

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 36





## FROM HERE AND THERE

A PAPER lifeboat that can be packed away in the space of about one cubic foot, but that, when inflated, is seaworthy and durable, is the invention of a retired admiral of the Japanese Navy.

THE names of the Canadian soldiers killed, wounded, or made prisoners in Flanders in a single week, fill four columns of a Montreal newspaper. That is only Canada; there are eleven nations at war.

THE French have invented a gas mask that is successful in withstanding the deadly chlorine bombs the Germans have used with such gruesome effect. This mask fits closely over the nose and mouth, and must be wet with a five-per-cent solution of hyposulphite of soda.

MRS. RICHARD H. DANA, wife of a Boston lawyer and daughter of the poet Longfellow by his second wife, Frances E. Appleton, died on July 21, at Lancaster, Massachusetts. She was one of the three children mentioned in the poem "The Children's Hour."

AT the request of Thomas A. Edison the American Society of Aeronautic Engineers, a new body composed of the foremost authorities on flying, has just been organized. The society will work in conjunction with the navy board which is to investigate naval inventions.

ROSELLE, known in the Gulf States and the West Indies as Jamaica sorrel, has suddenly acquired a high commercial value in the Philippines, Hawaii, and other Pacific islands, where the buds are raised for jams and jellies. One Chicago concern uses from \$50,000 to \$100,000 worth every year.

PATENTS have been issued for an aerial torpedo boat, a huge flying machine which will carry and launch torpedoes from the air. This will make it possible to attack even ships lying in protected harbors. The torpedoes will dive into the water, and then proceed on their course in the usual way.

"AN arctic explorer who thought he was traveling poleward at the rate of ten miles a day, found that the ice floe on which he was sledging was, on the contrary, drifting equatorward at the rate of twelve miles a day. Had he not looked skyward, he would not have discovered his mistake. Such is the condition of those who say, 'I believe,' and yet keep their gaze upon the earth and things earthly."

### Distributed Five Thousand Temperance "Instructors"

WHEN it was learned that the Flying Squadron was to visit New York City, arrangements were made by Elder J. E. Jayne and his coworkers to distribute a large number of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. Elder Jayne gives the following account of their work:—

"We communicated with those in charge of the meetings to see if arrangements could be made to use the Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR in connection with the work. Mrs. Helen J. Andruss, State secretary of the W. C. T. U., communicated directly with ex-Governor Hanly, and completed the arrangements to do so.

"To secure money with which to pay for the INSTRUCTORS, it was decided to send out solicitors. Each solicitor carried an INSTRUCTOR, an envelope in which the contributor could place his donation, and an authorization card. Mrs. Helen J. Andruss gladly signed our authorization cards, and furnished the names of persons whom she believed would help in purchasing the INSTRUCTOR. Later, she signed receipts sent to the donors.

"About one hundred and fifty of our people volunteered to help in this work. An excellent spirit prevailed. The solicitors went to business men and to the general public, and money was secured with which 5,000 copies of the Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR were circulated. The quality of this paper and the character of our effort were highly appreciated. The Flying Squadron and the W. C. T. U. workers united with our workers in circulating the INSTRUCTOR. It was a pleasing sight and a profitable effort.

"The wife of one of the ministers of the city secured three hundred copies for use among the young people of her church. Another worker for young people has secured a similar number. Those holding noonday meetings for men upon the streets of the city, have requested and received a supply for use there. Mrs. J. M. Calvert, one of our Bible workers, took charge of the detail of this work. The Lord greatly blessed the efforts of herself and her associates."

FOUR of the members of the intermediate division of the Takoma Park (D. C.) Sabbath school have been presented with a book by the leader of the division for having memorized the Sermon on the Mount, which includes the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew's Gospel.

VIOLETS among nettles! They exist, and a joyous discovery it is to find the bewitching clusters surrounded by the prickly nettle. In the garden of life let us look for the violets of character in our weak and erring brother. These once found, the nettles are soon forgotten.

"HAVE we reached the visitation of God's wrath? The many startling statements in the September issue of the *Watchman* ought to impress all with a determination to spread everywhere the awakening news of the speedily approaching end."

### Calling

John 9: 4

"I HEAR the voice  
Of One who calleth,  
Calleth sweet and clear,  
For men to reap for him  
A harvest white.  
Oh, soul of mine, rise up and answer him  
Before the night,  
The long night falleth,  
And the day be gone, thy day be gone."

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 7, 1915

No. 36

## I Will Help You

A FROSTY chill was in the air,—  
How plainly I remember!—  
The bright autumnal fires had paled,  
Save here and there an ember;  
The sky looked hard, the hills were bare,  
And there were tokens everywhere  
That it had come—November.

I locked the time-worn schoolhouse door,  
The village seat of learning,  
Across the smooth, well-trodden path  
My homeward footsteps turning;  
My heart a troubled question bore,  
And in my mind, as oft before,  
A vexing thought was burning.

"Why is it uphill all the way?"  
Thus ran my meditations;  
The lessons had gone wrong that day,  
And I had lost my patience.  
"Is there no way to soften care,  
And make it easier to bear  
Life's sorrows and vexations?"

Across my pathway, through the wood,  
A fallen tree was lying;  
On this there sat two little girls,  
And one of them was crying.  
I heard her sob: "And if I could,  
I'd get my lessons awful good;  
But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head  
Sank on the other's shoulder,  
The little weeper sought the arms  
That opened to enfold her.  
Against the young heart, kind and true,  
She nestled close, and neither knew  
That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! ne'er was known  
Such judgment without malice,  
Nor queenlier counsel ever heard  
In senate house or palace:  
"I should have failed there, I am sure.  
Don't be discouraged, try once more;  
And I will help you, Alice."


"And I will help you." This is how  
To soften care and grieving;  
Life is made easier to bear  
By helping and by giving.  
Here was the answer I had sought,  
And I, the teacher, being taught  
The secret of true living.

If "I will help you" were the rule,  
How changed beyond all measure  
Life would become! Each heavy load  
Would be a golden treasure;  
Pain and vexation be forgot;  
Hope would prevail in every lot,  
And life be only pleasure.

—Wolstan Dixey, in "Pieces for Every Occasion."

## Village Life in India

V. L. MANN, M. D.

HE sun has just set on a bright day in the middle of January. The breeze does not give a sensation of either coolness or warmth, and were it not for its motion, would not be appreciable to the senses. The dry, parched earth that has not felt a drop of rain for five months does not reveal a green thing save a few clumps of mango trees dotted here and there. The narrow, winding roads leading to the village are marked occasionally along their courses by clouds of dust made by traffic returning to the village. First comes a *bail-gari* (ox cart), wending its way slowly with a load of wood gathered from the jungle. Next is a herd of cows trudging their weary way after a scant day's picking in the sun-burned jungle. After these a herd of lean, lank, almost hairless, ugly, clumsy buffaloes, with their cowlike forms and backward-curved horns, come from a day spent wallowing in the mud and a pond of water, which perchance may have been fed by a spring or been caught during the rainy season of months ago, awkwardly making their way to their shelter of a mud hut for the night. Last of all comes a herd of goats cantering along with their tiny bells of a high-pitched tone, the most active and best kept of all, because of their ability to climb and gain access to food. They are putting up the best fight in this survival of the fittest in a land of famine. Between these flocks will be seen an occasional foot passenger coming from a distant village or from the weary toil of the day. These having settled in their places for the night, nothing now mars the stillness of the twilight except the shout of children flying kites, and the sharp screech of a bird making his last call before he takes his place among the trees for the night.

The clear blue sky is broken by small, fluffy-like clouds; "in the unscarred heavens they leave no wake." The rose-tinted horizon is narrowing, narrowing, until now darkness prevails, and the scavengers of the night hold dominion. The fox, with its merry call, makes the most melancholy mind amused; the "Who, who, who are you?" of the time-honored owl is heard in the distance; and the weird cry of the jackal sends a chill through the nerves of the most sanguine. These sounds break the stillness of the night. Meanwhile the families gather within their small mud huts. These are made without windows and with but one door, and are lighted with a small tin lamp, or *chiragh*, which gives only the light of a candle. The day's supply of water, the bundle of sticks to make the fire for the cooking of the dal, rice, and chupatties, and the ground grain, have been prepared by the housewife and the daughters.

If a visitor arrives, every one as a token of respect rises and greets him with a low, graceful bow. Touching the forehead several times with the right hand, he says, "*Salaam, huzur*" (Peace, your honor). The dogs of the village, which as a rule are a half-starved, mangy-looking lot, having been quieted and assured that the intruder has no hostile intentions, a *charpoy*—a small bed made of a bamboo frame strung with rope—is brought for a seat. The *hukka* (the Indian pipe) is offered to the visitor as the ever-necessary token of peace and good will. To the one who has to refuse, it is embarrassing, as well as to the giver, as this is a time-honored custom. But any fear of a lack of friendship can generally be overcome by a few words of explanation and the acceptance of some other gift. The next thing offered is generally something to eat, when again one has to be careful, as disease,



which is very prevalent in India, is constantly being spread by foodstuffs; but a cup of boiling juice from the sugar cane or a cup of boiling milk can be accepted with little fear of contracting cholera, enteric fever, or dysentery. One can accept something to eat and take it home with him, and discard it if there is any fear that it may cause disease. Off to one side one will hear



DR. AND MRS. MANN AND MR. AND MRS. LOASBY

a roaring noise which comes from a crude furnace made of mud. Through a round hole the fire is fed with dry, crushed sugar cane stalks. Over the furnace and within an inclosure are large vats which contain juice from the sugar cane cut during the day by the men, and carried to the village by the women and children, where it is crushed with a simple cog-wheel arrangement. The juice is boiled down and made into *shira* (molasses) and *andraki* (native sugar). The visit over, the salaams again given, the visitor steps out into the light of the full moon, which gives a much brighter light than our full moon in the States.

