

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 15



LOOKING TOWARD "THE POINT" AT EMMANUEL MISSIONARY COLLEGE



THE paint alone for the Lake Street bridge over the Chicago River costs \$5,000.

THE latest wonder of California is an insect that eats its way through sheet lead.

APRIL 20 is Anti-Cigarette Day. Should not the Anti-Tobacco number of the INSTRUCTOR be given a part in the work of this day?

JOSEPH HARTIGAN, commissioner of weights and measures, found that some of the poor people of New York, by buying coal by the pail, were paying from \$20 to \$25 a ton.

THE Germans have now what they call an invisible aeroplane, made so by the wings being transparent. It is difficult to pick the machines out against the background of the sky.

AUTOMOBILE tires of artificial rubber are now being made in Germany. In fact, one factory has succeeded in working synthetic rubber into tires which will wear for a year.

APPARATUS for killing animals by electricity are used at the Animal Rescue League of Boston. This humane and efficacious way is a striking contrast to the usual primitive method.

THERE is a tree in Ashanti, near the woods of Kabba, which furnishes an excellent butter. The butter keeps in perfect condition the whole year. The tree resembles the English oak.

IN Manila, Philippine Islands, there is a native band with instruments made entirely of bamboo. This shows another unique use which the natives of the Far East make of that almost indispensable product.

THE United States has built on a hitherto practically uninhabited island, Lubion, two hundred miles southwest of Manila, a town for three thousand five hundred lepers of the Philippines. Here the first successful effort has been made to arrest, if not actually to cure, leprosy.

A RECENT health report from New York City shows that deaths from typhoid include only 143 persons as against 224 five years ago. Those due to diphtheria and croup have fallen from 383 to 270. Other diseases due to contagion, poor sanitation, etc., show similar reductions.

At the northwestern station of the Chicago Commonwealth Edison Company, there is a turbogenerator which furnishes 60,000,000 candle power at one time, or can light the 33,000 arc and incandescent electric lamps of the municipal street lighting system of Chicago. It is said to be the largest generator in use.

A FEW weeks ago boys about to be graduated from twelve public schools of the Bronx, New York, were examined from the texts used by them in the schools. Only a very few passed a satisfactory test. Seventeen words were given to spell. Not one boy spelled all of them correctly. The words were: architects, necessary, unnumbered, embodied, treacherous, changeable, anemone, allegiance, magician, succumb, recommend, sympathetic, punctuality, apprehension, pioneer, principles, and irreverent. The results were equally bad in arithmetic, geography, and history.

ONE of the many remarkable features of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which closed December 15, was the aeroscope, a machine which picks up a person by a long iron arm that swings from a base pivot, like the clutch of a linotype machine, lifts him two hundred feet in the air, and twirls him around before placing him gently on the ground again. The aeroscope is a steel tower seventy by seventy feet at the base, on which is mounted a counterbalanced arm two hundred and forty feet in length. This arm is built after the manner of a modern single-leaf bascule bridge, at the tapered end of which a car is suspended. The car is so controlled as to hang vertically at all times. By means of machinery in the base, and aided by a pair of propellers at the outer end of the arm, the car may be raised to a height of two hundred and sixty feet with a load of thirty to fifty passengers.

IN the outskirts of Long Island City, New York, is a large barnlike structure where "Back Number Budd" keeps his files of old newspapers. He can supply papers dating back to 1833. His price on a paper one year old or less, is two dollars and eighty-five cents; and for each additional year, he adds one dollar and fifty cents. So there is a fair profit in the business. Back Number Budd started life as a newsboy in Washington, and got his idea of saving back copies of newspapers after one of the battles of Bull Run, when he was offered five dollars each for back numbers of papers describing the battle.

THE United States has more gold than any two of the other nations. We have \$1,400,000,000 stored away and \$600,000,000 in circulation, making a total of \$2,000,000,000. The gold is stored in bags, like copper, or piled up like kindling wood. There are 2,700 tons. It would load 100 freight cars, which would make a train one mile long, taking a dozen engines to transport it.

AN "opliphone" or "phonoptican" has been invented which enables a blind man to see by way of his ears. Letters are transmitted into sound by an electric optic. With an ordinary telephone receiver at a blind man's ear, he passes several highly sensitized selenium bars over the letters. Each letter gives a characteristic sound, and he is thus enabled to read.

NEW YORK will have five women street inspectors to assist in the spring cleaning, it was announced recently by Commissioner Fetherston. This is the first time women have been certified by the municipal Civil Service Commission as inspectors or examiners of street cleaning. The salary is \$1,200.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 11, 1916

No. 15

The Use of Flowers

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night,—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth? —
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man, to whisper life,
Whene'er his faith is dim.
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him!

— Mary Howitt.

Obon

PERRY A. WEBBER

MANY are the deceptions that Satan has practiced upon a fallen race, but without doubt the most masterful and far-reaching in its effects was the overwhelming temptation brought to the innocent pair in Eden. Satan, using the charms of the most beautiful of all the created animals, beguiled the woman. "Thou shalt not surely die" was the first great falsehood. No pen nor imagination can depict the terrible results of listening to the tempter with such words upon his lips.

Satan's first lie is still a falsehood, and has become the foundation of every false system of religion. It is the trunk of the evil tree. Such monstrous systems of falsehood as Buddhism, witchcraft, Spiritualism, Mohammedanism, mesmerism, ancestor worship, and all other forms of idolatry branch from this hideous trunk. And we are sorry to say that a branch from this evil tree has been grafted into the teaching of the professed followers of Christ, until nearly all are partakers in the heathen belief that the soul does not surely die.

The writer wishes to note especially a feature of ancestor, or spirit, worship, and in doing so will briefly describe the Buddhist festival of the dead as it is observed in Japan.

Ancestor worship has held this nation in its clutches for many centuries; and still, in spite of foreign intercourse and the influence of Western civilization, it reigns supreme in every household. From the monarch upon the throne to the humblest toiler in his hut, all bow down to the imaginary spirits of dead ancestors. At regular intervals they are worshiped. Pilgrimages are made in their behalf. Their help is implored in all times of perplexity. They are praised and adored in times of rejoicing and plenty. The *senzo*, as they are called, must be respected, or calamity is sure to come.

The festival of the dead is called *Obon*, and is held from August 13 to 15 inclusive. At this time all spirits in *gokurakucho* (paradise) are supposed to return to this earth to visit the relatives and friends. All sects of Buddhists, of which there are about seventy in Japan, take part in this festival.

On the eve of the thirteenth, in every household a bright fire is kindled, which is a signal to the spirits that all is in readiness. Before the household god is spread a sumptuous feast of good things. Of course among these rice will be found. Children, parents,

and grandparents, in holiday attire, make ready to greet the departed ones. All debts and other accounts have been settled, so there will be nothing to mar the pleasure of the spirits. At the front entrance is placed a lantern upon which the name or crest of the family is written. Without this the spirit in its rapid flight to the earth would fail to find its friends, and would return to paradise unhappy.

The feast is kept spread from the eve of the thirteenth until the eve of the fifteenth. Two days the spirits in all their power are supposed to be present to bless and console those who have not yet been permitted to go and dwell with *Shaka Samma* (Buddha).

In every household where a relative has died during the previous year, a small ship is prepared, and on it are placed many candles. The young spirit is to embark in this for its return trip to *gokurakucho*. It has made but the one trip, and must be helped in finding its way back. Upon the ship, in Chinese characters, are written the words *Saiho Maru* (ship going west). It is supposed that *gokurakucho* lies to the west *ju man oku do* (one hundred trillion). This does not represent one hundred trillion miles, but simply a very great distance.

Next comes the launching of the little ship. All lighted up with the many candles, it is taken to the river or ocean. The friends and relatives accompany it to the water's edge. In it is loaded the food from the feast; and, with the shooting of Roman candles and skyrockets, a friend takes the little boat and swims out as far as he can, and then leaves the boat to the mercy of the waves. Some weep, some laugh, some pray. Many Buddhist priests stand on the shore and chant meaningless prayers as the lights of the many vessels grow dimmer and dimmer in the distance.

It is hard to conjecture how many of these frail little vessels ever travel the great distance prescribed, but usually the following morning, with the incoming of the tide, the shores are strewn with the barks of the spirit wanderers.

