

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE STUDENT





A loan of \$100,000,000 to France was made in July, and this has been followed by a loan of \$250,000,000 to Great Britain.

By act of Congress the President has appointed October 21 and 22 as days for the relief of the suffering among the Armenians and Syrians.

Three States in the Union have enacted laws compelling the daily reading of the Bible in the public schools; namely, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. The Pennsylvania law requires the reading of at least ten verses and the New Jersey law requires at least five.

One of the last acts of the Senate before adjournment was to ratify the treaty providing for the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States for \$25,000,000. On the evening of September 7 the Senate acted favorably upon the treaty with less than half a dozen votes in opposition.

On September 8, the Sixty-fourth Congress adjourned after a prolonged session and an almost unparalleled record of important legislation. It was by a wide margin the most expensive Congress in American history. The current appropriations and the authorizations for future expenditure total \$1,858,384,485, exceeding the total for the last fiscal year by more than three quarters of a billion dollars.

A man in Millrift, Pennsylvania, is at present giving complete satisfaction in the following positions: Town clerk, postmaster, school-teacher, public appraiser, secretary of the Board of Supervisors, board member of improvement society, proprietor of the general store, proprietor of "Pike County's Mail-Order House," ticket agent for the railroad, express agent, baggage agent, boarding-house proprietor, real-estate operator, milkman, insurance agent, flagman, telegraph agent.

In March, 1867, a Hottentot child dug up a bit of stone. His father gave it to a Dutch trader, Schalk Van Niekerk, for some sheep and an old wagon. It was taken to Grahamstown, bought by Sir Philip Woldehouse, governor of Cape Colony, for \$2,500, and exhibited in Paris. This started the dry diamond diggings of Kimberley, from which \$48,972,000 worth of diamonds every year find their way to America. Barbed-wire fences surround the mines, and each night the workers are searched, lest another Hottentot should stumble on another diamond.

### Bible Facts Cards

THE Bible Facts Cards consist of cards of envelope size giving terse statements and Scriptural references concerning all the main points of Christian doctrine. The cards make good missionary material. The titles of the sixteen numbers of the series are:—

1. Facts About the Law and the Gospel.
2. Facts About the Law of God.
3. Facts About the Seventh and the First Day of the Week.
4. Paul's Sunday Meeting, Eighty-four to One.
5. Facts About the Coming of Jesus Christ.
6. Facts About the Approaching Millennium.
7. Facts About Conditional Immortality.

8. Facts About the Sabbath.
9. Facts About the New Testament Sabbath.
10. The "Evolution of a Shadow."
11. Facts About Spiritualism.
12. Facts About the Dead.
13. Facts About the Destiny of the Wicked.
14. Facts About the Earth and Its Future.
15. What Seventh-day Adventists Believe.
16. The New Testament Mode of Christian Baptism.

Numbers 1, 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, 14 were prepared by Elder C. B. Haynes, while A. L. Manous is the author of the remaining numbers of the series. These cards sell for twenty-five cents a hundred. Order of your tract society.

### A Canvasser's Experience

"I HAD an interesting experience yesterday. I knocked at a door and a pleasant-faced lady came, but she said, 'I am very busy today cleaning house.' Finally she asked what I had and I told her that I was handling a work on the Bible that is a special help in Bible study. She said, 'If that is what you have, come right in. I always have time to talk about the Bible. Maybe you have the book I want.' I showed her the title and she said, 'Yes, that is the book. I am so glad you have called. Last year a man at Belt, Montana, showed me a book about the Bible and I ordered one, but moved away before delivery. I have been praying since that I might find out where to get one of those books. I told my husband only this morning that I hoped some one would call with that book. It seems as if I can't understand the Bible, and the minister here is very little help.'"

### Friendship

FRIENDSHIP asks all from a friend. It is not an uncostly afternoon acquaintance. It is a life covenant, dipped in the soul's blood.

And yet where friendship fails is in small fidelities, in blindness to the need of little services:—

"If you were toiling up a weary hill,  
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,  
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still  
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there;  
And each one passing by would do so much  
And give one upward lift and go their way,  
Could not the slight, reiterated touch  
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?"

"There is no little and there is no much;  
We weigh and measure and define in vain;  
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch  
Can be the minister of joy to pain.  
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold;  
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,  
And every day we give or we withhold  
Some little thing that tells for life or death."

—Selected.

OH that the mischief-making crew  
Were all reduced to one or two,  
And they were painted red or blue,  
That every one might know them!

—Holmes.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

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No. 41

## Friends That Love Us Always

THE friends that love us always,  
In the good times and the bad—  
The friends that love us always  
Are the friends that keep us glad.  
The friends that cling in tempest  
As they do in calms, are those  
That have made the paths of hardship  
Seem the paths of song and rose.

The friends that love us always,  
When we go their way or not,  
Are the friends that hearts remember  
When the others are forgot.  
The friends that stick the closest  
When trouble grows the worst,  
The friends that love us always  
Just the way they did at first—

They are the crowning jewels  
Of the coronets we weave  
In the dreams of tender moments  
When the troubles start to leave;  
And we lisp their names forever,  
And we see their faces clear—  
The friends that love us always,  
In the sun or shadows, dear.

—Selected.

## Duleep Singh: An Indian Prince\*

### A Remarkable Conversion

C. C. CRISLER

**L**ONG and learned chapters, and even entire volumes, have been written on the conversion of the fiery zealot who pursued the Christian believers so relentlessly during the period immediately following the martyrdom of Stephen. Yet, after all, the simple narrative of Luke, the beloved companion of Paul's later years of fruitful ministry, is more impressive by far than can be any paraphrase of the inspired Record,—as witnesses the following true story told in the columns of the *Bible Society Record*, October, 1874:—

"Many years ago, in one of the mission schools [of India] was a bright young Hindu boy, named Bhajan Lal. Active in play, he was also diligent in study, and as a reward for his proficiency in learning, a Bible was given him. The boy did not value the gift because it was God's Word, for, child though he was, his young heart was joined to the idols to which his parents bowed down; but because the book was a prize, given him on account of his diligence as a student, he gave it a place among his treasures.

"Ten years before this time the maharaja of the Punjab, in northern India, died. The heir to the throne was his little son, Duleep Singh, then but four years of age. As he was too young to wield the scepter of government, regents governed in his place, and at the time when our story opens these regents were engaged in war with the British. In this war they were defeated, and the scepter of the Punjab passed into the hands of the English.

"The British government placed the young prince, then fourteen years of age, on a pension, and, removing him from the country where he had expected one day to reign as king, sent him to Fathigarh to be educated. Those to whose care he was committed desired to make as pleasant as possible the life of the exiled prince, and to amuse him, sought for him a young companion. The person to whom the choice of such a companion was intrusted visited, one day, the school in which young Bhajan Lal was a pupil. The bright, handsome face of the boy at once attracted his attention, and the intelligent answers he gave when questioned in his classes delighted and surprised him, and he resolved to secure this young student as a companion for the boy prince.

"Bhajan Lal was pleased with the distinction conferred upon him, and was at once transferred from

the schoolroom to the home of the young prince, a fine mansion, in the midst of extensive grounds, on the banks of the sacred Ganges.

One day young Duleep Singh found lying among the possessions his companion had brought to his new home, the Bible which he had received at school as a prize. It was a new book to him, and he curiously turned over its pages.

"'What is this?' he asked.

"'It is the Sacred Book of the Christians,' was the answer, 'and it was given me as a prize at school, so I keep it.'

"'I wish to know what it contains,' said the prince. Turning over its leaves, he pointed to a chapter. 'Read that to me,' he said.

"Strangely enough, it was the chapter in Acts containing the account of the conversion of Saul. Eagerly the young prince listened. Again and again the story of the wonderful change in heart and life in this man was read to him. And then he desired to know more of that gospel which had power to convert the fierce persecutor into the faithful and self-denying minister and missionary of that faith which he had once sought to destroy. And so day after day the wondrous story of redemption was read to him, until he began to feel a personal interest in the great theme. Did he not find in his own heart just such passions as once burned in the heart of Saul? and did he not need just such a Saviour as Saul needed? Some of the faithful missionaries at that time living in Fathigarh were made acquainted with his case, and sought to instruct him more perfectly in the things of the kingdom.