The native turns in for the night on a *charpoy*, and makes himself comfortable by rolling himself in a quilt or blanket. On taking the train from the station late at night, generally one has to pick his way carefully among outstretched bodies upon the floor, wrapped up snugly head and foot. It is a peculiar thing, but the Indian, like the ostrich, seems to think by covering his head he protects his whole body. During the coolest evenings of the cold season, the natives will be found going around with their heads, shoulders, and thighs wrapped in a blanket, and from the mid-thigh downward perfectly bare. The Indian is an early riser. The dawn always finds him about, as his religion demands of him certain duties before sunrise. The early morning hours are spent in grinding the meal at the mill, made of two crude, circular, flat stones, turned around on each other by the hands of the faithful housewife. This is a typical example of the two women "grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left."

The water is also brought in the morning hours by the housewife from the village well. The well plays a very important part in the life of the villager. The women who are putting in their day's supply of water are found chattering, relating their tales of woe or joy. The well is a great means of spreading cholera, dysentery, and enteric fever. The district authorities are doing all they can to improve the condition of the village water supply, and to keep it pure.

An Indian village consists of fifty to five hundred

meanly built mud huts, all packed together in a small space. Five to ten persons sometimes live in a ten-by-twelve-foot hut. The walls are made very thick to protect from the extreme heat of the sun. No windows, no ventilation, and but one door characterize the village hut.

The monotony of village life is broken by trading at the bazaar and by a funeral or wedding ceremony.

The bazaar, the place of business, is a number of low, mean-looking stalls eight by twelve feet, located on either side of the main thoroughfare of the town, to which the villagers go for trading. In this row of shops will be found cloth, iron, brass, sweetmeat, spice, native dried fruit, tobacco, pan, grain, and flour. The shoe dealer also is here. There is generally a notion shop and a native restaurant. The busiest time of day in the bazaar is in the morning up to midday, when in the hot season everything is closed until three o'clock in the afternoon. From this time on until eight or nine at night, the bazaar will be found fairly busy.

Funeral processions, which at first glance, especially to the new in the country, are hard to distinguish from marriage processions, are led with music and dancing. Everybody seems to be happy. Still, at the accustomed time many

Indians show great grief for their departed loved ones, but the majority are so constituted that they soon get over the loss. The Mohammedan buries, while the Hindu burns, the dead. The Hindu is fond of consigning his dead to the waters of the Ganges River, which he considers sacred; but the British government has put a stop to this practice, because of the contamination of the water.

A marriage procession consists of the participants in the ceremony, who may be a couple four or five



A GROUP OF YOUNG PEOPLE, INDIA

years of age, gay dresses, music, singing, and dancing. Far into the small hours of the night the time is spent in drumming, singing, dancing, and feasting. There is often great diversity in the ages of those who are married. A woman of twenty-five years of age, who did menial work in one of our dispensaries, upon questioning was found to have a husband at home who was six or seven years of age.

The children of the village need mentioning, as it is



in this period of life that the Indian looks his brightest and best. In spite of their dirty, entirely nude little bodies, they are as bright and as interesting as any children. Later in life they lose their brightness, and their faces assume a dull look. This is probably due to the lack of food and other necessities. At the age of six or seven years, clothes are put on the children. They are not given the full dress at once, but a piece of apparel is added each year until the shirt and *dotahi* (loin and limb cloth) are both worn in the case of men, and a full outfit in the case of women. The child is made to bear responsibilities when it is very young. Sisters of six years of age are seen carrying their little brothers who are half as old and sometimes nearly as large as themselves. The boys also are put to work when very young. I have seen a *juti-walla* (shoemaker) who was only six or seven years of age. Boys of this age are as keen on making and exacting pice (money) from a customer as are their parents. Under these responsibilities and because of deprivations they age rapidly. In taking the history of an Indian you will be surprised, because you will doubtless overestimate his age by twenty years. The early marriage so common in India also is responsible for the premature aging.

The food of the villager consists of rice, dal (a legume), and wheat flour. Those who have the money to spare eat a great deal of native sweets, which are mixtures of coconut, milk, ghee (fat from boiled cream), and sugar. They are tempting even to the European, but are not a wise investment. Children of the better-to-do class will be frequently seen with their pice (half cent), looking up the sweetmeat shop. There are also cheap vegetables indigenous to India, which are eaten by the Indian people. It costs the average Indian three or four cents a day for food. Many of the working class get only about two dollars a month wages. The majority of Americans can learn how to cook rice from the Indian. He boils his rice until it is done, after which he drains off the hot water and dashes a cup of cold water over it, which he also drains off, and then sets it over the fire again for a few minutes. The rice comes out flaky and mealy. Dal is cooked by boiling, and is used in conjunction with the rice. The Indian eats his food very hot with peppers. It would be intolerable to the European. The flour of the wheat is used in an unbolted condition. It is made into chupatties, a kind of pancake without any rising material. After mixing the flour and water, the dough is rolled by letting it fall from one hand to the other until it has been molded into a sheet as thin as heavy paper. It is then baked over a live fire. The finished product is eight or twelve inches in diameter and nicely browned on both sides. It does not make bad eating. It is a convenience to the traveler in the villages. Gram (a legume) is eaten

either boiled or roasted. The latter method of preparing it makes it very palatable. Gram, boiled milk, boiled rice, and chupatties, if prepared fresh in your presence, can be eaten with impunity in the villages without fear of disease. Boiled rice with sugar and milk is a dish greatly relished by the native.

Utensils for eating and cooking purposes are made of brass. They are of different shapes and sizes. The convenience for cooking is made of mud, or by turning three bricks on edge, where they can be procured, thus making it like a little fireplace. The fire is fed with straw, cane stalks, and dried cow manure. The latter, mixed with water, is also used to wash the walls and floors of the dwellings. The women are often seen going along with baskets on their heads, gathering this much-prized article. When an Indian carries anything, he is bound to put it on his head. It looks queer to see one of them carrying a pound or two on his head; but it makes no matter how small or how large the parcel is, it must go on the head. An amusing incident is told of a



BEJEWELED INDIAN WOMEN, EACH WEARING \$750 WORTH

builder and contractor who introduced the wheelbarrow as a means of carrying brick and mortar, instead of the basket on the coolie's head. He showed the coolies how to use the wheelbarrow; and when he left the work for a little time, things were working smoothly, but when he came back the coolies were running up and down the gangplank with both the wheelbarrow and its load upon their heads. It is not an easy matter to overthrow a custom in India. The nation persists in doing things in the same way their forefathers did ages ago. A railway official once told me that his company made as few changes as possible in the work of its Indian laborers, as it took altogether too long for them to become accustomed to the new order of things.



CHRISTIAN INDIAN WOMEN, WITHOUT OUTWARD ADORNING

Much of the native's time is spent in the smoking of the *hugqa*, which consists of a perpendicular cylindrical tube one-half inch in diameter, and eighteen inches long, inserted into a bowl filled with water. In the top of this tube is placed a funnel in which is put live coals of fire, tobacco, molasses, and any drug that suits the fancy of the user. From the bowl, which forms the body or base of the pipe, leads another tube two feet long, which is bent at an obtuse angle, and through which the puffs are drawn. This draws the smoke from the tobacco in a funnel-like top through the water in the bowl of the pipe. The *hugqa* is never left behind. The farmer, when he goes to the field, and the traveler on the railway carry the *hugqa* with

them. Even the driver on the load of wood will have his *hugqa* tied to one of the stakes on his *gari*, and the coolie carrying the dandy on his shoulders up the mountain will have his *hugqa* tied to his dandy. When he puts his passenger down for a rest, he puffs away at his *hugqa*. The *hugqa* may be made on a cheap



scale, or it may be very richly adorned with silver.

Pan chewing is another Indian habit, more common in the cities than in the villages. Pan consists of a mixture of lime, acacia, and scrapings from the betel nut, spread on a pepper betel leaf, which is then chewed. This mixture has a very deleterious effect upon the system. Cigarettes and spirituous liquors are fast being introduced into India by the European, but these vices as a rule have not yet reached the villages.

The sport of the villager consists of the fighting of birds, like the chikor, partridge, and rooster. They also have Indian games similar to chess. European sports, like cards, cricket, and football, are commanding the attention of the young folk in the larger towns. Wrestling has been a favorite sport. The wrestlers are two well-fed, muscular individuals. The object to be attained is to place the other fellow on the back, much as with American schoolboys. While this sport is still in vogue in some places, it is indulged in less than it used to be.

India is a large country with many different sections, therefore village life would naturally differ in different parts, but the foregoing gives a fair idea of some Indian customs. These poor people in these villages have never heard of the Christ. The work for which our good people in the States sent us here is to tell these poor souls of a crucified and risen Saviour. We need your prayers in this work, and a band of faithful loyal, tried young men and women to devote their lives in helping us carry this message to the multitudes of India, and thus hasten the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

*Lucknow, India.*

### Results of a Little Missionary Effort

IN 1894 a lonely wayfarer stood one evening on one of the streets of one of our cities. He was observed by a Christian worker, and invited to a meeting being held near by, which resulted in his acceptance of Jesus as his Saviour and of the gospel message for these last days.

