

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No less than 150,000 persons have died of starvation in Albania in the last eighteen months.

It is reported that railroad trains in Spain cannot run because there is no coal. Spain imports her coal, and the torpedoing of many ships has made it very hard to obtain.

THE Commissioner of Pensions says that there are still on the lists the names of 563 American soldiers who fought in the war with Mexico. The war ended sixty-eight years ago.

THE British government has sent to an American steel firm an order for one hundred giant howitzers to cost \$27,000 each. It is supposed that the howitzers are to be put against the famous German 42-centimeter guns.

Two postage stamps were sold in New York City recently for \$1,730. Both were issued by the postmaster at Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1846, one year before the United States government issued its first postage stamps.

THE great express companies have survived the heavy blow given them by the establishment of the parcel post. The earnings for December, 1915, show an increase of over four hundred per cent as compared with December, 1914.

THE Brooklyn Navy Yard, now housing the greatest battleships of the United States fleet, is under guard, designed to prohibit the entrance of any one not known to the naval authorities while vessels under construction and repair are being rushed to completion. The gates are barred to visitors, not even relatives of the sailors being permitted to enter.

DAVE MOYLAN, who has been elected municipal judge of Cleveland, Ohio, possesses no hands or arms, but this does not hinder him greatly in the discharge of his duty. By dint of rigorous practice, he has trained the muscles of his neck so that now he can grasp the penholder firmly in his teeth and write as legible a "hand" as any one. All his court decisions are written in this manner.

Two New Books

"THE SABBATH QUESTION," by Miss Eliza H. Morton, is one of the two. The interest-awakening bold-faced section heads with the short paragraphs under each, entice one to read the book. It is paper covered, and the price is 25 cents. The book will sell readily.

"The Other Side of Death," by Elder Carlyle B. Haynes, is the other book. It is published by the Southern Publishing Association. The question of human immortality from the viewpoint of the Scriptures is considered. The chapter headings are: The Subject Introduced, Absolute and Conditional Life, Immortality, The Creation of Man, Death, The Wages of Sin, The Punishment of the Wicked, Spiritualism, The Second Coming of Christ, The Millennium, The Destruction of Sin and Death, The Reward of the Righteous.

This book also sells for 25 cents in paper cover. Order of your tract society.

Say "No!"

DARE to say "No" when you're tempted to drink; Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think,— Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed For answering "Yes" without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain,
Think of the tears that will soon fall like rain,
Think of the heart and how cruel the blow,
Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl,
Think of the danger to body and soul,
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;
Look at them now, and at once answer "No!"

Think, too, of mankind with rum-tainted breath,
Think of its end and terrible death,
Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe,
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No!"

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own;
Think of proud forms now forever laid low,
That still might be here, had they learned to say "No!"

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Drawing to ruin both body and soul;
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No!"
—Selected.

Was in a Tight Place

FOR many years, old Colonel Lee resided in Ninth Street, New York; near the hotel St. Denis. He is still remembered by hundreds of New Yorkers for his bright manner and happy, apt remarks.

When the project for erecting an equestrian statue to General Washington in Union Square was proposed, Colonel Lee was intrusted with one of the subscription papers for circulation. Shortly after receiving it, he approached a well-known citizen and asked for a subscription, but the citizen declined to subscribe, stating in a rather pompous manner:—

"I do not consider, sir, that there is any necessity for a monument to Mr. Washington. His fame is undying; he is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen."

"Is he enshrined in your heart?" softly inquired the colonel.

"He is, sir."

"Well, all I have to say," retorted Colonel Lee, "is that he is in a tight place."—Selected.

BE cautious with whom you associate, and never give your company or your confidence to persons of whose good principle you are not certain.—Coleridge.

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The Youth's Instructor

The Roof of the World—No. 1

Kashmir

W. S. CHAPMAN

IN the extreme northwestern part of India, where the great plain of the Punjab ends, and reaching up northward toward the borders of Russia and Chinese Turkestan, and bounded on the east by Tibet, lies a country of 84,000 square miles, about the size of the State of Utah, and with a population of three millions. It is the largest state in what is known as the empire of India, and is officially designated as Jammu, or Kashmir State, but commonly called Kashmir.

In the southwest part of this state lies a valley of transcendent beauty, for ages the inspiration of poets and the dream of artists,—the Vale of Kashmir,—an oval basin eighty miles in length by twenty broad, at an elevation of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level. Through this Eden of India flows the Jhelam River, bordered on each side by a wide alluvial plain very closely cultivated. In its course the Jhelam River widens several times, producing lakes of much importance and charm, among them being the Dal and Wulur Lakes.

On this river are the cities of Srinagar, the capital and largest city of Kashmir, with a population of over 126,000; Baramula, with about 7,000; and another city perched on the mountain wall of the vale, Gulmarg, 7,500 feet above sea level, a favorite resort of Europeans. The mountain ranges surrounding the valley are among the highest in the world. Mt. Godwin Austen, in one of these ranges, with an altitude of 28,265 feet, is said to be the second highest peak in the world.

To get into the Vale of Kashmir one travels from Bombay over the Northwestern Railway to Rawalpindi, in the Punjab, the termination of the railway, and from there a distance of 197 miles to Srinagar, traveling either by a horse vehicle known as a tonga or by a motor car, the baggage and the servants following in a slower conveyance called an ekka. Accompanying the tonga as an assistant to the Punjabi driver will be, generally, a small boy hanging on behind as best he can, and at intervals blowing a horn with desperate energy to warn others as corners are turned. Horses are changed about every five miles, and are driven at a gait of twelve miles an hour until the base of the mountain is reached, then the road becomes a steady climb. The mails are sent in tongas, and without stopping, are carried through in thirty-six or thirty-eight hours; but travelers, so traveling, are three or four days on the route. In a motor car, barring accidents, the journey can be made in a day and a half.

The tongas are very uncomfortable to travel in, and carry practically no baggage, this being sent on in slow carts some days in advance. The fare for a seat in a tonga from Rawalpindi to Srinagar is thirteen dollars. A motor car return fare, with stop-over of a week or more, costs the commercial traveler about \$130, but he has the satisfaction of carrying all his baggage with him, and of having a car all to himself.

Transportation of freight between these points is carried on by means of bullock carts, and a trip consumes fifteen days.

The first stop is at Tret, twenty-five miles from Rawalpindi; next at Murree, the former seat of the Punjab government, fourteen miles from Tret. It is a favorite hill station, the location of a popular sanatorium, and built up with charming bungalows owned by summer tourists. From here on the road is passable only in late spring and in summer. From early fall into winter the snow lies on a level from eight to forty feet deep, while slides and avalanches carry away bridges and portions of roads beyond repair until fair weather. The route from here is a gradual descent into the valley of the Jhelam at the village of Kohala, on the borders of Kashmir. From this point there is a fair wheel road into Srinagar, the only wagon road in Kashmir. It is claimed to be the finest mountain road in the world.

Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir and the center of trade for the state, is located on a large body of water known as Dal Lake, fed by springs and entering the Jhelam River by floodgates. Numerous irrigating canals extend out from the Jhelam River at Srinagar, which, with the lake and the river, give the city something of the appearance of Venice, so that the city is called "the Venice of India." The traffic of the city is carried on largely through these waterways, and about 15,000 of the inhabitants live in house boats.

Travelers usually employ these boats, living upon them and making pleasure trips down the river to Baramula, at the exit of the valley, twenty-five miles distant. These house boats are propelled by oarsmen, the crew being generally four men, and their wages for propelling a boat that thirty-five miles is only twenty cents a man. The rent for a house boat a month is from six to seven dollars. Generally tourists rent, in addition, a kitchen boat with a crew of three persons, for about five dollars a month. Many of these house boats are handsome and luxurious in appearance. Motor boats are out of the question because of the high price of petrol or gasoline, which brings seventy-four cents a gallon at Srinagar. Motor cars are too expensive for the ordinary citizen, the few in use being a cheap make of American cars.

Among the first surprises to greet the traveler is the cheapness of everything. Kashmir, on account of its mountainous location, has never been able to develop an extensive outside trade of any importance, and as the vale is quite densely populated, the cost of labor is astonishingly low, with a corresponding cheapness in everything else.

Kashmir was once famous for its shawls. The wool used to make the genuine Kashmir shawl, called pashm, is really a fine hair made from the down, or underwool, of a handsome species of goat living in the surrounding hills. Forty years ago this industry gave employment to over 60,000 persons and brought over \$1,000,000 yearly into the city. The change in fash-

ions has now ruined the trade, and most of the expert weavers have left Kashmir, engaging in carpet weaving elsewhere. A large part of the "Kashmir" shawls now on the market are made in Ireland. The designs also have changed, and French patterns and new colors, like magenta, have been introduced, so that a genuine Kashmir shawl is now seldom seen or attainable, the richness of the ancient weaving having given place to cheap, showy designs, no longer works of art.