"Duleep Singh withdrew his confidence from the Brahmanic priests, and placed his trust alone in Christ as his great High Priest, and on the eighth of March, 1853, he received the ordinance of baptism in the presence of all the servants of his retinue, of the European residents of the station, of the missionaries, and of the native Christians. He was at that time eighteen years of age."

In after-life, Duleep Singh continued faithful to his vows. For many years he resided in England, but never did he forget his countrymen who were unacquainted with the Saviour of mankind. While he lived, he is said to have supported a large number of mission schools for boys in India; and every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he sent a princely gift to the mission in one of whose schools his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, first heard the story of the Cross.

\* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Oct. 21, 1916, on "The Conversion of Saul" (Acts 9: 1-22).



## A Trip in Java

K. M. ADAMS

**A**T five o'clock in the afternoon our boat, the "Melchior Treub," slowly drew away from the wharf at Singapore. Our friends and loved ones waved their good-bys, and our hearts thrilled with the realization that we were at last on the journey to Java. Just at the moment of departure, some luggage was thrown from the boat to the wharf, and it appeared that a family was too late to catch the boat. But when the last piece was on the wharf, a Chinese ran up and with chattering gesticulations ordered the things to be replaced on the boat. It was interesting to see whether all the goods could be returned before the boat was too far away from the dock. The lines had been cast off, but the coolies who were transferring the baggage did not hasten. Fortunately, all was safely returned to the ship, although the last trunk was passed over four feet of water.

As soon as the boat moved away from the ship, several skiffs, made from hollowed logs, darted out from under the dock, and their occupants called for money to be thrown into the water. They were Malays, and they were as much at home in the water as on land. No sooner was a coin tossed overboard than there were half a dozen splashes in the water, and a tangle of legs and feet would then appear. A short pause, and first one head would bob up, and then another. An agile leap, and they were back in their canoes. They bail out the water that is shipped when they get in, by a forward kick of the leg from the bottom of the boat up the side and so over the edge. To see them handle their canoes, one would think that it was very easy, but to try it is a different matter.

Some skiffs had two and even three occupants. In one was a father and two sons. These boats followed the ship for some little distance, until the speed of the ship was too great for them to keep up with.

The wharf grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and was soon lost to view as the boat made a turn in its course. A sleek-looking man-of-war was at rest near by. Its dull gray paint reminded us of the war that is raging in Europe, and for the moment it seemed that even we, so far away, were not entirely free from its influence. Another reminder of hostilities was the line of buoys that lazily floated in the harbor. These buoys warned of unseen danger beneath—the mines that are placed to protect one of the most important coaling stations and fortresses in the Far East.

The "Melchior Treub" is the finest boat in the local East Indian passenger service. Decks, dining-room, and social-hall are roomy, and the staterooms are very comfortable. The berths are not one over the other as in most boats, one being in the end of the room, and the other at the side. There are no cockroaches to be seen, and that is the greatest recommendation that can be given to one who has traveled in the tropics. In some boats a person cannot sleep at night because these large insects, some of them three inches long, run over the berth, and even across one's face.

The passengers, as ordinarily, represented many nationalities. The Dutch predominated, as this is a Dutch boat. There were several English, a few Americans, and some Chinese, together with the usual collection of business men, tourists, and missionaries. In the fourth class were hundreds of Malays and Chinese. They slept on the after deck on mats of their

own providing. They were served rice and vegetables for food. The boat was loaded to its capacity, as nearly all ships are now, for the war has caused a great shortage of boats, and all ports are choked with freight. The rates of carriage have trebled, as have the prices of ships. One ship in Singapore was sold at so great a price that, if the ship were weighed and sold by the pound, the owner would have received twenty-five cents a pound for it. A man bought a ship, and a few months later sold it for just twice what he paid for it.

The servants on the boat are all from the Netherlands Indies. Some are Javanese, others Sundanese, and many are probably from Borneo, Celebes, or even Sumatra. Their faces have that passive immobile look which is natural only to the Malay. They look very neat in their white uniforms. Their headdress is a large gaudy kerchief, which is tied about and over their heads. Underneath their coats are to be seen glimpses of their sarongs, sort of skirts that are worn by most Malay tribes. The boys are not allowed to wear them about their legs while on the smooth decks.

There was a circus on board, bound for Java. The menagerie was on the rear deck. Lions, tigers, hyenas, and other animals were there, and one wondered what would happen should one of these beasts break through the frail-looking cages, and spring among the natives below. There are several circuses and shows that travel about the Orient. They are necessarily small, but they are a never-ending source of delight to the natives. The children of the East are ever happy, and anything that will amuse never fails to attract. No matter about the future; take all the money there is and enjoy the present.

At the southernmost point of Banka, a large island of the Dutch East Indies, is a lighthouse. There are many lighthouses scattered about these waters, for the islands are innumerable, and many reefs lie hidden under the surface. The whole sea from the Malay Peninsula to Java and from Sumatra to Borneo has scarcely a spot more than one hundred and fifty feet beneath the surface. A ship can be a hundred miles from land, and yet drop anchor. But on the south side of Java and Sumatra, the depth at a few miles from the coast is thousands of feet. It seems as if there was a huge crack in the earth's crust along the southern coast of Java; and that along this crack numerous volcanoes had sprung up, forming the islands of Java and Sumatra. Indeed, there are now many active volcanoes in Java and Sumatra. The greatest volcanic eruption known to man was the explosion of Krakatua not fifty years ago. The remains of the crater may still be seen to the south of Sumatra.

About a mile from Banka is the low-lying black line of an ugly-looking reef. Our ship passed between this and the island. The steward told us that a boat on which he was traveling, had, not long before, run onto that very reef. The buoy that marked the channel had broken loose and drifted three hundred yards from its moorings. The captain, thinking that the buoy was in its usual place, steered the proper distance from it, but the ship struck the reef. The weather was calm, so the boat was saved, but it had to undergo extensive repairs in dock. The reefs and islands of these waters make navigation difficult and dangerous.



The coast of Sumatra soon came into sight. It lies to the west like a huge, long sea serpent. There is not a mountain to be seen. On the island of Banka to the east, are many hills and mountains. The water at the bow of the ship froths into a peculiar orange color, instead of the usual white foam. No doubt it is a different kind of water brought by a current. We passed one current whose edge was marked by a strip of yellow foam. On one side of the line the water was a muddy green. On the other side it was the purplish black of the deep sea. There were not twelve inches between those two shades of water.

One evening while we were sitting at dinner, the lights of a boat passing very close by, were seen. Suddenly a searchlight was thrown onto the boat we were on, and our engines slowed down and stopped. Some one said, "*Kapal perang*" (warship), and the excitement became intense. We lay to for half an hour

there are enormous swamps, and the estuaries and river mouths are numberless, giving them unlimited opportunities of escaping from the warships.

The harbor of Tandjong Priok is about eight hundred feet wide and a mile long. Our boat had to turn around in this narrow space, but did so carefully, and before long was alongside the dock. Passengers who have round-trip tickets are not required to have passports to enter the Netherlands Indies, but those who do not must pay an entrance fee of ten dollars. If they leave before six months, this money is refunded. After paying their fee of ten dollars, they must get a passport, which they must use when traveling about on the island. Java has a population of more than thirty million, and the Dutch are not anxious that more people shall come there. They do not care to have Europeans settle in Java. It is said they want all the business and money-making for the Dutch;



CHINESE HOMES IN BATAVIA, JAVA

while the British torpedo boat destroyer, for such it proved to be, hovered near at hand. "Had England declared war on Holland, and was our boat captured?" was the query in every mind. A cutter rowed by sturdy sailors came bringing two officers. In a short time they returned, while the Britishers on our vessel sang "*Tipperary*" as a serenade. The news filtered through finally, that the latest war news was all that was wanted. Our ship started on its journey again, and we settled into the customary routine of boat life.