This naturally bound him to the brother who had taken an interest in him and invited him to the meeting. So a few days later when this brother was about to leave for his home in another State, he was besieged by the new convert to take him along, which he finally consented to do. The man was taught the truth more fully, and finally entered the field as a colporteur for the good books telling of the message that had so recently come to his own heart. He remained in the work for about a year, when for some unknown reason he disappeared and was not heard of again by the brother who had brought him into the truth and helped him into the work, until at a recent camp meeting a sister told the following story: "Several years ago, while looking over the Monday morning paper, my eyes caught the headlines to a bit of news. It was an account of a young man who the day before, at the Catholic church, had put in the collection box a note to the priest, telling him if he did not stop worshipping idols, he could never be saved. This was observed by the man sitting next to him, who complained that it disturbed him, and the young man was arrested and imprisoned."

The woman was so impressed by reading the account that she prevailed on her husband to go to the jail and visit the man, for, she said, "I am impressed with the words of the Saviour, 'I was in prison, and

ye came unto me.' " Upon reaching the jail the husband met their pastor just coming out, and when asked by the latter why he was there, he told of the news in the paper, and said he was going to see the prisoner. The pastor remarked, "I, too, saw the news, and have just been to see the prisoner; and if ever there was a Christian, surely he is one;" and he added, "Now, John, if you can get him out, do so, and I will stand by you."

John visited the prisoner, and was convinced that he was a Christian, and after consulting with the officers found he could get him out by going on his bond. He returned to his home, and told his wife the result of his visit to the jail. She, upon hearing her husband's account of the prisoner, said, "Let us take him out." "But," said the husband, "Mary, the man has no money, and what shall we do with him?" "Why, just bring him to our home," said the wife, "and we shall care for him."

The prisoner was brought to their comfortable home, and they felt they were doing the will of God. After supper they all went to the sitting room, where the prisoner began to converse on the theme evidently nearest his heart. He said, "Sister, are you a Sabbath keeper?" She replied in the affirmative. "That is good," he said, "let us read about it in the Bible." He took from his pocket his well-worn Bible and began reading the fourth commandment. To the woman, the room seemed filled with light; and for the first time in her life, like a flash of lightning, she saw that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and that she had been keeping the first day. That night she decided to obey God and keep the Sabbath. Later the prisoner's fine was gladly paid by the good man and his wife, and he went on his way a free man, and was never heard of again by them. The sister said, "How often we have wished we might know what became of the man whom God used to bring to us the light of this glorious truth." Upon the conclusion of her story, a brother arose and said that he had known the man, and that he had died a few years before.

This sister had formerly been a Catholic, as had also her present husband, who with her was in attendance at the meeting and followed his Lord in the ordinance of baptism. The worker who spoke to the wayfarer on the street and invited him into the meeting was present and heard the story, and rejoiced that he had spoken a word in season to him that was weary, and that it had resulted in at least two other persons accepting the gospel message.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

W. W. EASTMAN.

### Sources of the Best

MRS. C. B. LESHER, a Baptist missionary to China, writes: "In looking over some of the new books for use in the Chinese schools all over China, in the preface of six primers and educational books prepared by a Chinese, I found this statement: 'As we study the history of the world, we find that the blessings of education, science, discovery, etc., have all emanated from the disciples of the Christian religion. All that has really benefited our country, the best books, the best schools, the most helpful ideas, have had their source in Christianity and been handed to us by its teachers.' "



## The Great War — No. 5

### The Story of the Rebellion Against the Government of King Jehovah The Other Worlds Are Inhabited

CARLYLE B. HAYNES



THE other planets of our solar system and the millions of worlds of the stellar system are inhabited by intelligent and reasoning creatures. This is not merely a theory, but is a proposition for which there is abundant proof. And it is important that those who study the history of the great war between Jehovah and Satan should be familiar with the truth that there is a plurality of inhabited worlds; for we shall not be able to understand why God permitted Satan to sin and to introduce sin into this world unless we realize that the decision of the great controversy between good and evil affects much more than one small planet. Not only are the inhabitants of this world learning lessons of eternal value by their experience with sin, but their experience is affording a demonstration of the love and justice of the Creator which could have been given in no other way.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance for the student of this great question to understand that the other worlds are inhabited. And in order that this truth may be established, this chapter will be devoted to a consideration of the evidences which prove its truth.

#### The Purpose of Creation

In the preceding chapters we have caught a glimpse of the immensity of the dominion of the great King of kings. Such a wonderful system of worlds, suns, stars, and planets must have been brought into existence by the Creator of all for some purpose which would be worthy of his infinite wisdom and love. It would be utterly unreasonable to suppose that all these rushing systems were brought into existence merely that a few astronomers in these days might enjoy an awe-inspiring spectacle. Even men have some purpose in making the things which are formed by their hands. To say that God had no other purpose in the creation of the universe than to afford himself the pleasure of seeing these great globes whirl through space would be to charge him with folly.

The Creator himself deigns to inform us of the purpose he had in creating this earth. He says: "For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God himself that formed the earth and made it; . . . he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited: I am the Lord; and there is none else." Isa. 45:18.

Here is a plain declaration that for the Lord to have created the earth without the purpose of peopling it, would have been a piece of folly. "He created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited." If this earth had not been populated, it would have been created in vain. If it had been left empty and useless, it would have been created in vain. This world exists for the sake of intelligent and reasoning beings.

With this thought before us, and the additional consideration that the combined surface of all the planets of the solar system alone is equivalent to 27,000 such worlds as ours, we are forced to the conclusion that it would have been infinitely greater folly to create that vast amount of matter to be useless and empty. From this verse alone we are led to conclude that the other planets are inhabited.

#### Other Races on the Other Worlds

As David, the sweet singer of Israel, viewed the glory of the heavens while out on the plains of Judea at night, he exclaimed, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Ps. 8:3, 4.

If all the planets and the unnumbered worlds of the stellar system were devoid of inhabitants, and there were no intelligent beings in the universe except man and a comparatively small colony of angels, such an exclamation as this of the psalmist's would seem to me to be without propriety or emphasis, for there would be nothing remarkable under those circumstances in the Creator's exercising particular care over one half of his intelligent creatures. If the inhabitants of this earth are the only rational creatures in the universe, the psalmist would scarcely be justified in uttering such an exclamation. But David knew that the universe was composed of ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, unnumbered worlds, all of which are peopled with millions of intellectual beings of various orders; and when he thought of this, he became so affected by the idea of the vast population of the universe that he seems to have been fearful lest he should be overlooked among the immensity of beings who must come under the care and superintendence of Jehovah.

The words of Isa. 40:12-17 and of Neh. 9:6, to my mind, strongly imply that the universe is great and extensive, utterly beyond the limits of human comprehension; that its worlds and systems are peopled with myriads of inhabitants; that these beings are in possession of intellectual natures, and fully capable of appreciating the perfection and attributes of their Creator, and that they unite in adoring him. "The host of heaven worshipeth thee."

The Lord says through his prophet, "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." Isa. 40:22. The far-outspread heavens, therefore, exist for the specific purpose of being dwelt in, and this is here clearly stated.

That the heavens are inhabited is seen again in the verse penned by John on the isle of Patmos: "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. . . . Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." Rev. 12:9-12. Here a clear distinction is made between the inhabitants of the heavens and the inhabitants of the earth.

#### Jehovah's Kingdom Over All

The following passages of Scripture, to my mind, all bear on the subject of this chapter, and need little, if any, comment: —



"And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord: thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints. For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?" Ps. 89:5, 6.

"The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all." Ps. 103:19.

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: *praise him, all his hosts*. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light."

Read also in this connection these passages: 1 Chron. 29:11; Dan. 4:35; Ps. 145:9, 10; 108:4; 113:4-6. There are numerous other scriptures which might be pointed out as bearing on this subject, but these that have been selected will serve as a key to illustrate others as they may come under the observation of the student of the Bible. Attention is directed to the force of such expressions as Jehovah's doing according to his will "in the army [or armies] of heaven," as well as "among the inhabitants of the earth," and to the thought that "all the inhabitants of the earth are repute<sup>1</sup> as nothing" in his sight. Notice also the expressions found in different parts of the Psalms regarding the inhabitants of the heavens, and the "heavens of heavens;" "angels that excel in strength;" "all ye his hosts" (or legions of intelligences), "in all places of his dominion," "that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word."

All these ranks of intelligent creatures are exhorted to unite in one glorious song of praise and thanksgiving to him whose "name alone is exalted; his glory is above the earth and the heavens."

The book of Job contains many descriptions of the grandeur of Jehovah. Among them we read that "by his Spirit the heavens are garnished," and that the astounding displays of his omnipotent power which are revealed in the heavens "are but the outskirts of his ways: and how small a whisper do we hear of him! But the thunder of his power who can understand?" Job 26:13, 14.

#### Myriads of Inhabited Worlds

Surely these verses, and the many others which bear on the subject but which we have no space to quote, clearly establish the truth, not only of a plurality but of myriads of inhabited worlds existing in the universe, all of which are included in the territory of King Jehovah.