In the growing season Kashmir Valley is a dream of beauty. Standing at a vantage point, one looks over a broad alluvial valley cultivated with care as if a garden, while up the mountain sides, as far skyward as soil can be worked, crude terraces, tier after tier, band the sides, irrigated by little artificial canals, carrying water from tributary nullahs, or ravines in the river, for miles along the mountain sides. In these one sees groves of peach, walnut, apricot, almond, and other fruit trees, with vines trained upon poplar trees, interspersed with patches of rice and other grains, all under the highest cultivation, which, combined, make a picture to hang long in memory's hall.

The people depend upon irrigation, not rain. A mild winter or rain in the harvest season is what they dread. A heavy winter stores up the snow to be melted by the hot sun of the spring and summer, and this water is caught and conveyed into the little irrigation canals, insuring an abundance of water and resulting in good crops. Many standard and small fruits grow wild, while all cultivated varieties of temperate climates are plentiful. It is said that if transportation facilities were possible, this valley could supply all India with fruit.

Above the vale and the terraces with their wealth of perfume and color from fruits and flowers, like a frame to this lovely picture, come the forests of giant pine, interspersed with patches of pasture, over which roam the handsome sheep and goats, while far above rise the glittering, snow-white mountain peaks.

As the great white fleecy clouds pass overhead, partially screening the sun and throwing flitting, shadowy phantom duplicates upon the beds of color, changing all under them to black and white silhouettes, the effect is entrancing and weird. No wonder that poets, thrilled with admiration, speak of this vale as "Eden."

Two Experiences with the Morning Watch

ABOUT three years ago one of our young men from a college in the United States, went down to Cuba to spend his vacation there selling our literature. He had worked there the summer before with success, but on account of lack of practice had forgotten some of the language. On beginning his work, he found he had forgotten many words and expressions in Spanish. Riding all night to the city in which he was to begin his work, he arrived in the morning and went for a walk to look the place over. He noticed the large palace of the governor, and his heart sank a little as he realized his condition. Returning to his room tired and sleepy, he thought of the work before him, and feeling his need of divine strength, went on his knees to plead for power.

Rising, he felt that he needed some assurance from the Lord that would strengthen him for the day's work in the government palace and among the best

business men of the city, and reaching for his Bible, he looked up the Morning Watch text for the day. Finding it to be Isa. 41: 10, he read, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." This was as good as if the very Lord himself had spoken to him out of the heavens. He took courage, went out trusting in the great promise of our Father in heaven, and was able to secure that very day some thirty-nine dollars' worth of orders.

Four years ago I had no use for the Morning Watch, Whenever I was asked about it, I replied that I got along quite well reading wherever I cared, and received plenty of good advice from Proverbs and Psalms and Galatians and Peter. On reading of the experience related above, I decided then and there that I would ever in the future study the Morning Watch texts and make good use of any help they offered.

Time and time again have I related this experience to interest some one in the use of the Morning Watch which is becoming so popular among those who wish to progress in the Christian way and prepare for the time when even the Word of God will be taken from us. And my convictions of the great help of the Morning Watch have been much strengthened since hearing the following experience, given by one of the colporteurs here in Spain:—

Contrary to my plans for him, he had taken it upon himself to go into territory assigned to others, and had there fallen into sin, had given up Bible study and prayer. God saw fit to punish immediately and his sales fell, getting worse all the time, until he had to ask for financial help. When he got to the place where he was practically penniless, the Spirit of God moved upon his heart, and he began to think of the cause of his condition. It came home to him very forcefully that it was the result of his unfaithfulness to God. The next day he took his pen and wrote me of what he had done, of his thinking that it would never get to my ears, of his sorrow for the past, and his determination to do differently in the future. As soon as he mailed the letter, Satan came up and tried to convince him that he had done wrong in confessing his sin and asking forgiveness. He thought and thought, and then determined that in the Bible he could find consolation. As in the experience of the other brother, he reached for his Bible, looked up the Morning Watch text for the day and behold! exactly what he needed. Read it in 1 John 1:9. No doubt you can repeat it from memory, it is such a great promise to us sinners, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Strange, you say? To me it is only another proof of the genuineness of the Word of the living God, and an encouragement to study it more with the help of the Morning Watch.

Are you using the Morning Watch, my friend? If not, why not?

H. A. B. ROBINSON.

Barcelona, Spain.

The Canvassing Work

I HAVE a suggestion to make about how to be successful in the canvassing work. That is what you want, isn't it?

You must take hold of the work as I did when I was trying to get a certain young woman to give an order for a husband.

1. I was very much in earnest. No little rain ever hindered me from keeping my appointments. Mud, wind, sunshine, and blizzard were all small matters, and didn't weigh an ounce as against being punctual.

2. I worked at it every day. The days when I couldn't be doing it one way, I did it another. If I couldn't talk, I studied something nice to say when the time came that I *could* talk.

3. I never gave up simply because there were competitors in the field. I just worked the harder to show her that I had the best goods, and I talked the thing so persistently that I really came to believe it myself. And, what is more to the point, I made her believe it.

4. I loved the work. I was never too sleepy, or too busy, or too anything to attend to that at every available opportunity. I was instant in season, out of season.

5. I never took no for an answer. I wasn't looking for noes. It was ayes that I wanted. When it seemed that the answer might be no, I was careful not to call for an answer.

6. I never intended to fail. I meant to succeed. I studied how to do it to the best advantage. I didn't begrudge the time, nor feel that it was wasted. No, I enjoyed the work.

7. I did it myself. I couldn't trust any one else to do it to suit me. I was the one most interested, and I wanted to see that it was done right.

8. I kept persistently at it, even when the prospect didn't seem to be so very bright or hopeful.

By the careful application of these simple rules, I succeeded in taking her order, and a few months later had the pleasure of delivering the goods. Now, after twenty-five years, she still has the same old volume in the same old binding. She hasn't authorized me to say so, but I am satisfied that she would not take now what she paid for it, if she could not get another.—*T. H. J., in "Talks to My Students."*

◆◆◆◆◆
 "WHEN a man says that misfortune drove him to drink, the chances are that drink drove him to misfortune."

- For the Finding-Out Club**
- THE following questions, together with those in the INSTRUCTOR of April 18, are part of an information test given the pupils of the Friends' School, Germantown, Philadelphia:—
- Name —
- The President of the United States
 - The Secretary of State
 - The Speaker of the House of Representatives
 - The Secretary of the Navy
 - The President of Mexico
 - The European countries not engaged in the present war
 - The Harvard professor who won the latest Nobel prize for chemistry
 - The world's most famous tenor
 - The State of the Union which acted as host in 1915 to those whose motto was, "See America first"
 - A European possession on the mainland of South America
 - A Pennsylvania city noted for correspondence schools
 - The book in the Bible in which the ten commandments are found
 - The two great powers whose boundary has remained unfortified for over one hundred years
- (Concluded on page thirteen)*



The Birches

MONKS are the beeches in sodden gray.
 (White are the robes of the birches!)
 Friars are the firs that mumble and pray,—
 (White are the robes of the birches!)
 The boughs are bare and the skies are bare
 And sorrow and show are everywhere,—
 But the birches are virginal, slim and fair.
 (White are the robes of the birches!)
 Haughty and high is the far-off sky,
 (White are the robes of the birches!)
 And the wind like a strange, vast voice goes by.
 (White are the robes of the birches!)
 The wood is a haunted wood today
 Where shadowy fauns and satyrs stay,
 And the silver birches pliant sway—
 (White are the robes of the birches!)

The ancient willows are cranes and hags,
 (White are the robes of the birches!)
 The wind makes free with their sorry rags—
 (White are the robes of the birches!)
 Nun and virgin they seem to say,
 Whatever the hand on the dial say,
 The selfsame prayer in the selfsame way;
 (White are the robes of the birches!)
 Stanch in his cloak stands the pilgrim oak,
 Whilst an unseen specter searches;
 And the sound of the blast on the ear is cast
 (Like the choirs of a thousand churches!)
 The sun is pallid and cold and dim,
 And the few faint clouds are dull and grim,
 Like mariners drowned whose bodies swim.
 (White are the robes of the birches!)
 —*Arthur Goodenough.*

What It Costs to Live in the White House

WOODROW WILSON is the second President to receive a salary of \$75,000 a year. His expenses have been less than those of Mr. Taft, the first to profit by the increase from \$50,000.

Although Mr. Wilson has been forced to deal with many more vital domestic and international problems than any other President in recent years, he finds time to look after his personal business affairs. He receives each month a United States Treasury warrant for \$6,250, and makes frequent visits, almost always afoot, to a bank a few blocks from the White House.