As we stood and witnessed this scene, beautiful in its outward form, but deadly in its teachings, we were led to exclaim, "How long shall this terrible ignorance and sin exist!" How many who read these words will consecrate their young lives to the work of God in Japan? Come over and help us.

4 to 10 Jigyo Nishi Machi, Fukuoka, Japan.

The Orderly Life

EDWIN R. THIELE

IF a man were to engage passage from New York to Chicago on an oxcart, we should call him crazy. Hundreds of thousands of men are traveling in an oxcart mind. Their relation to their work, daily life, ultimate goal, is that of a mental medieval, jogging, bumping, lagging along in an intellectual oxcart over a stony road of ignorance and inertia. These men — the majority of them — haven't any system." In these words, Edward Earle Purinton, efficiency expert of the *Independent*, begins an article on "The Orderly Life," in which he shows the difference between a systematic and an unsystematic life.

He says further: "All advancement is by means of a system. Few minds are quick enough, roomy enough, easy enough, fine enough. And by the right combination of systems any sane man could, and if he is a sane man he will, change the style of his intellect from an oxcart to an automobile. You can make a month's progress in a day when you know how. . . .

"There is no science of law, of medicine, of theology, of education, or of marriage; in these realms we find conflict, confusion, groping, erring, despairing, because no system has yet been evolved. . . .

"We often hear that man works from sun to sun, while woman's work is never done." Mr. Purinton says that the reason for this is because woman's work generally is never done right: household work has not yet been reduced to a system. "It has taken the women of the world nineteen hundred years of Christian civilization to produce their first readable, workable, reliable book on systematic housekeeping," he says. "Yet the home preceded all trades and professions. . . .

"A ten-point success is likely to be two points talent, three points character, and five points system. There is consolation here for the man not born a genius."

By system Mr. Purinton means, not a worship of detail, but an attention to detail which will bring about the highest possible degree of efficiency in life. It means profiting by the experiences of others; a decrease of effort with an increase of result.

A person's state of mind during the day depends a great deal on how he starts the day. If he wakes up, yawns, stretches, growls, and goes back to sleep again, he weakens his will-power and breaks his schedule for the entire day. If his mind is in a state of turmoil in the morning, it will be apt to be dull throughout the rest of the day. His physical and mental status for the entire day will depend a great deal on how the first minutes of the morning are spent.

The efficient man gives himself a certain number of hours in which to sleep. He gets up as soon as he awakes, takes five minutes for exercise, has his morning bath, dresses, and is ready for breakfast. In these operations all his motions are reduced to a minimum. He faces the day on time and with a smile. His body is in such a healthy glow as to keep his mind clear and keen throughout the entire day.

Then for breakfast he does not have roast and soup one morning and corn flakes the next. But he has figured out in advance just what kind of food will keep him in the best physical trim, and eats only enough of it to keep him from starving till the next meal.

"I can do three times as much in a day as I could a few years ago," says Mr. Purinton. "The secret lies chiefly in the fact that I have learned to get a clean grip on my work and myself during the first hour of the day."

Every habitual action of life should be carefully scrutinized and studied with a view to its easiest, quickest, and best mode of accomplishment. Can I eliminate any unnecessary motions in this process, or am I wasting time in another? Am I wearing out my mind and discouraging others by fretting or worrying?

Occasional actions may also be reduced to a system. If you have something to do next week or next month, jot it down in a memorandum pad, and then forget about it. Do not try to burden the mind with the slightest details. Every one should have a notebook in which he jots down things to be attended to in the future, and then with the help of the pad, should plan out each day's work in advance.

Household work may also be reduced to system. Too often the housewife thinks of the dishes to wash, the socks to mend, the floors to scrub, the babies to tend, the bread to bake, and the beds to make; worries till she does not know where to begin, and then attacks the entire lot in a wholesale fashion. Fifty per cent of her efficiency is frequently lost. But if she carefully plans her work ahead, allowing herself fifteen minutes to wash the dishes, half an hour to make the beds, and so on down the list, every day trying to break her former record, she will soon be surprised at her efficiency and the pleasure of her work.

Boys can and should also have a system. Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place. When you start to school in the morning, do not make it necessary to ask your mother, "Ma, where's my books?" or, "Ann, where did you put my cap?" Have a specified place for all your personal belongings. It will keep you from much unnecessary irritation, and save you hours of time every week. When you go to bed, do not scatter your clothes in every corner of the room. Be able to find in the dark everything in your possession.

There is a system for every one. In the United States there are about 120,000 clergymen, 6,000,000 farmers, and 10,000,000 mechanics. Thus, if you are a mechanic, you stand only one chance in ten million of having the best system of any one in your class. It is altogether unlikely that you are the most efficient one. So make it a point to obtain suggestions from others, finding out how they have succeeded in the work you are undertaking to do. Get a system into your life if you would be efficient.

The following test is one adapted from a test on "The Orderly Life," given by Mr. Purinton: —

1. Do you keep a daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly memorandum pad?
2. Have you an outfit of scrapbooks and files for clippings, notes, and new ideas?
3. Do you maintain a personal budget of current expense?
4. Are your expenses less now than they were last year?
5. Do you exercise at least five minutes on rising every morning?
6. Have you standardized breakfast and luncheon in time, quantity, and variety?
7. Are you in bed at ten o'clock four nights in the week?
8. Could you find in the dark every article you possess?
9. Are you doing your work better and does it seem pleasanter than a year ago?
10. Do you attend church and prayer meeting regularly?

11. Have you read five standard works on systematizing your life and destiny?
12. Do you plan ahead your day's work on the basis of a time schedule?
13. Can you finish your day's work in an hour less time than a year ago?
14. Have you a clear picture, in your mind and on paper, of your ultimate achievement in life?
15. Are you devoting part of each day to meditation and prayer?
16. Can you forget all system and do as you please, one or two days a month?
17. Can you make yourself do things you dislike — pleasantly, thoroughly, and regularly.
18. Have you classified the mental and moral faculties and powers needed for great success in your work?
19. Are you developing these in yourself by a regular scientific method?
20. Do you reserve a little time each week for music, art, poetry, and personal work?

Directions: Write 5 in blank space following each question, where the answer is Yes. Leave space blank where the answer is No or indeterminate. Add the column of figures thus obtained, for your percentage in efficient system. These questions are only general, and do not serve as a complete guide.



Chemistry Applied

THE chemist of today has little in common with the chemist, or alchemist, of two hundred years ago. The alchemist devoted himself to experimenting, hoping to discover the philosopher's stone which would turn the baser metals into gold; or the elixir of life, which would give perpetual youth to any one drinking it. The aim of the chemist of today is rather to find some better and cheaper way of producing well-known compounds, or to produce natural compounds by means of chemical syntheses.

The State normal school at Westfield, Massachusetts, has taken the lead in a movement which has swept through the leading schools and colleges, to teach the students practical applied chemistry, as they might apply it in later life. This study is intensely interesting to the average student; and while it is as valuable from the academic viewpoint as the old system, it has the added advantage of being very practical. One of the most interesting and useful divisions of the subject is the chemistry of stains.

To Remove Stains

There are, roughly speaking, three kinds of stains: those formed by the chemical union of some substance with a suitable medium, those formed by physical union, and a combination of the two. When the spot is caused by physical union, physical means of removing it are best. An example of this would be a grease spot. Here we have a purely physical stain; some process of absorption of solution would produce the best results in this case. Gasoline and ether are valuable, but ammonia and soapsuds are the old-fashioned remedies that are hard to improve upon. Sometimes if the stain is covered with a blotter and a warm flat-iron applied, excellent results will be obtained.

When the stain is of a chemical nature, a different procedure must be followed. Take, for example, the grass stain, or the stains of fruit juices on cloth. Here certain oxides are formed, and the stains are of a chemical nature. A good compound for stains of this kind is sometimes sold under the name of

"ink eradicator." There are two solutions to this reagent, and they must be kept in separate bottles. The first consists of a twenty-per-cent solution of tartaric or acetic acid, though good strong vinegar may be used. The second is a weak solution of bleaching powder, boiled until a pink color appears, then strained and slightly diluted. This reagent should not be applied to silks or fabrics of delicate color. If after using this a faint yellow remains, rinse carefully and remove with peroxide of hydrogen. This reagent is also good for acid stains, dye stains, mildew, and the like. All ordinary ink stains may be removed with it, the stains of indelible inks being best removed by the use of a solution of sodium thiosulphate, or common photographic "hypo."

