object Lessons,"* page 229.

This was fulfilled in his experience with the woman of Samaria. He seized the opportunity of conversing with her alone. Kindly and patiently he led her from the consideration of minor things to the great theme of the love of God and the gift of his Son. As the light burst in upon her soul, she hastened away, even forgetting her waterpot in her eagerness to communicate that light and knowledge to others. "And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him for the saying of the woman."

Again and again after coming in personal contact with an individual, the Saviour would hunt him up to impart new light or encourage to deeper consecration. Having made clay, Jesus anointed the eyes of a blind man and sent him to wash in the pool of Siloam. His miraculous healing attracted attention, and he was persecuted and cast out of the synagogue. "Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshiped him." Though often privileged to minister to the multitude, he did not forget the individuals whom he had begun to help.

No message that fell from the lips of the Master has wrought more profoundly for the salvation of men than the quiet words spoken to Nicodemus, who alone and in the darkness of night had sought out the divine Teacher.

"None would ever have been brought back to God if Christ had not made a personal effort for them; and it is by this personal work that we can rescue souls." — *"Christ's Object Lessons,"* page 197.

MEADE MACGUIRE.

The Study Habit

WE see young men everywhere tied to very ordinary positions all their lives simply because, although they had good brains, they were never cultivated. These men have never tried to improve themselves. Their salaries on a Saturday night, and a good time, are about all they see; and the result is the narrow, contracted, pinched career.

Men and women that have utilized only a very small percentage of their ability — not made it available by discipline and education — always work at a great disadvantage. A man by nature capable of being an employer is often compelled to be a very ordinary employee because his mind is totally untrained.

Education is power. No matter how small your salary may be, every bit of valuable information you pick up, every bit of good reading or thinking you do, in fact everything you do to make yourself a larger man, will also help you to advance. I have known boys that were working hard for very little money to do more for their advancement by improving their minds in their spare time than by the actual work they did. Their salaries were insignificant in comparison with their growth of mind.

The more one saves, the nearer one comes to being rich. The more you know, the better educated you are. Every bit of knowledge you store up enriches your life by so much. All these little self-investments make you so much better off — make you so much larger, fuller, so much better able to cope with life.

I am acquainted with a young man that travels a great deal by rail and water, who always carries with him wherever he goes some good reading matter in as condensed a form as possible, miniature classics or the lesson papers of the correspondence school. He is always doing something to improve himself in the odds and ends of time most people throw away. The result is that he is well informed upon a great variety of subjects. He is very widely read in history, in English literature, in books of travel, in the sciences, and in the various other important branches of knowledge.

What this man has accomplished in the odds and ends of time is a constant rebuke to those that waste their time in doing nothing, or in doing that which is infinitely worse than nothing.

Such eagerness to improve oneself is an indication of a mark of superiority, the genius that wins.

Tell me how a young man uses his little ragged edges of time after his day's work is done, during his long winter evenings, what he is revolving in his mind at every opportunity, and I will tell you what that young man's future will be.

A person might as well say there is no use in trying to save anything from his small salary because the amount would never make him rich, and he might as well spend it as he goes along, as to say he never can get a liberal education by studying during his spare time. But have you ever stopped to think that scores of people have given themselves the equivalent of a college education in their spare moments and evenings?

There never was a time in the history of the world when education was worth so much as today, when added knowledge gives so much power. Competition is so terrific, and life so strenuous, that you need to be armed with every particle of mental culture possible. The greatest work you can do is that of raising your own value.

The trouble with most of us is that we are too ambitious to do great things at once. It is the persistent trying to make ourselves a little larger, a little broader, the continual effort to push the horizon of ignorance a little farther away by good reading or study, that counts.

What a golden opportunity confronts you for coining your bits of leisure into knowledge that will mean growth of character, promotion, advancement, power, riches that no accident can take from you, no disaster annihilate! Will you throw away the opportunity as so many others are thoughtlessly doing?

It is painful to see persons reading carelessly, thinking carelessly, with no purpose, instead of absorbing valuable knowledge from the conversation of others and from newspapers, periodicals, and textbooks at home. How little they realize they are throwing away material that to many would be absolutely beyond price, material that would make their lives rich beyond measure!

If you are ambitious to make the most of yourself, and especially if you are trying to make up for the loss of an early education, remember that every person you meet can add something to your stock of knowledge. If you meet a printer, he can post you in the printer's art. A bricklayer can tell you many things you did not before know. You will find the average farmer wonderfully wise on points upon which you are sometimes surprisingly ignorant.

It is the constant absorbing from every possible source that makes a man well informed, and it is a great variety of knowledge that makes him broad and sympathetic where he would otherwise be narrow, rutty, and hard. The habitual absorber of knowledge has the advantage of touching life at a vast number of points. His interests are wide, and, as a rule, he is an interesting man because of his great variety of experiences.

There is, with the man that does not possess one, a tendency to overemphasize the advantages of a college training. Those that were obliged to leave school to help support the family, or because of ill health, and were not able to go to college, think they have suffered an irrevocable loss,—that there must necessarily be a great deficiency in their lives that can never be made up,—that as they could not get the liberal education they wanted, they are forever barred from getting an equivalent. They think that what they themselves can pick up from reading and self-study will not amount to much. But as a matter of fact many of the best-educated and most-cultured and most-efficient men and women in the world have never gone to college—many of them have never even gone through a high school.

There are tens of thousands of examples of those that have triumphed over all sorts of handicaps and disheartening surroundings, exploding all excuses of the youth that claims he has no chance because compelled to leave school at too early an age.

Think of the greater possibilities with the textbooks now at hand prepared especially for home study. It is quite possible to pick up a splendid education in one's spare time by taking a course in a good correspondence school. Thousands of men have been saved from the mortifications and embarrassments to which they have been subject because of their ignorance, by courses in these schools; and they owe practically all their business and social success to the knowledge thus obtained.—*Orison Swett Marden, in Ambition.*

Naples, Herculaneum, and Pompeii

MRS. W. T. BLAND



HE ancient name of Naples was Parthenope, and Parthenope was a siren, and sirens are attractive female persons whom it were better to avoid. Mythology tells us that Parthenope and her alluring sister dwelt for ages on their rock, and through the mystic centuries these fair and irresistible entanglers sang their songs and lured men to destruction as sailors have been lured by the sirens of many another shore in later centuries. It was known that the first failure of their wiles would mean their doom; but in the course of time the wandering Ulysses got safely by without yielding himself to their charms, and, cheated of their prey, robbed of their fame by this great trickery, the sisters flung themselves into the sea and perished, and finally the fair body of Parthenope drifted to this crescent shore, where the people, superstitious then as now, raised up a temple in her honor and called the place by her no longer dreaded name.

The beauty of the city of the siren is proverbial; the beauty of the region round about has appealed to the wanderer ever since the dawn of history, and the beauty of both Naples and its immediate surroundings is best appreciated when approaching it from the sea. As one passes between the two natural guardians of the Bay of Naples,—the islands of Capri and Ischia,—he sees in the glorious panorama before him numerous types of the works of God and man.

In the background are distant, snowy mountains, while near at hand is the living volcano, with its crown of fire, towering over the city—"peak of hell rising out of Paradise," Goethe called it. The blue Mediterranean is the foreground and setting of the beautiful islands and the city of Naples; and the coast line, with its general effect of a broad and sweeping curve, on closer examination reveals capes, straits, smaller bays, exquisite islands, and grand, bold promontories. In the middle ground is the great city, having a population of over 600,000, encircling the base of Vesuvius on the east, and stretching to the lovely Bay of Pozzuoli on the west. The climate is bracing, and pure water is brought from a spring in the hills thirty miles away.