In the early days of the United States the Presidency was no place for a man without independent means. The office cost the occupant more than he got out of it, and at least one President, Andrew Jackson, after spending \$10,000 of his own money, ended his term without having enough to pay his traveling expenses back home.

At first the salary was \$25,000 a year, regarded then as very liberal. But as the country grew in territory and importance, the expenses of the President increased; distinguished visitors from foreign nations had to be entertained, receptions and state dinners became frequent, and other expenses developed. The time came when a President had to pay out more money than he received.

Congress, in 1873, after a long, bitter fight, increased the salary to \$50,000. Soon afterward Congress passed a bill reducing the pay to \$25,000 again, but President Grant vetoed the measure.

In those days Congress provided no assistance in the payment of White House bills. But there came a gradual awakening to the financial burdens of the Presidency, and appropriations came little by little, until now approximately \$60,000 is allowed annually to defray certain expenditures in addition to \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses.

Even with this help a President cannot escape paying about \$50,000 a year from his salary for provisions for the White House tables, entertaining, clothing, and contributions to charitable and other organizations. This leaves the President \$25,000 a year, which he may possibly set aside for future needs.

This is not exorbitant; for most men who are of Presidential caliber—and many who are not—accumulate much more than \$100,000 in four years. According to the federal income tax returns for 1915, there are in the United States at least 3,849 persons receiving \$75,000 or more annually. There are 3,660

more who get between \$50,000 and \$75,000. Few of these should find it difficult to set aside \$25,000 a year.

The biggest item a President must meet from his own pocket is the cost of provisions for the White House tables. There rarely are fewer than thirty persons at every meal, including the President and his family, guests, and a staff of servants averaging from twenty to twenty-two.

Bills for groceries, meat, milk, and other provisions, ordered by the housekeeper, under the general supervision of the mistress of the White House, fluctuate considerably. In summer, during the brief time the President and his family are at the seashore or in the mountains, these bills at the White House can be kept down to about \$1,000 a month, or even less. But when the President is in Washington and during the winter social season they run from two to four times that amount.

This increase in winter is due to the extensive entertaining expected of the President and his wife. State receptions and dinners, of which there are always

eight or nine in a season, cost upwards of \$1,000 each.

The President and Mrs. Wilson this year included in their social program four large receptions and five state dinners. In addition there were many smaller, less formal affairs.

At the receptions the number of guests invariably ranges from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred, all of whom are served with salads, cakes, coffee, punch, and similar refreshments in the state dining-room. These buffet suppers are prepared in the White House kitchens, with the assistance of extra servants, and the number of turkeys and chickens and the amount of other expensive provisions consumed is astounding.

The state dinners, given for the diplomatists of all the foreign countries and the leading American officials and jurists, usually are attended by from fifty to ninety guests, who sit at a table set in the shape of a horseshoe. There are nine or ten courses, the cost of a dinner comparing favorably with that of a reception.

In addition to this a President's personal expenses are very heavy.

Half a dozen suits of clothes a year and the other furnishings needed by a man are quite sufficient for a President, but the gowns for the "First Lady of the Land" and the White House daughters are no mere incident. These ladies are called upon to attend four or five functions every week during the season in Washington, and they must have ready no



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MRS. WOODROW WILSON

less than a score of becoming evening gowns as well as an extensive stock for afternoon wear.

Contributions to charity range from inexpensive handkerchiefs and autographed pictures of the White House, for sale at bazaars, to substantial checks.

As the government provides no refuge from the hot weather of Washington, a President must furnish himself and his family with a summer residence, the rent to come from his own pocket. And then there is the cost of keeping up two establishments.

Because a President is so busy with affairs of state, the work of looking after bills generally is left to some other member of the household, his wife, a daughter, or his personal stenographer. The President, then, merely signs the checks, prepared for him with the bills attached.

Of course the President has absolute supervision over the money appropriated by Congress to meet certain White House bills. The Sundry Civil Act for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, provided \$35,000 "for ordinary care, repair, and refurnishing of the Executive Mansion, and for the purchase, maintenance, and driving of horses and vehicles for ordinary purposes, to be expended by contract or otherwise." This covers the wages of the servants, which range from \$40 to \$75 a month, the pay of the chauffeurs, and the upkeep of five White House automobiles.

In the same act there is provided \$9,000 for the care and maintenance of the White House greenhouses, \$6,000 for fuel for the White House and the greenhouses, and a sum not to exceed \$8,600 for lighting the White House, the surrounding grounds, and greenhouses. An extra item of \$3,000 also is carried for repairs to the greenhouses.

Another appropriation is \$25,000 for the traveling expenses of the President, to be "expended in his discretion and accounted for on his certificate solely." What remains at the end of the year of this fund, as well as of the other appropriations, stays in the Treasury.

When the President travels he invariably occupies a private car, usually attached to a regular train and requiring the payment of twenty-five full fares. The government owns no private car for the President—one is rented by the day.—*Donald MacGregor, in the American Magazine.*

Capital to Have Greatest Park

PLANS for what is designed to be the most magnificent park in the United States, to be located on the top of Meridian Hill, overlooking Washington and the Potomac River, have just been completed by the office of the superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. It will require years to complete the proposed park as

planned, as the work must of necessity be done slowly. Eventually it will vie with the world's most famous garden spots.

Advantage will be taken of the steep grade of the hill, and there will be but few changes in it. The top of the hill will be extended on grade as far south as possible, where a concrete cliff will drop it to a lower level. On top of this cliff will be a paved plaza and walk, affording a view of the city and the Potomac valley. In the center will be a large fountain pouring water into a pool. From this pool will run a continuous cascade to the lower end of the park, where it will flow into another great pool flanked by two fountains and forming the background for a series of statues. The park will be located exactly on the meridian of Washington.

Its location in the heart of the city will make it easily accessible to the majority of the residents of the capital. It may also be visited by most visitors making even a short stay.—*Technical World.*



THE HOME OF OUR PRESIDENTS

Kansas Fight Against the Cigarette

THE Sunflower State is applying the "Kansas Idea" to the cigarette, with a State-wide campaign against that boy peril; and the Child Welfare Department of the university is back of the movement. Prof. Wm. A. McKeever, of Lawrence, head of this department, is in direct charge, and has just issued

an anti-cigarette bulletin giving full details as to methods for the campaign. John A. Edwards, an alumnus of the university, has put up a fund of \$150 to be given as prizes to the boy organizations doing the most effective work against their nicotine enemy.

The great Federation of Clubs, the State W. C. T. U., the teachers in the public schools, the pastors of the churches, and the governor's and attorney-general's office are all lending their influence and active assistance to this defense of the Kansas boy. In speaking of this new form of campaign, Professor McKeever says:—

"Through a generation of persistent effort, Kansas has tried to offer to the nation and the world the idea of stamping out the liquor traffic. Prohibition is one of the most cherished institutions in the Sunflower State, and is as thoroughly established as the church or the school. Now, we are proposing to follow this up with a vigorous State-wide attack on the cigarette evil, and a final complete prohibition of the nicotine business in so far as it affects the growing boys."

No cigarette victim can climb to the top of the ladder.—*Justice David Brewer, United States Supreme Court.*

KNOW ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?—*St. Paul.*

The Great Man is Great Enough To —

LEAD without bossing.
Be many-sided without being two-faced.
Profit by the criticisms of his enemies.
Give due regard to small things without becoming small.

Be friendly with all without being familiar with everybody.

Know that there is no divorce court where greatness and goodness may be granted a separation.

Take defeat after a hard fight with good grace and not as a disgrace.

Know that being selfish for his own is almost as selfish as being selfish for himself.

Never be too busy to find time to do that which ought to be nearest his heart.

Know that, instead of the world's owing him a living, he owes the world constant giving.

See that uninterrupted attention to "me and mine" will inevitably bring his possessions to what the expression is often corrupted into—"mean mine."

Congratulate the person who has won the victory over him in wholesome rivalry, on the splendid achievement, without wearing a sickly smile the while.

R. B. THURBER.

"Let Us Pray"

IN the winter of 1867 Mr. D. L. Moody made a visit to the Andover Seminary, in Massachusetts, and at one of their services told the students about his Sunday school work for the street boys of Chicago. When he had finished, an opportunity was given for questions. One man asked him if he had met with any special difficulties in his work. Mr. Moody replied that only in one instance had he encountered any serious trouble. This arose from opposition which was manifested by some of the Roman Catholics in the vicinity of his school. They would throw sticks and stones and mud at the members of his school when they were on their way to the service.