Iron rust can be removed by washing in a weak solution of citric or oxalic acid, ten per cent being about the right strength. As a general thing, stains on silks should be left alone. On no account use turpentine on silk, though it is valuable in removing paint, tar, varnish, wagon grease, and heavy oils. Any work upon stains, to be effective, must be done at once.

Tests for Purity

The following simple process, known as the foam test, is used to estimate the purity of maple sirup: Mix one part sirup and two parts water; shake vigorously for thirty seconds. Let stand ten minutes. The foam should not measure less than one fifth the total height. Adulterated samples give less foam.

One of the most useful tests is the one for determining the purity of olive oil. Shake together equal volumes of the oil and concentrated nitric acid. Pure oil should turn from pale to dark green in a few minutes. If it changes to brown, orange, or red, there is some foreign oil present. The Leach test is also used for the same purpose. This consists of heating a test-tube containing a specimen of the oil, in boiling water for five minutes. It should become yellow. On standing it will, if pure, become a yellow solid. Oil which turns yellowish brown with nitric acid, reddish brown on heating, and buttery after standing, you may be sure is cottonseed oil.

To Test Butter

To distinguish between oleomargarine, renovated butter, and the pure product, melt in an iron spoon. Pure butter melts quietly with much foam. Renovated butter and oleomargarine sputter and spit like hot grease, and produce but little foam. If the presence of animal fat is suspected, the following test may prove of value: To the suspected substance add a small amount of iodine tincture. A yellow or portwine color indicates the presence of glycogen, or animal starch.

Another good test by which the made-up butter or oleomargarine may be detected is by placing a sample in a test-tube and immersing it in hot water for about half an hour. If the butter remains perfectly clear, it is probably pure; if it is slightly cloudy, impurities are indicated.

Other Tests

Sugar is more difficult to test. The simplest test is the following: Make a saturated solution of the sugar to be tested, and place it in a glass tube. If ordinary print can be read through this without difficulty, the sugar is probably pure and of good quality. In the case of red and brown sugars there may be a

(Concluded on page fourteen)

Thought for Students

The Brook

O THOU beautiful brook
With thy sparkling look,
Why dost thou hurry so?
Pray stop and relate,
Thou wouldst not be late —
To no class thou need'st to go.

Wait! tell me a tale:
Thou wouldst not fail
If a test thou hadst to meet;
From thy bountiful store
Thou couldst tell me more
Than I could repeat in a week.

Come, little brook,
To a cozy nook,

And tell me about the hills;
Why you left your home,
And where you must roam,
With your millions of little
rills.

Did old Mother Earth
Force you from earth
In a thousand little springs;
Or the clouds drop you here
With many a tear
While nature sweetly sings?
GRACE HARRISON.

Don'ts for Students

THE college is a sort of microcosm in itself, and life to the student resolves itself, as does real life, into a succession of "do's" and "don'ts." Most people are trying to do the best they know how; but unless they see themselves occasionally as others see them, there may be some little things they forget. With a view to mutual improvement, the students of Emmanuel Missionary College were asked to write the thing they most wished others would not do, in the form of a "don't," and pass it on to other students. Here is the result: —

Don'ts in the Dormitory

- Don't be a gossip.
- Don't be exclusive; be a mixer.
- Don't come to conclusions too soon.
- Don't let some one else develop your character if you can do it yourself.
- Don't be hyphenated; be one or the other.
- Don't be a sulker.
- Don't leave your things where they don't belong.
- Don't be a sleepyhead.
- Don't forget the courtesies due your fellow students.
- Don't get angry when the lights go out.
- Don't brag about yourself.
- Don't forget the golden rule.
- Don't be a mule.
- Don't forget the little things.
- Don't steal time belonging to others.

Don'ts for Roommates

- Don't borrow your roommate's last clean collar, nor wear his favorite tie.

Don't keep your roommate from studying because you don't feel like it yourself.

Don't lose your roommate's pencil.

Don't borrow your roommate's meal ticket.

Don't burden your roommate with all your woes.

Don't expect more of your roommate than of yourself.

Don't expect your roommate to do all the tidying.

Don't clean up while your roommate is studying.

Don't impose on your roommate's good nature.

Don't *borrow without permission*.

Don't be dismal in your room.

Don't sleep on both sides of the bed.

Don't expect others to be friendly unless you are friendly.

Don't visit during study period.

Don't have your roommate run your errands.

Don't decorate your room without consulting your roommate.

Don't call your roommate your "man" or "wife."

Don'ts for the Dining-Room

Don't argue with the matron.

Don't be late to meals; be on time or stay away.

Don't be a pessimist; if there isn't enough salt on the potatoes, there is plenty on the table.

Don't put your neighbor on the dissecting table and leave him to the mercy of others.

Don't talk so much that others must wait for you.

Don't pick your teeth in public.

Don't use anything but your best English.

Don't say you can find nothing you like to eat.

Don't read the newspaper at the dinner table.

Don't talk over matters at the table which all present do not understand.

Don't dissect, masticate, and digest reputations at the table.

Don't laugh at the peculiarities of others.

Don't monopolize either the conversation or the silence.

Social Don'ts

Don't skate with the same girl all the time. She might like a change.

Don't say you haven't time to get your lessons after an afternoon on the ice.

Don't beg the chaperon to stay longer than he promised; you might want him to go again.

Don't be a wallflower.

In Public Meetings

Don't laugh at the mistakes of those on the rostrum.

Don't fill the back seats first.

Don't "tat" in meeting, nor "tattle" any time.

Don't "borrow" from the cloakroom.



Lemon Creek, Berrien Springs, Michigan

Don't turn to look at late comers.

Don't whisper during piano recitals.

Don't hold seats for those not present. The early comer has the first right, and your friend may not come at all.

Don'ts for the Village

Don't be loud on the village streets.

Don't make so much noise anywhere that people notice it.

Don'ts for the Classroom

Don't try to rob the teacher of his job.

Don't study other lessons in class.

Don't contradict your teacher.

Don't try to bluff; it can't be done.

Don't forget your deportment lesson.

Don't borrow knowledge from your seatmate.

Don't leave your most difficult study until last.

Don't come late.

On General Topics

Don't go to prayer bands to take a nap.

Don't make loud noises because you feel like it.

Don't expect the other fellow to do it all.

Don't let your neighbor's misbehavior trouble you; take care of your own.

Don't put off doing what you know you must do soon.

Don't be discouraged.

Don't be thoughtless.

Don't forget that to be great you must be the servant of all.

Don't forget that God is counting on you.

Don't rely on others.

Don't forget a smile's worth while.

Don't be neglectful.

Don't keep others waiting.

Don't talk for the sake of talking.

Don't cheat yourself.

Don't sit in a slouchy attitude.

Don't think or say anything you would not say if Christ were present.

Don't go around with a chip on your shoulder.

Don't disturb students studying by walking heavily on your heels, especially in the chapel.

Don't write your name everywhere. You will be known if you are worth it.

Don't steal your neighbor's time by whispering in the library.

A Lesson in Faith

"WELL, John, I have made up my mind that I am going canvassing with you, no matter what turns up," said William Beltman to his roommate one evening. The determination with which he said this made John Kratzer happy.

"William," rejoined John feelingly, "I am glad to hear you say that. I know we shall both succeed."

This conversation took place between two boys in an academy. They were dear friends, and had in-

tended to canvass together the previous year, but their plans were disarranged by an offer of a good position with full Sabbath privileges, which William unfortunately received at the critical moment. Now William's renewed determination to do what he had run away from the previous year was pleasing to his friend.

About three weeks after this conversation, William found on his study table a letter. Hastily tearing it open, he scanned the contents, and throwing it down before his roommate, exclaimed:—

"There! Read that. I tell you I'll not let the devil beat me out of a blessing this year."

The letter contained an offer of one hundred dollars a month in a line of work with which William was thoroughly familiar, and which he enjoyed very much. It was the same old struggle to fight over again; but

William's ringing determination indicated that the victory had been won.

Two months later found the two boys out in the canvassing field, both far away from home. They had only ten dollars between them, but their hearts were full of courage.