On our trip abroad we made many acquaintances, and of course we met people who had already been to Naples. Some said, "Naples is the paradise of Italy, even as Italy is the paradise of the world." One particularly literary person quoted Longfellow: "There is a charm, a certain something in the atmosphere, that all men feel and no man can describe." Another took exception to this, and in a meditative way said: "The life of Naples! how much exuberant joy and hopeless misery is summed up in that phrase. Sorry I am that it is so, but so it is that the word Naples always suggests to me, first and last, a picture of a dirty, ragged street crowded with dirty, ragged people. The traveler rarely meets the better class of Neapolitans, the nice people, the people he would like to meet, the refined, cultivated families renowned for their exquisite breeding. But he is at once, as soon as he lands, thrown into the company of the common sort, the kind that give the city its bad reputation,—those picturesque, rascally, impossible, miserable folk who are at one and the same time the traveler's delight and despair."

And of course we had heard the expression "See Naples and die," and we had not been able fully to

understand what this meant; so, putting everything together, we were anxious to form our own ideas about this much-written-of city: and even we came away with different impressions, for one said in her letter home, "There is rarely any sadness in the tone of the tourist when his turn comes to murmur *Addio, Bella Napoli*; for fascinating as the siren city undoubtedly is, beautiful Naples is not a restful place, and the traveler turns, without reluctance, to the more beautiful sites and the more interesting scenes that wait for him round about Naples within the radius of a few miles." Another said, "This is how one lives in Italy,—sauntering, talking, idling, dreaming, always in the open air, always among the flowers, always finding the people ready to lean their arms on the old wall and exchange some good-humored chitchat."

It was early in the evening, amid the shifting scenes of twilight, that we steamed slowly into the Bay of Naples. We had a tedious time getting ashore, as the passengers in the steerage were allowed to disembark first. It was a pleasure, however, to see their delight on touching native land, and to hear their joyous greetings from their friends assembled to welcome them home.

Naples has no distinct nationality, and is much less Italian than many cities of Italy; but the love of the Neapolitan for his home is deeply rooted in his nature, and no skies can be so blue, no stars so bright, no sea so beautiful, as those of his beloved Napoli.

We decided to visit Herculaneum and Pompeii early in our stay. We found that by making the excursion by carriage rather than by train we could see the street life to much better advantage, for a goodly knowledge of the people of Naples may be gathered in the streets, where they largely spend their lives.

In the quarters of the poorer classes the men actually live in the street; they sleep there, and dress themselves with perfect composure in the face and eyes of any who choose to observe them. The women rarely sleep outside their miserable homes, but they make their own toilets and attend to the wants of their children in public.

Boys who have slept the cold night through, using each other's feet for pillows and for comforters, wake with a smile upon their faces, and challenge the frown of a cold and unkind world, with a look of indomitable cheeriness. They know a thousand ways to make something out of nothing. They can sing, cut capers, and make faces; they can pretend to cry, and they can make you laugh. One may pay two dollars here at home to see worse acting than these boys will give for a few *centissime*.

But Naples is not all poverty and squalor. Broad, clean, sanitary streets have been cut through the dense districts. Fine business blocks screen many of the crowded quarters of the poor. One might drive through Naples and see nothing but evidences of prosperity.

On our way through the streets we saw everywhere macaroni hung out to dry. Another curious spectacle was the goats that are driven through the streets twice a day. These little animated dairies seem to know exactly what is expected of them, and do it cheerfully; they mount staircases or stand in doorways, to be milked, and then descend serenely to the streets where the milking operation also goes on, pails being let

down from the higher stories and drawn up with strings. The people pay dear for their milk, sometimes as much as ten cents a quart; but they see where it comes from, and they take no chances. Probably the goats are better fed than other Neapolitan beasts, and certainly better than thousands of the human beings. Cows are also driven through the streets for the same purpose. Milk is the favorite beverage of the people. The idiomatic expression for poverty is *passa la vacca*, which means that there is no money to buy milk, a serious condition of things when the enormous number of babies is considered. These poor people marry at seventeen, or even younger, and their houses literally swarm with children.

(To be concluded)

The Public Free Show

EVERY one who makes an honest study of present-day tendencies knows that crime is on the increase; that the good old days when honesty, modesty, and simplicity held sway have become a matter of history. Many changes have taken place in the manners and customs of the world, some of which have a decided downward trend, and serve to increase the sum total of crime and immorality.

On the public streets of our cities and villages is visible a daily panorama of immodesty and indecency such as should cause the actors to blush with shame. It is sufficient to remind one of the ancient "cities of the plain." It is not many years since women were more easily judged than they are today, as to their standing in society, by viewing simply their mode of dress. But the women of America have come to present a conundrum in dress which thinking people find it hard to solve. In an editorial on "War Fashions," in a prominent paper, I find the following:—

In the remote event of a complete embargo on Parisian fashions, it may be barely possible for American autocrats to invent garments quite as absurd as any that have ever come out of Paris. Americans should realize that while fashions are made in Paris, they are not made for Paris. Fashion making has become a mercantile proposition, and the customer is the American woman. The primary purpose, of course, of every style, is to make last season's style impossible to wear, and thereby promote the market. The inception of a style is mercantile, but the process of distributing it is psychological. It requires that strange combination of timidity and courage which only the American woman possesses. No one but an American would have the courage to wear some of the startling styles invented within the last few years.

The *Thrice-a-Week World* (New York City) had the following in its issue of March 25, 1914:—

That Miss Priscilla Prism or Miss Prue Prunes, of Beacon Street, should ever live to see the day when their sex walked the Common, wearing, instead of carefully concealed blue stockings, boldly displayed blue pantaloons; also shepherd plaid ones.

Boston gasped at the shock this afternoon, but its citizens of both sexes breathlessly followed Miss Harriet Gustin and Miss Frankie Heller, of an opera company, as the two girls went gayly across the Common dressed in the *dernier cri* in modern lady clothes—the trousers gown.

Miss Heller wore a white and black check that had a manish coat and a plain skirt, slashed up the side to show the baggy trousers fitting tightly at the bottom over neat little boots, something after the manner of those peg tops the gentlemen artists so much affect in the Latin Quarter.

Miss Gustin's dress was navy blue. Even policemen joined in the crowd that followed the young women to the hotel Touraine, the cops, however, having no other motive than curiosity, they insist.

Some time ago the "stroller suit" appeared in one of our cities. It was a mannish combination, with special pocket for cigarettes. The young woman who runs the length which fashion dictates today, will soon find herself in an undesirable situation, to say the least.

The great incentive which many women have to follow the fashions is to win the admiration of the men. And young girls are active along the same line of effort. However, it is passing strange that devotees of fashions should entertain such an idea when men whose admiration is worthy the name are so disgusted with many of the prevailing fashions that they "cannot wonder enough" that decent women tolerate them.

A recent cartoon pictured a woman who had just purchased a pattern, rushing home in a taxi that she might use the pattern before it would be out of style. And the cartoonist was not far from the truth. It is enough to make one sick at heart to see the frantic efforts put forth to be up-to-date in dress. Such tremendous pressure is brought to bear in this direction that many poor girls are traveling the downward road to ruin as the result.

For many years there has been a protest made by those who prize modesty against the nude in art. But judging from the present fashion outlook, it is high time that there was a protest made against the nude in nature, a protest loud enough to really mean something to the dictators of fashion. Now that there are no sleeves in many gowns for evening wear, and no covering for the shoulders except dainty straps, it is shocking enough to one's moral sense to see the fashion plates, without the torture of seeing the real thing.

