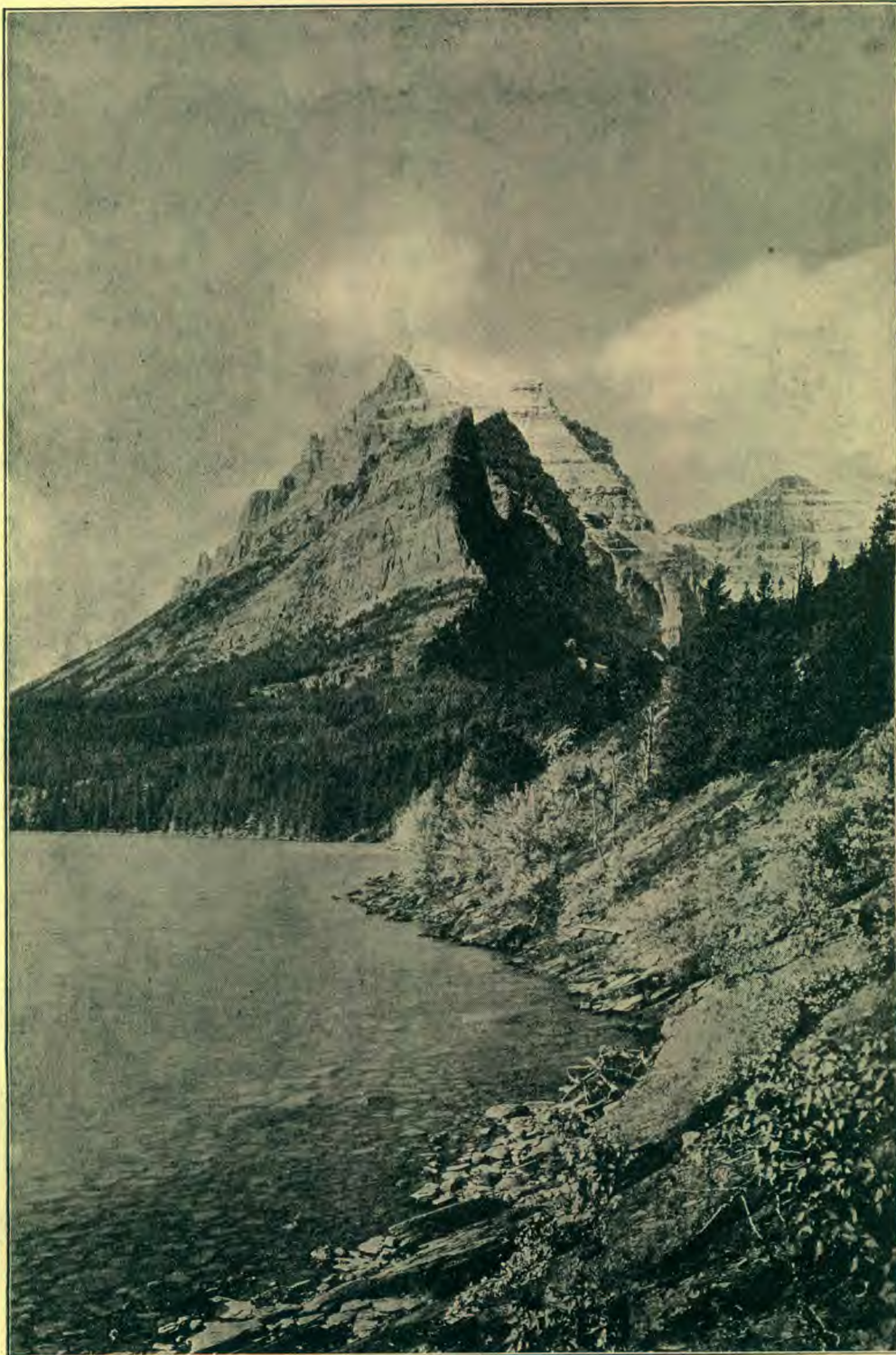


THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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GOING UP TO THE SUN MOUNTAIN GLACIER, NATIONAL PARK



THE German capital now has more than one thousand female mail carriers, and more than a hundred of the wagons and automobiles of the post office are driven by women. The number of female employees of the street railways has increased to more than four thousand. About three hundred women have taken the places of the motormen called to the front, and the remaining thirty-seven hundred are acting as conductors, starters, inspectors, and clerks.

THE Mother Police is an extraordinary organization of five hundred women of New York to act as unpaid assistants to the regular police force. It is composed, primarily, of mothers, and its work is, in the first place, the protection of young girls, although the women aim to interest themselves in other matters directly affecting the homes, such as sanitation, fire escapes, and playgrounds. There is to be one mother policewoman for each block, who is supposed to know every one in her territory, who moves in and who moves out, and she is to be known by every one in her territory, especially by the unprotected young girls. The Mother Police has its foundation in the simplest form of government—the old neighborhood idea.

Household Suggestions from Here and There

CREAM-OF-TOMATO soup will never curdle if the milk and the white sauce are heated in one saucepan and the tomatoes in another. Take them off the stove, and after they have stood a moment put them together, or pour the tomatoes into the soup dish and stir into them the cooked cream.

To wash brushes and combs, put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a basin of hot water and dip the brush up and down in it, letting the comb remain in the water for a few minutes. In this way all the grease will disappear, and after rinsing in cold water, both brushes and combs will be perfectly clean.

Ink can be removed from linen by moistening the stain well with paraffin and then washing as usual.

Whipped cream goes much farther if the white of an egg is added before whipping. Add a pinch of salt to the whites to make them froth easily, and see that the beater is thoroughly dry.

An ordinary blackboard eraser is splendid to keep near the kitchen range to wipe off the top; the range is kept clean, and does not need to be washed or polished but once or twice a week.

When a tablecloth begins to break or a small hole appears, cut a piece of white paper somewhat larger than the place to be mended, baste over the hole, and stitch on sewing machine lengthwise and crosswise, very closely and evenly. It will look much neater, and is easier than darning or patching by hand. Sheets and bedspreads may be mended the same way. The paper will disappear when washed.

One of the prettiest greeneries for the dining table, on those days when fresh flowers are lacking, is made by planting thickly the seeds of grapefruit. Keep in a warm place and water daily. In a fortnight, the tiny shoots will appear. In another fortnight the leaves unfold, and soon there is a mass of rich, glossy green that will outlast a dozen ferneries of the ordinary sort obtained from the florist.

Keep all shoes fastened in pairs with handy little spring clothespins; then, instead of having them on the closet floor or in bags, throw them over a rod placed low on the closet wall, or hang them on low hooks provided for the purpose.

In fruit-preserving time you can get the children to help you in a way they will enjoy. Do not hesitate to let them know that it is work, for it is good for children to realize that work is often interesting. Give them a stack of old magazines and seed catalogues, several envelopes, and some scissors, and tell them to cut out all the pictures of fruits and vegetables that they can find. Each envelope bears a label of the kind that it is to contain; for example, one shows a bunch of grapes and contains pictures of grapes only. When the fruit or the fruit juice is in the jars, let the children put on the labels. Have them use the largest pictures for the large jars of canned fruit, the medium-sized ones for the smaller jars of preserves and jam, and the very small ones for jelly glasses. Jars and tins of fruit labeled in that way present an attractive appearance on the shelves, and when you want a certain kind of fruit there is no chance of making a wrong selection.

A subscriber who profited from the suggestion that paraffin increases the "life" of stockings, went one step farther, and rubbed the paraffin on the inner lining of her shoes at the heel and the toe. The result was that the lining wore without breaking as long as the shoes were usable, and was much easier on hosiery than the lining of shoes that had not received the paraffin treatment.

EVERY instance of obedience, from right motives, strengthens us spiritually, while every act of disobedience weakens us spiritually.—George Müller.

Peter's Loan

"LEND me thy boat," the Master kindly said
To Simon, wearied with unfruitful toil.
He lent it gladly, asking but the smile
Of him who had not where to lay his head.
But Jesus knows our need of daily bread,
And will be no man's debtor. If awhile
He uses Simon's boat, in kingly style
He will repay—a hundredfold instead.
And Peter's Lord, as yesterday the same,
Walking, though now unseen, among his own,
Still condescends to ask from each a loan.
Oh, humble toiler, when he calls thy name,
Lend him thy all. The Master ne'er forgets
Discouraged fishermen or empty nets.

—Selected.

"WHOEVER you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly;
Give joy wherever you dwell."

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The Youth's Instructor

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Tien-Hsia — No. 4

Street Scenes and Sounds

W. S. CHAPMAN

ONE great source of wonderment to a foreigner on a first visit to China is the thronging, teeming crowds of people. In the European quarters in the large cities, with their wide and cleanly kept streets, the oppressiveness of the multitudes is not felt, but on passing beyond, into the limits of the old city, with its distinctive Chinese population, the immense numbers of human beings in the streets is a constant source of astonishment.

The next great marvel to a foreigner is the courtesy



A CHINESE PEDDLER

and forbearance shown, and the astonishing good nature of the people. Down the narrow, crowded street will come the countryman with his two packs of brushwood, which, slung at the ends of bamboo poles, just fit the six feet of passageway, if he ventures to turn sidewise. A coarse, ill-featured, dirty, and ragged specimen of a man, yet, like a lord, he cries as he moves: "Clear the way!" "I'll bump you!" "Fly, fly!" "Go to the side!" and all, rich and poor, high and low, smilingly crowd to the sides, squeezing themselves into the shop tables to give him room. Following may be a string of burden bearers with their loads also strung on poles, who make room for themselves by the cry of "Oil, oil!" or, "Fish, fish!" at which dread sounds even the haughty scholar gathers his gown hastily and snugly for fear it will be soiled, and smilingly presses as far back as obstacles will allow.