Early next morning the islands near the harbor of Batavia came into view. We steamed on and were soon inside the breakwater. To our right were three little gray Dutch warships, speedy and shallow of draft. They are used mainly for coasting about the islands of the archipelago, and putting down small rebellions, and capturing pirates, of which there are not a few in these waters. The pirates do not attack large steamers, but small boats, especially those owned and plied by the natives, are always in more or less danger. The sides of the island facing into the shallow sea are especially favorable for pirates, for the land is flat,

so they make the living hard for foreigners by taxes and formalities. These same hindrances used to be placed on tourists, but the Hollanders are waking up to the fact that a tourist trade means more money brought into the island, so they are encouraging tourists to come.

As we went down the gangplank, there was a horde of coolies who seized our hand baggage. These coolies are Javanese. There were many other kinds of people on the wharf: Dutch, English, Chinese, and Arabs. Java has very few people from India, but they are numerous in all the English colonies. Our baggage was taken to the customhouse. There is a duty on practically everything except personal clothing. Cameras, typewriters, bicycles, books, and kindred things are enlarged with duty. All tobacco has a heavy duty. Firearms of any description are not allowed to be brought into the Netherlands Indies without a special license. The authorities fear that the natives will get possession of them and start a rebellion. After being questioned closely about the contents of our baggage, we were allowed to proceed without having to open it.



We made our way to the railway station near by, and climbed on board the train. Here we had an altercation with the coolies about prices. They misstated the number of pieces carried, said we could cut their throats if they were not telling the truth, and threatened never to carry another piece of baggage if we did not pay them what they wanted. At last the train left, and we were at peace.

Tandjong Priok is about five miles from the city of Batavia. Weltevreden, the new Batavia, is about three miles farther away. We were to stay in the latter place. The train took us through low-lying land, principally given over to grazing. After a time we came to gardens, then houses, and in a short time we were at the station in Weltevreden.

On the railroad there are three classes of carriages. The first-class is really better in equipment than the average coach in America. The seats are upholstered with leather, and are soft and roomy. The second-class seats are made of wicker, and have springs. The third-class have only board seats with backs. The tourists and government officials use the first-class; the fare is three cents a mile. The second-class is used by the ordinary business men and planters, and the best class of Chinese. The third-class is used by the natives. The second-class fare is two cents a mile; the third-class, two thirds of a cent a mile.

(To be continued)

## The Tragedy of the Theater — No. 2

### The Indictment

My indictment against the theater is twofold:—

1. The theater's effect upon the audience.
2. The theater's effect upon the profession.

#### The Theater's Effect upon the Audience

The first harmful effect is the *gloss that many plays put upon sin*. The base, the wicked, the impure, are frequently exalted, and virtue is made sport of. Religion is scoffed at, blasphemy indulged in, the Bible standard is not recognized, and the ten commandments are frequently flaunted.

Hannah More was the friend of the actor Garrick, and in her earlier days a writer for the theater and one of its patrons. As her judgment, forced upon her by her own observation, she wrote,—though she says she had read none of the writings against the stage,—“The fruits of the Spirit and the fruits of the stage perhaps exhibit as pointed a contrast as the human imagination can conceive.”

She continues: “It is generally the leading object of the dramatist to erect a standard of honor in direct opposition to the standard of Christianity; and this is not done subordinately, incidentally, occasionally, but worldly honor is the very soul and spirit and life-giving principle of the drama. Honor is the religion of tragedy. It is her moral and political law. Her dictates form its institutes. Fear and shame are the capital crimes in her code. Against these all the eloquence of her most powerful pleaders, against these her penal statutes,—pistol, sword, and poison,—are in full force. Injured honor can only be vindicated at the point of the sword; the stains of injured reputation can only be washed out with blood. Love, jealousy, ambition, pride, revenge, are too often elevated into the rank of splendid virtues, and form a dazzling system of worldly morality in direct contradiction to the spirit of that religion whose characteristics are charity, meekness,

peaceableness, long-suffering, gentleness, and forgiveness.”

Too frequently the end is made to justify the means, provided it succeeds in the achievement of some noble and worthy purpose. The highest type of morality is to be found in Christianity and in the Bible, and whenever standards are raised and morals taught which are not in accord with these, but which, on the other hand, make light of them and scoff at them, such teaching is bound to be destructive to the moral sensibilities.

Dr. Joseph Stephan has said, “Religion is either ridiculed, or so presented as to become offensive. Criminals become heroes and the good appear simpletons. Murder, adultery, divorce, theft, and other great crimes are made light of, and the sacredness of love and the solemnity of dying are trifled with. Oaths, mock prayers, and turns and squibs in Scripture are frequent. By sly hints and cunning innuendoes the imagination is inflamed and evil thoughts are awakened. There is scarcely an incident, however debasing, that may not be learned at the theater, making it a university of vice and immorality for the youthful mind.”

A recent magazine writer has said, “In life there are two kinds of morals, yours and mine. In the drama there is a third kind, which has no relation to life whatever. We are often asked in the playhouse to accept as admirable and moral what is in reality contemptible, immoral; and what is worse, we do so accept it.

“We check our own moral code in the cloakroom before the play begins, and then are allured by the most immoral, impure things posing as virtue on the stage, and are warmed to a rich glow of sympathetic sanctity by situations which upon analysis are the negation of goodness.

“And this is entirely due to the fact that in the theater we are carried along from moment to moment without pausing to reflect upon cause or effect; and the dramatist is so carried along, also, in his desire to make each situation immediately effective, forgetting its larger significance. In other words, in the drama, as elsewhere, a lack of clear thinking, down to the bedrock of principles, is the cause of most of the falsity and misappreciation.” These words are the more forceful because the writer was not writing from the standpoint of the pulpit, but of the dramatic critic.

The disastrous effect of such a “checking of our morals in the cloakroom,” is that when people leave such plays, they, alas! too often leave their own code of morals permanently checked, and take home those the theater furnishes,—the “admirable and moral” exchanged for the “contemptible and immoral.”

The second harmful effect is the theater's *positive teaching of crime*. For instance, methods and means by which murders, robberies, and other crimes are committed are set forth in all their lurid details, and instructions in crime are frequently given as explicitly as are the studies of the public schools. So common is this in many of the so-called melodramas, that even theatrical managers themselves have at times protested.

One of these, Mr. J. J. Butler, of Kansas City, was reported as saying that many dramas are morbid and unclean, and that many of the melodramas presented each year are “schools of crime,”—they actually make criminals.

In discussing the epidemic of crime which breaks out in Chicago nearly every season, Bishop Fallows said with regard to the various causes, “Worst of all, in my



judgment, are the realistic plays of robbery and murder in several of our lower theaters, which are frequented nightly by thousands of boys, and the advertising of such plays by immense posters portraying to the life the 'holdups' by masked gangs with pistol and rifle and dagger." Other reformers and settlement workers have expressed themselves in a similar way.

Some instances in illustration of this fact are very striking. In Canada some time ago a thirteen-year-old girl confessed to the murder of a nine-months-old infant. It is said she was in the habit of stealing baby carriages from the front of department stores while the mothers were inside. One day she stole a baby, took it to the woods near the city, stripped it of its clothing, threw it over an embankment, and caused its death. She then placed the body in a culvert and buried the clothing. A few days later she made the announcement that she had discovered the baby in the culvert. When accused of the crime, she confessed that the plan of killing the child was suggested to her by a play she had seen at the theater.

In New York, a man was arrested as a pyromaniac, first for ringing in false alarms, then for a series of factory fires. He confessed, and said that he developed a desire to see fires burn through his interest in a play entitled "The Fire Bug," in which he had taken part as an amateur actor.