It has been but a little time since the gowns were cut so high in the neck that the collar was little short of a "neck choker." And they were cheerfully adopted by the followers of fashion. They were so suitable, especially during the colder seasons of the year. But now that the trend in fashionable gowns is toward no neck at all, it is "so much more healthful(?) to expose the neck to the air, and thus become immune to cold." It is well to remember the fate of the horse of which it is stated that his owner taught him to do without hay. When he had learned the lesson, he died.

There is such a thing as dressing in a manner too warm for health, and there is such a thing as filling an untimely grave for lack of proper clothing. One should use reason in dress, and not become a martyr to the dictates of frivolous fashion makers.

It is gratifying to know that there are sensible women of affairs in the world, who deplore the immodest fashions of today, and who are using their influence to bring about a reform in dress. It is also gratifying to know that there are mothers who still cherish the good, old-fashioned idea of modesty; that there are young women who are willing to be conspicuous because of adhering to styles of apparel that bespeak decency and common sense.

Such a paragraph as the following is surely a pleasing variation in the newspaper items of the present time:—

A girl walked down our street the other day, and every man in sight turned to look at her. No, she did not resemble a living model of "September Morn." She was very decently dressed. Her skirt was ample enough at the bottom for her to walk without balancing herself like a parrot on a perch; her waist was modestly made, and did not expose any more neck and shoulders than was becoming; and you couldn't tell the complexion of her ankles, because her hose were of sufficient thickness to hide them. In fact, she was so rare a specimen of modestly attired femininity that people just couldn't help staring.

Surely the Christian young woman should always dress in a manner becoming her profession. "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." 1 John 2:6.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

A Bible Year

When I Read the Bible Through

I SUPPOSED I knew my Bible,
Reading piecemeal, hit or miss,
Now a bit of John or Matthew,
Now a snatch of Genesis,
Certain chapters of Isaiah,
Certain psalms (the twenty-third),
Twelfth of Romans, first of Proverbs.
Yes, I thought I knew the Word!
But I found that thorough reading
Was a different thing to do,
And the way was unfamiliar
When I read the Bible through.

You who like to play at Bible,
Dip and dabble, here and there,
Just before you kneel, awestruck,
And yawn out a hurried prayer;
You who treat the Crown of Writing—
As you treat no other book,—
Just a paragraph disjointed,
Just a crude, impatient look,—
Try a worthier procedure,
Try a broad and steady view;
You will kneel in very rapture
When you read the Bible through.
—Amos R. Wells

First Week

- January 1. Genesis 1 to 3: Creation; the Sabbath; sin and salvation.
January 2. Genesis 4 to 7: The first murder; the ark; the flood.
January 3. Genesis 8 to 11: A new beginning; transgression; Babel.
January 4. Genesis 12 to 15: A man of faith; tithing.
January 5. Genesis 16 to 19: Ishmael; a plea for sinners; saved from Sodom.
January 6. Genesis 20 to 22: Isaac; the angel in the wilderness; Abraham's faith tested; doctrine of resurrection introduced.
January 7. Genesis 23 to 25: Death of Sarah; marriage of Isaac; Jacob and Esau; a bad bargain.

Introduction

"The Bible is the chosen literature of the chosen writers of the chosen nation. It is the great religious classic of the world. It is the inspired record of God's dealings with men."

A Bible Year

Please enroll my name as a member of the Bible Year Course. I will make an earnest endeavor to systematically read the Bible through during 1915.

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____

(Fill out this blank and send to your Missionary Volunteer Secretary.)

"The Bible is the one book of which no intelligent person can afford to be ignorant," says Charles Dudley Warner. "All modern literature and all modern art are permeated with it. There is scarcely a great work in the language that can be fully understood and enjoyed without this knowledge, so full is it of allusions and illustrations from the Bible. A boy or a girl at college, in the presence of the works set forth for either to master, without a fair knowledge of the Bible is an ignoramus, and is disadvantaged accordingly."

The first five books of the Bible are called the Pentateuch,

from a Greek word meaning "The Fivefold Volume." If the book of Joshua is added to the group, it is called the Hexateuch, or "The Sixfold Volume." It is said that originally the Pentateuch was written upon a single roll of parchment. These first five books are the portion of the Scriptures called "The Book of the Law" by the Jews.

Genesis

The name of the first book of the Bible is from a Greek word meaning "origin," or "beginning." Genesis is the book of beginnings. It tells of "the origin, (1) of the universe, including the earth and the human race; (2) of the fundamental human institutions, including the family, church, and government; (3) of human history, including sin and redemption; and (4) of the nations, including the chosen family and race."

The book of Genesis covers a time period of nearly twenty-four hundred years, or more than all the other books of the Bible put together. "Its fifty chapters would thus describe, on the average, the events of this world's history at the rate of about two chapters for each hundred years. Brief indeed is the record! It is as if two or three such chapters should cover the history of the world since the Revolution."—Starr.

HENRY CHURCHILL KING has truly said of the Bible: "It is God's textbook for the earthly training. It is not too much to say that this book he has chosen out of all the earthly writings of the world as that which especially concerns your life. This you need, this you are to study, this it is your duty to study. There is no rational reason why you should not come to have a wide and careful knowledge of it."

Personal Effort an Important Factor in Missionary Work

THE importance of personal effort in all missionary labor cannot be too strongly emphasized. The Lord has chosen human agents as light bearers, and by their personal contact with their fellows, he designs the light to be communicated. He could work as readily alone by his Holy Spirit, had he so purposed, but he saw and recognized the value of the personal factor as an agency in the work.

This was manifested in the earthly life of the Saviour. He came close to the people. He visited Zaccheus in his own home; he came so near to the leper as to lay upon his polluted body his own divine hand; he anointed the eyes of the blind with clay; he blessed little children, taking them in his arms. He was with the people, and in a sense he was one with the people in the synagogues, at the feasts, in the market places, by the wayside, in the home, and in private conversation.

He stooped to admonish Peter, to instruct Nicodemus, and to comfort Martha and Mary. No person was too obscure to escape his notice, no act so small but he performed it with love and interest. In all this the principle of personal labor is illustrated.

Among the early disciples the same spirit is manifested. Jesus talks with Andrew, and Andrew seeks out Peter; Jesus extends to Philip a personal call to follow him, and Philip in turn proves the agency by which Nathanael is brought to Christ. Saul, after his remarkable conversion on his way to Damascus, seeks instruction of God, and is sent to Ananias; Cornelius needs help, and Peter is sent to his assistance; the eunuch desires enlightenment, and Philip is sent on a journey of many miles to instruct him.

In these examples is taught the value of personal work. God does not use angels as his laborers, but men with like passions as those desiring help,—men with similar experiences and environment.

The value of personal labor must be recognized if we would perform that which in God's providence we may accomplish. The more strongly this idea of per-

sonal effort for the salvation of souls takes possession of missionary workers, the more success will attend the efforts made. There is too much of a spirit to do things in a wholesale way. Too many would rather pay their money, and leave to others the responsibility of actual work.

Not one should be excused. Christian work for others is Christian life, and the man or woman who neglects such labor will as surely die spiritually as one will die physically who neglects to partake of needed food. Our churches today are languishing, not for lack of light, or for a knowledge of the truth, at least in theory, but they are dying for a lack of exercise, through failure to put forth that effort for others that would fan into new life the flickering flame of vitality that burns in their souls.

We hear much missionary talk and agitation; that is all good, but *we need to do missionary work*. The missionary meeting is naught but a dead form unless such labor is done. Its work, its activity, is its life. Every member in the church should engage personally in sending out missionary literature. None should excuse themselves on the plea that they have but little time to give to that work. It requires but little time to send out a paper or a tract. God does not ask of any individual more than he can do; but he requires of each one of his children, work in some degree and of some character.