Amid the myriads of street cries there is one, and only one, the people dread to hear. This strikes terror to every heart. It is the cry, purposely given in a hollow, mournful tone, I-O, accompanied by the beating of gongs. As soon as it is heard, all occupations cease, and every soul that can do so seeks safety in flight; others press humbly out of the way; ail, in submission, unfasten their queues from under their caps, letting them drop down their backs, and stand with lowered eyes and clasped hands in trembling, humble attention. This cry precedes the coming of the mandarin. Before him walk in a row the villainous-looking men who give the cry. In their hands they carry long rattans, with which they mercilessly beat any one found obstructing the way, while back of them is a body of murderous-looking men carrying

chains. If a poor soul is guilty of any irregularity, these heartless fiends seize and bind him and drag him off to jail and possible torture. This terror-inspiring cry is the only outward shadow, seemingly, on the jovial street life of this peculiar people.

Rarely is a street in the Chinese portion of a city over twelve feet in width, and that width is found only in the principal business streets; and seldom in any street is the passageway for pedestrians over five to six feet in width, because the merchants put out their tables with merchandise, which occupy five or more feet of the total width.

The shops are dingy, dark, and dirty one-story buildings without fronts. The wooden shutters that close them at night are used during the day, generally, as tables for the exhibition of merchandise. In some of these dirty rooms are often stored thousands of dollars' worth of valuable goods, yet to a foreigner it seems as if they contain nothing for sale. Often the stock is stowed away out of sight, and such articles as silk and cloth are carefully wrapped in paper to keep out dust and light. Only in the cheaper stores is the stock of merchandise exposed for sale.

As a rule, in the large cities, the merchants of a like business congregate together, the shoe merchants in one street, the silk dealers in another, the fish markets in another, and so on. In some respects this is convenient and economical, because competition lowers prices, but it necessitates much traveling to complete all purchases. However, the greater part of the household buying is done by the servants, mainly the cook. These agents usually retain a percentage, and when considered safe to do so, further "squeeze" — steal — from their employers, as opportunity offers.

Many of the peddlers of China are what might be



A COMMON SIGHT IN CHINA

called a necessity, especially for the women, who are forbidden to shop on the streets, and have to depend upon these traveling salesmen for the goods and trinkets they require. These men are actually doing a revolutionary work among the women, bringing to their notice the wearing apparel and jewelry worn by

the "outside kingdom" women, or foreigners, creating a longing for such things, and thus bringing about great changes in their costumes, remodeling and modernizing their appearance.

Then there are the peddlers in cakes, the dealers in "sweets and sour," and most popular of all, the "candy man." Each has his peculiar and particular cry, the last named wielding a huge pair of shears with which he cuts the candy. At the sound of the clanking of these shears, every boy within hearing distance starts for the candy stall with a shout, holding up the cash he has saved for the occasion.

In some cities where sedan chairs are in use, these chair bearers are most provoking. They literally shove their way through the crowd. One hears their shrill cry far down the street, "*Pei-a, pei-a, pei-a!*" that is, "Mind your back, mind your back, mind your back!" If this warning is not heeded, one is bumped in the back. Sometimes a mother with her baby strapped upon her back will be encountered. It looks strange to see her turn around and use the baby as a bumper to receive the shock. The youngster is in no danger, as he is heavily swaddled in cotton-batting clothing. To the uninitiated, however, it looks like a dangerous experiment, remembering the cash value of a boy in China. Should the baby be injured or killed, the woman would in all probability pay the forfeit with her life.

One of the most interesting characters met with is the scholar, a man held in high respect everywhere. His clothing may be shabby and threadbare, and poverty be stamped on all he has and is, yet there is a proud and calm look of superiority in his intelligent face and in the unruffled dignity of his movements, that commands respect. Thousands of these men who have passed examinations which entitle them to government positions, live half starved all through their lives, waiting for the commissions that never come. Too proud either to work or to beg, it is a mystery how they eke out an existence.

Every merchant is a "character," let him own a shop or roam the streets as a peddler; each has ways and tricks so peculiar to himself that they form a delightful study. You enter a silk shop. The goods are wrapped in paper on the shelves. Several idle clerks stand around, but make no effort to wait on you. Instead, they all indulge in a conversation in which they criticize your dress and appearance. You express a wish to look at some silks. Then, and not until then, the proprietor comes forward, and two or three clerks are sent into a back room for goods to show you. After selecting what suits, you ask the price, and the merchant names a sum far in excess of the real value. Individually or through an interpreter, you make an offer. The merchant, with a sweet smile, answers:—

"*Mai puh tao*" ("Sell not arrive").

Still smilingly, the merchant names a price a trifle lower. It is then your turn to raise your offer a trifle, too.

"*Mai puh tao*," he still smilingly answers, with a feint to rewrap the silk. Then you raise the offer again, and so the bargain progresses until the sum named by you meets with approval, when with an air of lordly indifference, the merchant cries:—

"*Mai teh, mai teh!*" ("Buy attain, buy attain!") and the silk is yours. Possibly the total difference has been but a few cents.

Most shops keep a bird in a cage for good luck. It is a common sight to see men on the streets carrying with the utmost care, as they would a baby, a bird in its cage for its morning airing.

In some recess in the street where the crowd will not press in too closely, one will find the fortune teller. His stock in trade consists of a few bamboo sticks inscribed with cabalistic characters, and a Java sparrow in a cage. A man approaches and asks to be told his fortune, paying his cash in advance. The bamboo sticks are spread out on the board, and the door of the cage is then opened, when the sparrow will hop out, pick up one of the sticks, dropping it to receive the grain of rice as his reward, and then return to the cage. The fortune teller reads the result from the

stick the bird indicated, and if satisfactory, the customer disappears, and the fortune teller and bird compose themselves to wait patiently the coming of another inquirer. If, however, the result is "not good," another trial is generally resorted to, and thus both bird and master profit by the ill success. Then there are the street readers and letter writers, and the ever-interesting street barber, while the street storyteller always has a gaping crowd about him.

Among the strange sights, however, are the multitude of movable kitchens with their stock of cooked foods, found wherever the crowds are the greatest. The kitchen consists of two stands slung on bamboo poles in such a way that

they can be lifted to the owners' shoulders and transported quickly to a new location if necessary. In one of the stands a large pan of rice is placed over a very slow fire, where it remains hot, but does not cook. The top of the other stand is used as a show place on which the various delicacies for sale are laid out on small plates. These are side dishes to tempt the appetite of the customers, and are placed on top of the bowl of rice as ordered.

The cheapest dish is salted turnips, then come bean curds, cucumbers, celery, lettuce, salted beans, and plates of various kinds of fish, with different styles of soy, to be sprinkled on the rice as an appetizer. Why do so many people eat on the streets? Have they no homes? Surely a man without a home, and sons to perpetuate his memory, is a rarity. Possibly the question cannot be answered.

But the saddest of all sights are the opium dens, the "foreign medicine" dealers as they are called, now happily being suppressed by law. These buildings differ from the others in that they have no fronts, and all the windows are closed tightly. There is an entrance door, but a heavy screen is hung just back of it, preventing the interior from being seen. Pushing aside this screen and entering, one sees a dimly lighted room, strongly impregnated with the odor of burnt opium. Around the walls are benches for the customers to recline on when smoking, for the drug temporarily paralyzes the user, rendering any movement impossible.

In the center sits the proprietor, busily engaged in molding small pellets of opium into various-sized balls, which are deposited in tiny cups, made up in advance




CHINESE BARBER AND EAR CLEANER

for future customers who, he knows, are sure to come. By experience the man knows just what quantity each of his customers requires, and prepares the dose in advance, as the men are always crazily hungry to obtain the drug, and inhale the smoke without a moment's delay.

After all, when summed up, the strangest of all the strangenesses of a Chinese city is the absence of noise. There is something uncanny about the street life of this people, who live for their dead. The roar of European cities, with their electric cars and cabs, their automobiles and trucks, and the hundred other noise producers, is absent. Not even the clatter of a horse's feet breaks the weird stillness. Only occasionally is a street cry heard, while the people come and go, but pass and re-pass like ghosts, making no noise. One sees, but does not hear them; their cloth shoes or bare feet give no sound. Even the mules shuffle silently through the dirt of the streets. All seems ghostlike and weird. As one turns and passes out again into the European quarters with its automobiles and "outside kingdom" noises, the change is sometimes startling, and you query, Will this people ever abandon tradition and accept the progress of modern nations? If not, what is to be the ultimate fate of China?

Trip from Riga, Russia, to Siberia, near the Chinese Border — No. 1

[The trip described by Mrs. Boettcher loses little, if any, of its interest from the fact that it was taken several years ago; for the conditions and people described remain almost unchanged.]

 ONE year ago we were at home in Norwalk, Ohio, getting ready to enjoy the "home-coming," and now, at this writing, we are away off for Siberia en route to Central Asia. We are on the river Irtysh from Omsk, Siberia, to Semipalatinsk, and it is the latter part of June.

This river is 1,800 miles long, and navigable almost the entire length. Our boat is about the size of the large passenger steamers on Lake Erie, and is, in every way, just as well equipped, having comfortable state-rooms, electric lights, and a good restaurant, with very moderate prices. I cannot think of a more delightful trip than a week spent on this river,—a trip overland by water, with all the pleasures of a sea voyage, without even running the risk of being seasick.