It cannot be disputed that there are numerous bodies in the universe of God which have an adequate surface area to contain vast hosts of intelligent beings, and to give them enjoyment. From a study of many of these bodies in our own solar system, with the aid of such instruments as bring them near to astronomers, it is clear that in them all there is a variety of arrangements which evidently adapt them for habitation. In all of them conditions have been revealed strikingly similar to those of the earth itself, such as daily and yearly motions, moons, atmospheres, light, heat, and color, which things would be necessary only to provide existence and happiness to intelligent beings. These same circumstances seem to exist on this earth solely for the sake of human beings.

When these passages of Scripture and the arguments adduced from them are considered in connection with the wisdom and other attributes of God, they surely show not only to a high degree of probability, but amount to an actual demonstration, that the great sys-

tems which swing through space under the direction of Jehovah, are peopled with myriads of intelligences created for their happiness and his glory, and of every rank and order.

Highest in rank among them all was Lucifer, the son of the morning, the leader of the great choir of heaven, standing in the presence and at the court of the great King of the universe.

#### Answered Prayer

EARLY last June, Margaret Blakeslee had a partial nervous collapse. She was just finishing her junior year in college, which had been unusually hard. To the duties that fell naturally to a popular and capable girl, were added sorrows attending illness at home, worry over a purse inconveniently light, and the responsibility of the presidency of the Young Women's Christian Association, in which she felt that the spiritual aim of the organization had been too little emphasized.

After completing her examinations, she made sufficient gain in health to justify her in attending the Association Summer Conference, where she hoped to receive help for her task of trying to raise the ideals in her own college. Upon her return, she expected to work during the summer in order to make enough to pay her college fees.

The week by the lake was full of enjoyment and inspiration, but Margaret was the head of a large delegation. Several of the girls were young in years and even younger in experience, and Margaret's duties left little time for rest.

On the next to the last day, there came a second collapse. The conference doctor said that unless she had complete rest all summer, she could not hope to reenter college in the fall. Margaret knew that if she did not work, she could not enter: there would not be money enough in the family purse. She could live at home, but even with no board to pay there were other expenses that must be attended to.

All afternoon the problem stayed with her: health forbade her summer work; her senior year and the carefully planned campaign in the association were absolutely dependent upon it; and her mother, overtired by the long strain of illness in the family, needed her at home during the summer.

With the twilight she turned to prayer. She knew that she had given herself unreservedly to the Master, that he might use her as to him seemed best; and when she ceased her petition, she was sure that in some manner he would open the way for her to continue that which he had placed in her hands and laid upon her heart. Then she slept — slept as she had not done for weeks.

The next morning some one tapped at Margaret's door. A girl whom she had met once or twice, casually, came in hesitatingly. She blushed and stammered in her greeting, but finally leaned over Margaret's bed and said: "I don't want you to think I'm 'fresh,' Miss Blakeslee; I don't mean it that way. You won't think so, will you?"

Her old smile made Margaret's pallor forgotten as she responded: "Of course I'll understand, you foolish child. What can I do for you, Miss — Miss — why, I have forgotten your name; what is it, please?"

"I am Rebecca Goldstein, Miss Blakeslee. I heard you tell that little curly-headed girl in your delegation that you were going to work this summer. Please ex-



cuse me" (the words came very fast, now), "but you look so ill that I think you must need to do something, or you would rest."

She stopped, flushed and breathless, and Margaret nodded a surprised assent. Then the visitor went on.

"Won't you forget your pride, and for His sake whom we both love let me give you what you had hoped to earn?"

Margaret gasped and started to protest, but Miss Goldstein continued: "My grandmother left me more money than I can use for myself. Please let me do this for our Lord, and when you want to pay it back you can pass it on."

Margaret considered. She *was* proud, but this money was to be used for him. And then she thought, Why, I should have expected just this; it's what I asked him for.

And so this fall, in one of our Middle Western colleges, the Young Women's Christian Association has begun its work with its president rested and ready for all her duties, and with a cabinet fired to new endeavor and unfaltering faith; for they are now *sure* that the Lord is mindful of his own.—*Hazel Orcutt.*

### The Score Made in the First Minute of Play

THERE is a baseball game on record which was won in the first minute of play, when the ball was pitched that gave the visiting team the only run that was scored. The game was a long one; there was plenty of time in the innings that followed that first run to add others to the score, but neither team was able to do it; and when at last time was called, late in the afternoon, the score made by the first minute's play had not been changed.

One morning a slender girl was seated at a writing machine in a big publishing house. It was her first morning with the firm, and a pile of form letters had been given her with a list of the ones they were to be prepared for. A little to one side the manager of the department, noticing the slender girl, wondered if they had done wisely in adding her to the force. "She looks inexperienced," was the manager's thought. But it was not the look of inexperience that the woman of experience was questioning. It was, Will she show intelligence, or will she work simply mechanically?

Even as these thoughts were going through the department manager's mind, she saw the one at the writing machine pause, then study the list and the letter closely. A moment later the new worker was by her side.

"Miss Grenshaw, isn't this the same man who is mentioned in this very letter?" asked the new worker in an evenly modulated voice as she pointed to a name in the letter, then to a name on the list. "I wondered if you wished me to send a letter to him."

The eyes of the one in charge widened as she looked from the list to the letter, and a flush swept her face, even as a gladness lighted the eye.

"Miss Sundall, you are right. And you have placed me under obligations. The gentleman in question gave us permission to use his experience for the benefit of others, but it would have been poor form for us to have sent him one of the letters. I arranged the list myself. It is proof of how we all have to watch over one another, is it not?"

The young girl went back to her machine strengthened. She had done her best, and it had been recognized. The one in charge settled back before her desk

strengthened; there was also a feeling of gladness with her.

"She shows intelligence at the start. She isn't a machine worker. She is alert and watchful, and better still, she places upon her own shoulders the obligation to stand by the honor of the company." So another "in the first minute of play" gained the game.

On the first day of school in a rural district, one of the board pushed back his papers upon his desk, and reaching for his hat, said, "Think I'll take a little turn over to the school and see how the new teacher proceeds." With the thought had come remembrance of other first days of school, when the children, drawn in from their freedom, gave an inexperienced teacher trouble. "She may like a little help getting hold of the lines."

The gentleman walked quietly into the schoolroom and took a seat near the door. What he looked upon was perfect order. Near the blackboard an intermediate class was busy taking turns in pointing out on a big map the cities and towns mentioned in their history lesson. Down near the front, the younger scholars were busy with drawing cards. Back, the older pupils seemed intent on problems that for some reason held great interest. There was no notice taken of his entrance, save a quiet bow of recognition from the teacher. A little later she approached the visitor.

"You seem to be making a master stroke at the beginning," said the latter.

The teacher smiled. "I try to have the first day's work carefully planned. You know, there is never anything that tells quite so well as the first strokes."

Back over the green went the visitor well satisfied. Here was a worker who recognized that at the very beginning a game may be won.—*Selected.*

### The Life Was the Light

AMONG recent converts in China is Mr. Wen Shih Tsen, secretary of state for Che-kiang Province, who has been baptized into the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Wen's statement of the particular influences which led him to Christ is delightful:—

"My first impulse toward Christianity was received when I was a student in Tientsin. The students of the medical college of the city were notorious for their immorality. Every effort was made to bring about their reform, but without success. Finally President Liu of the medical college induced some of the students to join a Bible class in the Tientsin Union Church. At first there was no perceptible change, but presently surprising results came out. Most of the men in the class were baptized. They became diligent in study, patient in healing, and energetic in preaching the gospel in other schools. The evidence furnished in the lives of these students convinced me that God has real power to make young men repent and to purify their hearts. I have been much influenced by the Young Men's Christian Association. To me it is the embodiment of what is simple, happy, and progressive in religion. The conception of Christianity it reveals prepared me to become a Christian and a church member."

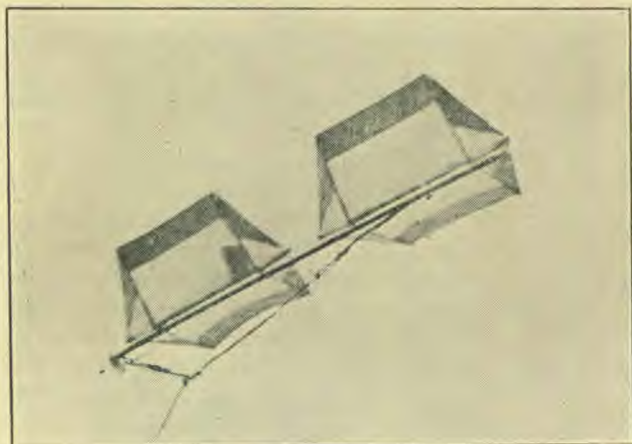
"I have decided to become a Christian because I wish to be like Christian men whom I have observed—a man with a pure, strong heart, strong blood, true patriotism, and perfect zeal. I believe that Christianity is able to save China. I believe the Bible is the weapon with which she can work out her salvation and face the civilized world."—*Record of Christian Work.*





### A Practical Kite

AMERICANS, as a rule, are not proficient nor enthusiastic kite makers. I do not know why, unless it is that the stores do not often carry kites, and few boys make their own playthings. It may be that it calls for too much perseverance for the average boy; for



A PRACTICAL KITE

until he learns the principles governing wind resistance and balancing, he will make many failures.

This contribution is not for the uninitiated unless it may happen to touch the right chord of response, but for those who have tasted the joys of success in kiting, and wish to go on. Just a general word or two. There are at least two ways of balancing kites, by tails and by planes. By balancing, I mean holding the lifting surface in the proper position to the wind. The common two-stick and three-stick flat kite *must* have a tail, while the so-called "box" kite is kept in position by verticle planes, acting on much the same principle as the rudder of a ship. The great objection to the tail kites is the tail. If properly made, the tail is long and inconvenient, frequently getting tangled and broken—an awkward servant for so simple a service. The ordinary box kite is a fragile affair, hard to make, and because of its rigidity and lightness, easily broken.