Let this idea of personal effort be pressed home upon our people, and we shall see greater results attending our missionary work. When such a spirit obtains among the members of the church, the missionary meeting will cease to be cold and formal. Every member will have a live experience to relate of what God has done for him, and for others through his efforts.

While we should do more in quantity, there should also be a bettering of the quality of our work. God wants us to raise the standard. May he enable us to work so discreetly and wisely that our own souls may be revived and strengthened, and that we may see others brought to a saving knowledge of his truth for this time.—*Selected.*



Flatfoot (Fallen Arches)



DO you ever notice the gait of the average policeman? Graceful, isn't it? In it you see one of the results of flatfoot, but not by any means the most important ones.

This condition is becoming exceedingly common, and particularly so since the tango and other dances of this class have become so popular; in fact, we now have the "tango foot," which is merely another name for flatfoot.

There are several causes which tend to bring about this condition. The normal human foot was built to rest flat on the ground, that is, not to be raised at the heel. It naturally follows that the higher the heel, the more unnatural the condition of the foot. Any shoes are bad enough, but of late years the heels have been getting higher and higher all the time. Women are, of course, the worst offenders against nature in this line; hence it is not surprising that women are now furnishing the most cases of flatfoot,

where formerly men, owing to the heavier work they do, presented the most cases.

The symptoms of flatfoot are many and various. Many cases of so-called rheumatism, particularly in the feet and legs, are due entirely to this cause. The pains caused by flatfoot, however, may be in parts of the body quite remote from the foot itself, reflex pains, as they are called. Usually there is little if any swelling, as the pains are neuralgic in character rather than due to inflammation. It is safe to say that there should be a strong suspicion of flatfoot in all cases where there is pain in the feet, legs, or thighs, also in cases of backache, unless there is some other evident cause for such pain.

When flatfoot is the cause of such troubles, the relief of the condition of the foot will relieve the pains "almost like magic." In many cases all that is necessary is the wearing of a properly fitted arch brace. Many patients can obtain one that will do the work, at almost any shoe store. Some cases are more complicated, and need a specially fitted arch or shoe. In still others, where there are adhesions, these must be broken, perhaps under ether; and the foot must be treated for a time by elastic bandages or some other surgical measure. In any case, in addition to the braces for the arch of the foot, the feet should be exercised. This is for the purpose of making the weakened muscles, which should support the arches, strong enough to do their work again.

To test yourself for flatfoot, wet the feet, and stand barefoot on a piece of paper. If the entire outline of the foot is marked on the paper by the water, you have some degree of flatfoot. If the foot is normal, the mark of the foot at the instep will be very narrow, showing that the instep does not touch at all. It used to be said that it should be possible for water to run under the arch of the bare foot. This was rather exaggerated, but it expressed the idea very well.—*Ernest F. Robinson, M. D., in Christian Endeavor World.*

Wild Ducks

THE great prairies of the Canadian Northwest are divided into three levels, starting at the Red River of the North in Manitoba, and extending to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta. The Eagle Hills in Saskatchewan form a part of the step from the second to the third level. These hills are in most places covered with a growth of poplar and balm of Gilead trees, interspersed and filled in with a growth of smaller shrubs and willow bushes. The solitude and security afforded by this bush make these hills a favorite resort for wild ducks, many kinds nesting here each summer.

There are many small bodies of water, called sloughs, scattered over the prairie and among the hills. These are from one to ten acres in extent, and there are numerous larger lakes. In the bush the sloughs are usually surrounded by a border of willow bushes. Inside these is a space filled with grass or reeds, and reaching to where the water is two or three feet deep. Then the center of the slough is open water. In high water many sloughs are flooded up to the fringe of willows, but there is usually a circle of grass from two to five rods wide that can be cut for hay. Most of the sloughs have no outlet, and some overflow at high water; but on account of the cool climate the water does not become foul.

These sloughs are the summer homes of thousands of wild ducks. Many of these are dippers, or divers.

When they are frightened, they instantly dive, and come up some distance away. If troubled very much, they will dive, and come up in the grass where they cannot be seen. They dive so quickly that it is hard to shoot them. Because they know they can save themselves, they are much tamer than the larger kinds, and allow a person to work at a short distance from them. Sometimes they are quite inquisitive. A flock once followed me for some distance around the slough, without doubt interested in seeing what I was to do. They are much shyer of a man with a gun.

One evening I came suddenly upon a pair of pretty black and brown ducks with a brood. The young ones made off as fast as wings and legs could carry them. The old ducks turned and rushed toward me, coming to within twenty feet. They opened their



WILD DUCKS

bills and hissed at me, snapped them as if they were going to do serious harm, churned the water, and flapped their wings in a most savage manner for such small creatures. However, as soon as the little ones were at a safe distance, the father and mother left me, and they all swam away to the other end of the lake.

Not always is the father duck so faithful in helping to protect and rear the brood. Usually he stays with his mate until she brings off the young ones, when he leaves her and stays by himself or in groups of his fellows.

One lively kind of dipper duck is light brown, with red and white on the head. I once saw two of the drakes playing an exciting game of tag.

The divers do not confine their feeding to shallow water, as do the larger kinds. They feed in deeper water, diving for their food, and remaining under the water for ten or fifteen seconds. A weed grows in the bottom of the slough which is full of seeds half the size of peas. These plants they pull up, and then pick off the seeds. It is interesting to see ten or a dozen ducks diving one after another, and popping up out of the clear water, sending it flying in sparkling drops. I saw a mother diving and bringing up food for her two tiny ducklings, no larger than week-old chickens. She pulled the plant apart for them, and while she provided more, they busied themselves with the pieces. As soon as she reappeared, they rushed to her with peculiar squeaks and chattering, nearly lifting themselves from the water in their eagerness to get to her.

The larger ducks are much wilder and harder to

watch. Among these are the mallards, canvasbacks, and spoonbills, which are highly prized for the table. As soon as a person approaches, they hide in the grass, or fly away with loud quacking. Contrary to what one would naturally suppose, they do not always nest near the water. This spring I saw a nest that was fully forty rods from any water. When frightened by our working near, the mother duck covered her nest with leaves and feathers so carefully that it was hard to find.

The eggs hatch in June and July, and by October the young ducks are full fledged, fat, and strong, ready for their long flight to the South. As cold weather comes on, they congregate in large lakes in flocks containing thousands. I have seen thirty or forty flocks, averaging one hundred to a flock, go over in one day.

HAROLD W. CLARK.

The Bedbug and Pellagra

THE North Carolina State Board of Health issues a monthly bulletin filled with facts and wholesome suggestions relating to the preservation of the health. In the November number is an article on pellagra. The author calls attention to the fact that "a number of careful observers have for a long time had the bedbug under suspicion. It would appear that this theory comes much nearer answering all requirements than any hitherto suggested. The incidence of pellagra and the bedbug much more nearly coincide. It is a fact that both pellagra and bedbugs decrease in the same proportion as we ascend the scale of social conditions. It is still possible to account by this theory for those cases in the best social conditions, and it should be especially noted that when pellagra appears in such surroundings, it does not spread. This is well illustrated in the case of the James Walker Memorial Hospital in Wilmington, which has been admitting these cases since 1905 without any isolation into the open wards. During this period several hundred cases have been admitted without the occurrence of a single extension to another patient or hospital attendant. It is a well-recognized fact, however, that in the usual home of pellagra the disease will spread through the household, indicating that there is something in these homes essential for the spread of the disease which is left behind when the patient is removed to the hospital."

Whether or not the "crimson Rambler" is responsible for so grave an evil as pellagra, any home would do well to rid itself at once of this pest; for at best it has an unsavory reputation, and stands for domestic carelessness that is counted by educated people as altogether reprehensible.