As the boat stops at the various landings, we have abundant opportunity to see the towns and study the people. The sights are strange and new to us. We are in Asia, and no modern city greets our view. On one side of the river are the Cossack towns or settlements, and on the opposite the Kirghiz tents or huts. At the landings we see Russians, Kirghiz, Tartars, Chinese, Japanese, and Gypsies. To us they appear curiously dressed, most of them in bright, gay colors; men perhaps with wide green breeches and red shirts worn on the outside over the breeches. The heat is intense, yet most of the Russian and Kirghiz men have on heavy fur caps, and felt boots often lined at the top with fur, and quite often they have on their fur coats. They must know what is good for them, for we certainly could not endure the hot sun in our clothes as well as they do in theirs. The women, however, are dressed in their gay prints, with pretty embroidered handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

Men, women, and children, camels, horses, cows, and sheep, are all bathing in the river together; some women are washing clothes, while near by men are

filling barrels with water to be used for drinking and household purposes. The fear of germs seems unknown here.

There is much on our own boat which is interesting, especially if we go downstairs where the third-class passengers are. They are mostly immigrants, Russians and Germans, who are settling up the land and making new homes for themselves in this vast Eastern country. Here the tide of emigration flows east instead of west. Our boat carries a large amount of freight, which we have watched the men load and unload all along the route. To our surprise we find that it consists mostly of American farming machinery—hayrakes, self-binders, mowers, etc. At the last landing, as the freight was being unloaded, we could read quite plainly, "Made in Chicago."

The Tartars and Kirghiz till the soil very little, nor do they care to build permanent houses. They lead a nomadic life, having great herds of cattle, and prefer to live in their mud huts in winter. There are many of these huts to be seen along the river, now empty, of course. They are surrounded by fences, not made of rails or wire, but of manure piled up like a wall.

We are now about five thousand miles away from our home in Riga. Our first stop was made in the city of Moscow, where we spent several days. It is a city of barbaric splendor, very striking with its green roofs, golden dome, and steeples.

We visited the royal palace, with its grand marble halls and rooms and doors of carved gold. We saw all the thrones with their respective crowns, one of which especially caught our eye because of its great brilliancy. It was composed of diamonds alone, set in gold. How it did sparkle! Then there were the coronation robes and gowns made of solid silver and gold. The robes of the czars are of gold, those of the czarinas of silver. Over the gold and silver garments are worn the beautiful ermine robes. The gold and silver are drawn into fine threads from which a sort of metal cloth is made—very costly, to be sure, but looking somewhat stiff, and to my mind not comparing favorably in beauty with some wonderfully embroidered silk robes hanging near, presented by the Japanese.

Before leaving the city we also visited a great museum, where are represented, life-size in wax, all the different races of people found in the Russian Empire. Not that they are standing along in a row. No; they are in their homes, with their children, dressed in their national costumes, with a display of the industries of both men and women. There was beautiful fancywork and wonderful pink capes made in the most fantastic shapes. These simple Russian peasant women can do some of the most lovely embroidery I ever saw.

One could spend weeks in this museum, studying the many different races of people found in this great empire; people about whom no books have been written, and of whom so very little is known by the outside world. One can read much more about the different races of Africa, yet how greatly superior are these races! One feels a desire to make their acquaintance, a feat in many cases more difficult than to visit the tribes of Africa. I counted thirty-six distinct races of people, and these may be subdivided many times, as a great many more dialects and languages are spoken.

As we continued our trip, we found that our study in Moscow prepared us better to appreciate and under-

stand the people we met all along the way. We have watched with interest all the towns, villages, and settlements as we passed by. The country from Moscow to the Ural Mountains is very different from anything we have been accustomed to. The settlements look more like a collection of straw stacks than they do like villages. The walls of the huts are built of mud and covered with a straw roof. Most of them are too low for a grown person to stand upright in, and many of them have no chimneys. Even in the towns the houses are very low, and the total absence of trees, green grass, and gardens gives them a desolate appearance. The people seem to have no idea whatever of raising garden stuff.

We began to understand why the Russian peasantry love so well to dress in such gay colors — red, green, and yellow. Their gowns and headgear alone bring life and color into their surroundings, which would otherwise be unbearably dull. They have no flower gardens, so the women embroider the most beautiful flowers upon their skirts, aprons, and scarfs, and upon the men's shirt fronts. All the world over it is true that women love, and will have, the beautiful.

Traveling in Russia, after one has learned how, is very enjoyable. The cars are large and high, and passengers take most of their baggage with them into the train. The seats are arranged like berths in a sleeper, and each person has a long seat or berth to himself. All Russians take a complete bedding outfit with them wherever they go, as even most of the hotels furnish only the bedstead and mattress. So in the cars one spreads out his bedding and lies down for a nap whenever he feels like it. As the cars do not go very fast, it is quite comfortable. At all the large stations hot water is furnished free of charge, and most of the passengers carry teakettles with them. It is amusing to me to watch well-dressed gentlemen as well as ladies, running about with their teakettles. In the train each person has his coffee pot or teapot, and prepares and drinks his coffee or tea at his leisure. Good hot milk is sold in bottles. Isn't this a better way than swallowing things down so hot at a lunch counter while the conductor calls, "All aboard"? Siberian trains are clean and well kept. The locomotives are heated with oil instead of coal, which also helps to make traveling pleasant.

Mr. Boettcher and I had a small compartment to ourselves, and we felt quite at home as we traveled five days before even changing cars. We especially enjoyed the trip through the Ural Mountains. It was night when we entered the mountains near the city Ufa. A thunderstorm was on, and as the lightning flashed through the mountains it made the scenery appear grand indeed. Ufa lies high up on the mountain side, while below, in the valley, flows a large, beautiful river. It reminded us of Pennsylvania. We even saw fireflies dancing — a sight we have so often missed since leaving Ohio. After the storm had passed, we could hear the nightingales singing in the woods.

Daylight found us high up in the mountains among the gold and iron mines. At the highest point through which our train passed, near Slatons (3,500 feet), a stone monument marks the boundary between Europe and Asia. On one side of the monument is engraved the word "Europe," and on the other side "Asia." A short distance across, on the opposite side of the mountain, we noticed a wireless telegraph station.

At Tcheliabinsk we changed cars, and soon left the mountains behind us, passing out into the flat plains of

northern Siberia, the land of the exiles, of whom we have heard so much.

The heat had been intense all the week, but now, very suddenly, the air grew bitterly cold, as we found, much to our surprise, upon leaving our comfortable car at five o'clock in the morning to get out at a small Tartar station, some 250 miles from Omsk. Our conductor objected to letting us off at such a station, as he was sure there was a mistake; but we were following directions, as our friends had written us to get off here and we would find horses and wagon to meet us and take us farther. There was, however, no wagon to be seen, so we went into the station and made some hot coffee to warm us. While we were drinking, the wagon arrived. The driver was a German with whom we could converse. Our road took us first through the Tartar village with its low mud houses and flat sod roofs, but the houses had windows, in many of which I noticed blooming house plants; then through a Russian village the houses of which looked like hay stacks scattered about, and on over the prairie and through the woods, miles away from any town or settlement. It was all very interesting, only I thought it the coldest ride I had ever taken. We had plenty of warm clothing in our trunks, but could not get at it.

At last we reached a quiet German settlement, beautifully located on a small lake at the edge of a woods. We were suddenly at home among friends, and here was to be held our first camp meeting in Siberia. Religious liberty has been progressing backward instead of forward in the Russian Empire, until of late there is very little liberty at all, so closely does the government watch for fear some one may be "making propaganda," as they call it. Also a new law has been passed forbidding all missionary lectures at conference meetings. That is to say, no sect is permitted to talk at all about missions in foreign lands, such as Africa, India, or China, nor are any collections allowed to be taken. So our Mission Board decided to hold their meetings in Siberia and Central Asia, far away from the cities and the ever-watchful eye of the police.

A large tent had been pitched in the woods, and was comfortably seated. There we worshiped God in perfect liberty according to the dictates of our own conscience. Some came more than three hundred miles with their teams to attend the services. We enjoyed the meetings very much, and it seemed almost like being at home again in the States. I think I could understand a little why our forefathers, for the sake of liberty, endured all the hardships of their New England homes.

A Kirghiz tent pitched on the lake shore reminded us, however, that we were not in America. It was the home of a Kirghiz shepherd who herded the cattle of the settlement, so we decided to pay the family a visit. The man, whose name is Abraham, rose at once upon our entering, and gave us a hearty welcome and spread rugs on the ground for us to sit upon. These tents are round and contain an astonishing amount of things. Directly in the middle of the tent is the fire built of little sticks of wood. The smoke escapes from a hole in the top of the tent. A kettle was suspended over the fire, and a grandmother and a young girl were cooking. They wanted to make tea for us, and upon our declining, offered to get wine, although, as Mohammedans, they themselves do not drink. They were quite pleased when we assured them that we, too, drank no wine.

There was a baby in a cradle, an old woman, bed-ridden, lying on her mat, and soon Abraham's wife

came in. As he seemed to have but one wife, she completed the family circle. Such a tent, with its bright matting and many rugs, presents a more homelike appearance than do the bare huts of many of the Russian peasants. We are told that these Mohammedan shepherds are quite trustworthy, and do not steal the cattle, as do the so-called Christian shepherds.

After our visit to them they felt free to attend our meetings, and were also present at a baptismal service on the lake shore. Baptism in northern Siberia, in such a lake, with the evening sun setting at nine o'clock for a background, and the beautiful blue clouds above, was a scene long to be remembered by all present.

After spending four days at this place we went by rail to the city of Omsk, and there boarded the ship from which I am writing this letter.

MRS. J. T. BOETTCHER.



The Mystery of the Niger

THE Niger is the third greatest river in Africa and the eleventh in rank in the world. How did it happen that for generations no one knew the place and the manner of its junction with the Atlantic? The problem was really a hard nut to crack, though with our present methods of African exploration and our knowledge of how to live in the deadly climate of the delta, the mystery would probably have been solved in a few months.