Mr. Moody decided to see the bishop in regard to the matter. He was living in a fine house on Michigan Avenue, and when Mr. Moody called at the door it was only after quite a hesitation on the part of the one who opened it that he gained admittance. After waiting for some time he had an interview with the bishop, in which he rehearsed the history of his conversion, and how interested he was in telling the good news of a Saviour to all men, and particularly his desire to reach the children of the city. He went on to say it seemed to him that in work of that kind he should have the cooperation of all right-minded citizens, and briefly described the annoyance which had been suffered by some of his pupils. After this earnest outpouring of his heart in his characteristic way, the bishop finally said to him:—

"Mr. Moody, you are doing a good work, and I would suggest that you come into the church."

"What!" said Mr. Moody, "do you mean that I should join the Catholic Church?"

"Yes," slowly replied the bishop.

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Why not?" asked the bishop.

"Well, there are two reasons. In the first place, I do not approve the attitude of your church in the matter of liquor drinking, recognizing saloon keepers as members."

To this the bishop made no immediate reply, but later on, said, "Well, what is the other reason?"

"Ever since I was converted there has been no place that I enjoy so much as the prayer meeting, and you have no prayer meetings in your church."

After a pause the bishop said, "Well, I think that need make no difference."

"Do you mean that I might belong to your church and attend prayer meetings with my people?"

Hesitatingly, the bishop said, "Why, yes."

"Do you mean that you would pray with a Protestant?"

Again the bishop said, "Yes."

"Let us pray," said Mr. Moody.

Accordingly they both knelt in prayer and Mr. Moody poured out his heart in an earnest petition to God for a blessing upon all gospel work. When they arose from their knees, the bishop took Mr. Moody's hand, and after giving him a kind of apostolic blessing, assured him that his pupils would suffer no further annoyance.

"Let us pray." Only three words, and yet what a power to be realized by their use. How often would the great mountains of difficulty that sometimes confront us become a plain if we only had faith as a grain of mustard seed to ask for their removal. Christ has pledged himself to hear the petitions and grant the prayers of those who come to him in faith, and he is more willing to give than we are to receive.

In "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, pp. 158, 159, we read, "I saw how this grace could be obtained. Go to your closet and there alone plead with God: 'Create within me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.' Be in earnest, be sincere. Fervent prayer availeth much. Jacob-like, wrestle in prayer. Agonize. Jesus in the garden sweat great drops of blood; you must make an effort. Do not leave your closet until you feel strong in God; then watch, and just as long as you watch and pray, you can keep these evil besetments under, and the grace of God can and will appear in you.

". . . Young friends, seek the Lord with all your heart. Come with zeal, and when you sincerely feel that without the help of God you perish, when you pant after him as the hart panteth after the water brooks, then will the Lord strengthen you speedily. Then will your peace pass all understanding. If you expect salvation, you must pray. Take time. Be not hurried and careless in your prayers. Beg of God to work in you a thorough reformation, that the fruits of his spirit may dwell in you, and you shine as lights in the world." *Let us pray more earnestly and more often.*

FRANK F. MILLS.

Caleb Cobweb's Black List

"THIS is quite a town."

The common laziness in speech has made "quite" serve for scores of adjectives widely differing in meaning. The sentence just quoted is intended to say, "This is a large town," or "This is a beautiful town," or "This is an enterprising town," or perhaps all three. But "quite" means only "to a considerable extent."

"This is to a considerable extent a town!"—*Christian Endeavor World.*

WE often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.—*Canon Farrar.*



The Lake

THE surface of the little lake was without a ripple. In its clear, cool waters were reflected the pine trees that grew close to its edge. The setting sun shed its radiance upon the tranquil surface. At the upper end of the lake a small mountain stream came tumbling over the bowlders to empty itself into the placid waters. The mountains surrounding it were dotted with shrubbery. Above, the scenery became more rugged and wild, and in the distance were visible the rocky peaks against the sky line. At the foot of the mountain the slightly rolling country slowly stretched away into a vast plain. The rugged grandeur of the mountain peaks above, the motionless lake just before, and the peace of the plain below, in the calm quietness of that summer evening, was a scene never to be forgotten!

W. J. PRINCOMBE.

A County Fair

THE little town is everywhere alive with people. Its streets are crowded to the fullest extent, and still more people seem to be coming. From east, west, north, and south they come; some in wagons drawn by jaded-looking horses, some in handsome carriages, and others in automobiles. Regardless of their mode of travel, all are coming with the same purpose in view—to attend the county fair. Everything in the town has been renovated. The show windows in the stores have all been dressed for the occasion. Bunting and flags are seen everywhere. On a vacant lot, where the carnivals and freak attractions that stop in the city locate, the men of the town have built temporary buildings to contain the many displays that will be sent from all the surrounding county to the fair. Everything that can be thought of has been done to make the scene attractive on this the greatest occasion of the year.

And now on this beautiful spring day, the opening day of the fair, a stream of people may be seen pouring into town. All are in their very best; girls with white dresses all ruffled and starched; boys with new trousers and fancy blouses and ties. Even with this they are nothing compared with their older brothers and sisters, who have thought and planned for weeks what they would wear to the fair in order to look a little better than some neighbor lad or lass.

Now, regardless of their station or dress, all are ready to enjoy the wonders of the day. Men are there with their families, from the eldest to the babe; grandparents with their children and their children's children; all seem to be there, even the family dog.

As the concourse of people approaches the grounds, they hear strains of music—the village band has just struck up a tune. A little nearer the cry of the peanut and popcorn man is heard. Soon they are in the midst of it all. Confetti and serpentine are thrown everywhere, and toy balloons are dangled in their faces. But more interesting is the exhibit—the fine chickens raised by Jane Baker that she expects will take first prize, and those wonderful sweet potatoes grown on "Jeremy" Brown's place, and many other extraordinary things.

After viewing the many exhibits and the races and other sports, and spending a few minutes talking with old friends, many tired spectators seek their homes to rest, and think of the good time at the county fair.

ULA LIGHTSEY.

The Call of the Swimming Hole

I WONDER if it's naughty to wish I were a boy. This morning in school, when all outdoors was soft and beautiful, and the birds twittered ever so little, just as if they were afraid they might disturb the new leaves,—and, oh, it was so pleasant and dreamy,—I was looking around the room, and I saw my brother Leslie hold up two fingers—just like this—to Wheaton Douglas. Of course I knew what he meant, and Wheaton nodded his head yes, and then began turning the leaves of his history real fast, for teacher was looking.

Then this afternoon they ran around the school-house, and they never stopped to speak to the other boys at all. They just hurried away down the lane to the race track. I knew just how they would go—shall I tell you? They'd cut through the woods from there. That's the way Leslie tears his clothes, too, lots of times—just rushing through briars and thorns, never stopping to go around. But it's nearer that way, and soon they'd be out of the woods, and on the edge of the meadow. Now would come a last rush, and they'd stop on the edge of the swimming hole.

And oh—I wish I were a boy! Then mother wouldn't think it was too dirty for me. It isn't very deep, nor very wide, but it must be nice, for the boys all like it so. We get pond lilies there sometimes, and it's all soft and "squishy" around the edges. The cat-tails grow around it, and vines over the bottom. The water is sort of muddy looking, but it is cool and wet, and the trees hang down close over the top. And if you go around several times, you can get a long swim. And is it naughty to wish little girls could go swimming, too, just like little boys, 'stead of in a great big tank with a belt and a rope? X Y Z.

My Town

It's a sleepy town, my home town is,—with sleepy streets, soft-colored sleepy houses, swaying sleepy trees, and soothing, sleepy breezes,—just the nicest, coziest place, at peace with all the world. They tell me that some of its sons fought bravely in the Revolution, and then I forgive its sleepiness, and leave it comfortable in its drowsiness. And I love it every bit—the maples standing so primly along the front fences and shading the clean-swept walks as they sway contentedly in the wind. From the dull brown station on the edge of the town to the stores and the bank and the post office one catches glimpses of green lawns, and sees the white clothes flapping lazily in the breeze that creeps softly down from the oak trees. The houses are low and old, but there are modern additions. These might grate incongruously if one were not hypnotized by the sleepy atmosphere that envelops with its softness. From one of these slumbering houses floats a slow, laborious melody, and a crooning count,—“one, two, three; one, two, three,”—for a sleepy little girl moves slow fingers over the keys of a dusty melodeon.

Don't you believe it's a pleasant town—this sleepy village of mine? Don't you want to stop your frantic

bustle in this hurrying city and rest with me in my drowsy town?

But last night the trees sighed heavily and dropped tears of dew, for a garage is being built around the corner, and my sleepy town's waking up.

LORETTA TAYLOR.