The kite pictured here has neither of the objectional features, awkwardness nor fragility. It is a wonder for endurance. While it has all the stability of the cross-sticker, it is perfectly flexible, either plane being able to oscillate with the wind independently of the other. In coming to the ground, it settles down gracefully like a bird, or dips like an aeroplane. It will go through a score of scrapes unharmed.

The principle is simple—two V-shaped planes tied to a long stick. For all sticks except the long connecting stick use the lightest material you can secure. For the long stick get a piece of hard wood. Each kite is twenty-two inches long and sixteen inches wide. It is best to make the cross sticks sixteen inches long, and wet and bend them in the middle before tying them to the main stick. The bend is about one hundred and thirty degrees. The braces are similarly wet, bent, and

tied. Around the ends goes the bellyband, and then it is ready for the paper, which should be of a light, tough variety such as is used by grocers. It will spoil the best kite ever made to use heavy paper. Tie each kite or plane to the long connecting stick, as shown in the diagram. Put on a guide string, and fasten the main string to it so that the main string may be adjusted according to the strength of the wind.

If you have a light breeze, have the main string eight or ten inches from the top or front end; and if the wind is strong, slip it down toward the center. *If the kite shows any tendency to dive* or cut circles, it is quite likely that the main string is too far forward. Slip it back on the guide string. On the front end of the connecting stick you may put a little windmill for "effect." It is possible that it may have a slight gyroscopic effect. For the main string ordinary carpet warp, which sells for about thirty cents a pound, will answer well. There are about three thousand feet in a half pound of it. If your machine pulls too hard for this twine, you have not made it properly. Try again.

O. C. DURHAM.

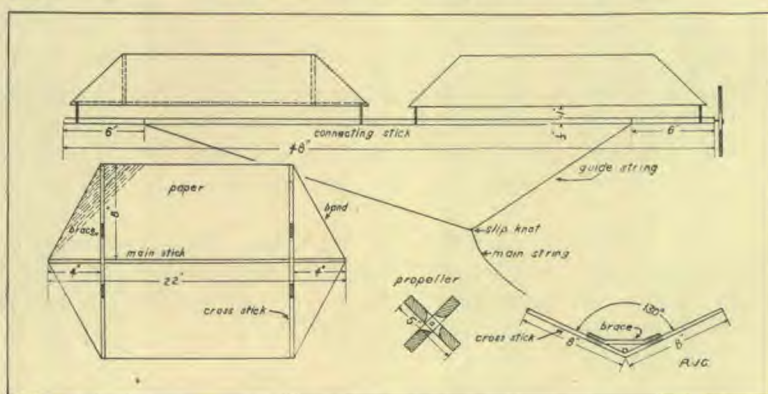
### Chickadee

CHICKADEE, chickadee, chickadee-dee!  
That was the song that he sang to me,  
Sang from his perch in the willow tree:  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

My little brown bird,  
The song that I heard  
Was a happier song than the minstrels sing,  
A pean of joy and a carol of spring;  
And my heart leaped throbbing and sang with thee,  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

My birdie looked wise  
With his little black eyes,  
As he peeked and peered from his perch at me,  
With a throbbing throat and a flutter of glee,  
As if he would say:  
Sing trouble away;  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

Only one note  
From his silver throat,  
Only one word  
From my wise little bird,  
But a sweeter note or a wiser word  
From the tongue of mortal I never heard



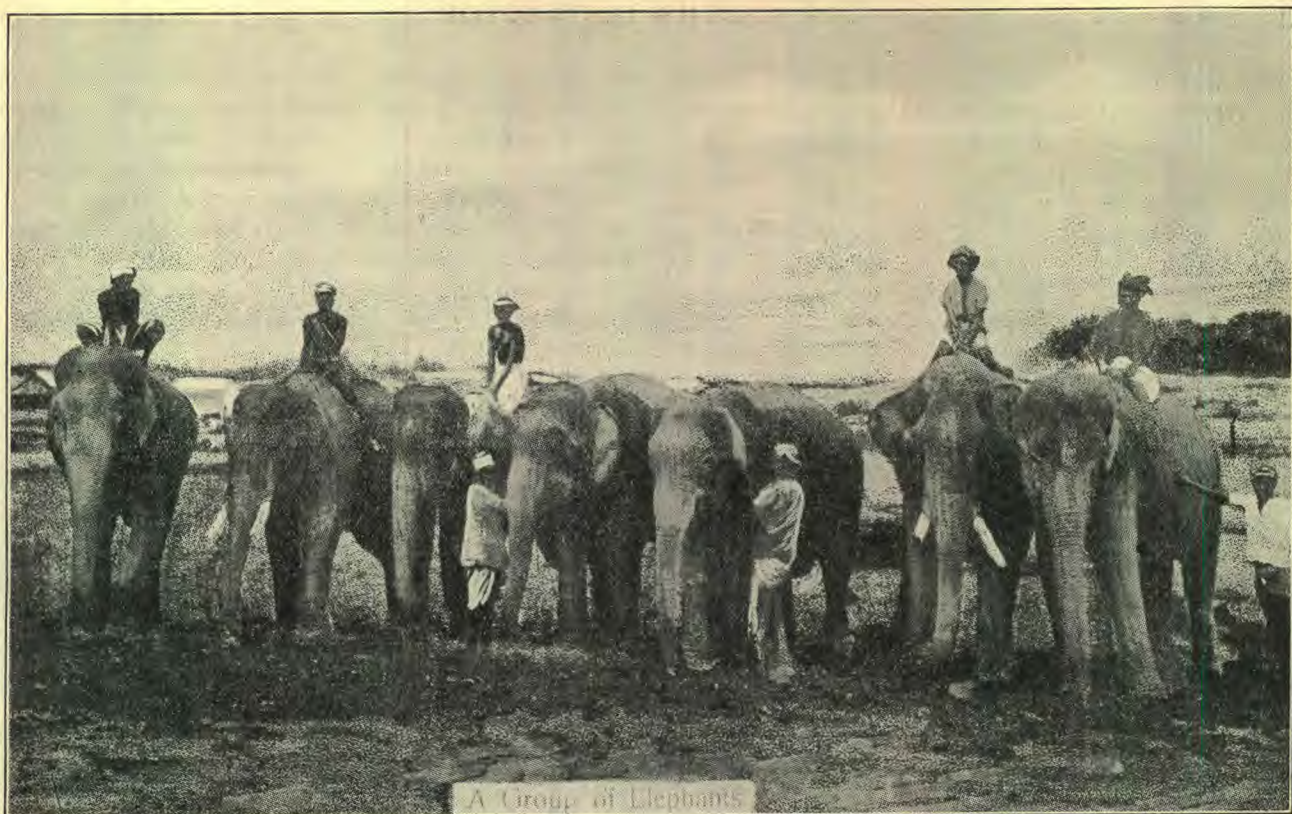
WORKING PLAN OF THE PRACTICAL KITE

Than my little philosopher sang to me  
From his bending perch in the willow tree —  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

Come foul or fair,  
Come trouble and care —  
No, never a sigh  
Or a thought of despair!  
For my little bird sings in my heart to me,  
As he sang from his perch in the willow tree —  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee;  
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee;  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee;

—H. L. Gordon.





A Group of Elephants

## Glimpses of Burma—No. 2

### The Elephants

R. B. THURBER



THE impression prevails in many countries that the chief use of the elephant is to look big, to carry around the reputation of being the bulkiest of land animals. It would indeed be a pity if such mountains of bone and muscle could not be harnessed to at least lean against the world's work and help to make it move. To hundreds of the tame elephants in Burma, life is more than a circus or a zoo. Their deliberate movements and loosely hung skin often deceive one into thinking that they are awkward and clumsy; but rather they are capable of moving quickly, and of performing work which requires skill, intelligence, and delicacy. In this country there are still thousands of these beasts, the wild ones roaming in herds in the jungles, browsing upon the foliage, and at times sporting at the favorite baths in the rivers. Those in captivity are used principally by the large lumber companies, gathering and piling teakwood logs in the forests. The Karen people own many of them, and are expert in their handling. Their value here ranges from two thousand to four thousand dollars each.

A touching story is told of one of these huge log rollers which recently died here in Rangoon. His keeper had been with him for many years; and in his old age, though blind, the affectionate beast was very devoted to the man. As his last moments approached, the great fellow lay upon the ground and swung his trunk around as if reaching for something. The keeper knew what he wanted and came nearer. The trunk gently wrapped him round and drew him closer in loving embrace, while tears gushed from the eyes of both man and beast. In this attitude the huge body breathed its last. Those who saw it say this was a most affecting scene.

It is often necessary in lumbering operations to move these docile animals long distances to other parts of the country. They walk when possible, of course, but bodies of water present obstacles not easily overcome.

Sometimes they are transferred from the wharf to the deck of the ship by means of a derrick. Elephants can swim the rivers even though they do not look as if they could, but they are likely to be very independent and obstinate. Recently we saw a novel way of getting a herd across the Salween River.