The Niger delta, one of the largest in the world, stretches two hundred and fifty miles along the coast. Most of its streams are small, and skirting the coast, one can hardly observe them, so completely are they hidden in the dense region of mangrove swamps. Explorers soon found that they might struggle up a stream for weeks, only to prove it a blind alley; for a peculiarity of the Niger is that not a few independent rivers form between the delta branches and have no connection with the Niger itself. Most of the delta is a network, difficult to enter or to retreat from.

All nature is hideous there. The brown waters lazily coursing; the evil odors of the slime and ooze; the repulsive animal life, from crocodiles to pythons, lurking in the shadow for their prey; and a choice collection of insect plagues, including the *Anopheles* mosquito with its poisonous sting. These terrible conditions, persisting for forty miles inland, are then succeeded by solid earth, noble trees, and sweet air; but the swamp region of the lower delta is one of the most forbidding parts of Africa.

Richard Lander, at last, in 1830, floating down the Niger, was taken by natives into the Nun branch of the delta, and descended it to the sea. The Niger problem was solved. For many years, the Nun branch was the means of commercial communication with the river; but some time ago a sand bar forming at the Nun mouth made entrance difficult for ships; and a good route to the Niger has now been developed through the Forcados branch of the delta.

But the terror of the delta persisted till the white man learned how to fight the malignant agencies of tropical disease.

England gave the Niger a wide berth till after 1850. It was thought to be a plague-stricken region, from which no good would ever come. Its terrors have fled today before the advance in knowledge. Large vessels ascend the Forcados branch, carrying commerce to and from the far interior of Africa; and Nigeria, a coming empire of industry, with its great cattle, cotton, tin mines, and other resources, is joined to the sea both by rail and river.—*Review of Reviews*.

A Modern Nimrod

MR. HARRY ANDERSON, veteran hunter and woodsman of Montana, today holds the world's championship—if such were awarded—as a bear hunter. Five hundred of the husky bruins—grizzlies, brown, black, and cinnamon varieties—have fallen before his trusty rifle. In addition, but of less importance to the hunting world, but more to the government's herds of weaker animals, such as elk, antelope, and mountain sheep, are the wolves and coyotes that he has killed. A thousand each is a fair estimate of his slaughter of these pests.

Mr. Anderson holds a unique position. Yellowstone National Park is probably the greatest wild-game preserve in the country. Here are located vast herds of elk. Antelope, mountain sheep, and buffalo are cared for and protected. Six or seven years ago officials of the park were worried by the number of these animals that were being killed by the bears, wolves, and coyotes. The latter animals, sneaking along behind the herds, would spot weaker members that couldn't keep up with the remainder and offered but slight resistance to a hungry bear or wolf. To shoot the bears indiscriminately would not do. The officials hunted for the man who could best rid the nation of its big-game pestilence. This man was Harry Anderson. He knew the Yellowstone as a city man does his own rear yard.

And so Mr. Anderson became the official hunter—and the only one—in the Park and environs. He had probed the country from end to end, and he knew where the bears were. The animals he hunted were not the tame, tin-can-licking variety one sees near the tourist resorts in the Park. They were the shaggy, big fellows, that had made their living for years by following the weaker animals. The wolves, faster and more dangerous because of the bands in which they roamed, added another problem to those he already had.

Mr. Anderson had a game preserve fit for royalty, but he didn't use it in the same way. He hunted alone. Before the European cataclysm the nobility found great sport in shooting animals driven toward them by their vassals. There are many who claim this is not sport. Anderson had his sport, and even a pugnacious ex-President who hunted in the West would have envied his field. His camp shifted often. His trusty rifle, an old model, but a true-shooting iron, cracked often, and little ammunition was wasted. He soon hated bear meat as the prisoner or soldier hates his daily ration of beans.

Year after year he did his duty for a government that was trying to protect the game for future generations. Mr. Anderson will have none of the life of the city. He loves the ruggedness of the hills. Of late he has added to his profession by handling the shipments of live elk that the government is making from the Jackson Hole Basin to cities in Colorado and Wyoming. He rounds up the elk as a cow-puncher rounds up cattle. The older elk are too wise to come

down to the lowlands, despite the heavy snows, but the younger ones do, and scores die every year from starvation. To remedy this the government ships, at cost, the elk to such cities as are willing to guarantee their safety and feeding.—*T. W. Ross, in the Illustrated World.*

Salt for Celery

SOWING an enemy's land with salt that nothing might grow on it thereafter has been looked upon for ages as the bitterest expression of hatred. But the Michigan celery growers would welcome such enmity, if expressed with moderation.

Though not generally regarded as a fertilizer, salt gives most excellent results when applied to certain crops, and it is quite commonly used in the growing of celery. The growers in the Kalamazoo section of Michigan have great faith in its value, declaring that it makes the celery decidedly crisper and more tender, and improves the flavor.

Coarse salt is used at the rate of 600 to 800 pounds an acre each year. The salt is distributed broadcast after the fields have been plowed, and is then lightly harrowed in. This is done about ten days before the plants are set. Two crops of celery are usually grown each year in the Kalamazoo section, and each receives an application of 300 to 400 pounds of salt to the acre.—*Mark L. Williams.*

For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of August 15

1. The Pentateuch is composed of the writings of Moses—the first five books of the Old Testament.

2. Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy (comprising the Pentateuch), Joshua, Judges, Ruth, First and Second Samuel, First and Second Kings.

3. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, Romans, First and Second Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Hebrews.

4. The books of the Old Testament are usually grouped thus: (1) Pentateuch, (2) Historical, (3) Poetical, (4) Prophetical.

5. (1) Paul, (2) John, (3) Solomon, (4) Samson, (5) Cain.

6. (1) Paul says, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." Apollos was a Jew, "mighty in the Scriptures," who taught at Ephesus and other places.

(2) Christ's first miracle—turning water into wine—was performed at a marriage supper in Cana of Galilee.

(3) It was upon Mt. Carmel that Elijah prayed for rain after the long drought.

(4) Esther was the Jewish maiden who became the wife of King Ahasuerus, and queen of Medo-Persia, during the Jewish captivity, and was the means of saving her people when Haman sought to destroy them.

(5) Hezekiah was one of the good kings of Judah. At one time he was sick unto death, and he prayed the Lord to heal him, and the Lord added fifteen years to his life.

(6) The Ishmaelites were the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham by Hagar the Egyptian; he was therefore Isaac's half brother.

(7) Jephthah was one of the judges of Israel, who, returning from a victorious battle, rashly vowed that

he would make an offering to the Lord of the first thing which met him when he reached home. His daughter was the victim of his rash vow.

(8) Jezebel, the wife of King Ahab, was a very wicked queen, who killed many of the Lord's prophets and sought to kill Elijah.

(9) Saul, the son of Kish, was the first king of Israel. The Saul of the New Testament later became the apostle to the Gentiles.

(10) Upon Mt. Sinai the Lord met with Moses and gave him the tables of stone upon which he had written the ten commandments.

7. (1) Refers to Christ's miracle in calling Lazarus forth from the tomb.

(2) Alludes to the life of Christ, the Word on earth. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," says John.

(3) Refers to Esau selling his birthright to his younger brother Jacob, for a mess of pottage.

(4) The two St. Johns are John the Baptist and the "beloved disciple."

(5) Job was the man of Uz.

(6) Lot's wife became a pillar of salt, because she "looked back" as she fled from the city of Sodom.

(7) Refers to the confusion of tongues at the building of Babel, soon after the flood.

(8) "Jonah's gourd" was the gourd which the Lord caused to grow up in a night and to wither in a night, outside the city of Nineveh, where Jonah was lamenting because Nineveh had not been destroyed after he had preached its destruction to the inhabitants.

(9) Golgotha, or Calvary, "a place of a skull," was where Jesus was crucified.

8. Chiefly at home and by personal study; also at church, Sabbath school, and school (denominational).
BESSIE MOUNT.

GIVE what you consider two of the strongest Bible texts for the following Biblical doctrines:—

1. The seventh day as the Sabbath.
2. That man is unconscious in death.
3. That there are two general resurrections.
4. The second personal coming of Christ.
5. How salvation is obtained through Christ.
6. The preëxistence of Christ; that is, his existence with the Father before he came to earth.
7. That Christian baptism is by immersion.

Members of the Finding-Out Club

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Helen Salisbury	Milton Dillon, Jr.
Harold E. Beasley	J. D. Mac Ginn
George F. Webb ⁵	Eva B. Santee ²
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PLENTY, as well as Want, can separate friends.—*Cowley.*

On the Boundless Deep—No. 9

MRS. C. M. SNOW

Arrival at Samoa

DURING the greater part of our voyage, after the first few days, the Pacific justified its name. We steamed regularly on, with smooth seas, sunny days, and starry nights. The heat was not yet unbearably oppressive. Awnings were stretched over the deck, and, what appeared strange to me, the sun's rays seemed to strike at about the same angle all day. We seldom were obliged to change the position of our steamer chairs, except for wind and waves.

Those days of rest were so soothing, after all the hard work and heartbreak preceding them, that we were almost reluctant to see Tutuila, the island of which Pago Pago is the capital. This was to be our next stopping place. The day before reaching there was very warm, for the wind traveled with us. All our party were busy writing letters and cards to be mailed when we landed.