A Hickory Nut for Breakfast

"WHAT a cold, miserable day it is going to be," I said to myself as I looked out of the window for the first time that March morning. Suddenly my attention was arrested by a little ball of fur on a limb of a tree not more than ten feet from my window. The wind was blowing very hard, but Mr. Squirrel was sitting on the limb near the trunk. His bushy tail was curled up over his back, and his two forepaws were holding his breakfast, a hickory nut. How daintily he nibbled, first on this side then on that. He held his saucy little head as though he had the finest breakfast in the land—and how comfortable he looked! What did he care for the wind? Didn't he have on a beautiful fur coat that was very thick? Wasn't his breakfast the best kind of hickory nut? Mr. Squirrel became so delighted with himself that he gave a sudden jerk to his head after taking a bite, causing the nut to fall out of his paws to the ground. No matter to him. It was only a moment before he was down the tree and back to his old place with his appetite sharpened by the exercise.

Just as he was finishing the last bit of the precious morsel, some one opened the kitchen door. Mr. Squirrel pricked up his ears and dashed away. In a couple of moments he was about six trees away and hidden from my view.

When I turned back to the inner world, the cold, inclement day seemed full of joy, beauty, and simplicity. God cared for that little squirrel, kept and sustained him during the cold days, and every motion of the frisky little fellow seemed to say, "I'm happy, I'll not worry; for everything will be all right."

Thank you for your lesson, little squirrel, and may I realize that He who clothes the lily of the field, notices when the sparrow falls, and gives the squirrel his food, will also care for me. HAZEL WORDEN.

What the Dog Found

ONE afternoon our game of hide and go seek was interrupted by our big shepherd dog barking ferociously behind the barn. We knew he had found something, for his barks were sharp and quick, as if he was very much excited and enraged. He often ran a woodchuck into the rock pile, and then we would help him catch the creature. Thinking we might now be of some assistance, we ran around the buildings. Following the sound, we crossed the garden, and entered the brush lot. There at the edge of the woods under an old apple tree was the dog, barking, and jumping back and forth. On seeing us, he raced to meet us, and then back to the tree, to show us what he had found. When we came near enough we saw a peculiar creature sitting up close to the trunk, half protected by a large root which shot out at one side. It was larger than an ordinary woodchuck, and was covered with long black fur through which, on most of its body, white quills were scattered. It did not take us long to decide what it was.

We had always heard that a porcupine would throw his quills when attacked, so at first we kept a respectable distance in the hope of seeing this performance. The dog kept snapping at him, barking and jumping back. What surprised us most was the calm way the animal seemed to take the whole thing. He sat there blinking his eyes, and trying merely to hide his head at the dog's nearest approaches. No quills flew at all! After a while we decided, lest the dog should bite at him and get a mouth full of quills, that we had better put him in a large rabbit cage which we had. But how were we to get him into the cage? Running to the barn, my brother brought a shovel and a fork. Carefully slipping the fork beneath the stupid fellow, he lifted him onto the shovel, and carried him around into the yard. The porcupine offered no serious resistance, and was soon established in his new home. Next we must try him to see what he would eat. A luscious, rosy apple was brought. This seemed to please him well, for he immediately began to nibble on it. Later we found that he also had a special fondness for corn. We would give him an ear, which he would hold with his forepaws while he ate the kernels. He would also eat green vegetables, but corn and apples were his favorite articles of diet, and they are not such a poor combination after all.

We kept our strange pet for several weeks. He never seemed very lonesome or uneasy in his cage, but spent most of his time during the day sleeping. When awake, he would sit up in the corner and blink at us. Only occasionally would he try climbing up on the wire of his cage. Perhaps at night he felt more lively, but the porcupine, or hedgehog, as he is often called, is always a slow-motioned animal. Finally we decided we had kept him long enough, so took him out and released him in his native home.

IDA E. TINEY.

Is It Going to Rain?

"FATHER, it is going to rain tomorrow, and we can't go to the lake for our picnic," Charlie Wells cried in a complaining voice as he ran to meet his father in the early evening. "Do you see that big ring around the moon? You told me only yesterday that it means rain, and mother said that we had a red sunrise this morning." Charlie was perplexed when he saw his father did not extend to him his usual sympathy.

"We shall see what the day will bring forth," replied the father. "Read what the paper says about the weather, Charlie."

"O father, you can't depend on those reports at all; for what do the newspaper men know about the weather?" answered Charlie, rather exasperated.

"I see, my boy, that you do not understand about one department of our government." This reply immediately caught Charlie's attention, for he always liked to hear his father explain the different departments of the government. "There is a division of our government under the Department of Agriculture called the Weather Bureau. Scattered throughout the United States, Alaska, and a few islands in both oceans are stations which this bureau has established. These places make a report by telegraph at eight o'clock in the morning and evening to the central station at Washington concerning the pressure of the air upon the earth; the amount of moisture in the air; the highest and the lowest temperature during the

twelve hours; the speed at which the wind is blowing, also its direction; the amount of rain which has fallen; and whether it is cloudy or fair."

"But, father," interrupted Charlie, "I don't see of what use all these things could be. How do they keep them in order?"

"As these reports come in, my son, they are set down on a large map of the country. Lines are drawn over this map to show where the pressure and temperature are the same in the country. Other marks are placed upon the map to indicate all the other reports which the central station receives. By comparing all this data it is known in what direction a storm is moving and at what time it will reach certain places. The forecast is then sent out to these different localities and these messages from Washington are published in our papers, so you see the newspaper men have nothing to do with those reports except to print them.

"You have noticed, Charlie, on a cold day when you leave the outside door open at the time your mother is washing and boiling the clothes, that you see a cloud of mist about the door in the cold air. The same moisture is in the warm air of the kitchen, but it is invisible. When mixed with the cold air, it produces mist. This is the way our beautiful clouds are formed. These same clouds will become invisible as they pass into air which is warmer than themselves. The men in the Weather Bureau know this law of nature, and many others more complex. They realize that when a station sends in a report of hot weather and much moisture in the air, and another station two hundred miles to the north tells them that it is cold there with a heavy wind blowing to the south, there will be rain at the southern station as soon as the cold air reaches it, for the cold air will condense the moisture and produce rain."

"Why, father, I didn't know Uncle Sam does so much for us!" exclaimed Charlie.

"This bureau," continued Mr. Wells, "saves the lives of many sailors, by warning them of the approach of big storms. It also helps the progressive farmer, for it tells him when a cold wave will bring frost."

"Why do they make so many mistakes, father?"

"We usually notice the times when the government makes a mistake. A change in the wind from that reported to the central office may be accountable for the mistake."

"I hope it won't rain tomorrow, even though it looks so much like it." Charlie's thought returned to the picnic.

"Bring me the evening paper," commanded Mr. Wells, "and we will see what the prospects are. Strong westerly winds are predicted. They are blowing in the Middle States, and will reach the seaboard States sometime tonight. It is cold here, and this warm wind will cause the clouds to disappear, and you will have a good sunny day."

Charlie was awakened in the night by the flapping of the window curtain; for the wind had arrived. He realized that the Weather Bureau's forecast, based upon general conditions throughout the country, was more to be relied upon than local signs which he had observed.

R. J. BRINES.

The Brook

How wonderfully fascinating is the little wild brook that flows down among the hills! Over the steep slopes it fairly races, falling and dashing over the rocks in its mad haste to get down. It beats itself

into a foam against their edges. It washes clean the roots of trees past which it rushes. Its continuous roar is heard for some distance through the woods, as if it would proclaim itself an uncontrollable runaway.

In more level regions it calms itself to a steadier pace. Its clear water glides gently over the green mossy rocks, under the dark trees. Ferns and silverweed love to dip their fingers in its cool water. The snakehead grows among the rocks in its center, and alders bend lovingly over it. Its voice, now more subdued, murmurs a soothing yet constant song to every listening ear. So it goes ever onward, till it joins the great river in the valley, and at last the distant sea.

ELCY.

A Country Road in Springtime

It was a beautiful morning in May when I left the noisy streets of Amorton, and turned into the old country road not far from the city. The cold winter winds had gone, and the icy fingers of Jack Frost no longer pressed the delicate buds of bush and tree. The warm rays of the sun were clothing nature with verdure. The songs of birds came from field and wood, and the fragrance of wild flowers, and the faint odor of the murmuring pines were borne on the soft breeze to me. It was the anticipation of these charms that lured me away from the busy life of the smoky city, to find rest and a new inspiration in the quietude and changing scenes of God's great out of doors.

As I walked along, all nature seemed to smile and beckon to me. Even the old road itself had smoothed out its rough wrinkles, and it was somewhat dusty. A snake had left his zigzag track in the dust of the road. Blackberry vines, white with blossoms, gave promise of a bountiful harvest. The little ants had begun their excavations for their winter homes, and were throwing up breastworks here and there along the way. An orderly procession of these ambitious workmen was fast removing the fragments of a piece of bread which some schoolboy had thrown from his dinner pail. A cottontail jumped into the road and attracted my attention. For a moment he sat in a listening attitude, and then bounded into the bushes.