The first three weeks, in spite of working hard, they had poor success. One night, after working hard all day with only meager success, poor William sobbed himself to sleep. But his partner's indomitable courage kept him from becoming completely discouraged.

What was to be done? Already nearly a third of the summer had sped, with no prospects of realizing their ambition to return to school. The camp meeting being in session, they decided to spend a few days in camp, and if possible secure new territory.

Another week the boys found themselves amid new surroundings, and courage slowly returned. The first two and a half weeks' work was among Americans of German descent. They were a hospitable, large-hearted folk, eager for truth. And how they did buy books! In just fifteen working days in this section, William had secured his scholarship, and John's efforts were similarly rewarded.

Finally, however, the German territory became exhausted; and, alas, all that remained was Roman Catholic. But William's fears proved groundless. These people were a thrifty class of truck and dairy farmers, who seemed even more eager for William's book than the Lutherans. They were well supplied with churches, having two within a radius of ten miles.

One evening, William, having had a hard time to secure accommodations for the night, finally decided to retrace his steps to a little village. Here in the village, almost under the eaves of an imposing Cath-



Photo by F. O. Rathbun

Dogwood blossoms

olic church, and next door to the priest's house, he received a hospitable reception in a lovely Catholic home. That evening, just before retiring, his host, anxious that nothing be left undone to prove his hospitality, assured him that his quarters were fully equipped to give him a good night's rest, except that he was completely out of holy water!

Another day soon after, as he was walking along the road, a team suddenly pulled up in front of him, and to his dismay William recognized the Catholic priest as one of the occupants of the carriage. His anxiety was relieved when the other occupant of the carriage, a chance acquaintance of the day before, pleasantly inquired as to his success.

It seemed now as if nothing could stop the success of his work. About every second house for miles around had been successfully canvassed. God surely had his hand over the work for good.

It's a long lane that has no turning, however, and so one bright Monday morning William found himself suddenly face to face with a class of people as indifferent, unappreciative, and inhospitable as his previous customers had been eager, appreciative, and hospitable. Seventeen homes without a single order was a great change from selling in every second house.

Finally the climax of this eventful week was reached. William, upon calling at a comfortable home, found the mother uninterested in his work. However, she suggested that her son might be interested. At this juncture the young man came in. He was

perhaps twenty years of age, and appeared to be of more than average intelligence. He granted William the privilege of canvassing him. After the canvass, William showed the young man the names of his customers, among them the names of many Catholics, and the young man inquired:—

"Have you sold that book to all those people?"

"Certainly," answered William. "Why do you ask?"

"I noticed," replied the young man, "that your book is written by Mrs. E. G. White, and we Catholics are not allowed to read books by that author."

"Why?" asked William. "Aren't you allowed to read authentic history? All the historical data can be verified by referring to the original histories, a reference to which is given at the bottom of the pages."

"Yes," rejoined the young man, "I understand that. But that book contains principles which are opposed to the principles of our faith. If those people to whom you sold the books had known this, they would never have purchased."

As William left the premises, a thousand thoughts sped through his brain. His dismay was only intensi-

fied when he ascertained at a neighbor's that the young man was studying for the priesthood, and was a special friend of the priest whose flock he had canvassed for the book. Would the young man tell the priest, and the priest the people? The young man did not know William, but he did know that William's book was not one that would make better Catholics of his friends. With success almost within his grasp, the thought of possible failure in the soon-coming delivery unnerved William. But in the midst of his perplexity and fear, one thought came to his relief. The book told God's truth, and God could keep the young man from telling. And so he began to pray that God would keep him from hindering the work, and in every letter he wrote his friends, he asked them to pray also. So he prayed, and hoped for the best.

Finally the day which was to decide so much for William arrived,—delivery day. His delivery among the Lutherans was gratifying. But finally he reached the first Catholic home. His heart beat fast, and he literally held his breath for fear the book would be refused, yet with feelings of mingled hope and fear he approached the house. He could scarcely believe he was awake when the woman handed him three dollars in payment for the book. Then he got safely past the second Catholic home, then a whole community.

When he finished his delivery, he found that not a single customer among the Catholics had refused his book on grounds that would lead him to believe that it was due to the young man's influence.

A month later, when the students had returned to the academy, it would have been hard to find two happier boys than William Beltman and John Kratzer. Their brightest hopes had been more than realized. William had learned that God will never disappoint one who trusts in him.

H. B. LUNDQUIST.

The Alphabet of Success

Always mind your own business.
Be wise in all decisions.
Consider and then decide.
Dare to do right in the face of all opposition.
Expect to be treated as you treat others.
Forget and forgive freely.
Gain the respect of your superiors.
Hold honesty sacred.
Insure your reputation by being a "foursquare" person.
Judge yourself before judging others.
Keep a memorandum of your expenses; it will enable you to keep within your means.
Live on the surface what you are beneath.
Make good use of your spare moments.
Never touch a glass of intoxicating liquor; the first leads to the second.
Observe with eyes open, and mouth shut.
Pay your debts promptly.
Quit saying, "I can't," and start saying, "I will."
Remember to make mother and father comfortable while you may. They will not live always.
Stop your swearing. What good do you get out of it?
Tell your troubles to no one. All have enough of their own.
Under no circumstances tell a lie.
Vileness and wrong-doing never "bridged a stream."
Wear your heart on your coat sleeve.
Extend a helping hand to the needy.
You are the divisor, life the dividend, the quotient rests with you.
Zealously pursue your "ideals."

—Selected.

Unanswered Prayers

LIKE some schoolmaster, kind in being stern,
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates,
And calling, "Help me, master," yet helps not,
Since in his silence and refusal lies
Their self-development; so God abides,
Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf
To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;
He hears and strengthens when he must deny.

He sees us weeping over life's hard sums;
But should he dry our tears and give the key,
What would it profit us when school were done
And not one lesson mastered?

What a world
Were this if all our prayers were granted; not
In famed Pandora's box were such vast ills
As lie in human hearts. Should our desires,
Voiced one by one in prayer, ascend to God,
And come back as events, shaped to our wish,
What chaos would result!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Which is the Largest City in the World?

If you ask an Englishman which is the largest city in the world, he will say London; but if you ask an American, he will say New York. According to the *World's Work*, the largest city is "the city which houses the most people subject to the jurisdiction of one municipal government." Taking this as a standard, let us draw our comparisons.

The Chinese fooled us in making us think that Peking is the largest city in the world, because we took for granted what they said. London also fooled us, but in a different way. According to the foregoing definition, London is that part of England which is governed by the city council, just as New York is that part of America which is governed by the aldermen and mayor.

According to this definition, London has a population of 4,522,964, and New York of 5,585,772 persons. The census for New York was taken in 1915 and for London in 1911. The Englishman, no doubt, will say that that isn't fair. But it is very generous for London, because the census shows a decrease in population in 1911 over that of 1901. Probably it is smaller now than in 1911. You will ask, Where, then, are the 7,200,000 people claimed for London?

There are really three communities known as London: the old medieval city, the county which includes London, and the city of today. This will account for the 7,200,000. If New York followed the example of London, taking in everything within a radius of fifteen miles, she would have a population of 7,500,000. Figuring this way, she is still 300,000 to the good.

Mayor Mitchel is in charge of as many people in one place as many kings have in their whole realm. Denmark has a population of about one half that of New York City. The population of Sweden is just about the same as the "Great City." The vast Dominion of Canada comes within 300,000 persons of reaching that of New York and her adjacent towns.

The number of people in the metropolis is greater than the combined population of Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and one half of Texas. In the last ten years there has been an average annual increase of 135,000 persons. Think of adding a city like New Haven, Connecticut, every year to New York! In the ten years from 1900 to 1910, New York added enough people to make a city about as large as Philadelphia. One borough, Manhattan, is nearly as large as Chicago, and Brooklyn will almost come up to Berlin. Chicago, Los Angeles, and Seattle can boast of their growth, but none of them can compare with modest New York, whose growth has been double that of Chicago in the same period of time. One thirteenth of the population of the United States live in the metropolitan district. Yes, New York is the largest city in the world. CLAYTON KEISER.

The President's Working Habits

FROM the viewpoint of office routine, punctuality is the great dominating characteristic of the present occupant of the White House, if we may trust the statements of his secretaries as embodied in an article on "The Working Habits of the President of the United States," contributed to the *American Magazine* for January, by James Hay, Jr.