We could scarcely realize that we were rapidly nearing, yes, almost at the door, of those "Islands of the Blest," around which the late Robert Louis Stevenson wove undying romance. Only a few hours off lies Apia, his former home. "By the way, Louis, how do you get to Samoa, anyhow?" asked a friend, on being invited to visit him there. "Oh, easily," replied Stevenson. "You simply cross the continent to San Francisco, and it's the second turning to the left." This we have done, and are now at the second turning to the left. Small steamers ply between Pago Pago and Apia, the latter until recently the capital of German Samoa. Thus passengers are afforded an opportunity to visit the home of this gifted writer, and also his grave, on the summit of Mt. Vaea. The round journey may be made in about twenty-four hours.

When first the Samoan Islands are sighted, they appear as a hazy blue, jagged mass, with the summits in a bank of clouds, of which they seem a part. In the distance, the coast line seems low and regular, but a nearer view shows it to be lofty and rugged. The steamer forges ahead, steering directly for the highest peak. As it glides around the point into the sequestered harbor of Pago Pago, a novel sight is opened to view. It has entered the broken crater of an extinct volcano, whose steep walls rise all about the bay shore, hundreds of feet, crowded with vegetation from the rim of the sea to the crests of the highest peaks. The slopes are clothed in deep forests, with but space for a narrow road and a few native huts at their base, among the coconut and breadfruit trees near the shore.

The "bos'n bird," first seen off the coasts of Oahu, again appears; and the bonito, the especial delicacy of the Samoan, leaps from the water, which is of almost glassy smoothness. The land breeze is moist and soft and as fragrant as that of a greenhouse, laden with odors of orange blossoms, jasmine, and gardenias.

Samoa, like the Hawaiian Islands, is a group of islets built by volcanic forces aided by the work of the coral polyp. They are generally counted as thirteen, but the number varies from less to more, de-

pending on where one draws the line between an islet and a mere rocky crag. Three, however, are by far the most important in size and population, Tutuila, Upolu, and Savaii. They are thoroughly tropical, lying between $13^{\circ} 30'$ and $14^{\circ} 30'$ south latitude, and between 168° and 173° west longitude. They are thus quite near that mysterious line where the ship suddenly sails out of one day into the second succeeding day, or into the day before, depending on the direction she is sailing.

Tutuila is seventeen miles long and two hundred and thirty in circuit. It contains the harbor of Pago Pago, which was ceded to the United States as a coaling station. The whole island is now, by the new treaty, a possession of the United States. The harbor is pronounced one of the few almost perfect harbors of the Pacific. It was very pretty sailing into and out of this long, narrow harbor, which reaches far back into the center of the island, almost cutting it in two. With its high, encircling hills covered with tropic vegetation, it is a land-locked harbor of majestic loveliness, and we enjoyed the beauty of it all with keen delight. Our stop here was a bright little spot in our long journey.

Long before the anchor was cast, we could see countless natives scudding toward shore from the almost hidden native habitations along the shore. Some paddled out in their canoes filled with fruit and curios; others, with heaped-up baskets and with arms full, ran through the groves toward the village. As at Honolulu, the ship was convoyed to her anchorage by a perfect flotilla of native boats, clinker-built rowboats and native canoes—each with outrigger. The boats are filled with dusky-skinned, half-dressed natives, with wares for sale. The oars of the rowers, men and women, are timed to a wild, melodious chant.

Formerly if one wished to land here, he must take one of the numerous boats and be rowed ashore; but we anchored close to shore, the gangplank was placed, and the passengers allowed to go on shore, after the usual official ceremonies. As this is a United States naval station, no cameras are allowed. The gayly dressed officials and the band members, in their red and gold costumes with many decorations, made a gay picture, and the music was fine—sometimes lively, then full of wild pathos. The band played the most of the time during our stay, from 8:30 A. M. to about 1 P. M.

The "Sierra" had brought a quantity of lumber and oil to Pago Pago, and it took much time to unload this, for here no one hurries. It seems the home of idleness or perhaps ease, that sits so calmly on this charmed isle—the peace that begets comfort and contentment. But the time was too short for us to see all that we wanted to. We would gladly have remained longer.

Samoa and Her Children

Pago Pago is an exquisite spot—exquisite in its entrance, the coral reef marking with a sharp, clear line the deep-blue color of the ocean from the olive-green color of the lagoon within; exquisite in the contour of the land, the fair scenery, and tropic flora and fauna. The most interesting attraction, however, is its people. Samoa is said to boast the hand-

somest race in the Pacific. Physically they seem to be almost perfect. The men are large, well proportioned, and fine specimens of manhood. The women are gentle in disposition, graceful in form and movement, and attractive, with their simple, natural manners. Many of the younger ones are truly beautiful. And they are not without a consciousness of their grace, which they enhance with wreaths of the dark-scarlet hibiscus flower, and the lighter scarlet of the pomegranate blossom. I shall not soon forget the bright, laughing glance flashed to me from one of the beautiful, dark-eyed girls we met. I was admiring a scarlet flower in my hand when they passed. With the utmost grace and with smiling eyes, she motioned to me to put it back of my left ear. That is where they wear them, and very pretty they look amid their black locks.

The natives possess warm-brown skins and straight black hair. The Samoan dandy, however, who is much taller than the average kawaka, frizzes out his hair and bleaches it a Titian red with lime, which he gets by burning the coral of the reefs. Several men we saw were undergoing this process, and made a curious spectacle with their heads liberally covered with white lime, and the red and black hair peeping out underneath.

The Samoans have a passion for embellishment and decoration—not for clothing, but adornment. Their costumes are very brief, often consisting of a square of mulberry bark cloth about their loins, a necklace, armlets, or anklets, or a piece of string about the neck, arms, and ankles, in lieu of the more costly adornments; and, if a warrior, a tall and fantastic headdress. Besides this costume they wear an abundant coat of coconut oil, which causes them to glisten as if varnished. They also keep the hair well anointed with coconut oil. The men are tattooed, many having a pair of trousers tattooed on legs and hips, reaching to their waist.

They are not a warlike people, but peaceable and quiet in disposition, and have a strong love for their homes. When, however, aroused to fight, they become wild, cruel, and desperate. As these islands belonged to three different nations, there has been strife and loss in protecting their respective interests. Cyclopedias give instructive accounts of their history.

The native houses consist of great circular or oval roofs on posts and thatched with sugar-cane leaves. Coconut leaves plaited together form curtains for the sides which may be raised or lowered, according to the weather. They look some like large beehives. A few buildings on the beach of Apia are solidly built of coral rock. The Catholic cathedral is also there, for there the bishop of the South Sea islands resides.

In a stroll along a narrow rim of shore we caught many glimpses of island life in all its primitive simplicity. On the hillside we visited a native hospital. Here the children ran about as nature clothed them. If one member of the family is ill, all come to the hospital to remain until the sick one recovers. If compelled to go to a hospital, I should prefer one of our sanitariums. We were made welcome at a native house, which was neat and clean. I think these people were from Fiji. Pastor Fulton and the woman carried on an animated conversation, of which we could not understand a word.

And this reminds me of an old friend Pastor Fulton found here—a derelict boat in which he had made some of his earliest voyages. In this coincidence was a plain illustration of the difference between an inanimate object and a human being. A machine may work and work, but grow no bigger, stronger, or better; in fact, it retrogrades. But man, if he is the right kind of man, grows wiser, braver, better the more he endures. Here were these two old comrades, side by side once more. One was tipped up on its side high and dry, out of business; the other, after years of strenuous labor, was now, with heart divided between Fiji and Australia, about to enter a yet harder field, and already his heart and mind and plans were speeding onward to the Orient.

“Parresia” and “Boldness” in Acts 4:13

THAT the word “boldness” in this text is not used in the bad sense is evident from the following definitions and usages of the Greek word, *parresia*, here translated “boldness.” It is defined thus:—

“*Parresia*, freedom, openness, especially in speaking; boldness, confidence. Acts 4:13; Heb. 10:19.”—*G. R. Berry's Greek-English Lexicon*.

“*Parresia*, freedom of speech: in bad sense, license of tongue.”—*Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon*.

According to “The Englishman's Greek Concordance of the New Testament” (Harper and Brothers, New York, 1867), this word, *parresia*, occurs about thirty-one times in the Greek New Testament, and is rendered in the Authorized English Version as follows:—

“Bold,” once. Philemon 8.

“Freely,” once. Acts 2:29.

“Plainness of speech,” once. 2 Cor. 3:12.

“Boldness of speech,” once. 2 Cor. 7:4.

“Boldly,” three times. John 7:26; Eph. 6:19; Heb. 4:16.

“Plainly,” four times. John 10:24; 11:14; 16:25, 29.

“Openly,” six times. Mark 8:32; John 7:4, 13; 11:54; 18:20; Col. 2:15.

“Confidence,” six times. Acts 28:31; Heb. 3:6; 10:35; 1 John 2:28; 3:21; 5:14.

“Boldness,” eight times. Acts 4:13, 29, 31; Eph. 3:12; Phil. 1:20; 1 Tim. 3:13; Heb. 10:19; 1 John 4:17.