In the fields, beyond the old rail fence skirting the road, sleek cattle were grazing. A crow slowly winged his flight to a large oak tree in the field. Dandelions in the dewy grass were raising their yellow heads to greet the sun. And just a short distance away a brook sparkled in the bright sunshine as it dashed over the stones that strewed its bed. As I quenched my thirst with its cold water, I was thankful that the Creator had given us all these blessings to enjoy, and that mother earth, though marred by sin, is still beautiful, especially in springtime.

E. R. CORDER.

The Peace of the Rain

THERE are times when it seems that there is too much sunshine, when it seems that every nerve must be kept up to a certain pitch; that we must laugh whether we choose to or not, and must be active almost contrary to our feelings; but just as these times come, there appears a cloud in the sky, then another, not light, airy, cumulus clouds, but the dark, heavy clouds of rain. Soon the sky is overcast and the distant roll of thunder is heard.

How changed are our feelings as this comes on. The tired nerves relax and the tension is loosed. Soon

the sound of a few large raindrops are heard striking against the window pane. No longer are we forced to smile, but the face relaxes in a calm, quiet contentment. No longer do we feel that we must be busily running from this place to that, and although we go just as quickly as we did before, yet it is with a calmer, easier movement that makes it seem much slower. We lift up our heads and breathe the purified air, for not only our hearts and souls are purified, but also the heavy, oppressive atmosphere. Perhaps the rain lasts for an hour or two, and then it gradually slackens its speed. Soon the heavy clouds break, and there is a patch of clear blue sky. The rain is coming down slower and slower. Soon the sun peeps through at the edge of the cloud. The raindrops sparkle on fence and flower and we laugh again, not a forced, tense laugh, but a care-free and happy one; for the air which we breathe is pure, and tired nerves have all disappeared. We feel that—

"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

ELVIRA.

The Old Swimming Hole

NOTHING can add more to the pleasure of real outdoor life than a plunge into a cool stream in summer. The "old swimming hole" down in the creek which flowed around the foot of the hill near my home, has given me many hours of real enjoyment. It was a deep, quiet place in that stream, and although it was hidden by trees and vines, yet every boy in the neighborhood could easily trace that well-beaten path to the place where we would suddenly come out of the thicket and find ourselves near the water's edge.

The old springboard was fastened to the bank in the clearing along the stream, and there on the bank we waited our turn. One after another, we would cut the water like a frog, in a headlong dive. How the water would fly when we had water fights, and other harmless amusements common to every boy who loves the water. A turtle, with head erect, would lazily swim across the stream as if to learn what was going on; or perhaps, at a short distance away a frog would utter a note of fear, and plunging to the bottom, would bury himself in the mire.

During the heat of the day, while the cattle were lazily resting in the shade, and the earth was giving off volumes of heat, the boys would seek their favorite "hole." When evening came, they were cool and refreshed as the result of the afternoon's plunge.

J. W. COLE.

Children at Play in China

THE morning sun peeped in the windows of the room in the mission house in which the two little girls were asleep. Sunrise comes early in southern climes, and so even the incessant twittering of the birds in the mango trees had not awakened the little sleepers.

Margaret, the younger, awakening, rubbed her eyes, and sleepily opening them, watched the fitting sunbeams on the floor. Louise, roused by the restlessness of Margaret, soon opened her big blue eyes; and a few minutes later the children, dressed in clean gingham, were scampering toward the rose apple tree standing in the front yard, to gather the fruit that had fallen in the night. Each morning it was a question whether the neighboring Chinese children or "the little white foreigners" would get the apples; but the

little girls were usually there first, although they always divided the fruit with their yellow friends.

On this particular morning, after the children had eaten their breakfast of flaky rice and milk and juicy oranges, their straw hats were tied on, and they were ready for play. Already the big bell had rung at the school, where their parents taught, so no one was left at home but old Yen, the cook, who was busy shelling peas for dinner, and had no time for two little wide-eyed girls. In answer to their many questions he gave them only the smiling answer, "No sahe."

They put on their sandals to protect their feet from the hot sand, and started down the path toward the school grounds. A row of Chinese houses behind the school buildings was separated from the school grounds by an old picket fence. Through the space where two or three boards were missing, the children wedged their way, and then they were surrounded by a group of little Chinese of all sizes and descriptions. All could speak broken English, so they got along well enough. Margaret and Louise had never gone into any of the houses, but had always contented themselves with digging in the sand, playing with the slant-eyed baby with pink strings in its ears, or watching at mealtime the easiness with which the children picked up small bits of meat with chopsticks, and drank bowlfuls of rice soup with a sucking noise. These lessons in manners they once repeated at home to the surprise and dismay of their elders.

This morning the children suggested playing hide and go seek, which the little Chinese greatly enjoyed. When it came Margaret's time to "seek," she hesitated to go into the house where she thought small Wang See was hiding, but, assured by the smile of Mother Wang, who sat near the door chewing a piece of sugar cane, she ventured in.

There were only two rooms in the house. In the first one was a large red paper tacked on the wall with Chinese characters on it, while in one corner of the room, on a shelf, sat a small idol, before which were tiny cups of rice and tea. In the other room, the sleeping-room for a family of eight, were the raised wooden beds, over whose rough boards only a thin mat was spread. A small block of wood was used as a pillow. No wonder poor little Tua's head was so pitifully flat in the back.

In the back yard was the kitchen, where an old kerosene can, cut out at the bottom and halfway up one side, made a good stove. Over this the rice was cooking for dinner in a large iron kettle. Either Mother Wang forgot to put the lid on the kettle or it didn't have any, the latter probably being the case. Every once in a while a gust of wind whirled a cinder or a grain of sand into the soup.

Behind an old barrel, half filled with straw, where the pet hen was sitting, the small boy was found; and Margaret, running through the house to pat "one, two, three for Wang See," nearly stumbled over the bantam rooster that had wandered in, and was picking up crumbs from the littered floor.

Just then the bell rang for dinner, and the two little girls ran home to tell about their morning of play.

VERA BEHRENS.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

—Goldsmith.

For the Finding-Out Club

(Concluded from page five)

The city in which the Democratic Convention of 1916 is to be held

The city in which the Republican Convention of 1916 is to be held

Locate when possible; otherwise explain:—

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| The Black Forest | The Scarlet Letter |
| The Green Mountains | Yellow Journalism |
| The Golden Rule | The White Ribbon |
| The Black Hand | A Bluestocking |

What do the following mean?—

- | | |
|-------------|-------|
| B. S. | cf. |
| B. & O. | A. D. |
| S. P. C. A. | |

What part of the following plants do we use:—

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| Cloves | Irish potatoes |
| Almonds | Cinnamon |
| Sweet Potatoes | |

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of May 9

1. RED always seems nearer, needing less accommodation for the eyes.
2. Vanilla has no taste; you think it has because you like the smell of it.
3. They use bacteria to attack the hair roots and loosen the hair, which has to be removed before tanning.
4. Five seconds' interval between sight and hearing for each mile.
5. Man, except possibly whales.
6. Dust.
7. Only one fifth of it.
8. No. Another stripe was added for each new State, until 1818, when it was decided to go back to the original thirteen.
9. The best, of fur (chiefly rabbits' fur); commoner hats, of fur and wool mixed; cheapest, of wool.
10. Their brick clay was Nile mud, which would not bind.
11. About ten per cent.
12. As one to a half million.

Members of the Finding-Out Club

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| T. D. Sanford ² | Inez Mortenson ² |
| Milton K. Dymot | Mrs. Grace Hoover |
| Helen Salisbury | Ruby E. Lea |
| Harold E. Beasley | Louise Quick |
| George F. Webb ³ | Almeda Laing |
| Frances C. Rosenkrans | Mrs. Mae C. Laing |
| Bessie Mount | Frank Steenberg |
| Earle Stiles | Alfred Shryock |
| W. C. Van Gorder | Milton Dillon, Jr. |
| Mrs. Blanch Spriggs | J. D. Mac Ginn |
| Norman Lee Marsh | Eva B. Santee ² |
| Harold W. Clark | Reuben Coquillette |

Tree That Kills

THE matapalo tree is one of the curiosities of the tropics. This variety of tree never grows without the aid of another tree. It at first resembles a vine, and usually selects a young palm tree as the aid in its upward growth. In a few years' time it has grown until it completely surrounds the palm, and has choked out the life that aided it.—*Technical World.*



The Christian's Peace

(Texts for June 11 to 17)

"ARE you dreadfully busy?" Margaret looked up into Marion's troubled face. Margaret was a senior in college, and since she was working her way she was, of course, more than busy. Marion was a bright, studious sophomore. But no, Margaret was not especially busy; in fact, she never was too busy for a kind, cheery word, a quiet, helpful visit.