This baneful influence has extended even to the moving-picture shows, through the exhibition of dramatic films. Recently a film was shown of a girl who deceived her parents by going to her room for the night, and fixing the bedclothes in such a way that they appeared as if some one were in the bed. She then crawled out of the window and spent the night in gay frivolity with her friends. A young girl who sat in the audience and saw the suggestive deception, thought it clever, and a few days later did precisely the same thing. In the morning her mother went to call her, saw the deceptive bedclothes, thought her daughter was overtired, and let her sleep. She called her a second time, but she did not respond, and, being an indulgent mother, she let her sleep a little longer. The third time, receiving no answer, and knowing it was time for her daughter to be up, she went over and touched the bedclothes, which immediately collapsed. The mother was frightened and ran shrieking from the room, to call the father over the phone, and send out the alarm. At last they found the girl in another part of the city, where she had spent the balance of the night with a girl friend, after going out on a lark. Thus the "show" had been a veritable school of deception, suggested immorality, and crime.

The police of our great cities have declared that certain theaters are the foster mothers of crime among the youth. The director of prisons in Paris once said, "Whenever a noted play of a vicious character is put on the boards, I soon find it out by the number of young fellows who come into my custody." Three fourths of the young people who go wrong in our cities, can look back to the theater and the ballroom as the starting points of their downfall.—"*Across the Dead Line of Amusements*," Henry W. Stough.

#### In Time of Need

In the rush and the hurry of life,  
In the pain and the crash of the strife,  
O the comfort and cheer of a friend  
Who is ready with refuge to lend!

MAX HILL.

#### The Honor Roll

At the sound of heavy footsteps in the doorway the young teacher looked up from her papers and then rose hurriedly. The other members of the school board had been very pleasant, but she had an uncomfortable feeling that Mr. Josiah Colvin disapproved of her. Mr. Colvin accepted the seat she offered him, while his shrewd gray eyes watched her keenly.

"My grandson came home with a queer story yesterday, Miss Bennett," he began. "I couldn't exactly figure it out, so I thought I'd drop in and ask you about it. It was something or other about a new memorial day. As far as I could make out, you were setting up one of your own, independent of the government. Is that right?"

The young teacher's color was coming and going. Mr. Josiah Colvin ran things in the village pretty much his way, she had heard, and if he did not approve of a thing there was trouble.

But she faced him pluckily.

"That's pretty nearly right, Mr. Colvin. You see, we had been studying about the war, and when I asked something about Memorial Day I found that there were no old soldiers here, and the boys seemed to think nothing else counted. So then I told them about the other heroes—the women, and those too old or two young to go to war; the people who had to stay home for special reasons, and live for their country instead of dying for it. And I told them that there were heroes everywhere, if one only had eyes to see them; and then I proposed that they think it over, and tell me about the brave people they discovered, and we'd make our honor roll of them, and have a little ceremony—sing 'America' and salute the flag, you know."

The little teacher paused, her cheeks flushed and her eyes appealing. "Well?" Mr. Colvin prompted gruffly.

With sudden decision she opened a drawer in her desk and took a paper from it.

"Here's the list, Mr. Colvin. Two of the children named their mothers and two their fathers. One named old Mr. Stone, 'because he is blind, but he's always cheerful and has learned to make things without his eyes.' Another named Timothy Mann, because he went into Mr. Nelson's stable when it burned and brought out four horses. Here's one that says Mrs. O'Brien is brave, because when her husband was killed on the railway she took hold and supported her five children and never fussed about it. But you can see for yourself what they say."

Mr. Colvin read the list twice over.

"Well, young woman, I reckon we won't report you to the government," he said. "Any one who can make these youngsters see things like that is teaching something better than even arithmetic and writing. You just keep right on."

Then he went away; but the little teacher's eyes were shining.—*Youth's Companion*.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.—*Blair*.

EVERY lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but Omniscience can fathom.—*Reade*.



### The Ethiopian — and Ethiopia

IN the days of Christ and of the apostles, ancient Ethiopia was only one of several lands in Africa where a knowledge of the true God had penetrated. For centuries, colonies of Jews had been living in Egypt and in other parts of Northern Africa; and during the first century of the Christian era these were among the most ready of all the Jewish people to acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth as the promised Messiah.

Of this experience, and of the apostasy of later centuries, Mr. Iglehart writes in the *American Review of Reviews* for March, 1909:—

"When the people of North Africa heard of His beautiful life and of his death upon the cross, they worshiped him as divine, and founded some of the most magnificent churches that ever existed upon the face of the earth, having as able writers, as eloquent pulpit orators, and as consecrated men and women as the church has ever had in any age. . . .

"But men came with swords in their hands, and frightened some, and some with honeyed words that enticed others, and after centuries of fidelity they let their faith slip, and gave up Christ for Mohammed; and the light that should have illumined all of Africa went out, and the continent . . . sank down into the darkness of heathenism."

Yet spiritual darkness cannot always prevail. Before the coming of Jesus the whole earth is to be lightened with the glory of the everlasting gospel; and today this very process of enlightenment is taking place in the darkest of heathen strongholds. A people is being prepared, even in Africa, for the coming of the Lord of glory.

Marvelous and many are the changes that have come to Ethiopia—and to all the vast continent for which this name has become a synonym—since the titled traveler from that land was instructed and baptized by good Philip. And most marvelous of all are the changes wrought in Africa within the memory of some who during the brief span of a lifetime have seen this continent emerging from age-old darkness into light.

It was in 1768 that James Bruce, the Scotchman, reached Abyssinia; and when his "Travels" were published in London, in five large quarto volumes, in 1790, his stories of what he found in interior Africa were regarded as veritable travelers' tales, true though they were. During the busy century that followed, many intrepid explorers entered Africa and spent years of untiring labor in mapping hitherto unknown regions. Among these brave pioneers, Livingstone and Stanley rank among the foremost. Thus was the Dark Continent brought into the light, so that all men could see it.

The Africa of Livingstone's day has passed, never to return. It is said that when Stanley prophesied that within twenty-five years Victoria Nyanza would be joined with the Indian Ocean by a railway, many laughed at him as a visionary. Yet in 1902 just such a railway, traversing Uganda, was completed, connecting the northeastern corner of the lake with the ocean at Mombasa. The distance of 584 miles was covered by Stanley in eight months; travelers nowadays make the journey during the daylight hours of two days.

"Give us transportation, or this country is not worth a penny," is the cry rising in all parts of Africa, and it is meeting with a wonderful response. There is now continuous steam transportation, by rail or water, from the Nile Delta to Gondokoro, within 300 miles of the equator; and from Cape Town to Broken

Hill, 1,940 miles north, crossing the Zambesi at Victoria Falls, now a tourist resort, though not a dozen [white] men saw them for nearly fifty years after Livingstone told of their existence. The Kongo government is building railroads around every stretch of rapids that impede navigation in the Kongo, and in a few years it expects to have steam transportation on or along the river for 2,500 miles. The whistles of locomotives are heard daily in the capitals of Dahomey and Ashanti, once notorious as the scenes of wholesale human butchery. The railroad from Lagos will soon cross the Niger on its way through Northern Nigeria, the cotton region of greatest promise in Africa. These are only the larger enterprises now in construction; a score of others are on the way."—Cyrus C. Adams, in *Review of Reviews*, March, 1909.

Since these lines were written by Mr. Adams, the railways have been extended yet farther into the interior, until at the present time only a comparatively short distance remains to be covered in order to link the two systems extending northward and southward across the continent.

The late Wm. T. Stead, the British publicist, once jestingly remarked "that but for Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the so-called Cape-to-Cairo Railway would have got itself built by sections, and no one would ever have discovered that it was a Cape-to-Cairo line at all until the last gap had been bridged and through trains were actually running."—*New York Independent*, Oct. 3, 1907.

This is literally true. The opening of the lands of heathendom through the extension of trunk lines of railway, is advancing quietly, and seemingly with no purpose other than that of commercial expansion or of military strategy. Yet in this quiet development of Africa and other awakening continents in these closing years of earth's history, may be seen most clearly the hand of divine Providence. The way is preparing for the rapid spread of the gospel to every kindred and tongue and people in Dark Africa.