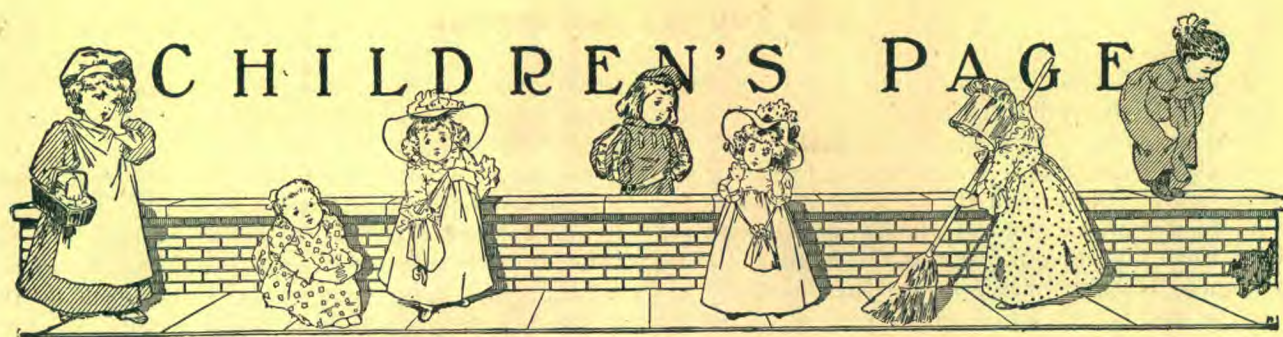
It is further evident that “boldness” is not used in its bad sense in Acts 4:13 from the following translations of *parresia* in this text by others, thus:—

“Now when they saw the *boldness*”—“steadfastness” (Wycliffe), “confidence” (Haweis), “intrepidity” (Dickinson), “openness” (Young), “unfettered eloquence” (Fenton), “boldness of speech” (Rotherham), “freedom of speech” (Wakefield), “courageous manner” (Heinfetter), “the readiness and strength” (Pyle)—“of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.” Acts 4:13. See also “The Spirit of Prophecy,” Vol. III, p. 279, and “Redemption,” by Mrs. E. G. White, p. 16, edition of 1878.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.



A SAMOAN GIRL



The Mail on Corridor Three

STOUT-BOOTED, strong-shouldered Ruth Sutton went swinging down Corridor Three. Ruth could have distributed the mail much faster if so many doors had not flown open to welcome her three times each day. Her big hand had a ringing knock.

"More proof sheets, Miss Fletcher. Can't I come up and help you correct them tonight?"

No one else would have dared to offer help of any description to the austere Miss Fletcher.

"Proofs are bad for your headache," continued Ruth.

"Thank you, Ruth. Have you really time?"

On went Ruth.

"Carol Watkins, have you a mother who writes you once a day?"

"No, twice."

"And how often do you write her?"

"But, Ruth, I have so little time!"

"Make some, then!"

At the end of the corridor was a little room, perched at the top of a twisting staircase. Ruth always smiled at the big "Engaged" sign upon it, for who was likely to come seeking Ursa Lake? At first even Ruth had had to poke Ursa's mail under the closed door, but now it opened at the sound of her step on the stair, and a wistful little freshman hung over the balustrade.

"Nothing today, honey. I'm sorry. Perhaps he'll write tomorrow."

"Oh, it wasn't father's letter I was looking for!" Ursa touched the empty mail sack. "You're sure there's not one at the very bottom for me—a yellow envelope?"

"Why, child, what do you know about yellow envelopes?"

"I hear the girls talk at table. They say they come at the end of the first six weeks, then at the end of the first twelve, and last and worst at mid-year after examinations."

"They don't come at all to girls who study their heads off when they ought to be out playing tennis with their classmates. You ought to have more fun. I say, Ursa, I'll get Carol Watkins to take you over to the Open Fields today."

"Oh, please, please, Miss Sutton, don't!" cried Ursa, much perturbed. "She's a junior!"

"So am I a junior," answered Ruth.

Ursa's terrified shyness melted into a smile. "No, you're just you." Then she added: "You're sure I didn't get a flunk note—not in chemistry?"

"Not a sign of one. Why did you elect chemistry when you hate it so?"

"I had to! On account of father."

"Did he want you to?"

Ursa flushed. "I never—I never can be sure that I know what father wants. He—I—we—don't ever talk very much."

"I should think there was chemistry enough in your family already," said Ruth, laughing; "but of course the famous Professor Lake would want you to know his subject. That's the trouble with having a famous father."

Six weeks later there was again a trembling little Ursa for big Ruth to comfort.

"No, child, no yellow note this time either."

"I've worked so hard!"

"Hard enough to take a little time off now?" Ruth's arm went about Ursa's shoulders. "Miss Fletcher is in bed with one of her worst headaches. Can't you run down with me to my room and bring back my smelling salts?"

"And—and—take it—into her room—and give it to her!"

"Yes, Ursa. Don't you know anything about other people's headaches?"

"Yes, father's. But I never dare to go to him. Ruth, it sometimes seems to me I'm afraid of every one."

"College is a good place to get over that. People are really much nicer than chemistry."

"But you know why I work away at chemistry. Haven't you any parents yourself?"

It had never before occurred to Ursa to think about Ruth's home.

"One," Ruth answered briefly. Then, putting her hands on Ursa's shoulders, she said, "Tell me something. Have you ever been into any of the rooms on the corridor? Surely, some of the girls have come to see you?"

"All of them, the first week. I never went to see them. Why, Ruth, I couldn't! I don't know how to do it."

Carrying the mail after mid-year examinations is sometimes a sad task. During that week worry turned Ursa into a white-faced little wreck. Not until the last mail on Saturday was Ruth able to convince her that she had passed in all subjects, even in chemistry.

"All flunk notes have been sent out. I know, being mail carrier. It's time to write your father and tell him you're safe in everything. I'm glad about you, darling."

Ruth gave her a mighty hug.

"Ruth," said Ursa suddenly, "you are awfully good to me!"

What should there be in the touch of Ursa's hands that made big Ruth sink abruptly down on the window seat, flinging her mail bag to the floor? At first Ursa misunderstood.

"Ruth, you don't mean that there is a yellow note for me after all!"

Ruth lifted the mail pouch and shook a yellow envelope into her lap. "Not for you; not in chemistry. For me! In English!"

"Ruth, do you mean that you —"

"Have been afraid of a flunk note! Indeed, yes. Writing themes when I'm dead tired!"

"O Ruth,"—Ursa was on her knees by Ruth's side,—"it's perfectly terrible, isn't it?"

Ruth patted her hair.

"Well, it's not quite so serious as you look, darling! Never mind! But it is pretty hard, for it's worse for a junior to fail than for a freshman, and I don't see when I can find time to make up the failure. I don't see where I could squeeze in an extra minute."

"The mail takes a lot of time, doesn't it? Couldn't you give it up?"

"Give up fifteen dollars a month! No, little friend, I could not! I am working my way." Suddenly she leaned back and closed her eyes tight. "And back at home mother is working my way, too. She isn't, you know, a famous chemist with plenty of money. She's just,"—Ruth's head went down into the pillows,— "she's just a darling little butter-and-eggs woman on a farm. My head—how it aches!"

Ursa had never before smoothed away a headache, but she did it that afternoon.

It was twilight when Ruth stirred on her bed, and murmured, "What am I doing, taking on like this?"

"You're not taking on. I thought you were asleep. Ruth, won't your mother understand?"

Ruth's lips twitched grimly.

"There isn't much to understand. I've just failed, and I haven't time to study for another examination. That's all there is to understand."

A little voice was at Ruth's ear. "But you don't have to stop everywhere, to comfort everybody."

Ruth sat up. "I'm not sorry about that."

She looked so fierce that Ursa quavered, "I'm not sorry, either!"

Ruth sank back on the pillows. It was a new voice that roused her after a moment:—

"I've only my allowance, and I'd never ask father for more."

Ruth opened dancing eyes. "You child! Do you think I'd take anything from any one?"

"Not from me? Why, I'd take anything from you! I'd do anything for you!"

"Ursa, there's only one thing I wanted you to do, and you haven't done that. You elected a course in chemistry for your father. I wish you'd elect a course in making friends for me."

But Ursa was still thinking of Ruth. "If somebody helped you, carrying the mail? If perhaps some other girl could carry it for you? And—and—give you the money?"

Ruth sat bolt upright. "Who?"

"Could I, Ruth? Do I know enough to sort letters?"

"It proves how little you know about me, or about people, that you should think I'd let you."

"But wouldn't it be a way for me to learn about people? I'd have to go into every one of those rooms downstairs. Miss Fletcher's, Miss Watson's,"—her cold little hands were clenched,— "three times a day! I couldn't do it for any one except you."

A queer look came into Ruth's eyes. She looked into Ursa's uplifted face, and then out into the twilight. She was silent so long that the little freshman began to think that she had been offended. Finally Ruth turned from the window.

"Perhaps, dear, as an experiment, I'll let you. Only—I couldn't let any one do such a thing for me except you."

Corridor Three missed Ruth's swinging step and her booming voice. The new mail girl was frightened,

furtive, but she was brave, and so Corridor Three encouraged her whispered "Good morning" until it grew more confident.

From her own door at the far end, Ruth could listen. She smiled one morning when a squeaky little voice tremulously asked at the door across the hall, "I hope your headache is better this morning, Miss Fletcher?"

Meanwhile spring came again to the Open Fields, and they were gay with girls playing tennis; and then May went hurrying on, and there was the clatter of commencement preparations, and at last June came, and with it the examinations. In these days it was Ursa who brought the mail to Ruth's room—a tired little Ursa on that hot June afternoon.

"All the flunk notes are out, Ruth. You didn't get one. Your English is safe."

Ruth fell on Ursa with a hug. "Thanks be! And mother need never know!"

But with a little cry Ursa opened a clenched fist on a crumpled yellow envelope. "But I did get a yellow note in chemistry! And father will have to know, for my note says I must be tutored this summer." Her voice trembled, but she was trying to smile. "It—it—costs something, Ruth—a course in friendship. Father is coming to take me home when college closes on Saturday. I can't tell him."

"I will tell him," Ruth answered quietly.

On Saturday they went down to him together in the big reception hall. Ursa's father was tall, dark, distant. He turned politely questioning eyes toward the big girl who held Ursa's hand. He did not seem to know how to kiss Ursa, as the other arriving fathers kissed their daughters. Ursa mumbled a trembling introduction.