"Then, may I have a talk with you this afternoon?" asked Marion. The girls met at the appointed time, and standing by a window that overlooked a quiet part of the campus, they had their first confidential chat. They lived in the same dormitory, but each was busy pursuing her own course of study, with little time for getting acquainted outside of the classroom and the dining-hall.

"Margaret," began Marion, as she looked steadily into the sympathetic eyes of her older friend, "I want to ask you a question. You never seem to worry. You are *always* happy, and you never seem to get troubled and distressed about things. Do you never feel downright discouraged? I want to know why you never get the 'blues.'"

Margaret's eyes swam with tears as she gazed vacantly at the distant horizon. What could she say? Her heart was filled with gratitude. Was it possible that others did not know the bitter struggles in her own heart? How grateful she was for the peace that had been hers since she had accepted Jesus as her very own Saviour. She was just beginning to realize what that wonderful peace meant to her, and she felt a determination arise in her own heart to have it more abundantly.

"Oh, Margaret, I am so sorry! I didn't mean to make you feel sad," said Marion, coming closer to her friend. "You see it is this way: Although we have never been very well acquainted, I have often watched you, and again and again I have said, 'I wish I could be happy always just as Margaret is.'"

"My dear Marion, please do not think your questions have displeased me," said Margaret, slipping her arm around her friend's waist. "It's only that I don't know how to tell what I feel. I think the one thing that helps me most to be happy is this: Jesus is my very best Friend, and if I will let him he will work out all things that concern me for his highest glory and my highest good."

There were a few moments of silence, as there often is when heart touches heart. The girls stood quietly. Then Margaret continued, "Do not think, Marion, that I never worry or feel 'blue.' Do not think that I have yet learned the lesson of being happy always. But I do thank God that I am beginning to learn how to live above worry. I can never tell you how grateful I am for the peace God gives me. It is deeper than any trouble that comes, and it seems an impenetrable something protecting my heart from the missiles that come my way."

"Oh, Margaret, I do want that kind of peace," sobbed Marion, laying her head on her friend's shoulder. "I do want it; oh, I do! You know I just worry myself sick. For one thing, I feel so sensitive over my clothes. They are not so nice as those Eleanor and Bessie and the other girls in that clique have; and none of those girls will chum with me. And, oh, I feel so lonely and so 'blue' I just don't know what to do."

"My dear," said Margaret, drawing her trembling friend a little closer, and breathing a silent prayer for wisdom to know how to help, "you must not worry. You and I are God's children, and that means that we are 'safe in the arms of Jesus.'" Then her rich soprano voice sang softly,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care;
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears."

"That sentiment is beautiful," confessed Marion, "but I don't seem to know how to interpret it into daily, practical living."

"None of us have learned that lesson very well, my dear, but if we meet the Great Teacher faithfully in the secret chamber of prayer, we shall learn how. I am convinced from my own experience that a religion which does not help in the little and in the big things of everyday life is neither worth keeping nor giving away. I am resolved to make Jesus the ruling power of my life, that his peace may ever possess my heart."

"I think," said Marion, "that God must have helped you to carry out that resolution better than you realize; for all through this school year your serene, happy life has given me a stronger desire to be an earnest Christian than anything else."

"Thank you, dear. One thing that helps me is that I talk everything over with Jesus. I tell him about my mistakes,—and there are always lots of them,—I tell him about the lessons that puzzle me, about the slights I feel, yes, about everything. And he seems to say, 'My dear friend, I have loved you well enough to die for you. Just let me look after these things. And if you will go on cheerfully doing your work and trying to help others to find God, I will use every experience that comes to you in building you a strong, sweet, heroic Christian character. Every experience is sent to you for that purpose. But you must not fret and worry, for that spoils the material for character building.'

"Occasionally I have a straight talk with myself. Naturally I am very selfish. When I really began to study my 'blues,' I came to the candid conclusion that at least seventy-five per cent of them were offsprings of some species of selfishness, so I began to pray for deliverance from selfishness. When I stop to think about it, I know I cannot expect to 'be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease.' After all, we are here to build characters. And it is not *what* we meet, but *how* we meet it that counts; and —"

"Marion," called a voice in the hall, and with one big wordless thank you, Marion bounded out of the room, for the familiar voice reminded her of the geometry lesson she and a classmate were to study together at four o'clock.

That night when Margaret went to bed, she was

still thinking of the afternoon's visit. She thanked God fervently for using her life as a magnet for drawing one of her friends to himself. A tear dropped on her pillow as she lay thinking about the wonderful peace God had given her. Again and again she whispered to her own heart, "And nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing can ever take this away from me. No disappointments, sorrows, troubles, slights, can rob me of it so long as I am loyal to my Great Master. Even death has no power over the Christian's peace. Oh, I am so glad I am a Christian and can have this wonderful peace! O Master, keep me always where I may always keep this wonderful peace."

During the few remaining weeks, the two girls exchanged many loving glances, and each saw reflected in the eyes of her friend the peace that was ever growing sweeter to her own heart.

MEDITATION.—In my study of the texts this week, I am praying, with Jeremy Taylor: "Guide me, O Lord, in all the changes and varieties of the world; that in all things that shall happen, I may have an evenness and tranquillity of spirit; that my soul may be wholly resigned to thy divinest will and pleasure, never murmuring at thy gentle chastisements and Fatherly correction. Amen."

SPECIAL PRAYER.—This week we unite our prayers for the Seventh-day Adventist homes. Let us pray that these homes may be such happy, such sweet, such hospitable places that they may give persons who are not Christians an idea of what heaven is like. Let us pray that they may be places of refuge for our young people everywhere.

M. E.

NATURE never did betray

The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgment, nor the sneers of selfish men
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

—Wordsworth.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending June 17

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 June.

The Bible Year

Assignment for June 11 to 17

June 11:	2 Kings 10 to 12.
June 12:	2 Kings 13 to 15.
June 13:	2 Kings 16 to 18.
June 14:	2 Kings 19 to 22.
June 15:	2 Kings 23 to 25.
June 16:	2 Chronicles 10 to 13.
June 17:	2 Chronicles 14 to 17.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *REVIEW* for June 8.



XII — The Great Commission

(June 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 28: 11-20.

MEMORY VERSE: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 20.

Questions

1. While the women were on their way to find the disciples, what message did some of the soldiers that had been guarding the tomb take to the chief priests? Matt. 28: 11.
2. After the priests and elders had counseled together, what did they do? Verse 12.
3. What did they ask the soldiers to say? Verse 13.
4. How did they say they would save the soldiers from the penalty of sleeping on guard? Verse 14. Note 1.
5. How did the soldiers respond? Verse 15, first part.
6. What was commonly reported among the Jews? Verse 15, last part.
7. On receiving the message of the women, where did the disciples go? Verse 16. Note 2.
8. On meeting Jesus there, what did they do? Verse 17, first part.
9. After all the proof given of the resurrection of Jesus, how did some still feel? Verse 17, last part.
10. How much power did Jesus say had been given to him? Verse 18.
11. Where did he tell the disciples to go? What were they to do? Verse 19. Note 3.
12. What were they to teach the people? Verse 20, first part.
13. How long did Jesus say he would be with his people? Verse 20, last part. Note 4.

Notes

1. "It was a crime punishable by death for a sentinel to sleep at his post; and, in order to secure the evidence they wished, the priests promised to insure the safety of the guard. The Roman soldiers sold their integrity to the false Jews for money. They came in before the priests burdened with a most startling message of truth, and went out with a burden of money, and with a lying report upon their tongues which had been framed for them by the priests."—*The Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, p. 197.
2. "At the time appointed, about five hundred believers were collected in little knots on the mountain side, eager to learn all that could be learned from those who had seen Christ since his resurrection. . . . Suddenly Jesus stood among them. No one could tell whence or how he came. Many who were present had never before seen him; but in his hands and feet they beheld the marks of the crucifixion; his countenance was as the face of God, and when they saw him, they worshiped him."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 819.
3. Jesus told his followers to begin their work at Jerusalem where he had been betrayed and crucified. He bade them begin at home; and that was the hardest place. From Jerusalem they were to go to all parts of the world where there were souls to be saved. We may learn from this that each one is to work for Jesus right where he is, in his own family and neighborhood, and then go farther on, wherever the Lord may call him.
This great commission, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," cannot be fulfilled without the help of the youth and children. "In these last days, children's voices will be raised to give the last message of warning to a perishing world. When heavenly intelligences see that men are no longer permitted to present the truth, the Spirit of God will come upon the children, and they will do a work in the proclamation of the truth which the older workers cannot do."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VI, p. 203.
4. "Lo, I am with you always." It is to those who take Christ's yoke upon them and do his work that this promise is made. It is to those who carry the glad news of salvation, thus engaging in his work, that Jesus made the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." However heavy the cross or difficult the task may be, it is this same Jesus who rose triumphant from the tomb, and to whom all power has been given, that has promised to be an ever-present helper.