We had been doing some prospecting in the Karen country, and had returned the previous evening to the head of steam navigation at Shwegun. The Salween is one of the longest rivers in the world, but it cannot be navigated far because of numerous falls in its lower course. At Shwegun the stream was about half a mile wide at low water, the time we were there. The sixty miles to the sea is traveled in a day by little two-deck steam launches about seventy-five feet in length. We were on board all night, due to start downstream at 9 A. M. the next day. But at daylight steam was got up, and the boat started upstream. We were surprised, but soon saw the reason. In a few minutes we arrived at a place on the river where a high clay bank was topped by forest trees; and among them stood a herd of twenty-one elephants, many of them towering giants with long tusks. A crowd of Burmese and Karens stood on the bank—early comers to see the show.

At the water's edge stood the first victim—a huge fellow whose small eyes blinked dubiously at the obvious prospect of a forced bath. He was fastened by the forefeet to two firmly set posts. A heavy rope was passed from the chain holding his feet together to the stern of the steamboat. A tin float, shaped like an ordinary harbor buoy, but only about three feet in diameter, was fastened on his back to help keep him on the surface. His keeper took the usual seat back of his ears. The signal was given, and the boat started across the river, soon pulling the rope taut. At this critical moment the fastenings were loosed from the posts, the driver gave a last prod before making a wild leap for the bank, and Mr. Elephant was drawn down the slippery incline into the water. He trumpeted



loudly with fear, and fought desperately to hold back and regain the bank; but steam power triumphed, and he was towed with ever-increasing swiftness into deep water. When beyond his depth, he disappeared entirely, only the float telling his whereabouts; and even it was dragged under at times. Then suddenly his trunk appeared with a snort, and, waving about wildly, quickly took on a snakelike curve and seemed to point an accusing finger at us as we stood at the back end of the steamer. Then the huge body rose and thrashed the water into foam as it rolled from side to side and over, struggling to get free. Again it disappeared as if to seek the river bed for a foothold, only to reappear and rest content to be dragged rapidly along near the surface, with the water pouring over the gigantic head as it pours over a smooth rock in a rapid river. Soon the opposite bank was reached, which was sandy and shallow far out. As the launch could not approach very near, the elephant was left for a minute floundering in about fifteen feet of water. Meanwhile a Burmese racing boat full of men had paddled at top speed with the driver from the other bank. Now they approached the big fellow cautiously, and at a favorable moment the driver adroitly jumped from the prow of the canoe onto the elephant's head. Hastily setting free the float, he urged the beast toward the bank with peculiar twitchings of his knees back of the elephant's ears. While this was being done, the rope was carried to the bank, and a number of men exerted their puny strength to tow him in. And he seemed to have no power nor inclination to resist.

The whole herd of twenty-one was taken over in the same manner. This way of doing it may seem cruel, and some men engaged in the business think it is. The animals looked none the worse for it, and some seemed actually to enjoy it. We could understand how they might if their forefeet had been free.

One of them, which was so unfortunate as not to have a float at his back, went entirely under as soon as he reached deep water, and stayed there till the other side was nearly gained. We could tell by the length and angle of the rope that he must have been about twenty-five feet down. As time passed and he did not come up for air, and seemed to hang as a dead weight, the owners became alarmed, and there was much shouting and ado; but beyond an extra powerful spout when his trunk appeared, he acted the same as did the others.

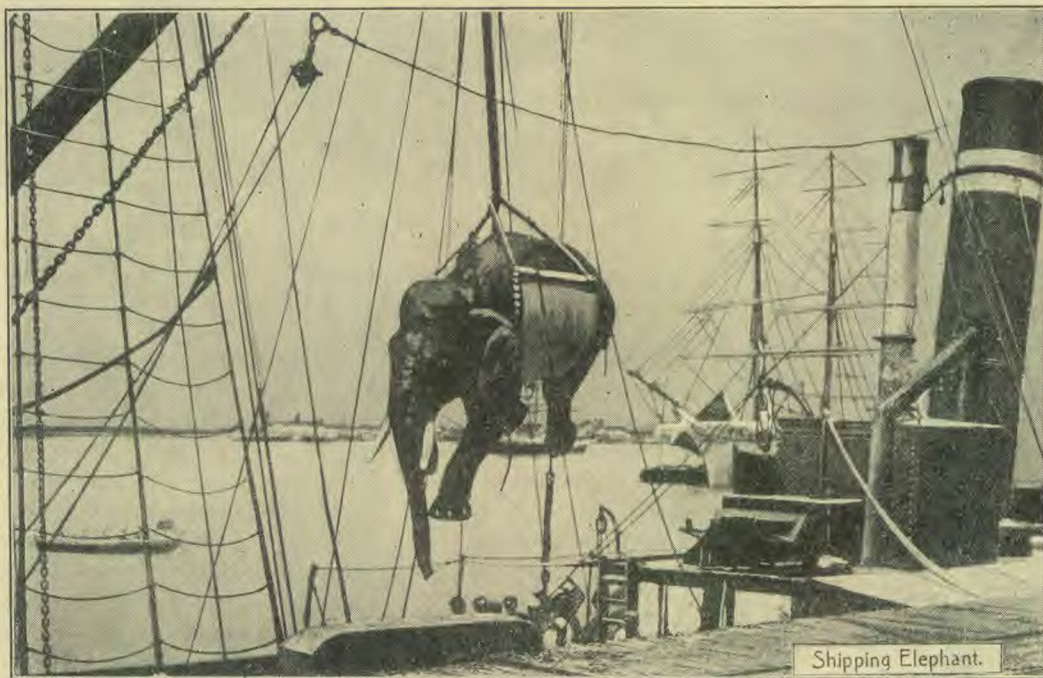
Another gigantic tusker was determined after the first outrage not to submit tamely to such indignities. When his driver gained his back and tried to prod and urge him to land, he wouldn't go. Instead, he headed for the middle of the river. All the shouting and pulling by the men on shore hadn't the least effect.

He reached the current and swam rapidly downstream. The driver was game and held his seat, but he might as well have been a fly. The launch gave chase, when there was no other way, and after an exciting few minutes the runaway was rounded up half a mile down. He was so tired when he finally landed that he could scarcely walk.

Our boat was so late in getting down the river that we missed the train for Rangoon, but the sight was worth the sacrifice.

### Mr. Bok

THE first thing that impresses you upon meeting this man is the difference between the Edward W. Bok of the endless newspaper paragraph and the Edward W. Bok of real life. Few men have been more paragraphed, made fun of, and ridiculed than Mr. Bok.



Shipping Elephant.

Your preconceived notion is quickly shattered the first moment you meet the man. Tall and spare, he radiates virility. He is masculine to his finger tips. He has the lean look of the man in whom mentality dominates appetite. He has, too, a suggestion of the great out of doors about him, for there is a dash of ruddy color in his cheeks, and a little swing in his movements that hints of long country walks and intimate acquaintance with outdoor sports. He is, as a matter of fact, inordinately fond of golf and tennis.

Mr. Bok is fifty-odd years of age, and looks younger despite the touches of gray in his hair. The dominant note in his facial harmony is power. There is no consciousness of self. He lives out a phrase of his own: "A man should take his work seriously, but never himself." Seldom is the person of exceeding earnestness agreeable. Still less often is the exceedingly agreeable person a thoroughly earnest one. Mr. Bok presents that anomaly in character.

"I am not an American," he said, when he began to talk of himself. "I was born in the Netherlands. My father was a man of wealth in the old country, but he lost his fortune, and we came here. I was six years of age. My father's struggle to establish himself in a strange country was too much for his health, and he soon passed away, leaving my mother, my brother, and me. We lived in Brooklyn, in a tenement house of



three stories. My father adopted strenuous measures with my brother and me. As soon as we arrived here, he placed us in a public school. Neither of us knew a word of the English language. It was hard, of course, but I see now that it was right.

"The first money I ever earned was by selling water to passengers on the horse cars bound to Coney Island, at a cent a glass. I noticed that at a point near our home, where they changed horses, the passengers used to get out and run for a drink of water on hot days. I thought I could save them the walk and earn a little money by carrying water to the car. I filled a pail with cold water, jumped on the cars, and sold it.

"The other boys in the neighborhood took it up, and I had my first taste of competition. Then I got some sugar and lemons and sold what I called lemonade, at two cents a glass. This was my first lesson in one of the basic facts of success. To be successful one must do the common thing in an uncommon way.

"My father left us very poor. My mother, who had been accustomed to luxury and servants in the Netherlands, had to do her own housework. My brother and I tried to help her. Every afternoon when we came home from school, we helped her in every way we could. We used to scrub the floors of our rooms and the flight of stairs leading to our floor once a week, and every three weeks the whole three flights. I washed the dishes for her. I learned to cook, and used to relieve her of that as much as I could. In this way I learned what I have never forgotten — the fearful, interminable routine of a housewife's life."

A smile here lighted up Mr. Bok's face as he said: —

"It always makes me smile when some woman, a reader of our magazine, writes me and asks: 'What do you know about the needs, the life, or the struggles of poor people—you, who were born with a silver spoon in your mouth?' Bless her heart, she little knows that I have been through it all, and know it, hoof and heel. I know what it is to live on practically nothing; to leave the house stealthily at night, go through the streets and pick up old pieces of wood, because we had not the four cents to buy a bundle of kindling; to pick up odd bits of coal; to sift the ashes until my fingers bled; to get up before dawn and make the fire; to have a horror of passing a grocery store because we owed the man and couldn't pay; to go around afraid to stop, because of the patches on my clothes. Know it? Oh, yes, I know what it is to be poor; knew it not for a six month, either, but for a number of years.