Not only is President Wilson punctual himself, day in and day out, but he requires punctuality from

others, including members of Congress and heads of departments. Senators and Representatives calling at the White House by appointment, find that each conference is expected to last from three to five minutes. After each caller leaves the office, Mr. Wilson himself makes a shorthand note of the caller's business. (It is stated, by the way, that the President is himself an expert stenographer, and that a page from his notebook is "as clear and clean-cut as a piece of engraving.")

Following is the daily program of this very hard-worked and very punctual man:—

His personal stenographer, C. L. Swem, who was with him in New Jersey, reports at the study in the White House proper at 8:55 A. M., at which time the President dictates replies to the important letters which have been received at the White House offices the day before. At ten o'clock he takes his place at his desk in his private office in the White House offices. Between ten and ten-thirty he attends to whatever routine work is possible before he begins to keep the appointments he or his secretary made several days before. Each caller usually gets five minutes, some of them three, and a few fifteen. He keeps a card on his desk showing the list of appointments, and checks off with his own hand each appointment as it is kept. (I saw one of these cards on which he had run his pencil through the name of a prominent politician, and had written after the name, in blue pencil, "He did not come." That, "He did not come," looked ominous.)

At 12:59 the President, having concluded the appointments, leaves the office for his one-o'clock luncheon.

At two o'clock he receives in the East Room delegations of tourists who want to shake his hand, and, if it is necessary, he has a long conference with some member of the Cabinet or a diplomat. After that he plays golf, takes a walk through the shopping district of Washington, or goes for an automobile ride.

At seven o'clock he has dinner.

He goes to bed between ten o'clock and midnight, never after midnight.

The President's office methods are described as remarkable for accuracy and exactness. He files all his important papers with his own hands in a filing case just back of his chair in the White House study. His powers of concentration are great, and after devoting his mind entirely to a single subject, on dictating a speech or a state paper, or writing it out in shorthand and then reading it to his stenographer, practically no changes are required.—*The American Review of Reviews*.

Don't Look for Flaws

Don't look for flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of the light
Somewhere in the shadows hiding;
It is better far to hunt for a star
Than the spot on the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your word to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life long.
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man shapes himself into God's plan
As the water shapes into the vessel.

—Selected.



She was "Losted"

"I'm losted; could you find me, please?"
 Poor little frightened baby!
 The winds had tossed her golden fleece,
 The stones had scratched her dimpled knees.

I stooped and lifted her with ease,
 And softly whispered, "Maybe;
 Tell me your name, my little maid;
 I can't find you without it."
 "My name is 'Shiny-eyes,'" she said.

"Yes, but your last name?" she shook her head:
 "Up to my home 'ey never said
 A single word about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
 "Why didn't you hear me told you?"

"Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:
 "Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
 You, little one; is it just the same
 When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
 A little blush ensuing,
 "Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
 And then she says [the culprit owns],
 'Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
 What has you been a-doing?'"

—Anna F. Burnham.

Marie's Narrow Escape

PEARL REED PETERSEN

THE time which I had been looking forward to for many weeks came at last. My father, mother, and I were going to camp meeting. Although I was only five years old, I enjoyed

going to camp meeting; therefore when the time arrived for us to leave, I was very happy. We usually had a tent on the camp ground, but this year, because of the wet weather, my parents decided to rent a room. Like most children, I did not like being in a room so well as in a tent.

One day when my parents were about to go to the camp ground, I begged them to let me stay at home. They very seldom left me, but after a moment's thought my father said, "You may stay if you will be a good little girl." I promised that I would be real good. Just as father and mother went out of the door, father said, "Now, Marie, don't go out of the yard." I promised that I would not, and they left.

Almost as soon as they had gone, I went downstairs to play with the little girl who lived in the house. We played with our dolls in the house for a while; then we decided to go out to the playhouse. After a while we began to tire of playing house, and my little playmate said, "Let's go over and play in the sand pile by the railroad track." The track was near the house, but in order to get to the sand pile we must cross the cattle guards.

I said, "No, I cannot go, for father told me that I must not leave the yard." She teased and teased, but still I said, "No," although I was beginning to think that it would not do any harm if I did go. The

sand pile looked very tempting, as the sand was fine and white, and I thought what a good time we could have playing in the sand. At last I consented to go, although I knew I was not doing right.



Photo by F. O. Rathbun
 Other Interested Camp Meeting Attendants

When we got to the cattle guards, I did not know how to get across them. My feet were too small to keep from slipping between the guards. My playmate was more used to going across them, so she got across easily. I tried to hurry, but my feet kept slipping between, and finally I could not get them out. My playmate came to my assistance, but all in vain.

Just then we heard the whistle of a train. It frightened us so that for a second neither of us could move or make a noise. Then I called as loudly as I could for help. I did not know whether any one would hear me or not. I did not know my parents had come home, but they had come while we were playing in the playhouse.

My father heard me call, and going to the window he saw me on the track. It took him but an instant to get down the stairs and out on the porch. And just then what did he hear? It sounded like the whistle of a train; yes, it was, he could even see the smoke. He ran to me and pulled at my feet,

but could not get them out.

We could now see the big black engine coming toward us with lightning speed. In an instant he broke my shoe strings, pulled my feet out of my shoes, grabbed me in his arms, and ran off the track. He had just gotten off the track when the train whizzed by us. I was so frightened I scarcely knew anything. By this time a large number of persons

had reached the place where we were. After the train had gone by, my father pulled my shoes out from between the cattle guards.

Although I was only five years old when this happened, it is as fresh in my mind as if it were yesterday. I can see the big black engine coming toward us. I never to this day cross over cattle guards but that this whole event passes through my mind. And although this happened several years ago, I have never forgotten the lesson I learned.

Dick

WHEN I was a boy in my early teens, I was among the fortunate ones who live in the country. My younger brother and I spent many happy hours roaming through the woods and paddling up and down the river which crossed our farm. We were very much interested in birds and their nests, and kept mental record of dozens of the latter along the river. We visited them frequently to watch the habits of the old birds and see the little ones in the nests.

One day my brother came home from a trip to the river with another boy, and told me that there was a crow's nest across the river near the place where we went swimming in summer. Of course I went to see the nest and the eggs as soon as possible. On one of our visits we found four little black crows in the nest. They were about as ugly-looking little birds as I ever saw. Their mouths were always stretched to the widest extent. But we saw great possibilities in those crows, for we had heard many stories of tame crows.

We visited them frequently, and on one of these visits we brought one home with us. He had scarcely any feathers as yet, and was homely indeed. It seemed as if he was formed of only two parts,—a black shapeless body, and a great red mouth always clamoring for food. This fellow was too young when we brought him home, and so he did not live. We had set our minds on having a pet crow, and so we decided to bring the remaining three from the nest before they were able to fly. Farmers consider crows a pest, and our parents did not object to our taking these from the nest.

One afternoon we decided that as the crows were nearly feathered out, it was time to secure them. We took an old wooden pail, and placing a little straw in it for a nest, we started for the birds. When we came to the tree, we concluded to use a grapevine instead of a rope to lower the pail of crows. We thought that the vine would be more woodsman-like than the rope; but this, as you will see, was a bad decision for me.

I helped my brother into the tree, and then with the vine he pulled the pail after him. He put the crows into the pail, and after twisting the vine around the bail of the pail, began lowering it to me. I stood looking up, waiting to take the pail as soon as it was low enough. When the pail was still several feet above my upturned face, the vine became loosened, and before I had time to realize what was about to happen the pail of crows struck me squarely in the face.

For a moment it seemed as if my face must be as flat as the bottom of that pail. My mouth and face were bleeding, but I had to laugh in spite of it all to see how surprised those young crows looked

to find themselves dumped so unceremoniously on the ground. After I had bathed my face in the river, my brother pronounced it not seriously injured, with the exception of a corner broken from a tooth. We brought the crows home and cared for them in the best way we knew. We fed them bits of meat from the market and scraps of moistened bread. They always seemed hungry, and I think that two of them overate.