"Professor Lake," Ruth said at once, "I just came down for a moment with Ursa, because we are friends, and because there is something to tell you, and Ursa thinks it's worse than it is—"

But here Ursa stood and looked straight up at her father.

"Father, I have failed in chemistry."

"In anything else?"

"She has honor marks in every other subject," said Ruth.

"Why did you elect chemistry, Ursa?" he demanded. "It's not your line."

"Because it's your line, Professor Lake," Ruth explained.

"But now that you've failed in it, you can drop the subject, Ursa?"

"Not until I've been tutored this summer!"

"Is that all? Well, perhaps I might manage to do that myself," he said with a smile.

"But, father, have you time? For me?"

Ruth, watching them, wondered which was shier, father or daughter.

"I shall have time," he said. "Afterward you can drop chemistry, I hope."

"Do you want me to?"

"I never wanted you to touch it."

"Why, but—"

"I sent you a thousand miles away from my laboratory, from me, Ursa, so that you might learn something—something more human than chemistry. That was my great hope. Instead," he shook his head wearily, "you elected to study chemistry."

"Oh," cried Ruth, "no! In the middle of the year she elected something else, and that's why she failed in chemistry. She carried the mail for me. I am working my way, and I needed—both time and

money. Ursa made it possible for me to have both. I ought not to have let her, perhaps, but —"

"And did Ursa," he asked, "pass her course — in mail carrying?"

Ruth answered the longing hope in his eyes. "Yes. All the corridor loves her, but she doesn't know it." Ruth's hand slipped an instant into Ursa's, and then went out to Professor Lake's for one warm shake. "Good-by!" she said, and in a moment was gone from them, humming on her way.

"Ursa," said her father, "give up your chemistry. It is my line, but you," his deep eyes glowed, "are going to be different. I know chemistry, but I have never known how to win a friend like that."—*Wini-fred Kirkland, in Youth's Companion.*



Promises to Soul-Winners

(Texts for September 24-30)

"Down by the sea of mild Galilee,
The Saviour passed time and again;
From the shore of the sea, he called 'Follow me,
And I'll make you fishers of men.'

"He is calling today, in the same earnest way;
He is calling for fishers again.
And the brightest names known up around God's throne
Will be those who were fishers of men."

"Follow me, and I'll make you fishers of men."

"Follow me" is the *one* condition of soul-winning. Upon that command rest all the promises to soul-winners. Judas started to follow the Master, but turned aside for thirty pieces of silver; Demas started to follow him, and worked for a time with Paul, but he "loved this present world" and forsook Paul.

You cannot expect to be a soul-winner unless you are willing to follow Jesus. When he grew up in Palestine, all the opportunities of life lay before him. He had ability to amass great wealth; he might have revealed marvelous scientific truths; or he might have attained great fame in the political and religious life of the Hebrew nation. But he turned aside from all these inducements, and made it the *first* business of his life, and the *only* business of his life, to seek and to save the lost. He did not waver, although he knew the path he had chosen led to the cross and its shame.

Jesus chose at all costs to be a soul-winner, to seek and to save the lost. He was thoroughly consecrated, giving himself entirely to that one great profession. He studied the Scriptures, and had a practical working knowledge of them. He was always finding and making opportunities to bless others. He was filled with the Holy Spirit so that he had power to win souls. And in all these things Jesus says, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." He does not say, Follow me for a little while, or, Follow me in a few things, and I will make you fishers of men. He says, "Follow me." That is so complete that it includes all requirements; it permits of no omissions; it means to follow him in all things at all times.

So much for the price of success in soul-winning. Do you ask who can pay it? Let me assure you that you can. God never asks you to do anything that he

will not give you strength and wisdom to do. "His commands are our enablings." Then plunge into the great soul-winning campaign, knowing that each person you win means victory for Christ.

When addressing his last graduating class at Antioch College, Horace Mann said: "Remember, I beseech you, and treasure them up in your hearts, these my parting words: Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for Christ."

You are a Christian? Then "listen to the roar of the Niagara of human souls pouring moment after moment into the unseen without God and without hope. Remember that each one is as sensitive to joy and sorrow, to hope and fear, as you are yourself; *remember that you have that which they need* as urgently as the starving need bread, and then consider if you cannot sympathize in the vehemence of the apostle's passionate desire to carry them the gospel: 'Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel! For if I do this thing willingly, I have a reward.'"

Most of us can preach only to the one-soul audience, and God will bless us in doing that. A passage in "Christ's Object Lessons" says: "To a great degree this work must be accomplished by personal labor. This was Christ's method; his work was largely made up of personal interviews."

There is no promise to the soul-winner that shields him from grief, disappointment, or heartache. The psalmist pictures the successful worker as "going forth with weeping;" and truly,—

"We cannot expect to be mowers
And gather the ripe, golden ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears."

Yet he who has tried soul-winning knows it to be one of the Christian's sweetest joys and one of the strongest influences for drawing the worker more and more fully into the presence of the Master.

"Do you not get dreadfully lonely in this work?" asked a stranger of a lighthouse keeper. "No, indeed!" answered the keeper, while his eyes fairly danced. "I never get lonesome since I saved my man." The joy of soul-winning is akin to that; it banishes gloom and discouragement, and inspires one with a grace of continuance in cheerful, enthusiastic service.

The world justly honors the honest man who can make money, who acquires fame, or who attains extraordinary success in any chosen profession. But how empty the reward of him who wins gold or celebrity compared with that of the soul-winner. The world knows not how to measure the reward of the soul-winner; still, from every point of view, "he that winneth souls is wise." Doubtless there was much neighborly gossip about the foolish young man who refused to become ruler of Egypt because he esteemed "the reproach of Christ greater riches." But we who can look back over the democratic past where the dust of strife and ambition has cleared away, and things stand forth in their true values, have no difficulty in deciding that Moses made a wise choice. Think of the influence he is exerting in the world today! Would you not rather have led a nation out of bondage, been the author of the ninetieth psalm, and blessed the world with the splendid instruction given in the Pentateuch, than to have ruled Egypt for a few years, and later been a mummy in some Egyptian museum?

There are men who are rich today because a few

years ago they made shrewd investments in real estate. There are men who are sighing today because they failed to seize the opportunity to buy property that has tripled in value during the last decade. But these joys and sorrows cannot last long. We are hurrying on in breathless haste to a gate where all desire to enter. The entrance fee will not be gold or silver: these will no longer be legal tender. The fact that your name is on the church roll will not admit you; you cannot pass through on your Missionary Volunteer membership card. He who enters there must have a record in heaven showing that he heeded the Master's call to "follow me."

What bitter disappointment awaits those who have heard the call, but have not heeded it! With what anguish of soul the Judases and Demases, who have followed for a time and then turned aside, will look at the gate that shuts them out from the home of the saved! There will be deeper sighs, sadder sighs, than this world has ever yet heard. Men and women, Christian men and women, and some Missionary Volunteers, I fear, will sigh in bitter regret because they failed to invest in soul-winning.

But how joyful will be the entrance of those who have invested their all in soul-winning, who faithfully have followed their Master all the way. They have followed him in sacrifice, in self-denial, in suffering. They have followed him in living for others, and in seeking to save the lost. They have shared his power for winning souls and have tasted with him the joys of success. They have followed him faithfully, and now victoriously they enter to receive the kingdom prepared for them. There are great rewards for the soul-winner in this life; there are greater ones awaiting him in the life to come. But when he reaches that happy land, will not his greatest reward be to have others come to him and say: "I am here because you led me to Christ and taught me how to follow him"?

MEDITATION.—Father, I thank thee for the privilege of being a coworker with thee in soul-winning. Help me to realize that to be successful in this work, I must live the life of a soul-winner. Help me to study my methods carefully, to examine my own heart critically, and to make sure that thou art guiding and controlling every detail of my life. And when I see no result of my efforts, inspire me to work cheerfully and faithfully in the dark, trusting thee to bless the effort and give the increase.

"Keep me from turning back!

My hand is on the plow, my faltering hand;
But all in front of me is untilled land,
The wilderness and solitary place,
The lonely desert and its interspace.
What harvest have I? only this paltry grain,
The dwindling husks, a handful of dry corn,
These poor, lone stalks. My courage is outworn.
Keep me from turning back!
The handles of my plow with tears are wet,
The shares with rust are spoiled — and yet — and yet —
My God! My God! Keep me from turning back!"

And help me to follow thee even unto the end.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let all pray this week for the work in Australia and in the Pacific islands. Pray for our earnest, faithful workers there, pray that their efforts may continue to accomplish much good. Pray for our young people there. They have rendered splendid service, and many are studying to become more efficient workers. Pray for the Seventh-day Adventist homes there.

M. E.

GIVE us, O give us, the man who sings at his work!
Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any
of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullen-
ness. He will do more in the same time — he will
do it better — he will persevere longer.—*Carlyle.*

THE progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid
as that of man to error.—*Voltaire.*

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
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C. L. BENSON }
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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending September 30

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 September.

The Bible Year

Assignment for September 24 to 30

September 24: Nehemiah 1 to 3.
September 25: Nehemiah 4 to 6.
September 26: Nehemiah 7 to 9.
September 27: Nehemiah 10 to 13.
September 28: Psalms 1, 119.
September 29: Malachi.
September 30: Matthew 1 to 4.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for September 21.

What are You Reading?