"And it was fine, I tell you," said this man, unexpectedly.

"Fine? You mean poverty?" I asked.

"I do," he said emphatically. "The finest thing that ever happened to me, the finest thing that ever happened to any young fellow is to be poor. There is no greater stimulant than poverty — not as a condition in which to stay, but as a condition to work out of."

"About this time," continued Mr. Bok, "I conceived the idea of securing the autographs of celebrities. I have now the second largest collection of autographs in this country. Every evening I would read about famous people and then write to them, but not directly, for their autographs. They have little value. I wanted characteristic letters. I wrote to General Grant, for example, asking him the exact spot where Lee surrendered to him. He wrote me a four-page letter in reply. So I secured interesting letters by first familiarizing myself with the lives of the people I wanted to write

to, and then asking each some question about the pivotal point in his or her career.

"At thirteen I left school. I was then in the grammar grade. I never went to school again. I have hustled from that time until now.

"I went to work as an office boy in the Western Union Telegraph Company. Clarence Cary, a friend of my father, said to me: 'If you learn stenography, you will find your advancement will be more rapid wherever you work.' I took up stenography at once in a night school, and in a few weeks I could take dictation. Meanwhile, I was, of course, doing an office boy's work, running errands, copying letters — all valuable to any man, no matter how high he rises, because going through these positions he knows the possibility of every position below him. He has been there.

"While working in the Western Union and studying at the night school, it occurred to me that the theater programs could be made larger with profit. At that time they were single sheets printed on one side, like those used in the upper galleries of a theater now. Frederic Colver and my brother joined me in the venture of enlarging the programs to four sheets and filling them with advertisements. We did this for four theaters in Brooklyn, and soon cleared a good thing out of it every week."

The inventor of the modern theater program! That, in itself, is a bit of fame which any business man would be proud to own.

"While doing this we also got out the *Brooklyn Magazine*, which we made out of a little sheet that had been the organ of the Philomathean Society. We published in it the sermons of Dr. T. De Witt Talmage and Henry Ward Beecher. So in the monthly we published eight sermons besides other matter. I got some of the most notable men to write for us for nothing. It was cheek. I was a Plymouth Church boy, and Mr. Beecher helped me as much as he could. We ran the magazine for two years, and sold it at a profit.

"I was not seventeen, and my friend, Clarence Cary, asked me what I thought I should like to do since I had learned stenography. I said I should like to be in some work that would throw me among books. He introduced me to Henry Holt, the publisher, and I became his stenographer. I remained there for a year. Then an opportunity came for me to go with Scribners as stenographer. After four years I was promoted to do advertising writing, something I always liked. I prefer writing an advertisement today to an editorial. Business always appeals to me. I remained with Scribners for seven years. During this time my brother and I started the Bok Syndicate Press.

"In the development of the Bok Syndicate Press I did that of which I am not proud. I conceived the idea of getting forty celebrated women to write a letter apiece for the service. I wrote to editors throughout the country, telling them of my plan, saying that if they published these letters, women would read the paper, and that would bring advertising, and added that I must have good rates to get good service, for these women must be well paid. It was a heavy contract.

"The editors liked the plan, and were liberal enough to justify me in securing articles from almost every famous woman living at that time. I secured a weekly New York letter from a writer called 'Bab,' who was very popular at that time. Then the editors began writing me: 'Your own letter, the weekly letter from celebrated women, and Bab's give us half a page a



week. Can't you give us three columns more, so that we can make a whole page devoted to women?' I wrote that I could not. I would furnish the three, and they must provide any further material. They did, and that was the beginning of the present woman's page that all newspapers now conduct—a product of which I confess I am not very proud. But it familiarized me with women's needs, and was preparatory, again, for my future work.

"The weekly literary letter of the Bok Syndicate Press I signed by my brother's name, William Bok, to prevent any embarrassment to my employer, the *Scribners*. Mr. Cyrus Curtis, the publisher of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, was a reader of this letter of mine in the newspapers, and he found out who wrote it.

"Mr. Curtis called upon me, and said that his magazine was being edited by his wife; but that, as they had a little daughter, who was growing up and needed more of her mother's care, she had no longer the time necessary to be given to the magazine. He asked me if I knew any young man whom I could get for the position.

"I said I did not. He smiled.

"How about you?' he said.

"I asked for a few days to consider. I asked my friends what they thought. Every one of them said that I would be buried alive in Philadelphia. Not a friend encouraged me. But that is all nonsense, you know, about a man burying himself anywhere. If he's got it in him, it'll come out in Philadelphia as well as in New York. I decided to go. That was twenty-four years ago.

"And that," said Mr. Bok, with a smile, "is all."

I asked him to tell me of the development of the magazine.

"You know," he said earnestly, "folks have a very complimentary way of saying that I 'made the *Ladies' Home Journal*.' And I have heard some of Mr. Curtis's best friends say this. They forget that in such an erroneous statement they do an injustice to Mr. Curtis. The basis of the present success of the magazine was laid when I came to it. It already had a circulation of 450,000 copies. It was for me to build it up from that

(Concluded on page sixteen)

### The Prophet Daniel

"Though we have a more minute account of the early life of Daniel than is recorded of any other prophet, yet his birth and lineage are left in complete obscurity, except that he was of the royal line, probably of the house of David, which had at this time become very numerous. He first appears as one of the noble captives of Judah, in the first year of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, at the commencement of the seventy years' captivity, 606 B. C. Jeremiah and Habakkuk were yet uttering their prophecies. Ezekiel commenced soon after, and a little later, Obadiah; but both these finished their work years before the close of the long and brilliant career of Daniel. . . .

"He is supposed to have died at Shushan, or Susa, in Persia, about the year 530 B. C., aged nearly ninety-four years, his age being the probable reason why he returned not to Judea with other Hebrew captives, under the proclamation of Cyrus."

"His life affords a most impressive lesson of the importance and advantage of maintaining from earliest youth strict integrity toward God, and furnishes a notable instance of a man's maintaining eminent piety and faithfully discharging all the duties that pertain to the service of God, while at the same time engaging in the most stirring activities, and bearing the weightiest cares and responsibilities that can devolve upon men in this earthly life."—U. Smith.

### The Book of Daniel

"It seems futile to attempt, in human language, adequately to extol the merits of this portion of divine revelation. This is the book upon which were based the calculations that showed that a great crisis was to take place in the great advent movement of over half a century ago. It is the 'little book' spoken of in the tenth chapter of Revelation, which the angel held in his hand, open, and from which he made the proclamation that time should be no longer; the book whose contents were first so sweet and then so bitter, illustrating the experience of the church at the time when its hopes of the soon coming of the Lord were not realized."—Starr.

"Daniel's prophecy is, in many respects, the most remarkable of any in the Sacred Record. It is the most comprehensive. It was the first prophecy giving a consecutive history of the world from that time to the end. It located the most of its predictions within well-defined prophetic periods, though reaching many centuries into the future. It gave the first definite chronological prophecy of the coming of the Messiah. It marked the time of this event so definitely that the Jews forbid any attempt to interpret its numbers, since that prophecy shows them to have been without excuse in rejecting Christ."—U. Smith

### Hosea

The prophetic career of Hosea, the first of the minor prophets, began about 784 B. C., and covered a period of about sixty years, the reigns of the last six of the kings of Israel. He was a contemporary of Isaiah, Joel, and Amos, and, like the latter prophet, was sent to the Israelites. It was a time of great spiritual darkness. Vice and iniquity flourished; the kings were dissolute and profligate; and the priests, lost to all sense of the sacredness of their office, introduced shameful heathen rites into God's worship. In the vivid pages of Hosea's prophecy we are given some glimpses of the conditions prevailing at that day, against which his voice was uplifted in fearless and faithful warning. Of the style of the book, Eichhorn says, "His discourse is like a garland, woven of a multiplicity of flowers; images are woven upon images, metaphors strung upon metaphors." Jesus, Matthew, Peter, and Paul quoted from this book.



### Thirty-Seventh Week

September 12. Daniel 1 to 4: The test; the great image; the fiery furnace; vision of the great tree.

September 13. Daniel 5 to 8: Belshazzar's implous feast; the lions' den; prophetic visions.

September 14. Daniel 9 to 12: The seventy weeks; kings of the north and the south; deliverance.

September 15. Review Jeremiah and Daniel. Note especially the prophecies relating to the closing of earth's history.

September 16. Hosea 1 to 4: God's judgments and promises.

September 17. Hosea 5 to 9: Warnings and exhortations.

September 18. Hosea 10 to 14: Mercy for the repentant.

### To Think About as You Read

Sunday.—Standing up for principle.

Monday.—Does my life measure up to God's standard?

Tuesday.—What should be my chief concern?

Wednesday.—Importance of God's Word.

Thursday.—Hatefulness of sin.

Friday.—Am I among those who follow on to know the Lord?

Sabbath.—Wonderful mercy of Jehovah.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

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

### Senior Society Program for Sabbath, September 18

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Paper on "The Life of Solomon."
2. One-minute reports of working bands.
3. Bible Study: "Personal Work." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Mark 1: 17, 18.
5. Mission Talks: "Early History of Our Work in India," and "Our Work in Bengal." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "An Outline of Mission Fields," pages 112-118; also article in this INSTRUCTOR, "Village Life in



India." Use your map. (See INSTRUCTOR of August 31 for copy of map of India.)