For Africa is yet dark, despite the flood of light thrown upon her hitherto unknown regions now accessible to all who care to enter. The veil still enshrouding Africa, is one of moral darkness.

"It is a darkness that may be 'felt,'" observed the late Dr. A. T. Pierson in the *Missionary Review of the World* for August, 1906. "In many places paganism here reaches its lowest depths. . . . Islam, though holding a smaller number in bonds, presents a graver problem than paganism."

Africa's only hope today is the hope that comes through acceptance of saving truth. The same glad tidings of a living Saviour that Philip proclaimed to the Ethiopian returning to his African home, are today bringing transformation of heart and life to many a seeker after truth in the interior of the Dark Continent. Herein alone lies hope for the future.

Away up beyond the Zambesi, along the borders of a small stream running into the Kafue, and mentioned favorably by Livingstone in his Journal full sixty years ago as a place where "a white man of good sense would be welcome and safe," is planted Pastor W. H. Anderson's mission station among the Batongas, —the first that has been established in answer to the Macedonian call given Christendom through Livingstone, for this district, more than half a century ago.

How changed the circumstances, since the intrepid missionary-explorer surveyed these lands ripe for the harvest! So marvelously has God prepared the way



that our veteran missionary, Elder Anderson, despite his effort to advance far into the interior, finds himself nevertheless but eight or nine miles from a railway siding station, Monze's, to which point large quantities of supplies from the Pemba Mission farm — eggs, oranges, lemons, and vegetables — are taken regularly to replenish the stores of the dining-car service maintained by a modern railway that has penetrated into that distant region! What hath God wrought!

Yet "that which has already been accomplished only urges us on; the few outstations that have been established are only a beginning of what must be done all over that great field," declared Pastor H. J. Edmed on the occasion of his visit to the General Conference of 1909, at Washington, D. C. "The conditions themselves constitute the strongest possible argument in favor of the extension of our work in that mission territory. Those who are already on the ground, are laboring to the utmost of their strength; their brethren in America, we are confident, will give them most hearty support.

"By and by, when the Lord Jesus comes in glory, yea, when he stands in the midst of his brethren, his church, and sings that lovely song spoken of in Heb. 2:12, we hope that thousands of these dark sons and daughters of Africa will be there to say 'Alleluia!'—and they will be there, if we support God's missions. We appeal to you: . . . lift up your prayers to God, that he may bless poor, benighted Africa!"

C. C. CRISLER.

#### For the Finding-Out Club

1. GIVE a brief sketch of the life of Charles G. Finney.
2. Who is heir to the Italian throne? Tell something about this young prince.
3. Who was "Carmen Sylva"?

#### Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of September 5

1. Psalm 117.
2. Ben-hadad, king of Syria. 2 Kings 8:7, 15.
3. Jair. 1 Chron. 2:22.
4. Nebuchadnezzar. Dan. 1:1.
5. Ahasuerus. Esther 8:10.
6. Abraham. Gen. 12:1, 2.
7. Saul, by falling on his sword. 2 Sam. 1:6.
8. Jonathan and Ahimaaz. 2 Sam. 17:17, 18.
9. Saul. 2 Sam. 1:25.
10. Obadiah. 1 Kings 18:4.
11. Moses. Deut. 34:7.
12. Job. Job 3:17.
13. Solomon. 1 Kings 10:22.
14. Ahab. 1 Kings 21:25.
15. Joseph through his sons. 1 Chron. 5:1, 2.
16. Abijah. 1 Kings 14:1, 13.
17. Nehemiah. Neh. 6:10-13.
18. Midianites. Judges 8:26.

#### Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of September 12

1. Abimelech. Judges 9:45.
2. John the Baptist. Mal. 4:5, 6.
3. Jehoshabeath; Joash. 2 Chron. 22:11.
4. Cave of Adullam. 1 Sam. 22:1.
5. Eliphaz. Job 4:15.
6. Nebuchadnezzar. Jer. 52:4, 11.
7. Zedekiah. Jer. 52:8.
8. Athaliah. 2 Chron. 22:10-12.

9. After the captivity. Neh. 8:17.
10. Deborah. Judges 4:4, 5.
11. Ehud. Judges 3:15.
12. Hezekiah. 2 Kings 20:5, 6.
13. Balaam. Num. 23:5-10.
14. Vophsi (Num. 13:14); Vashni (1 Chron. 6:28); Vashti (Esther 1:9).
15. Adoni-bezek. Judges 1:6, 7.
16. Esther.
17. Moses to Hobab. Num. 10:29.

#### Members of the Finding-Out Club

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Harold W. Clark	Lavina Burkhalter
Inez Mortenson <sup>3</sup>	Engracia Hansen
Mrs. Grace Hoover	Gussie Field-Colburn
Edwin Montgomery	Mrs. C. M. Babcock
Ruby E. Lea <sup>2</sup>	Thelma Aletha Pretz
Louise Quick	Mrs. W. T. Lewis
Almeda Laing	Hazel Brooks
Ity Ruth Thompson	John Newton
Alfred Shryock <sup>3</sup>	Harold N. Williams
Loretta Heacock	Clora H. Curtis
Ross A. Curtis	Mrs. Grace C. White
Mae C. Laing	Mrs. E. M. Glass
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Cora Felker	Lois A. Christian
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#### A Sunset on the Sea

I HAVE watched the moon at midnight  
Wander on her westward way,  
I have seen the liquid jewels  
Of old Ocean's sparkling spray;  
But the picture book of nature  
Hasn't one so dear to me  
As that of the golden sunset  
Sinking in the silver sea.

I have seen Niagara's waters  
Wrap the rainbow round his feet,  
I have looked up at the Rockies  
Where the earth and heavens meet;  
And yet these lost all their beauty,  
And seemed commonplace to me,  
When I saw the golden sunset  
Sinking in the silver sea.

O, this passing, perfect picture,  
Climax of a sunny day,  
Leaves a permanent impression  
That the years can't wipe away;  
For we catch a higher vision  
Of the wonder-world to be,  
As we watch the golden sunset  
Sinking in the silver sea.

—H. C. Carlisle, in *Golden Age*.

THE girl who excuses her mistakes and shortcomings by saying "I didn't think" is a selfish girl, and will grow more selfish as she grows older, unless she abandons the expression. It is her business to think. There's no excuse for not thinking, especially when failure to think brings trouble or inconvenience to others.



## Do Good Clothes Help?

**A** YOUNG man who sells hundreds of dollars' worth of our books each year, came into one of our offices before starting out to canvass near a large city. He presented a good appearance in general; but when one came close to him, it was very evident that he had breakfasted, dined, and supped, not once but many times, in the suit he wore; and that he had not followed the old-fashioned way of tucking his table napkin into his waistcoat for protection. The spots on his coat, waistcoat, and trousers made one fear lest his carelessness in dress would bring a reproach upon the cause of God even while he zealously sought to scatter seeds of truth.

This condition was unnecessary, for he had a trim little wife, and there were those near by who would for a few cents remove the offending ocular evidences of careless eating.

While untidiness is always inexcusable and detrimental, it is imperative that one bearing the gospel message to others should give no offense in such matters.

The following incidents related by Mr. Bruce in *Every Week* show the influence of dress even in the business world. He says that "in a Springfield, Massachusetts, dry-goods store two traveling salesmen were paying a morning call on the head of the firm. One had been with him for perhaps ten minutes, and was evidently having a hard time trying to book an order for the spools and other small goods he carried. The other salesman, a representative of a silk manufacturing company in Maine, sat composedly awaiting his turn, a dignified, well-groomed figure of a man.

"He had not long to wait. At his entrance the dry-goods merchant had looked up with a cordial smile of greeting and the remark:—

"'Glad to see you, Mr. Woods. I'll be ready for you in a moment.'

"He was as good as his word, despite the almost pathetic efforts of the first salesman to hold his attention.