ARE you reading a good book now? If not, begin at once to form the reading habit. Good reading is a wonderful life improver; it will lift your ideals higher and still higher, and enrich your life immeasurably. Some one has ventured to say that "you will be no better than the books you read." One thing is certain, you can no more evade the influence of the books you read than you can hinder the air you breathe from entering your lungs. You cannot feed exclusively upon daily newspapers, magazines, and stories, and develop a Christian character. But this warning is also a grand truth, for, as Robert E. Speer says, "A low mind cannot long remain low when filled with the great words which cannot be kept down, which soar aloft to God. Each of these words displaces some other. The mind has elastic capacities, but its working sections are limited, and they can be preempted or reclaimed by what is great and good."

So, after all, we are what we choose to be. In many respects life is like a grocery box; its value in the world's great market depends chiefly upon what you put into it. Then, my dear young friend, begin with renewed courage to press toward life's highest ideals. Determine to read only that which will help you most in your race for the chosen goal. The world is full of good books which you have not time to read. As one of our educators recently said, "Time is so short that we have not time to read good books; we cannot afford to read the best books; we now have time for only the *supreme books*." And it is for the purpose of helping the young people in the selection and in the reading of the supremely important books that the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses are conducted.

A host of young people have already enrolled in the Reading Courses. If you have not, remember that —

The M. V. Reading Courses are for
All the books are waiting for
A place in the circle is reserved for
We want to send a certificate to
We want the books to help
Your tract society will send the book to

YOU

Then will you not join the reading circle? For your own good you should acquire a taste for good reading

as early in life as possible. For if you do not, you run the risk of never acquiring it, in which case you will lose forever out of your life the beautiful influence of all the wise and noble books which the best men and women in the world have written.

Make friends with as many of these supreme books as you can. You will need just such friends as good books make to sustain you in life's varying experiences. They will give you good counsel; they will cheer you when lonely, and comfort you in the hour of sorrow. Then never let a year go by without adding a few supreme books to your circle of book friends.

M. E.



XIV — Review

(September 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 1:1 to 8:3.

MEMORY VERSES: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

Acts 1:1-8

1. What books of the Bible were written by Luke?
2. Whose acts does the book of Acts record?
3. What is said of Jesus in the first lesson?

Acts 1:9-26

1. Describe the ascension of Jesus.
2. What promise was given in connection with it? By whom was it made?
3. In what way did the disciples spend their time while waiting for the Holy Spirit?

Acts 2:1-8, 12-21

1. Describe the experiences on the day of Pentecost.
2. Of what promise was it a fulfilment?

Acts 2:22, 23, 32, 33, 36-47

1. Mention two points in Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost.
2. What was the result of his preaching?

Acts 3:1-19

1. Tell briefly the story of the healing of the lame man.
2. By what power was the cripple instantly healed?

Acts 4:1-23

1. What did Peter and John do when arrested?
2. Relate their experience while on trial.

Acts 4:32 to 5:11

1. Relate the experience of Ananias and Sapphira.

Acts 5:12-28

1. Give an account of the trial of the apostles before the Sanhedrin.

Acts 5:29-42

1. Through whose influence were the apostles set free?

Acts 6:1-15

1. Why were persons selected to attend to the business of the church?
2. Give an account of Stephen. By whom was he opposed? What testimony did God bear for Stephen before the council?

Acts 7:1-19

1. Give a brief history of Abraham as Stephen told it.
2. Tell the story of Joseph's early life. What gave him success in Egypt?

Acts 7:20-41

1. Give the story of Moses as Stephen related it.

Acts 7:47 to 8:1-3

1. Of what did Stephen next speak? Of what did he accuse his hearers? How did they silence his testimony? How did the church in Jerusalem suffer after this?

Memory Verses

- "Ye shall be witnesses unto me." Acts 1:8.
 "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Act 1:11.
 "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Acts 2:21.
 "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off." Acts 2:39.
 "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." Acts 3:19.
 "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4:12.
 "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight." Prov. 12:22.
 "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.
 "We ought to obey God rather than men." Acts 5:29.
 "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." Matt. 5:11.
 "I am the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go." Isa. 48:17.
 "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Ex. 20:3.
 "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2:10.

Chinese Proverbs

THE greatest conqueror is he who overcomes the enemy without a blow.

Those who know do not speak; those who speak do not know.

Better do a good deed near home than go far away to burn incense.

He who rides a tiger is afraid to dismount.
 Patience and a mulberry leaf will make a silk gown.
 When the thunder is very loud, there is very little rain.

The ungrateful son is a wart on the father's face; to leave it is a blemish, to cut it off is painful.

Children's Beer Song*

(Tune: " 'Tis Love That Makes Us Happy," "Christ in Song," No. 567)

I HEARD my papa talking
 'Bout beer amendment three.
 It made me sad, for poor old dad
 Could never then be free.

CHORUS:

Beer is bad, 'tis bad for little children;
 Beer is bad, 'tis bad for all around;
 It makes us all unhappy;
 We're always in the way;
 It makes ma sad, it makes pa mad;
 He'll drink it every day.

We all have been so happy
 Since prohibition came;
 For pa's been good, and we've had food.
 Why can't it be the same?

Oh, stop this beer amendment!
 Think of the children, *do!*
 And vote it down, in every town.
 Wish we could vote, don't you?

When I am big, I'll fight it;
 No other drink you'll see
 But water pure, of that I'm sure,
 Wherever I may be.

CHORUS FOR LAST STANZA:

Water's good, 'tis good for little children;
 Water's good, 'tis good for all around;
 It makes us all so happy;
 We're never in the way;
 It makes us glad, when we are sad;
 We'll drink it every day.

MRS. A. T. ROBINSON.

* On the Colorado ballot for election on November seventh there is a beer amendment which declares beer to be a non-intoxicating liquor. If carried, it becomes section three of the prohibition amendment, known as Article XXII of the State Constitution.

The Youth's Instructor

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Service Only

How may I to my Redeemer
Render service, due to him?
How may I here in my weakness
Show the love I owe my King?

All my gold and all my silver,
All the wealth that I can show,
Cannot make an able offering
To repay the debt I owe.

Only will my willing service,
Humble faith, and true belief,
Give to him, my loving Saviour,
True relief from pain and grief.

E. C. JAEGER.

Clouds

CLOUDLESS lives are not the most beautiful. A life with clouds of struggle and sorrow, all lighted up with the rays from the Sun of Righteousness, far excels in beauty any sunset ever seen. The spray thrown up by the rushing torrent of Niagara greatly adds to the beauty of the falls, because the sun paints rainbows upon it. And so lives with Niagara torrents of struggle are the more beautiful for the clouds raised by such struggle, if they are flooded with light from heaven. There is one place where clouds are never seen, and that is the desert of Sahara. Desolation and death are twin monarchs there. The lives which have been richest in good works have been like the life of the Man of Sorrows, full of clouds, and a bow of promise on every cloud.—*Dr. A. C. Dixon.*

Don'ts for Writers

DON'T tell the editor that he may fix up your manuscript to suit himself; it is your business to fix it up to suit him.

DON'T prepare your manuscript carelessly, writing with pencil on odd sheets of paper, folding it criss-cross and jamming it into too small an envelope. If you care no more than that for your work, how do you expect any one else to value it?

DON'T say of a story, "This tale is based on actual experiences." Every story worth reading is true to life, though every word of it may be "made up."

DON'T write poetry—at least, don't send poetry to editors—until you know what poetry is. You can learn this only by the wide reading and deep appreciation of the very best poets; to name only a few, Browning, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Spenser, Milton,

Shakespeare, Chaucer. And don't write on any subject unless you have something new to say, or something old that you can say in a new way.

DON'T send a manuscript to an editor before studying his periodical. Would a commercial traveler try to sell groceries to a jeweler? Yet authors are constantly making this grotesque mistake.

DON'T send out your first story, or your second, or your tenth. Story-writing is a difficult art. Would a young cook expect to sell her first pie—or to eat it, for that matter? Practice, practice, practice! And lay aside your first efforts till you can see how crude they are.

And finally,—though I have much more to say,—if you feel moved to write, *write!* It is a blessed form of self-expression. Don't give up, if you cannot all at once express yourself fully or move others. Rome was not built in a day—nor was "In Memoriam."—*Caleb Cobweb.*

Kept Standing

A WELL-KNOWN officer who had just left the Guards, expressed to Lord Radstock his conviction that, being worldly by nature, it would be quite impossible for him to confess Christ, as he would disgrace him by falling away. Lord Radstock replied by taking out his pencil case, and holding it upright on the table, he asked Captain A. why it did not fall. "Because you hold it," was the answer. "Then no inherent power in the pencil, but a power outside, is that which keeps it. God, seeing the utter ruin of man, did not tell him to stand upright, but brought in an external power, himself. And the question of falling depends not on the power of man, but on the Almighty, who 'is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory.'" The message went home. The following year, as the train drew up to the platform at Stockholm, Lord Radstock was greeted by the officer with the words, "God has never let the pencil go for one minute."—*Lord Radstock's Life.*

Four Centuries of Luther in Pictures

As a part of the four hundredth anniversary in celebration of the Lutheran Reformation, a religious exhibit is being planned to demonstrate the growth of Protestantism through the four hundred years since Luther bade defiance to the Pope. The exhibit will be grouped about a collection of pictorial and other remains of the Reformation period, with replicas of famous scenes and buildings, giving a complete graphic presentation of the Reformation. Around this central group will be arranged exhibits, giving a survey of what has been done and what is being done in every line of religious endeavor by every branch of the Protestant church, and by all the organizations in which the churches unite. The exhibit will be shown first in Greater New York, and later in other large centers of the country.—*The Christian Herald.*

Luck and Labor

ASK no favors of "luck"—win your way like a man;
Be active and earnest and plucky;
Then your work will come out just about as you plan,
And the world will exclaim, "Oh, how lucky!"

—*Nixon Waterman.*

"THE clear-headed planner has his mind on his business; the worrying failure has his business on his mind."