The Half That Was Not Known

THERE had been an urgent call for money for the poor of the city, and the girls in a certain big office had passed around a subscription paper.

"Look," one of them said at noon, as she glanced hastily over the list of names and amounts, "Edith Langdon has put down only fifty cents, while the rest of us are giving a dollar apiece. I think that is pretty small for a girl who is getting a good salary and has only herself to take care of."

"Do you know anything about Edith's circumstances?" asked the quiet girl at the next desk, looking up suddenly as she finished the footing of a long column.

"Why, yes," the other answered with only slight

hesitation. "I know that she lives at home with her father and mother, that there are only the three of them, and that they own their home. Surely she can't be so hard up that she can afford only fifty cents for the poor."

"If that is all you know about Edith, you know only half," the quiet girl said quietly. "What you have said is true, but it isn't all. For instance, Edith's father has had to give up business because he has cataracts in both eyes. He is going to have an operation by and by, and they hope that when he gets over that he will be all right again. But the cost of the operation will make a big hole in their savings account, and meanwhile Edith has to meet practically all the expenses of the family out of her salary."

"I didn't know that," the other girl said, and then added, "and what I didn't know makes all the difference in the world. I wonder she feels that she can give anything."

A busy engineer who could not leave the work that he already had under way sent a trusted assistant to find out the conditions under which a big reservoir was to be built in a neighboring city, and used the latter's report as a basis for his bid. He thought himself very fortunate when he secured the contract, and began the work in the hope of making a good profit. The work of excavation was only half done when his workmen came upon a ledge of rock lying but a short distance below the surface. The engineer sent for his assistant.

"Your report says nothing of any rock beneath the surface," he pointed out. "Didn't you make a thorough examination of the region?"

Ruefully the assistant confessed that he had thoroughly tested only about three quarters of the tract which the reservoir was to cover. He had found no trace of rock as far as he had gone, and as the rest of the ground seemed to be of exactly the same character as that he had been over, he had concluded that it was a waste of time to examine any farther, and had made up his report from this incomplete examination.

"And the half that you didn't know," his employer said grimly, "is likely to run the cost of the work up to a point that will wipe out our profit on the job."

Every now and then we hear that some one has shot himself or somebody else because, in words that are familiar to us all, "he didn't know the gun was loaded." No doubt he knew a good deal about the weapon that he was handling, but the fact that he didn't know was the really important one, and the cost of his ignorance may have been a tragedy.

Some one has said, "When a fellow has half knowledge on a subject, he finds it's the other half which would really come in handy;" and probably all of us have proved by experience the truth of this statement.—*Alice L. Griggs, in Young People's Weekly.*

Great Warriors' Ideas of War

NAPOLEON said at St. Helena, "The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable." (What a pity he could not have seen this before Austerlitz and Jena and Moscow!) The Duke of Wellington wrote to Lord Shaftesbury: "War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God that you might never see another." George Washington said, "My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth." Wrote Ulysses

S. Grant: "Though educated a soldier, and though I have gone through two wars, I have always been a man of peace, preferring to see questions of difference settled by arbitration. It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other American general, but there was never a time during my command when I would not have chosen some settlement by reason rather than by the sword." And then there is that classic by Gen. W. T. Sherman: "I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell."—*Edwin W. Bishop, D. D.*

Bible Questions

1. THE Lord once asked a man if he sought great things for himself, and told him not to do so; who was he?
2. How many men were sent to take up Jeremiah from the dungeon?
3. Where do we read that certain postmen were mocked and jeered at when they delivered the news?
4. What king did God smite with leprosy?
5. What king offered to covenant with the men of a city, provided he might thrust out their right eyes?
6. Name the man to whom an angel spoke as he stood on a hilltop, at whose foot lay one hundred and two men, scorched to death.
7. Name the seven persons whose names were predicted before their birth.
8. What two young men fell victims to a curse which had been pronounced five centuries previously, a curse which probably their fathers, who were the cause of the judgment, never knew of or had forgotten?
9. Give instances of possessing the assurance of forgiveness of sin.
10. Where are tinkering Gypsies mentioned in the Bible?
11. Who was David's companion and counselor at an early part of his reign?
12. What king had eighty-eight children?—*Selected.*

AN inventive genius at Grand Rapids, Michigan, has perfected a machine that brings joy to the farmer lads whose backs have often ached from digging potatoes with a hoe. The new machine does the work, thus lightening one of the most laborious processes on the farms. The machine is drawn by one horse. It digs the potatoes, cleans them, and hoists them into a wagon. An accompanying contrivance sacks the potatoes. The two machines can be operated by one man. Practically all he has to do is to drive the horse and to manipulate certain levers that are easy of action.—*Selected.*

WHEN using bottled bluing, the common tendency to pour in too much can be overcome by tying about four thicknesses of old muslin over the neck of the bottle. This causes the bluing to filter, so that you can put in just the right amount.

A LITTLE glycerin rubbed with a flannel on shoes that are hard from wetting softens the leather, which will absorb it overnight.



Be True, Be Kind

Be true, little laddie, be true,
 From your cap to the sole of your shoe.
 O, we love a lad with an honest eye,
 Who scorns deceit, and who hates a lie;
 Whose spirit is brave and whose heart is pure,
 Whose smile is open, whose promise sure;
 Who makes his mother a friend so near
 He'll listen to nothing she may not hear;
 Who's father's pride and his sister's joy,—
 A hearty, thorough, and manly boy;
 Who loves on the playground a bat and a ball,
 But will leave fun bravely at duty's call;
 Who's as pleasant at work as he is at play,
 And takes a step upward with each new day.
 Then be true, little laddie, be true.

Be kind, little maiden, be kind.
 In life's busy way you will find
 There is always room for a girl who smiles,
 And with loving service the hour beguiles;
 A lass who is thoughtful as she is fair,
 And for others' wishes has a care;
 Who is quick to see when the heart is sad,
 And is loving and tender to make it glad;
 Who loves her mother, and lightens her cares,
 And many a household duty shares;
 Who is kind to the aged and kind to the young,
 And laughing and merry, and full of fun.
 There is always love for a girl who is sweet,
 Always a smile her smiles to greet.
 Then be kind, little maiden, be kind.

— Adelaide Bee Cooper.

Islay and Her Love of Justice



ISLAY'S eyes were blazing, and a crimson spot burned in each cheek as she hurried up the white cement walk to her home. It was evident that the school day had not been a happy one. Mrs. McDermott and her sister, Islay's Aunt Betty, were engaged with some fancywork on the porch, for the spring days were growing long and the whole outdoors inviting.

"If there's anything in this world that I simply can't endure," Islay burst out as she gave a hasty kiss to mother's soft cheek, "it is injustice. I can submit to anything if it's fair, but when there isn't a single bit of justice in it—well, I'm not made so I can bear it."

Aunt Betty surveyed the girl with mingled sympathy and curiosity in her eyes. In the eyes of the mother, sympathy predominated.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, it's Fraulein Weiss!" she said. "She's noted for her favoritism and for grudges she takes against certain pupils. I'm one of her latest victims; I might have known my time would come. Just because I wouldn't give in the other day in one of the exercises where I was absolutely in the right, she's been having it in for me ever since. I had one of the best translations today of 'Die Rache,' if I do say it myself, that was sent in by the class. It was truer to the original a great deal than Bess Holcomb's. That doesn't sound generous, but it's true, anyway—and just, and justice is my fetish!"