"'No,' the merchant told him; 'I don't care to order anything this morning. I'm sorry; but I'm pretty well stocked up.'

"As the disappointed salesman left the store, the merchant gazed after his retreating form, and, as he gazed, frowned slightly. Then he turned to the man from Maine.

"'Do you know that fellow?' he inquired.

"'I can't exactly say that I know him. I've run across him on the road a few times.'

"'Well,' the merchant's frown deepened, 'he's not a bad sort. If only he'd wear decent clothes, keep them brushed, and change his linen oftener, I think he'd do some real business.'

"Here is an instance of the truth that a man's career is influenced for good or for evil by the kind of clothes he wears and the way he wears them. Nor is it only because others are prone to judge us from external appearances that the question of clothes is of great importance. Of even greater significance is the fact that clothes directly and indirectly affect the character of their wearer; so that a man can actually increase or decrease his mental and moral powers by the way he dresses.

"Some day—may it be in the not distant future—a new profession will be established, the profession of scientific repairer of damaged characters. This sci-

entific character builder will be sure to have a good deal to say on the subject of clothes to those who apply to him for advice. Suppose the unsuccessful salesman of our instance, realizing that something was wrong with him, sought the character builder's aid, this is about what he would be told:—

"'It will, of course, take time to find out exactly what you lack. We shall have to inquire into your heredity, early history, personal habits, general outlook on life, and the state of your physical health. But there is one thing I can tell you offhand. If you wish to make more of yourself, it will be wise for you to dress better than you now do.

"'You quite evidently, like a good many other men, are not overparticular as to the fit and general appearance of your clothes. Baggy trousers, and loose, ill-fitting, somewhat dusty coat suggest unmistakably that your habits of thought as well as your habits of dress are a trifle disorderly and slovenly. It is a safe wager that inaccuracy and inattention to detail are characteristic of you. This is fatal to business success. Make it a practice to give some thought to the details of your personal appearance, and you will gradually develop more orderly and efficient ways of thinking about the work you have to do.

"A young man from a Western State came to Harvard University as a postgraduate student. It was necessary for him to do outside work, and to be as economical as possible. As one means to this end he hit on the ingenious scheme of persuading a tailor to make him clothes at a nominal price, in consideration of his promising to recommend the tailor to fellow students.

"As may be imagined, the tailor saw to it that this clever young man was well dressed. The result was that, as far as externals went, the tailor worked a veritable transformation in him, changing him from an uncouth, awkward-looking youth to one of the best-dressed men at Harvard.

"This young man had been rather abrupt and self-centered in his manner. Now he became noticeably courteous and considerate of others. He made it his custom to use the choicest of language, whereas before he had been careless in this important respect. In other ways his personality expanded and grew more attractive. Students who before had not given him a moment's thought, began to cultivate his acquaintance. He was spoken of flatteringly by members of the faculty. And, before his first year at Harvard ended, he had been appointed to a secretaryship in one of the college departments.

"To be sure, clothes alone do not account for this young man's success. He must have had some striking personal qualities before he went to the accommodating tailor. But the point is that the clothes he wore, besides prepossessing other people in his favor, did play a decisive part in bringing out these qualities. As a shabbily dressed man he would not only have been less successful, he would have been handicapped in the important points of self-expression and self-realization.

"Even a single detail in one's clothing may have far-reaching developmental consequences, either by affecting the mind directly, or by affecting it through affecting the bodily condition. In New York City there used to be—perhaps there still is—a refuge main-

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### On a Bird's Nest

"BEHOLD a bird's nest.  
Mark it well within, without.  
No tool had he that wrought,  
No knife to cut,  
No nail to fix,  
No bodkin to insert:  
His little beak was all;  
And yet how neatly finished.  
What nice hand, with  
Every implement and  
Means of art, with  
Years and years of practice,  
Could compass such another?"

### The Nautical Almanac

By the year 1714 navigators had come to the place where they realized the value of having good time-keepers at sea. The need was for a timepiece that would not be affected by the jar of the ship or the weather changes. Consequently, large prizes were offered by the king of England for such an instrument; and immediately a large number of experts began work to secure the prizes offered by the perfection of such an instrument. Among such rivals were Flamsteed, Harrison, and Maskelyne.

In 1762 Harrison claimed the prize, but there seemed to be some dissatisfaction and he did not receive the full amount until 1773, after he had made trials with five different watches. John Arnold and Thomas Earnshaw are prominent as watch-makers. It was Arnold who introduced the name "chronometer."

The controversy did not end at this time, however; but the good work of improvement continued until the present state of chronometer perfection.

While chronometers were thus rapidly approaching their perfection, the steady progress of astronomy both by the multiplication and increased accuracy of observations, and by corresponding advances in the theory, had made it possible to construct greatly improved tables.

Kepler's "Rudolphine Tables" of 1627 and Street's tables of 1661, which had held their ground for almost a century, were rendered absolute by the observations of Hadley and his successor. At length in the second volume of the *Commentarii of the Academie of Göttingen*, Tobias Mayer printed his new "Solar and Lunar Tables." Mayer afterward constructed and submitted to the English government in 1755 improved manuscript tables. In 1761 Maskelyne was sent to St. Helena to observe the transit of Venus. On his voyage home he used Mayer's printed tables for lunar determination of the longitude, and from St. Helena he wrote a letter to the Royal Society, in which he described his observations made with Hadley's quadrant of twenty seconds' radius.

On his return to England, Maskelyne prepared the British Mariner's Guide, in which he undertakes to furnish complete and easy instructions for finding longitude at sea or on shore within a degree by observing the distance between the moon and sun. He then gave clear rules for finding the moon's position and distance by ten equations, too laborious for seamen to undertake. Admitting the requisite calculations for finding the moon's place to be difficult, he desired to see the moon's longitude and latitude computed for every twelve hours, and hence her distance from the sun and from a proper star on each side of her, carefully calculated for every six hours and published beforehand.

In 1766 Maskelyne organized the publication of the first Nautical Almanac. Mayer's tables with his manuscript improvements up to his death in 1762 were bought from his widow for £3,000; £300 was granted to the mathematician L. Euler, on whose theory of the moon Mayer's later tables were formed, and the first Nautical Almanac, that for 1767, was published in the previous year, 1766, at the cost and under the authority of the commissioners of Long.

In this almanac we find everything necessary to render it worthy of confidence and to satisfy every requirement at sea. The great achievement was that of giving the distance from the moon's center to the sun, when suitable, and to about seven fixed stars every three hours. The mariner has only to find the apparent time of the ship, and clear his own measured lunar distance from the effects of parallax and refraction, then by simple proportions find the time at Greenwich.

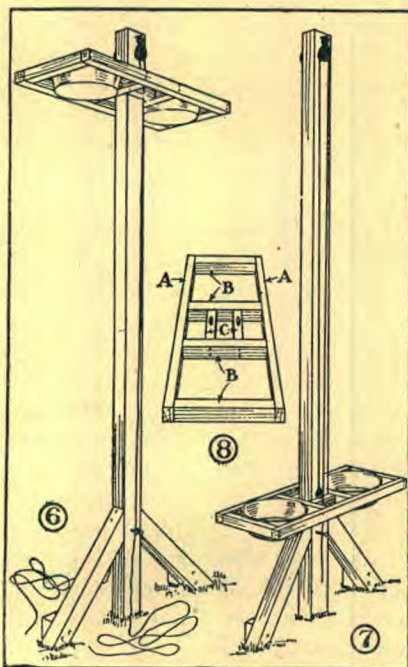
The calculations respecting the sun and moon were made from Mayer's last manuscript tables under the inspection of Maskelyne, and were so continued until 1804. The Original Nautical Almanac contained all the principal points of information which the seamen required, but the great value of such an authentic publication to the whole astronomical world led soon to a considerable addition to its contents. As much of this was unnecessary for the ordinary requirements of navigation, since 1903 it has been issued in two forms, the larger for observatory purposes, the smaller for the class for whom it was originally intended.