XII — The Great Commission

(June 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 28: 11-20.

Questions

1. While the women were carrying Jesus' message to the disciples, who came into the city? Matt. 28: 11, first part.
2. What did they report to the chief priests? Verse 11, last part.
3. What did the priests and the elders do? Verse 12. Note 1.
4. What did they instruct the soldiers to say? Verse 13. Note 2.
5. What pledge of protection did they give the soldiers? Verse 14. Note 3.
6. How did the soldiers respond? Verse 15, first part.
7. What saying became current among the Jews? Verse 15, last part.
8. On receiving Jesus' message by the women, where did the eleven disciples go? Verse 16.
9. When they saw Jesus, what did they do? Verse 17. Note 4.
10. What declaration did Jesus make to them? Verse 18. Note 5.
11. What great commission did he give the disciples? Verse 19.
12. What were the disciples to teach? Verse 20, first part.
13. What wonderful promise did he make them? Verse 20, last part. Note 6.
14. Why should every disciple and missionary for Christ be of good courage? Joshua 1: 9.

Notes

1. By the base means of bribery, the priests had bargained in a private way with Judas, a Jew and a disciple, for the betrayal of Jesus. Now in a formal council, the vote was taken to bribe heathen soldiers with a large sum of money to circulate a false report about the resurrection of Jesus.
2. A stupid and self-contradictory lie. Who of the disciples would have dared attempt to break the Roman seal, roll away the stone, and steal the body of Jesus, with an armed guard set to watch against this very thing? If the guard had fallen asleep, would not the removal of the body have waked them. If it had not waked them, how would they have known who did it?
3. By reporting that they fell asleep on guard duty, the soldiers would proclaim their own death warrant, for the Roman punishment for sleeping on guard was death. Therefore the priests promised to "persuade" the governor,—with money, of course,—thus using a corrupt disciple, corrupt soldiery, and a corrupt governor to accomplish their wicked end.
4. "At the time appointed, about five hundred believers were collected in little knots on the mountain side, eager to learn all that could be learned from those who had seen Christ since his resurrection. From group to group the disciples passed, telling all they had seen and heard of Jesus, and reasoning from the Scriptures as he had done with them. Thomas recounted the story of his unbelief, and told how his doubts had been swept away. [See John 20: 24-29.] Suddenly Jesus stood among them. No one could tell whence or how he came. Many who were present had never before seen him; but in his hands and feet they beheld the marks of the crucifixion; his countenance was as the face of God, and when they saw him, they worshiped him.
"But some doubted. So it will always be. There are those who find it hard to exercise faith, and they place themselves on the doubting side. These lose much because of their unbelief."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 819.
5. The Revised Version reads, more exactly, "All authority hath been given unto me." Satan had questioned in the counsels of the Father to the exclusion of himself. He had usurped the dominion of man over the earth and offered it to Jesus as one of the temptations in the wilderness. But "when he saw Christ come forth in triumph [from the tomb], he knew that his kingdom would have an end."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 782. By his incarnation, death, and resurrection, Jesus had won undisputed authority in heaven and upon earth. He therefore had full right to send forth his representatives to win back his alienated subjects to his kingdom. His authority was doubtless fully conferred on him at the time of his acceptance by the Father when he ascended for this purpose immediately after the resurrection.
6. "Always is literally all the days; days of strength and of weakness, days of success and of failure, of joy and of sorrow, of youth and of age, days of life and days of death—all the days."—*Broadus*.

The Youth's Instructor

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Early Springtime

WHEN the almond trees were blooming
 And the earth was at its fairest,
 Then I walked amid the beauty
 Of the far-flung scent of blossoms
 That filled all the air with fragrance.
 Round me hummed the busy workers
 That collect the sweet, the useful,
 Ne'er give heed to what's unpleasant,
 But bear home a load of honey
 For the good of man, their master.
 O the odor of the blossoms!
 O the fairness of their color!
 All the landscape's made more lovely
 By their welcome presence in it.
 Other trees are brown and barren;
 But this glowing wealth of sweetness
 Touches everything with magic,
 So that one sees naught but beauty.
 O the glory of the springtime, after winter's sullen
 reign,
 When the trees burst out in blossom, decorating
 hill and plain!

CORA FERRIS.

Begin Today

BEGIN today to earn missionary money by selling what you do not want and cannot use,—your old rags, newspapers, magazines, and wrapping paper.

William C. Redfield, Secretary of the Department of Commerce, has sent out the following announcement:—

"The attention of the Department of Commerce is called, by the president of a large paper manufacturing company, to the fact that there is a serious shortage of raw material for the manufacture of paper, including rags and old paper. He urges that the Department should make it known that the collecting and saving of rags and old papers would greatly better existing conditions for American manufacturers.

"Something like 15,000 tons of different kinds of paper and paper board are manufactured every day in the United States, and a large proportion of this, after it has served its purpose, could be used over again in some class of paper. A large part of it, however, is either burned or otherwise wasted. This, of course, has to be replaced by new materials. In the early history of the paper industry, publicity was given to the importance of saving rags. It is of scarcely less importance now. A little attention to the saving of rags and old papers will mean genuine relief to our paper industry and a diminishing drain upon our sources of supply for new materials."

The Department of Commerce has requested local commercial organizations in the principal cities to cooperate in this matter by furnishing to inquirers lists of local firms which collect rags and paper and sell them to manufacturers. Collect the material as suggested below:—

1. Keep waste material clean and dry.
2. Separate rags from old papers.
3. Separate cotton and woolen rags.
4. Separate magazines from other papers.
5. Tie in bundles for convenience in handling or put in bags.
6. Call on the nearest dealer in junk and rags.

Do not think that because you cannot raise much in this way, it will not be worth your while to try. Remember all the "littles" will amount to enough to help your conference reach its Missionary Volunteer financial goal.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

A Letter Not Intended for Publication

MISS LILLIE IVERSON, of Covert, Michigan, in writing a letter as part of the requirement of a rhetoric lesson, produced the following, which she says is almost an exact reproduction of one she actually wrote her mother when left to keep house alone at the age of twelve:—

DEAR MOTHER: We were glad to hear from you and to know that you are having a good time. Stay as long as you want to, because we are getting along pretty well and don't need you much. Sometimes the boys come rushing home from school to tell you something, and run right up to your room before they remember that you are gone. So I try to listen to them just as sympathetically as I know how, and see if I can make my face look just like yours.

If it wasn't for baking we would have few troubles. Yesterday my sponge just simply wouldn't rise. I tried everything you had ever told me to do and some you hadn't, and still it stayed as heavy as a lump of lead. I was so discouraged I just sat down and cried. Finally I took it out and buried it among some chips and rubbish in the wood-pile because I didn't want the boys to know it. O mother, I wish you had taught me how to bake better before you left! If I had only been a "born cook" such as people tell about, I shouldn't have to learn, nor have such sorry experiences.

Well, today is Tuesday. I had to stop writing yesterday to make biscuits for supper. Everybody has been busy today and nothing serious or very interesting happened except twice when Buzzy cried. He was playing out where papa was having a time fixing up the sitting hens. Buzzy hit his thumb with the hammer and I had to put it in hot water. Then in the afternoon when I was ironing he came crying into the kitchen. I asked him if he had hit his finger again, and he said, "No, papa did." "Well, honey," I said, "never mind, you don't need to cry for that, you should laugh." He just cried harder and said, "Well I do, boohoo!"

Mother, what do you think? This afternoon Uncle Henry went to get some chips so I could bake bread (it is fine this time), and he called, "Boys, come see this monstrous mushroom. How do you suppose it ever came to grow here?" They all thought it was the queerest, biggest mushroom they had ever seen. You know what it was, don't you? The sun must have made that old dough pretty warm. Don't you ever tell, will you, mother dear?

This is Wednesday. I thought it would be better to write a little every day and post it only twice a week, because it doesn't seem like there's enough happens to send a letter every day. Besides, a letter costs nearly half a loaf of bread.

You will be surprised to see what a nice big heifer calf Spotty has. Papa says it is a perfect Guernsey and he is going to raise it. You won't be surprised to see how Reddy's calf has grown, because the butcher is coming for it tomorrow.

We are all well and happy, and we hope you are the same.

Your loving daughter,

LILLIE

"WELL-CHOSEN friendship, the most noble
 Of virtues, all our joys make double,
 And into halves divide our trouble.

— Sir J. Denham.