We called the remaining one Dick. The baby of our family called him "Ole Stwak," no doubt from the way he had of coming to the screen door and calling for food when he was hungry. Dick was a sly fellow, with beady black eyes that did not seem to miss anything that was going on, especially if it concerned things eatable. To see him perched quietly on the ridge of the house or on a fence post, one would hardly think of accusing him of mischief; but from the tricks he played, it seemed as if he was only planning something new.

Dick was always around on wash day. He would hop about, looking very innocent; but if mother happened to place a partially used cake of soap on the wash bench, Dick would seize it if he could. With the soap in his beak, he would start around the corner of the house, making the biggest hops possible, and evidently hoping to get away before he was discovered. When mother gave chase and seemed about to catch him, he would drop the soap and fly away.

Dick seemed to take especial delight in tormenting mother hens with little chicks. If he saw a hen with chicks fussily crossing the yard, he would swoop down from his perch and almost brush the old hen with his wings. This would put the chicken family all into confusion, and almost distract the hen. Dick would quietly wait till the hen had her family together again, and then repeat the performance. He did not seem to tire of the fun, but I never knew him to harm the little chicks. Sometimes when Dick was walking on the ground, a cross old hen would suddenly fly at him, but he was equal to the occasion. He simply keeled over onto his back, with talons and beak ready for battle. No hen dared to come near him then.

If we scattered corn for the chickens, he dodged about among the hens, picking up corn so fast that one would wonder how he could swallow it. He did not stop to swallow it, but filled his mouth till it could hold no more, and then flew to the roof of the house and ate the corn at his leisure. If any corn was left, he tucked it under the shingles for future use.

The bird never learned to talk, as some crows do, but I used to think that he had a queer language of his own. The shingles on one part of the house were loose, and many of these he pulled off. While working at a shingle, he jabbered and chuckled to himself in a very funny way.

When winter came, Dick roosted in some grapevines near the house, and one morning we found his mangled body on the ground beneath. We supposed that a hungry cat had caught him. We were sorry to lose our interesting pet.

W. L. AVERY.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
THERE'S many a sorrow
Would vanish tomorrow
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
But, sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches all sorts of horrible things.

—Phillips Brooks.



Canvassers' Institute, Santa Clara, Cuba

The Work of the Young People in Cuba

HERBERT S. MOULD

AS our message takes its onward march throughout the world, we are glad that the islands of the sea are not forgotten. If we could have the privilege of visiting some of these islands, we should find the language, climate, customs, and manners of life very different from those of our land. But nevertheless, in some of these very islands a most successful work is being carried on.

Here in Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles," the Lord is greatly blessing the work, and a good beginning has been made, although up to a few years ago Catholicism reigned supreme. When we think that it was only a little over a decade and a half ago that the United States sacrificed many of her noble sons to free the Cuban people from the iron rule of Spain, and then look at the country as it is today, we are struck with the progress that has been made during such a short period. At the present time the country is in a most prosperous condition, and the outlook for the future is very bright. Not only are the people peaceable and content, at peace with all the world, but there seems to be a new era of prosperity dawning on this beautiful isle.

Under such good conditions our work has an excellent chance to progress, especially the canvassing work, as our colporteurs have had remarkable success. We have been glad to welcome the young men from our colleges in the United States who come down each year during their vacation to earn their scholarships.

As Spanish is the language that is spoken almost entirely, the success of our work will depend largely on the training of native workers. A goodly number of young people have been gathered out, and it is to them that we look to a great extent to spread the third angel's message through the cities of Cuba.

These young people, on hearing the glad tidings of salvation, left their all, and are devoting their lives to the Master's service.

Last year many entered the canvassing work, and nearly all earned scholarships and entered our mission training school, where they spent four months receiving special instruction in order to become better workers for the Master. At the close of the school a canvassers' institute was held, at which the accompanying picture was taken.

At the beginning of this year our young people once more went out into the field, some to do ministerial work, others Bible work, and the rest, scattered throughout the island, are devoting their time to canvassing.

Our young women also, under the direction of a preceptress, go to some large city, where they sell our truth-filled books. In Cuba, for a young woman to canvass is a strange thing; but nevertheless God has blessed all the sacrifices that our girls have made, and has given them success.

This year we look to see the work prosper greatly, and we trust that we may have the prayers of God's people, not only for the work in Cuba, but also for that in other islands, where a great work still remains to be done.

Santa Clara, Cuba.

Living Up to Our Best Intentions

If our best moods continually dominated our whole life, we should all live well. We all mean to live well; at least, there are times with all of us when we resolve to do so. New Year's Days, birthdays, communion Sundays, and other times, when the realities of life stand out in clearer relief than ordinarily, and

impress us with unusual vividness, start in most of us serious thoughts, and inspire in us lofty aspirations and noble intentions. We are apt then to make excellent resolutions, and to start off in new and higher planes of living. It would be well for us if there were some way of perpetuating these better moods, and living up to these good intentions. Too often, however, the serious impressions are but transient, and there is too little vitality in the good intentions and resolutions to make them really potent impulses for many days, or to give them permanence among the motives and forces of our life.

Of course, we cannot make our lives beautiful merely by alternately adopting resolutions of amendment and wailing out dolorous confessions of failure. Life runs deeper than words. Beauty is not fashioned by evanescent good intentions. Blemishes and stains are not covered up, nor are flaws mended, by penitential sighings of regret. Mere transient spasms of true living do not give grandeur to a life. If a temple is to be stable and stately, every stone from foundation to dome must be cut and set with care. If the texture of the fabric is to be beautiful and strong, every thread of web and woof must be bright and clean, and the weaving must be done with uniform skill and care. If a life is to be admirable when finished, its periodical good intentions must become strong, self-sustaining principles, shaping its every act, and ruling all its days and hours.

It ought not to be impossible to live up to the impulses of our best moods, or at least to do so to a much greater degree than most of us realize. In many of these good intentions, one element of weakness lies in their vagueness or indefiniteness. We simply resolve to be better this year than last, or to do more good in the future than in the past; but we have no clear and distinct conception in our minds of the points in which we will be better, or of the particular ways in which we will increase our usefulness. Our ideas of living better and doing greater good are nebulous and undefined.

We should be much more apt to succeed in our new purposes if we reduced them to definite and practical shape. In what respects shall we amend our ways? This question starts another. What are our faults? Wherein do we fail in living? What are the mistakes we have been making? The answers to these questions will indicate to us the particular ways in which we need to live better. Then, in what definite ways shall we strive to be more useful? To what new Christian work shall we put our hands? Upon what new lines of service shall we enter? Just what old mistakes are we to avoid? If we would bring our vague, hazy ideas of greater usefulness down into some practical form, and then enter at once upon the execution of our resolutions, they would be much more likely to become permanent and to grow into our life.

There are many people who sigh over their poor Christian living and their far-awayness from Christ, and pray much, and earnestly, too, for more faith, more love, greater nearness to the Saviour, who, after all, have no well-defined conceptions of the better things they would like to attain. Their sighings are little more than a vague and indolent discontent. They think they are sincere; but they are not, for they really do not want to be any better, or to have more of Christ, or do more in his service; if they did, they would soon be out of their poor, unsatisfactory condition. Truly earnest longings heaven-

ward have a wondrous lifting power. There is a great deal of only imagined spiritual aspiration. Very much of our singing, "Nearer, my God, to thee," is only the weakest kind of religious sentimentalism. Such vapid good intentions come to nothing, because there really are no good intentions to begin with. When the spiritual daydreaming gets vigor enough to be worthy the name of desire or purpose, the higher attainments longed for will soon be reached. We must want what we ask in prayer, or we shall never get it. Then we must help to answer our own prayers, by reaching after and struggling toward what we want, and by climbing the steep paths that lead to the radiant heights.—*J. R. Miller, in "Silent Times."*

Encouraging Song in the Home

Do you encourage song in your home?

It matters not whether you are especially gifted. With few exceptions, singing is a common gift capable of cultivation. Many persons could sing acceptably, could derive much pleasure themselves and give pleasure to others, if they did not have the idea that every one who sings must be a professional or possess a remarkable voice. Singing is a natural outlet for joyousness. Little children sing spontaneously, with no thought of effect. It is only as they grow older and are hampered by the opinions and traditions of their elders that this impulse for song is stifled.