The plan of the Nautical Almanac was soon imitated by other nations. In France the *Academie Royale de Marine* had all the lunar distances. The tables were considered excellent, and national pride was satisfied by their having been formed on the plan proposed by Lacaille.

Though the Spaniards were leaders in navigation during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was not until Nov. 4, 1791, that their first Nautical Almanac was printed at Madrid, having been borrowing from the English and French.

The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac did not appear until 1849, being prepared by C. H. Davis of the United States Navy. This is printed

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BIRD BATHS

It is not sufficient to put up houses for birds. We must also provide water for their bathing and drinking, to make our yard and garden attractive to them. Small, shallow pans — individual bathtubs — are better than large, deep basins, because birds are timid bathers, and as a rule prefer tubs to themselves. And it is well to place these off the ground so the bathers will be undisturbed.





## Kathleen's Crown of Glory

**G**RANDMOTHER BATES was busily knitting out on the porch where the air was cool and where she could keep an interested eye on all that went on in the street below. Therefore she witnessed the parting between her granddaughter, Kathleen, and a group of her schoolmates, and heard Miriam Grant's laughing words as she hurried on to rejoin her friends.

"That carrotty poll of yours is too conspicuous, Kathie."

Kathleen Bates came slowly up the steps, tossed her schoolbag into a corner of the wide porch, and seated herself on the top step in gloomy silence, her elbows on her knees and her chin buried in her cupped hands, frowning on the world in general.

Looking up at length, she caught a vanishing twinkle in Grandmother Bates's understanding and kindly eyes. She edged nearer to the old lady and laid the "carrotty poll" on her knee. The soft old hands dropped their knitting and stroked the offending locks which were as undeniably red as nature could make them.

The dear old grandmother was visiting her only son for the first time in many years, and this young granddaughter was rapidly becoming a favorite and very dear to one who saw with shrewd but kindly eyes the flaws in a high-spirited but generous-hearted young girl's character, and who felt that this was a longed-for opportunity to give a word of counsel. Kathleen was daily becoming more and more interested in this grandmother who was so young in heart, in spite of her seventy-odd years, and who seemed so thoroughly to understand a girl's troubles, and was more and more disposed to confide in her.

"It is just dreadful, grandmother. I don't see why I had to have such furiously red hair. Everybody teases me about it, but today it was worse than ever. My mathematical exercises were not very good and I heard the principal read some of my mistakes to Miss Selkirk, and ask whose paper it was. Miss Selkirk said it was mine and when the principal asked her to point me out to her, she said I was the girl with fiery-red hair. She didn't know I heard her, but I did, and all the girls laughed. I did so want the principal to think well of me," continued the heartbroken voice; "you know she has not been long in the school, and really grandmother, she is the dearest thing; the girls all love her and I wanted her to think well of me, and now she will never think of me in any other way than as the girl with the fiery-red hair. I saw her looking at me half a dozen times this afternoon."

Grandmother did not laugh. Instead, she wondered how best to show Kathie that her point of view was distorted.

"I don't suppose the principal ever gave your hair a second thought," was the gentle answer; "unless it was to admire it."

There was an incredulous gasp at this astounding statement, but grandmother went on composedly. "I

am afraid the principal will regard you as the disappointing girl who had prepared so poor a paper for her inspection."

Kathleen flushed guiltily. "There was no excuse for me," was her frank acknowledgment; "it was my best subject and I should have had a perfect paper. I can remedy that easily enough, grandmother," she continued in a rueful tone, "but I can't remedy the color of my hair. I don't know why I have red hair—no person in the family has it but me."

Grandmother laughed heartily.

"I am afraid you got it direct from your grandmother. Your hair is exactly what mine was at your age, and many a bitter tear I shed over it, too."

The wrinkled hands smoothed the snowy white hair that crowned a peaceful and happy face.

"I was just like you, Kathie, I thought every person was thinking of my hideous hair, and how I hated to look in the glass! But I grew more sensible in time. I could hardly credit the fact, when I first heard that a famous painter always painted his beautiful women with red hair."

Kathleen was listening now with deep interest.

"Did you ever notice, when you enter a roomful of girls, how one red head stands out in sharp contrast to all the others, and how the others pale into insignificance beside it? As that girl said at the gate, a red head is always conspicuous. But did you never think how much more conspicuous it might be made than it is already?"

The young girl looked her bewilderment.

"Suppose," said grandmother, gently, "the principal had been able to say, 'This is a paper of most unusual excellence; whose work is this?' And the answer would have been, 'It is the work of Kathleen Bates, the girl with the red hair,' what then?"

A light of understanding dawned in the eager eyes watching her face so intently.

"I see what you mean, grandmother; my red head might have been to the principal a standard of excellence instead of a sign of conspicuous inferiority."

"That is my idea of the matter. I think when you saw the principal watching you she was evidently thinking that it was a pity so bright a young girl should do such slovenly work."

Her granddaughter did not resent the plain speaking. She was honest enough to admit that she had been careless and inattentive and was turning over in her own mind this new idea.

"You can work that out for yourself," resumed the old lady. "And then there is another thing, my dear. Because you have always been teased about your hair is no proof that red hair is not attractive. The truth is, red hair is rarely unattractive. It usually has lights and shades which can be brought out by careful attention. Forgive me, Kathie, but you don't take enough care of what the Lord has given you, or pay it enough attention."



"I did not think it worth while," said Kathleen flushing. "I thought it was so ugly that it did not matter."

"Well," said her grandmother softly, "I think it is beautiful. And it can be made very much more beautiful and a veritable crown of glory if you will keep it immaculate, brush it and brush it again, wear it in the most becoming fashion, and you will soon find your red head become a badge of distinction. Every girl should make herself as lovely as God intended her to be, and should make the most of her attractions. And remember, my dear, no beauty can compare with well-kept and carefully dressed hair. Try my beauty recipe, and see if the results are not worth while."

An energetic hug rewarded the old lady, but her heart rejoiced at the earnest words which followed shyly.

"But I like best of all what you say about my red head appearing as the outward and visible sign of a well-ordered interior. I don't believe it would hurt a bit if I should hear the principal say the girl with the red head was doing good work. That idea would work out with everything, wouldn't it, grandmother?" she continued, her alert mind rapidly seizing the possibilities revealed.

"It surely would, little girl, and is worth thinking about, isn't it?"

"Yes, and worth doing something about, too. Grandmother, if I should work hard and succeed in carrying off the mathematical prize, wouldn't it please daddy though, and wouldn't my head glow like a beacon light when I walked up to receive it? I really believe it is going to glow, even if it sets the school on fire."

And the laughter which followed was so heart-whole and merry that the other members of the family came out on the porch to learn the cause.

But Kathleen and Grandmother Bates kept their own counsel.—*Florence M. Kelly, in the Girls' Companion.*

### Theory and Practice

A GROUP of boys, gathered in a corner of the library, were discussing the talk the principal of the school had given that morning in chapel.

"He exaggerates," said one. "Why are little things so important?"

"That is what I say," said another. "He would take all the fun out of life by such strictness. I can't see any harm in lots of things he would call wrong."

"And even if they are 'wrong'! It can't be so terrible to do once in a while a little thing that isn't perfectly right."

"I'm afraid the old fellow is a good deal of a foggy. He thinks we're living in the time of Moses and the ten commandments."

There was a laugh at this, and the boys separated. The next day the principal called them all into his study. "Unintentionally I overheard your talk yesterday," he said. "I was in the alcove back of the reference shelves and could not help hearing all you said. Perhaps you are right. Perhaps I exaggerated the seriousness of a wrong action and its results. If I'm wrong about it, I'm ready to be convinced."

"Now, Judge Holt was in here this morning to see me on a matter of business. When he went out, he left his pocketbook on my desk. He laid it down here when he took out some papers and forgot to put it back. He is a curiously absent-minded man, and the chances are he will never remember where he left it.