"And what did Fraulein Weiss do but mark her ninety-nine and me ninety-four. Bess didn't even keep to the original meter as I did; and she made a dreadfully free translation of part of it. Well, I was so indignant about it that I couldn't put my mind on any of my other studies. I failed in Roman history, and you ought to have seen Mr. Bennett's surprised look when I tried to demonstrate a theorem in the geometry class. Well, it was all Fraulein Weiss's

fault—my whole spoiled day." Islay finished petulantly, and it was evident that tears were very close to the surface.

"I'm sorry, dear!" the mother said tenderly. Then, with a bit of hesitation, "Are you sure, though, that it was just favoritism on Fraulein Weiss's part? She always seems to me a woman who would at least mean to be fair." With Islay's burning eyes upon her it was not quite easy to suggest this. But Mrs. McDermott's "sense of justice" was fully as well developed as her daughter's, and she felt she could not let the conversation drop without this one little plea for the absent fraulein.

"No, mother, there's no chance for doubt about it. All the girls say she's dreadfully partial. And you must see yourself, following so soon after my little difference with her the other day——" Islay's voice kept a triumphant upper key on the unfinished sentence.

A moment more, and she was running upstairs to her room, singing a little as she went, in nervous fashion.

Mrs. McDermott glanced narrowly at her sister, whose head was bent over an intricate stitch in her embroidery. She always felt sorry when Islay displayed just this spirit before her aunt. "She's such a dear girl, these impetuous little ways don't do her justice," thought the mother.

They were still at work on their embroidery when Islay threw herself down by the telephone in the reception hall. Her voice sounded sharp and annoyed over the telephone. "No, no, number 5-o-6-3. Yes, 3, I said 3."

Mrs. McDermott moved uneasily, and began rather nervously to comment on the beauty of the day and the promises of a fine display of crimson ramblers soon to cover the porch.

But again Islay's voice sounded. "Hello! Is that

you, Lil? What? Oh, no, is not this Mrs. Butler's residence? Mrs. French's? O, pardon me, Mrs. French, Central's given me the wrong number again; she's always doing that!" An impatient click of the receiver, and a remonstrance addressed to the operator. "I wanted 5-0-6-3, You've given me the wrong number. What? Oh, no, you gave me — well, wait a minute." Evidently Islay was hastily fluttering the leaves in the telephone directory, then in a voice quite changed and meek, "I gave you the wrong number. It's 5-0-6-2 I want. I got mixed myself." An embarrassed little laugh followed, and a moment later Islay was pouring out her school woes to Lil's sympathetic ears. "Yes, you're a dear," the mother and aunt could hear her say. "It's so sweet of you to say that! I must say I did take lots of pains on that translation, and then to get only ninety-four, and some one else ninety-nine! Well, it's a real comfort, Lil, to know how you feel. It's just as I say — if there's any one thing I can't stand it's injustice."

Evidently relieved by the little outburst over the telephone, Islay soon rejoined her mother and aunt on the porch, some dried plants in her hands, and sheets of herbarium paper.

"We have so many pretty things coming out, auntie," she said sweetly. "I've seventeen specimens pressed and put up in this way. Professor Burton's going to take the class over to Calvert Road some day soon and let us botanize all the morning."

"They're very fine," Aunt Betty said, looking up from her embroidery to survey the neatly mounted specimens which Islay drew from her portfolio. "I used to be very fond of botanizing myself, and so was your mother. You come honestly by your love for that branch of study."

"And we do enjoy our tramps so. O mother, there's something I want you to say yes to — don't refuse, please, for I shall be too disappointed for words if you do."

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. McDermott's tone was a little apprehensive. Just as she was rejoicing in Islay's restored sweet temper, she began to foresee a further conflict.

"Why, momsie," the cajoling diminutive increased Mrs. McDermott's foreboding, "it's about a new club some of the students are talking of forming, — an afternoon affair, — with a good tramp into the country once a week anyway, and then some little social meeting every fortnight."

"Who's getting it up, Islay?"

"O, Sue Brock and Leslie Vance started it, they're both so full of fun, and — Why, no," after a question of her mother's. "The teachers don't seem to be very enthusiastic about it," Islay admitted; "but of course they're just grinds, and it's their business to see that we don't have too many good times. They forget they used to like such things themselves. O, of course we'd keep good hours and all that! Why, no, mother, we wouldn't let it interfere with our work. I know I belong to several clubs — But I've just set my heart on this."

"With your Pedestrian Club and your Literary Society, it seems too much. And especially now, as it's getting so near the end of the year. I can't think it would be very wise."

"You're just like the teachers, mother. You forget you were a schoolgirl once yourself, and you don't seem to want me to have good times the way Sue's mother does, and Leslie's."

"You know you don't mean that, dear!" Mrs. McDermott's voice showed a deep hurt, and Aunt Betty stichted with lips resolutely closed.

"Well, I can't help it," Islay said. Down in the depths of her heart she knew she was being unfair. But somehow for the moment she did not care. The day had been so trying it seemed a relief to work off some of the discomfort and annoyance of it on some one else.

"Mis' McDermott, can you come into de kitchen a moment?" Black Mammy, who had tended Islay as a wee baby, and had been cook and general houseworker for a dozen years since, presented her woolly head at the veranda door. "Seems lak I caynt mek nothin' outen dis yeh receipt. Ef you could jes' come a minute, ma'am."

"Certainly, Mary, I'll come right away."

Perhaps the mother was a trifle glad that the call had come at just this time, for the lovely spring afternoon on the porch had suddenly ceased to charm.

Left alone with Aunt Betty, Islay found herself feeling a little uncomfortable, and she bent with feigned interest over her plants. Aunt Betty was "peculiar," Islay had discovered during this visit from her mother's older sister. And now she saw her fold up her embroidery with decision in every motion.

"My dear," Aunt Betty began, "will you let me speak a few very plain words to you? Somebody ought to speak them, and I don't believe your mother likes to do it."

"Why, why, certainly, Aunt Betty," Islay's tone was faltering as she looked up to meet Miss Marvin's serious eyes.

"It is just this: For a girl who makes justice a specialty, it seems to me, my dear, you are about as inconsistent as any one I've seen for a good while."

"Why, what do you mean, Aunt Betty?" Islay's tone was questioning and combative and slightly resentful.

"Just this," said Aunt Betty, "you came home boiling over with indignation because you feel you have been treated unjustly by one of your teachers, and before you've been home an hour you have been guilty of two most decided pieces of injustice yourself."

"Why — when —" began Islay, but her cheeks flamed.

Aunt Betty relaxed somewhat the severity of her gaze, at the change in her niece's voice that showed real anxiety.

"I'll tell you, and then if you want to put me down as a meddlesome old aunt, I'll let you. First, there was that telephone business."

An inquiring, wondering look, then a flash of consciousness in Islay's pretty eyes.

"I don't know your Mrs. French, but if I had called her over the phone by my own mistake and then had put the blame on the operator — well, all I can say is that I couldn't have rested until I'd called Mrs. French up again and taken back what I had said about 'Central.' It's a small thing, of course, but it's a matter of fairness, and I think I myself am inclined to make something of a 'fetish' of justice."

"I will call her up, auntie," Islay said meekly: "it was inconsistent of me. I suppose I let it go, thinking that there were plenty of other times when Central had made a blunder — that those would offset this time. But, of course" — hastily — "that's all wrong. I might as well have let Fraulein Weiss's injustice be offset by sometime when I've received higher marks than I've earned. I know that has happened."

Aunt Betty looked at her niece approvingly, and her hand stole out to give the girlish one a slight pressure.

"And when was the other time I was unjust?" Islay asked with an effort.