6. Symposium: Appoint several persons to tell the stories of the lives of Malta, Rengha, Phuloo, and Chikia. See *Gazette*.

## Junior Society Program for Week Ending September 18

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Paper on "The Life of Solomon."

2. One-minute reports of working bands.

3. Bible Study: "The Ministry of Good Angels." See *Gazette*.

4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Heb. 1:14; Matt. 18:10.

5. Paper: "Early History of Our Work in India." See "An Outline of Mission Fields," pages 112-116. Use your map. (See INSTRUCTOR of August 31 for copy of map of India.)

6. Talk: "Our Work in Bengal." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "An Outline of Mission Fields," pages 117, 118.

7. Symposium: Appoint several different persons to tell the stories of the lives of Malta, Rangha, Phuloo, and Chikia. See *Gazette*.



## XII — Spiritual Discernment

(September 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 16:1-12.

MEMORY VERSE: "The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble." Prov. 4:19.

### Questions

1. When Jesus returned to Galilee, how was he received? Matt. 16:1, first part. Note 1.

2. What kind of sign did they desire? Verse 1, last part. Note 2.

3. What common saying did their request for a sign suggest to Jesus? Verse 2.

4. What was a common saying in the morning about weather? Verse 3, first part.

5. What comparison did Jesus then draw? Verse 3, last part. Note 3.

6. Only what sign, therefore, would he give them? Verse 4; Matt. 12:40.

7. What proverb describes these Pharisees and Sadducees? Memory verse.

8. Of what did Jesus warn his disciples to "take heed and beware"? Matt. 16:6.

9. What did the disciples think he meant? Verses 5, 7.

10. What else, besides bread, had they forgotten? Verses 8-10.

11. What question did Jesus ask them? Verse 11.

12. What did they then understand Jesus to mean by the leaven? Verse 12. Note 4.

13. What does the spirit of self-seeking and hypocrisy do when permitted to remain in our hearts? Note 5?

### Notes

1. It was in Galilee that Jesus did most of his mighty works, and there sign after sign had been given of his power.

2. Joshua had commanded the sun to stand still, and Elijah had called down fire from heaven. It was some such sign that the Pharisees and Sadducees demanded. But this was not what they needed. Jesus did not work wonders unnecessarily — just for the sake of giving a sign.

3. The fact that they could so easily see the signs in nature, showed that they were well able to see the signs of Christ's divinity, if they so desired. "Christ's own words, spoken with the power of the Holy Spirit that convicted them of sin, were the sign that God had given for their salvation." And then there had been signs direct from heaven. "The song of the angels to the shepherds, the star that guided the wise men, the dove and the voice from heaven at his baptism, were witnesses for him. The highest evidence that he came from God is that his life revealed the character of God. He did the works and spoke the words of God. Such a life is the greatest of all miracles."

4. "There was danger that the crafty reasoning of the Pharisees and Sadducees would leaven his disciples with unbelief, causing them to think lightly of the works of Christ." There was danger that the hypocrisy of the Pharisees and Sadducees would be permitted to enter the hearts of the disciples, and, like leaven, change their character and life.

5. "As leaven, if left to complete its work, will cause corruption and decay, so does the self-seeking spirit, cherished, work the defilement and ruin of the soul."—"The Desire of Ages," page 409.

## XII — Spiritual Discernment

(September 18)

### Daily-Study Outline

Sab. .... Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. .... Discern the signs of the times. Questions 1-5.

Mon. .... The sign of Jonah. Questions 6-8.

Tues. .... Little discernment. Questions 9-12.

Wed. .... Beware of men's doctrine. Questions 11-16.

Thurs. .... Review.

Fri. .... Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 404-409.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 16:1-12.

### Questions

1. What two classes now came to Jesus? In what spirit? Matt. 16:1, first part. Note 1.

2. What request did they make of Jesus? Verse 1, last part.

3. What common saying did their request for a sign suggest to Jesus? Verse 2.

4. What was a common saying in the morning about weather? Verse 3, first part.

5. What comparison did Jesus then draw? Verse 3, last part.

6. How did he characterize these seekers after a sign? Verse 4, first part.

7. What did he say about giving them a sign? Verse 4, middle part. Note 2.

8. What did Jesus then do? Verse 4, last part.

9. What did the disciples forget as they went with him? Verse 5.

10. What did Jesus say to them? Verse 6.

11. How did they reason about his saying? Verse 7.

12. How did Jesus reprove them? Verse 8.

13. What pointed question did he ask them? Verse 9.

14. Of what other miracle did he remind them? Verse 10.

15. What further question did Jesus ask them? Verse 11.

16. How did they understand Jesus' saying in verse 6? Verse 12.

### Notes

1. Though the Pharisees and the Sadducees were opposed to each other in many of their beliefs, and were often at enmity in their dealings, yet they frequently united in their efforts to overthrow the teachings of Jesus and weaken his influence. Here they sought to "tempt" or test him, that they might entangle him in his talk.

2. The sign that the Jews most needed had already been given them—the sign of the prophet Jonah, with the lesson of Jonah's message of repentance to Nineveh. This was also the message of John the Baptist. If the Pharisees and the Sadducees could have the experience of repentance, this would clear up their spiritual perceptions; but without repentance and belief on the Lord Jesus Christ, it would be useless to give them other signs.



# The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

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FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - EDITOR  
ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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## Mr. Bok

(Concluded from page fourteen)

point. And that," Mr. Bok said it so simply that one would think it had been the mere turning over of a hand, "is what I have tried to do. Mr. Curtis put the job up to me, and it was for me to make good."

"It is said that every man who writes does so with his eye on one woman who shall read what he writes. Do you edit the magazine in that way, with one woman in view?" I asked.

"Yes. For twenty-one years I have edited the magazine with one woman in view. I have never met her, but a year or two after I became editor Mr. Curtis and I made a tour of the smaller cities to study the needs of the American people. In one city, a small city,—I will not mention the name because some one might know,—I saw a woman who seemed to me by her dress and manners, and in every way, to be typical of the best American womanhood. I saw her at church and at a concert with her husband and children. I passed her home and saw about it the same air of typical 'homeness' and refinement I had noted in her. 'That woman,' I said to myself, 'is the woman I shall have in view in editing the magazine.'

"I made inquiries and found she did not read the magazine. Two years later I saw her name on the subscription list. A few years later I received a letter from her telling me how the magazine had helped her in her home and with her family. That woman will never know how gratifying was her letter, for I merely wrote her an ordinary letter of thanks."

Of his life apart from his work Mr. Bok is absolutely close-mouthed.

"I am married," he replied, "have been married for seventeen years. We have two children—boys. That is all."

"Mrs. Bok is the little girl that was growing up so fast that she needed more of her mother's attention when you took charge of the magazine," I said. "In other words, you married Miss Curtis, didn't you?"

He smiled assent.

This was the story of the man who, as editor of a magazine which extends its influence into three million homes, is practically a lay preacher to the largest congregation in the United States. It is impossible to estimate this one man's power in American home life, or

the tremendous range of his appeal. What of his character? What of his philosophy of life?

He thumped his big-knuckled fist:—

"Behind every story of success is a story of hard work and self-denial," he said.

And Edward Bok works. He has worked—worked since he was thirteen, and he works today. But he loves his work, and there is the secret of his success. He lives his own favorite maxim: "Work for work's sake, and the rest, the money part, will take care of itself."

"How can the average man succeed?" I asked.

"If he lacks initiative, if he is not a leader among men,—and few are,—then let him do the common thing in an uncommon way."—*Marvin Ferree, in the Independent.*

## Haiti's Troubles

HAITI'S dark record began on the twenty-seventh of July. For ten days there had been a reign of terror in Port au Prince, the capital. Pres. Guillaume Sam, seeing the gains of the revolutionist leader, Dr. Rosalvo Bobo, and distrusting those around him, made many political arrests. He placed in prison one hundred and sixty prominent residents of the capital. He also disbanded one of his own regiments. These soldiers turned against him, and, with followers of Bobo, attacked the palace. For a time it was defended by the president and General Oscar, governor of the city; but they could not hold out, and both found it necessary to run away. President Sam got refuge in the French legation, and General Oscar found shelter in the legation of Santo Domingo. First, however, they put to death all of the one hundred and sixty political prisoners. One of these was ex-President Oreste Zamor, who was driven from office last year by Davilmar Theodore.

When the people of the capital heard of the slaughter of the one hundred and sixty prisoners, they invaded the Santo Domingo legation, took General Oscar to the street, and there shot him to death. Then Rosalvo Bobo proclaimed himself president. All this was on the twenty-seventh. On the following day the relatives and friends of the murdered prisoners broke into the French legation, and, in defiance of the French minister's protest, took President Sam out and killed him. They mutilated his dead body, and after dragging it through the streets, dismembered it, and marched about with parts of it displayed on poles.

Admiral Caperton of our navy landed marines on the twenty-ninth to guard the legations. Rosalvo Bobo is hostile to Americans and to the purposes of our government. The landing was resisted, and six Haitians were killed. Two of our sailors lost their lives. Undoubtedly France will resent the invasion of her legation; and if we, under the Monroe Doctrine, were not opposed to the taking of territory there by European powers, she might seize and hold the capital for apologies and reparation. Probably we shall have to represent her interests. A battleship has been sent to the port, and two thousand marines and sailors will soon be available. They may hold the capital while there are negotiations for a treaty, with provisions for a fiscal protectorate like the one in Santo Domingo. Bobo has opposed such a protectorate.—*The Independent.*