In foreign countries, folk songs are largely indulged in and much enjoyed. Men, women, and children sing, as the birds. Nature intended it to be so. Why is it not so in our own land? Unfortunate, indeed, are the little ones brought up in a home where there is no song in the family circle, where singing is not encouraged. The happiest families I know are those much given to song, although not all the members have rare voices. They love to sing, and they have sung from babyhood. The mothers sang soft lullabies, and played them on the piano, until the baby lips began to lisp them for themselves.

In one household I know, every member of the family fairly awakes with song. All over the house can be heard snatches of singing as the little ones dress for the day. The mother and daughters sing at their tasks. The boys come home whistling. In the evening they all gather around the piano and sing song after song,—college songs, patriotic songs, the best folk songs of the different countries,—and on Sunday, sacred songs and hymns in honor of the day. Friends join them. They are happy, healthy, full of song at all times. The blessing that singing is to them, to their home, to their friends, it can be to you.

Books can be found with songs for all occasions, from rhymes for the little tots to the finest collections of part songs for the older ones. Songs to suit every voice and every taste can be procured in collections for a trifling sum, and you cannot realize the pleasure they will yield until you have tried them and seen for yourself.

Cultivate this power of song. In many cases all that is needed is a little cultivation. Don't be afraid to sing because you have not a voice like Patti's or Caruso's. Do the best with what you have, and sing for the pleasure of it and for the sunshine it will make in your home and for your children, and teach them likewise. It will transform your home and make it a place of joy and cheer. Try it and see! —*The Etude.*

Alaska's Needs

TUBERCULOSIS is working havoc among the Indians of Alaska. Dr. Stuck, Archdeacon of Alaska, says Congress has neglected this country. The missionaries, without the aid of Congress, have set about to improve the condition of the natives.

Alaska has great industrial possibilities. Juneau, one of the gold-producing centers, has doubled in population in the past three years. What Alaska needs is more permanent development. Most of the people who go there now take the money away instead of using it to build up the country. Dr. Stuck says there are many opportunities to build churches, schools, hospitals, and other educational centers.

The Indian and Eskimo Christians are very sincere and eager to learn. The schools do best that are away from the influence of the white people. We do not want to make "white" Indians, but rather teach the natives to be useful to themselves and others. A great deal depends on Congress as to the progress of Alaskan civilization.

One of Alaska's greatest drawbacks is a scarcity of water. This is why the natives are uncleanly. One of the blessings of the cold is that it kills odors. Even the white people do without bathing a great deal of the time.

The fur and fishing industries of the natives have been almost entirely paralyzed by the war.

E. D. HANSON.

Chemistry Applied

(Concluded from page five)

slight degree of coloration without indicating impurities, but as a general rule any degree of turbidity is an indication of adulteration.

Many bakers make a practice of adding salt to their bread. This salt is not only heavy of itself, but taking up moisture from the atmosphere, it increases the weight of the bread to a very appreciable extent. A large quantity of salt can be placed in bread in this manner and the consumer not detect its presence. By weighing samples, thoroughly drying them, and reweighing, it is easy to detect this fraud. The heavier sample in the final weighing will be the best.

Another common fraud is the addition of alum to bread. This is done to hide a poor quality of flour, and also to add whiteness to the product. Even small quantities of alum taken in this way are very harmful to the human system. This substance can, however, be very easily detected. Purchase at the drug store a small quantity of ammonium carbonate, and pour over a sample of the bread. If there is alum present in the bread, it will turn black, the speed of the reaction being in proportion to the amount of alum present.

Any article of food, such as jams and jellies, which are brightly colored, should be suspected. The purity of such articles cannot be easily established by chemical means, but the question as to whether or not they have been dyed can be solved very readily. Add to the substance an equal quantity of water, and boil with a small piece of cotton. Remove after about one-half hour, and attempt to wash out the stain. If artificial dyes were used, it will be impossible to wash out the stain.

By the addition of methylaniline violet it is equally easy to test for impurities in vinegar. Suffice it to say, however, that almost every sample tested shows the presence of impurities of one kind or another.

These tests, if properly carried out, are conclusive; and if proper care is taken to keep clean the vessels which are used in performing the experiment, and if the reagents are free from contamination, there need be no reason to doubt the correctness of the results.

A. P. HEFLIN.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending April 22

THE programs for the Missionary Volunteer Societies, Senior and Junior, for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for April.

The Bible Year

Assignment for April 16 to 22

April 16: 1 Chronicles 26 to 29.
April 17: Psalms 88, 90, 9, 11.
April 18: Psalms 59, 56, 34, 142.
April 19: Psalms 17, 52, 109, 35.
April 20: Psalms 140, 120, 64, 31.
April 21: Psalms 54, 19, 57, 58.
April 22: Psalms 63, 131, 141.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* of April 13.

To Bible Year Members

ALL who began to read the Bible through in 1915, enrolling in the Bible Year, and who for any reason were unable to finish in 1915, but who faithfully complete the reading at any time during 1916, will be sent a copy of the William Miller Bible Card. This card shows a clear picture of the little Bible that William Miller used in his study of the prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation. On the reverse side is a facsimile poem by Mr. Miller, written shortly after the disappointment in 1843.

In order to secure this card, those who enrolled in the Bible Year in 1915 should send a letter to their conference Missionary Volunteer secretary stating that fact, and also that they have completed the work.



CONDUCTED BY THE MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

Perfection

(Texts for April 16-22)

MEDITATION.—The world is crowded with people who are seeking great things for themselves. But I have orders from my Master not to do so. Jer. 45:5. The only way I can follow my Master is through self-denial (Matt. 16:24), "for even Christ pleased not himself." Rom. 15:3. It is treason for a soldier to spend his time promoting personal interests; and since I am in Prince Immanuel's army, I must remember the instruction given in Gal. 5:16, 17. Each day I want to learn more fully how to say *no* to self and *yes* to Christ.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let us pray earnestly for the officers of our home church and local and union conferences. They all have heavy burdens, and need our prayers. May they count on us? Let us pray that they may be greatly blessed in their plans and efforts to make May 6 the best Missionary Volunteer Day we have yet enjoyed. Every church may have it. Will you pray for it?

M. E.



IV — Gethsemane

(April 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26:36-46.

MEMORY VERSE: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Matt. 26:41.

Questions

1. After the supper, where did Jesus go with his disciples? Matt. 26:36, first part. Note 1.
2. Arriving in the garden, what did he ask his disciples to do? Verse 36, last part.
3. Who of the disciples were privileged to go farther with Jesus? Verse 37, first part. Note 2.
4. What were the Saviour's feelings? Verse 37, last part.
5. How did he speak of his great sorrow to his disciples? Verse 38, first part.
6. What did he ask of the three who had accompanied him thus far? Verse 38, last part. Note 3.
7. Repeat the words of the prayer the Saviour offered. Verse 39.
8. What did he find on returning to his disciples? What did he say to Peter? Verse 40. Note 4.
9. What did he say further to them? How did he seek to excuse their weakness in sleeping? Verse 41.
10. What did he then do? What was his prayer at this time? Verse 42.
11. On returning the second time to his disciples what did he find? What reason is given for this? Verse 43. Note 5.
12. What did the Saviour do the third time? What prayer did he again utter? Verse 44. Note 6.
13. Who came to strengthen him? Luke 22:43. Note 7.
14. When he came back to the disciples the third time, what did he say? Matt. 26:45.
15. Who did Jesus say was now at hand? Verse 46.

Notes

1. Gethsemane was an inclosed garden, or olive grove, east of Jerusalem, and across the brook Kidron, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Jesus had often visited this place for meditation and prayer; here he had often taught his disciples, speaking words of cheer and courage to them.

2. "Near the entrance to the garden, Jesus left all but three of the disciples, bidding them pray for themselves and for him. With Peter, James, and John, he entered its secluded recesses. These three disciples were Christ's closest companions. . . . Now in his great struggle, Christ desired their presence near him. . . . He desired them to spend the night with him in prayer."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 686.

3. "He went a little distance from them—not so far but that they could both see and hear him—and fell prostrate upon the ground. He felt that by sin he was being separated from his Father."—*Ib.*

Jesus felt the agony those will feel who are finally lost. The weight of the sins of the whole world were resting upon him. Upon him, who had never sinned, was laid the iniquity of us all. Our sins were in the load that Jesus carried that night in Gethsemane.