"To your mother, my dear. What was that you said — she didn't seem to want you to have good times — the way Sue Somebody's mother did, and — well, I don't know Sue or her mother — but —"

"It was frightfully unjust of me," Islay said promptly. "I wouldn't compare my mother and Sue's in the same day. Mother'd work her fingers off any day to give me a good time! O, and I said mother seemed to forget she was ever a schoolgirl herself! I'd — I'd not speak to any one else who said such an unjust thing about her. She's kept as youthful in all her interests as any girl, and she's always living over my school life with me — just as if she were seventeen herself."

"Well, I'll say this for you, my dear: Your sense of justice is pretty keen, after all," Aunt Betty said. "All you need to have is a mere hint and you're all right. And you'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Forgive? As if there were anything to forgive! I'm glad you —" But just then the mother came back to the porch, and Islay left her sentence unfinished. She seized her mother's hand in both of her's. "Aunt Betty and I've been having a little talk, mother. You're the dearest mother that ever lived, and the youngest. And you'd do more for me and my happiness in a minute than any other mother I know would do in a month. I was horrid —" There was nothing halfway about Islay's self-abasement, and her mother had to silence her self-depreciation with a hug.

It was barely two minutes later that Aunt Betty heard her niece at the telephone. "Mrs. French? Is that you? I just wanted to take back what I said about our operator giving me the wrong number. It was all my mistake, I found out afterwards. Yes, I gave her the wrong number. O, well, I didn't want to let my injustice go, you know, without taking it back! Give my love to Madge, please, and tell her I'll be over tomorrow. Good-by." — *Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in Young People's Weekly.*

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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 Program for Sabbath, January 16

1. REVIEW of Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of work and suggestions concerning the work being taken up by the society.
3. Bible Study: "Creation." See *Gazette*.
4. Talk: The German Field. See "Outline of Mission Fields," second edition, pages 8-15 (except paragraphs on Russia). The "Notes on Mission Study," in *Gazette*, can be used as a part of this talk, or may be given separately.
5. Testimony Meeting: Theme, Our Desire to Have a Part in God's Work.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending January 16

1. REVIEW of Morning Watch texts. Have each of seven members tell the blessing he received from the study of the scripture for one day.

2. Reports of work.
3. Bible Study: "The Creation of All Things." See *Gazette*.
4. Talk: The German Field. See Senior lesson.
5. Recitation: "Be True, Be Kind." See this INSTRUCTOR.
6. Testimony Meeting: Theme, Let Us Be True to the Lord and Be Missionaries Where We Are.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 14: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 11 to 14

1. WHY was Jesus baptized?
2. What divine manifestation followed his baptism? Explain its significance.
3. Why did Christ go into the wilderness?
4. How did Satan regard his mission, and what did he determine to do?
5. Name the recorded temptations in order. Tell how each especially appealed to Jesus, and how he overcame. Draw one practical lesson from each.
6. The enemy vanquished, what relief was sent him?
7. Of what special interest is this conflict to us?
8. Why did not Christ by his divine power silence the tempter?
9. Why were priests and Levites sent to John? Give their questions and his answers.
10. In what words did John publicly announce the mission of Christ?
11. Name the first five disciples, and tell how each was called.
12. What influences drew these disciples to Jesus?

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 14: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story," Pages 141-173

The Story of Moses

1. WHEN the children of Israel had greatly increased in numbers, how were they treated by the new king? What cruel order did he give? Tell how one mother sought to save the life of her little son. Who found him? What did she say?
2. Tell how the little one was returned to his mother's care. What did she teach the lad? At what age was he taken to the court? What name did the princess give to him? What was he taught?
3. What honor might Moses have had? Yet what did he choose? What mistake did he make? Where did he flee? With whom did he find a home? How old was Moses at this time?
4. How long did Moses keep his father-in-law's flocks in Midian? How did the Lord speak to him one day? What great work was Moses called to do? Who was chosen to go with him and speak for him?
5. With what message did Moses and Aaron go to Pharaoh? What did the king say? Name the plagues that were brought upon the land of Egypt. What was the last plague? Tell how the homes of the children of Israel were spared when the death angel visited Egypt that night.
6. What was the Passover? Tell how it was eaten. What sound arose at midnight? For whom did the king send? What command did he give Moses and Aaron? What did the people of Egypt give to the children of Israel as they started on their journey?
7. How did the Lord lead his people by day and by night? By what sea did they camp? Who pursued them? Tell how the Lord worked for Israel, and destroyed their enemies.
8. How were the bitter waters made sweet at Marah? Tell how the manna was given to Israel when their food failed. What miracle attended the giving of the manna? What other food was supplied? How was water furnished for this great company?
9. In what wilderness did the people camp three months after leaving Egypt? Tell how the ten commandments were given. Repeat them.
10. What request did the people make at this time? Why were they afraid? Can those who have sin in their hearts endure the glory of God? Who alone will be able to look up and meet Jesus with joy when he comes in the clouds of heaven?

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

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

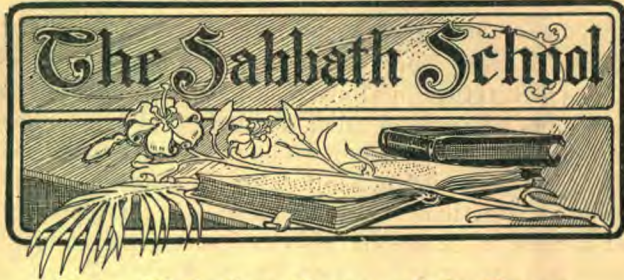
79. What does the Missionary Volunteer goal mean when it calls for 2,000 young people to read the Bible through during 1915?

The department desires to emphasize the spiritual in all Missionary Volunteer lines, and it feels that the greatest spirituality is to be derived from the study of God's Word.

Consequently the additional item has been added to the 1915 goal, calling for 2,000 Missionary Volunteers in the North American Division to read the Old and New Testaments. Enrollment slips have been prepared. These can be secured from your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary.

80. Where can a brief history of each of the books of the Bible be secured?

The Missionary Volunteer Department will conduct through the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR the coming year, in connection with the Bible Year Course, a brief historical study on each book of the Bible. This will be found very instructive as well as interesting.



III — Flight Into Egypt and the Return

(January 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 2: 12-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34: 7.

Questions

REVIEW: Read carefully Matt. 2: 1-11. Find Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Arabia, and Persia on your map. Who once journeyed from the Far East to Bethlehem? Why did they take this long journey?

1. Which way did the wise men return home? Why did they not obey Herod? Matt. 2: 12.

2. When Herod found it out, how did he feel? To be quite sure of destroying Jesus, what did he do? Verse 16.

3. What did this occasion throughout all the coasts of Bethlehem? Of what prophecy was this a fulfillment? Verses 17, 18.

4. Although Herod succeeded in slaying every little child in and around Bethlehem, who escaped? In what manner? Verses 13, 14.

5. To whom is promised the same kind of protection and deliverance when in danger? Memory verse.

6. Why was the command to go to Egypt especially trying to Joseph's faith? Note 1. Yet how quickly did Joseph obey the word of the Lord? Matt. 2: 14.

7. How were they, in their poverty, able to pay for this long journey and sojourn in a strange country? Verse 11. When God commands us to do anything, of what may we be sure? Phil. 4: 19.

8. Describe the death of this so-called "Herod the Great." Note 2.

9. As soon as he was dead, who again appeared to Joseph? With what instruction? Matt. 2: 19, 20.

10. How did Joseph once more show faith in God? In what city did he dwell? Why did he dwell in Nazareth? Why did he not return to Bethlehem? Verses 21-23.

11. How long did Jesus live in Nazareth? *Ans.*—Nearly thirty years. Without what? 1 Peter 2: 22. Yet what is said of Nazareth? John 1: 46.