4. Peter had said a short time before this that though he should die, yet he would not deny his Lord, and "likewise also said all the disciples." Now when Jesus had told them to watch with him, and when he longed for their prayers and sympathy, they slept. Whole nights he had prayed for them, but they left him in his great sorrow to pray alone, failing even to watch with him one hour. The disciples had lost the opportunity of ministering to Jesus. We shall do no better if we neglect to watch and pray.

5. "For their eyes were heavy." How often when God has special blessings for us, the enemy seeks to make us drowsy so that we shall not discern them. "They did not intend to forsake their Lord, but they seemed paralyzed by a stupor which they might have shaken off if they had continued pleading with God."—*Id.*, p. 688.

The denial of the disciples and their flight was the result of their failure to watch. In the shaking time just before us it will be the "earnest, praying ones" who will stand every test and gain the victory.

6. "What does consecration mean?" is a question often

asked by young Christians. We find the answer in these words of Jesus, "Thy will be done." Consecration means the complete surrender to God of our will. The thought of the consecrated soul is, What wilt thou have me to do? The soul controlled by self says, What shall I do?

7. Three times Jesus offered this prayer. He shrank from the bitter cup of suffering; but when he remembered our helplessness and that we must die if left to ourselves, he resolved that he would not turn from his mission, but would save us at any cost to himself. After the third prayer an angel was sent from heaven to strengthen him, and to comfort him with the thought of all who would be saved as the result of his sacrifice.

IV — Gethsemane

(April 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26:36-46.

Questions

1. Where did Jesus now go with his disciples? Matt. 26:36, first part. Note 1.
2. What did he say to them? Verse 36, last part.
3. Whom did Jesus take with him as he went to pray? Verse 37, first part.
4. How did he begin to feel? Verse 37, last part.
5. What did he say to the three disciples with him? Verse 38.
6. What did Jesus then do? Verse 39, first part.
7. Repeat the words of his prayer. Verse 39, last part.
8. On coming and finding the disciples asleep, what question did he ask Peter? Verse 40.
9. What did he say further to them? Verse 41.
10. On going away a second time, what did he pray? Verse 42. Note 2.
11. On returning to the three disciples, what did he find? Verse 43.
12. What did he then do? Verse 44.
13. How was Jesus strengthened as he prayed? Luke 22:43. Note 3.
14. With what intensity did he pray? Verse 44.
15. On coming back to the disciples, what did he say to them? Matt. 26:45, first part.
16. What event was about to take place? Verse 45, second part. Note 4.
17. What did Jesus say further to the disciples? Verse 46.

Notes

1. Over the dark Kidron passed David in sorrow and agony in his flight from Jerusalem a thousand years before, over the Kidron to his awful agony for a lost world passed David's Son, the promised Seed. Gethsemane was an inclosure at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Here our Lord was accustomed to go with his disciples for prayer and instruction. Little did they realize the meaning of this last journey across the historic brook.

2. The humanity of our Lord shrank from the awful agony before him; not the physical suffering alone; not the mocking, the shame, the anguish; but from the awful sense of sin which hid the Father's face, and weighed upon the Son of man like the agony of a lost soul. No wonder he prayed—that if possible the cup be removed. God did not condemn him for that. He does not condemn us when we, in human weakness, pray for deliverance from some terrible trial. God pities and loves us still; for "he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." He loved not less his Son in dark Gethsemane than on the shining mount of transfiguration.

3. The angel could not lessen the load, could not take the burden upon the Saviour's heart, could not bear the cross, though he would willingly have done so; but he brought strengthening grace and cheer from the throne. Even so with us. For our own good there may be burdens, heavy to bear, laid upon us, that we may draw needed strength from the infinite Source.

4. "The hour is come." Mark 14:41. The long-delayed hour had come, the crisis of the world, when divinity, compassed about with the infirmities of humanity, met its supreme test. The Saviour had anticipated the struggle before; he had talked of it with Moses and Elijah; he had poured out his soul in prayer during entire night seasons concerning it; now the reality had come.

"Yet a third time he left them to pray as before. And now he returned victorious. After three assaults had the tempter left him in the wilderness; after the threefold conflict in the garden he was vanquished. Christ came forth triumphant. No longer did he bid his disciples watch. They might, nay, they should, sleep and take rest, ere the near terrible events of his betrayal; for the hour had come when the Son of man was to be betrayed into the hands of sinners."—*Edersheim's "Life and Times of Jesus," Vol. II, p. 511.*

The Youth's Instructor

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Do It Now

CAN you speak a cheering word?
Do it now.
Or correct some falsehood heard?
Do it now.
Don't put off until "some day"
All the good things you might say,
But begin now, right away —
Do it now.

Can you help some one in need?
Do it now.
Though it be a trifling deed,
Do it now.
Though it seems so small to you,
It may help somebody through
Sore distress, and hope renew —
Do it now.

Can you rectify a wrong?
Do it now.
For the right stand firm and strong,
Do it now.
As you journey through the years,
Grasp each chance as it appears,
Quick, before it disappears —
Do it now.

—Mary Leoline Hill.

Prayer Signals

NEVER has the need for prayer been more imperative than at present. Possibly we intend to pray during the day, but our days are filled up, and no one reminds us to pray. Consequently we forget.

We are commanded to "pray without ceasing." This does not mean that we should pray audibly all day long, but that a Christian should keep his heart lifted to God perpetually. This we cannot do unless we pray many times a day. But what is to remind us to pray? Each day has plenty of signals to prayer. When we hear the ringing of a bell, what should it bring to our memory? Let us resolve that every time we hear a bell,—a clock, telephone, doorbell, trolley car,—it shall remind us of God, and we will commune a moment with him. How many times a day do you climb a flight of stairs? Let each ascent or descent be a prayer signal. If we choose our own prayer signals, some commonplace of daily life, and persevere in using them, we shall thus direct our lives to God.

John R. Mott tells of a friend living in Montclair, a suburb of New York, who passes through the Bergen Tunnel twice a day. As the train plunges into the darkness, he stops reading and lifts his heart to God. He says he "never enjoyed more precious seasons of communion than there in the heart of the hills."

Not many of us pass through tunnels, but there are moments in every day that we can use as periods of prayer.

Have you ever thought that you can pray as you walk from one place to another? This is a literal walking with God that has become very precious to some Christians.

Robert E. Speer, at a convention, once asked a congregation how many had prayed on the way to church. As but few hands were raised, he spoke of the lost opportunity. "God has commanded us to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest," he said, "and you forgot all about it even when you were on your way to a missionary meeting. Who knows what the result might have been, with all these young people assembled in Boston, if you had obeyed?"

Thus many of God's children are "buying up opportunities" for prayer. "How wonderful it would be," said a pastor in Ohio, "if prayer were visible, and we could see it as it goes up to God! We should find people praying in places where we least expect. There goes an old man driving a cart. He seems almost asleep, but do you see that stream of sweet incense going up from the cart? It is the old man's prayer, for he is talking with God as he slowly moves along. And look at that crowded trolley car! Three streams are going up from it as it rushes along! Three passengers are praying—a pastor, a business man, and a woman; yet no one guesses it, save themselves and God."

ARABELLA JAMES.

An Explanatory Note

THE students and the teacher of the journalism class at Emmanuel Missionary College wish to thank the editor of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for the opportunity of furnishing the material for this issue of that paper.

Although for several years in the past Emmanuel Missionary College students have contributed news notes, stories, and other articles for the INSTRUCTOR, this is the first time that a class has undertaken to furnish all the material for an issue. With the exception of the Missionary Volunteer and Sabbath school lessons, all articles and pictures were contributed or selected by the class in journalism, with Mr. A. P. Heflin and Miss Olive Woodard as editors.

The stories were selected from the college rhetoric notebooks, the poems from exercises by the literature classes, and the reports from foreign lands came from the alumni. With the exception of the Cuban picture, the photographs were all taken on the college farm.

The students have endeavored to represent not only the English department, but the interests of the college as a whole. The work has given the class a valuable experience, and they appreciate the excellent models they have had to guide them, in previous numbers of the INSTRUCTOR.

LAURA FOSTER RATHBUN.

Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other.—Addison.

The warmth of true friendship, the love that binds heart to heart, is a foretaste of the joys of heaven.—Mrs. E. G. White.

Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—La Fontaine.