12. What is said of the childhood of Jesus? Luke 2: 40.

13. Relate an experience that occurred when he was twelve years of age. Verses 42-52.

14. How did he gain his wisdom? Note 3.

15. What trade did he learn? Mark 6: 3. What should we learn from the fact that the Son of God worked with his hands?

16. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 64-74.

Notes

1. "Egypt was infamous for idolatry, tyranny, and enmity to the people of God; it had been a house of bondage to Israel, and particularly cruel to the infants of Israel."—*Matthew Henry*. Ex. 1: 22.

2. "It is a dreadful account which Josephus gives of the death of this same Herod (*Antiq. Jud.*, lib. 18, cap. 6, 7), that he was seized with a disease which burned him inwardly with an inexpressible torture; that he was insatiably greedy of meat; had the colic, and gout, and dropsy; such an intolerable stench attended his disease that none could come near him; and so passionate and impatient was he that he was a torment to himself, and a terror to all that attended him."—*Matthew Henry*.

"He committed the most revolting murders amongst his nearest kin. . . . When he was dying he ordered that the chief men of all the cities of Judea should be killed, in order that there might be some mourning at his death."—*Schaff*. "But that execution was prevented."

3. "His intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures shows how diligently his early years were given to the study of God's Word. . . . Apart from the unholy ways of the world, he gathered stores of scientific knowledge from nature. He studied the life of plants and animals, and the life of man."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* page 70.

III — Flight Into Egypt and the Return

(January 16)

DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

Sab. Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. Flight into Egypt. Questions 1-4.

Mon. Cruelty of Herod. Questions 5, 6.

Tues. Return to Nazareth. Questions 7-11.

Wed. Child life of Jesus. Questions 12, 13.

Thurs. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 64-74.

Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 2: 12-23.

Questions

1. Why did the wise men not return to Herod as requested by him? Matt. 2: 12.

2. What instruction did the angel of the Lord give to Joseph in a dream? Verse 13.

3. What did Joseph promptly do? Why did he depart by night? Verse 14.

4. How long did they remain in Egypt? What prophecy refers to this experience? Verse 15.

5. What course did Herod pursue meanwhile? Verse 16.

6. What prophecy was thus fulfilled? Verses 17, 18.

7. After Herod's death what did the angel of the Lord instruct Joseph to do? Verses 19, 20.

8. What did Joseph again promptly do? Verse 21.

9. Where did Joseph evidently desire to make their home? Verse 22, first part. Note.

10. How was he again directed by the angel of the Lord? Verse 22, last part.

11. Where did he finally return and dwell? Verse 23, first part.

12. What prophecy was thus fulfilled? Verse 23, last part.

13. What is the Scripture record of the child life of Jesus? Luke 2: 40, 52.

Note

The only direction given Joseph by the angel was, "Go into the land of Israel." That he desired to return to Judea and dwell at Bethlehem seems evident from the record that he feared to go there when he heard that Herod's son was ruling, and "turned aside" into Galilee. Here again prophecy was to be fulfilled.

But the din of battle cease!
Folded be the wings of fire!
Let your courage conquer peace—
Every gentle heart's desire.

—Julia Ward Howe.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE

EDITOR

Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription	-	-	-	\$1.25
Six Months	-	-	-	.70
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In clubs of five or more copies, one year	-	-	-	Each \$.85
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Three months at the rate of	-	-	-	1.00

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The Jewel Ball

Just before the outbreak of the war, there was held in Paris what has been said to be the most extravagant society entertainment ever given. It was a jewel ball, a ball given with the express idea of allowing the owners of large jewel collections the opportunity of displaying them to the best advantage.

The women accepted the invitation, and came to the ball literally covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and other precious jewels. The hostess had her gown of white satin covered with \$200,000 worth of pearls. The entire jewel display was valued at \$80,500,000.

In a brief time many of these same women had been ruined financially and made widows, many of the men in attendance having been killed in the war.

New Year's Resolutions

LAST year I read a suggestion in regard to New Year's resolutions something like this: Suppose instead of trying so hard to keep our own pages white and clean, we try to help the other fellow keep his resolutions.

What do you think about the suggestion? Don't you believe it is worth thinking about? I cannot tell you just how to help some one else keep his good resolutions, neither can you tell me; but I believe that if we are watchful and prayerful about it, there will come to our minds each day many little ways in which we can help "the other fellow," when maybe he is becoming a little weak in his good resolution. At any rate, let us try the plan and see how it works.

VIDA V. YOUNG.

Rodin's Gift to England

THE great French sculptor, Auguste Rodin, has presented to the British nation twenty of his finest pieces of sculpture, as a mark of his gratitude for the help that England has given to France.

This splendid collection of statuary is estimated to be worth in marble, bronze, material, and workmanship alone, about \$200,000. When the labor of the artist, the most distinguished sculptor of the day, is added, their value reaches an enormous figure that would probably place them beyond the purchasing power of any private collector, now that Pierpont Morgan is gone.

That an artist who began life as a half-starved workman and has only achieved comparative affluence in his old age, now seventy-two, should make such a princely gift is a fact worthy of general attention.

In presenting the collection to the British, the sculptor said:—

"The English and French are brothers. Your soldiers are fighting side by side with ours. As a little token of my admiration for your heroes, I decided to present the collection to England.

"Later I hope to give you a statue representing Belgium heroically sacrificing herself for the cause of civilization."

Strangest Fruit Ever Grown

ABOUT eight hundred thousand starving Belgians have taken refuge in Holland—four times as many as have gone to England, and a number equal to one quarter the entire population of Holland. If these poor people could have fled in families, their sufferings would be less. But that is not the case. A correspondent of the *Globe* (London) writes of seeing the refugees standing gazing at trees on the roadside. When he went near, he found that on the tree slips of paper were nailed, which read as follows: "Pierre —, your wife passed this way; she will wait for you at Rozen-daal;" a mile farther the same message was repeated on another tree. So the refugees wander from tree to tree, seeking news of their loved ones. This writer saw a father carrying an infant and leading two more children, all crying, and hurrying from tree to tree in hope of good news.—*The Christian Herald*.

A Queen Who Became a Missionary

SUPPOSE the queen of England should leave her throne and go off with the king on a mission to China! How people would talk, and what a big sacrifice it would seem! Yet, in 1873, little Princess Opatima, only fifteen years of age, left her royal home on Ponape, in the Micronesian Islands, and went off with her husband, Opatia, to begin work in the Mortlock Islands, where the people were said to be bloodthirsty savages. Her father, King Hezekiah, had become a Christian, so he was glad to have her go, though she gave up her right to be queen and left her home of luxury.

They sailed away on the "Morning Star" with two other teachers, and were left alone for a year on one of the strange islands, with no means of buying food. The natives promised to feed them, and "be father and mother, brothers and sisters, to them." On the second visit of the "Morning Star," more than two years after her first landing, the ship was met by a crowd of natives singing Christian songs of welcome, and the missionaries from the ship were taken to a fine church which the people had built.—*Selected*.

What the Canal Saves

IN spite of the check in business occasioned by disturbances in Europe, the Panama Canal has been used to an extent exceeding expectations. Traffic is increasing rapidly.

A picturesque fleet, which passed through a short time ago, was composed of four Norwegian steam whaling vessels which had been operating in Magdalena Bay, on the west Mexican coast. After a good season, netting \$300,000 in oil, by using the canal the fleet expected to arrive home in Norway about four months earlier than by the longer route around South America, and to save between \$25,000 and \$30,000 in actual expenses, after paying canal tolls to the amount of \$4,012. Such a saving of time and money will occasion thanks among thousands of mariners in the years to come.—*Selected*.