"I have looked into the book and I find it contains a hundred dollars in new bills. Now the judge is rich, and he doesn't need the money. You boys take fifty dollars and I will take the other fifty. You can have a good time with your share, and I can pay one or two little bills I owe, and no one will be the wiser."

The principal took out the money calmly, counted out fifty dollars, and held the bills out to one of the boys; but the boy started back in terror.

"But that is stealing!" he cried.

"Surely it is, but no one will ever find it out, and the judge will never miss the money. Where is the harm? Besides, it is old-fogyish to be too particular about an occasional piece of wrong-doing."

The boy looked at the principal a moment and exchanged glances with his friends. Then he said gravely:—

"We have had our lesson, sir. We shall never forget it."

"I thought so. Theory is one thing, and practice, you see, is quite another," said the principal as he put the bills back into the pocketbook. "And the ten commandments are a pretty good chart to sail by even today."—*Youth's Companion.*

### The Seventh Biscuit

I KNEW a boy who was a sophomore in college. He had been away from home just long enough to realize that the little house he came from was not very pretentious. And he began to be ashamed of the home where his mother sat, in a neat print frock, darning stockings; and where his father, dressed in blue overalls, fussed over the kitchen garden.

This boy made friends with a rich student who belonged to the same fraternity. Then, suddenly, at the beginning of the Easter holidays, the rich student walked into the boy's room, and said: "Say, Dick, the mater's giving a big party this week—and I'm tired of big parties. Can't I go home with you?"

The boy, groaning inwardly, said as cheerfully as he could: "Why, certainly, old man, I'd be glad to have you."

So Dick came home with his rich friend. The father, in overalls, met them at the station with a buggy. The rich friend drove home sitting on a soap box, for the buggy was small. He laughed and said it was fun, but the boy was strangely silent. The mother, in her freshest print dress, met them at the gate and kissed them both. "For," she said, "I know I'll love any of my son's friends!"

The rich man's son thought of his coldly formal home, and he kissed her while he winked, just a bit, because there was something in his eyes that bothered him. But Dick dragged him away worriedly, and led him to the guest chamber.

Then they had supper in the cool dining-room, and there was homemade strawberry jam to eat, and hot biscuits. As the rich student was eating his seventh biscuit he turned suddenly to the boy. "You're lucky, Dick," he said gruffly. "You don't know how lucky you are!" And then Dick understood. And he wasn't ashamed of his home any more.—*Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.*

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige many that are not so.—*Seneca.*





### Our Words

(Texts for October 15 to 21)

THE Lord has given us no greater blessing than the power of speech, and should we not very often stop to consider what use we are making of it? Do we realize as we should how much depends upon the right or wrong use of the tongue? With Christ, the true Word, dwelling in the heart, only true, pure, helpful words will be spoken. But he who has not Christ in the heart will often indulge in evil speaking, slang phrases, criticism, and all manner of frivolous, cheap talk, which will not only drag himself down, but will have an evil influence upon those with whom he associates.

What was God's purpose in bestowing upon us this great blessing of speech? Surely he intended us to use it to glorify him and to speak words of hope and cheer and comfort to those around us. There are not enough words in the world to express the goodness of the Lord to us, his long-suffering and tender mercy toward the children of men, and why should we waste words in light, trifling talk, evil speaking, and criticism of others who are sorely tempted just as we are, and who need our prayers? Rather, should we not spend our words in encouraging and helping one another along the Christian way?

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." We cannot speak the words we should until our hearts are right. The fountain must be clear from all rubbish at the source before pure, clean water can flow from it. Only Christ can purify the source of the stream of our words. James says that "if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." What an incentive to strive for the mastery over our tongues!

There is a world of instruction in these words of Solomon: "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles." I am sure, dear friends, that many of us have wounded our closest friends as well as brought suffering upon ourselves, because in an unguarded moment, we uttered words which we would give all we possess to recall. O, let us keep up the bars, that Satan may not have an opportunity to carry out his evil purpose through us in this way. Shall we not "think twice," at the same time asking aid from Heaven to gain the victory? We shall surely win if we do this every time the temptation comes. And remember, "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."

Again, when we are tempted to speak *idle* words, let us consider that God's Word says: "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

Time will not wait for us, it is hurrying swiftly by; and while we are wasting words, there are souls all about us, unwarned of the soon coming of Christ, as well as those who are in special need of the help and encouragement we might give them in living the Chris-

tian life. Our words to such may be a "savor of life unto life."

"Take time to speak a loving word  
Where loving words are seldom heard;  
And it will linger in thy mind,  
And gather others of its kind,  
Till loving words will echo where  
Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare;  
And somewhere on thy heavenward track  
Their music will come echoing back."

"Few estimate the power of kindly words and deeds; and yet what mortal being has not felt their benefit and sweetness? Many a weary lot has been cheered and brightened by their gentle sunshine. What music there is in a kind expression of sympathy! what radiance in a gentle smile! And how little do these heaven-entailed duties of life cost the giver, and how much do they confer on the receiver!"

Let us pray daily that the words of our mouth may be acceptable to the Lord, and that we may use the blessing of speech according to God's purpose.

**MEDITATION.**—Heavenly Father, from henceforth may my daily record in heaven contain no false, idle, unkind, ungrateful, impure, or angry words. Make me to be a person of clean lips. And may no day pass without the record of pure, true, kind, thankful, helpful, and loving words. Help me to appreciate more and more the privilege of winning souls to thee through the power of speech which thou hast given to me, and forbid that I should speak one word which might keep a soul from gaining eternal life.

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—As a result of the camp meetings and various tent efforts conducted during the past summer, many young people have decided to follow their Master. While some will have encouragement and help from friends and kindred, others will be compelled to stand alone and face discouraging circumstances. Let us earnestly ask God to give strength and courage to such ones, and pray especially this week that all our dear young friends who have recently consecrated themselves to the Lord may remain true to him.

MYRTLE L. JUDD.

I KNOW not where God's islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air.  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

—Whittier.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending October 21

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 October.

### The Bible Year

#### Assignment for October 15 to 21

October 15: 1 Corinthians 5 to 8.  
October 16: 1 Corinthians 9 to 12.  
October 17: 1 Corinthians 13 to 16.  
October 18: 2 Corinthians 1 to 3.  
October 19: 2 Corinthians 4 to 7.  
October 20: 2 Corinthians 8 to 10.  
October 21: 2 Corinthians 11 to 13.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for October 12.





### III — The Conversion of Saul

(October 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 9:1-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Acts 9:6.

#### Questions

1. In what connection is Saul first mentioned? Acts 7:58; 8:1, 3.
2. What did Saul's zeal lead him to do after the death of Stephen? To whom did he go for authority to persecute? To what city did he wish to travel? Acts 9:1, 2, first part.
3. What did Saul plan to do with those who believed in Jesus? Verse 2, last part.
4. Relate what he himself says of this experience. Acts 26:10, 11.
5. Why was he so zealous in persecution? Verse 9. Note 1.
6. Describe Saul's experience as he neared Damascus. Acts 9:3. Note 2.
7. How was he affected by the light? What did he hear? Verse 4. Note 3.
8. What question did Saul ask? Who answered him? What did Jesus say? Verse 5. Note 4.
9. What was Saul's next question? What reply was given? Verse 6.
10. How were the men with Saul affected by the voice? Verse 7.
11. What was Saul's further experience? Verses 8, 9.
12. Name a disciple who lived in Damascus. What was revealed to him in a vision? How was he to know Saul was converted? Verses 10-12. Note 5.
13. What objection did Ananias make? Verses 13, 14.
14. What did the Lord say further of Saul? Verse 15.
15. What did the Lord purpose to show him? Verse 16.
16. What did Ananias then do? How did he address the blind persecutor? Who did he say had sent him? Verse 17.
17. What immediately took place? How did Saul show that he was converted? Verse 18.
18. What is further said of Saul? Verse 19.
19. What work did he immediately begin? Verse 20. Note 6.
20. How did his preaching affect those who heard him? What did they say? Verse 21.
21. With what power did he labor? Verse 22.

#### Questions for Diligent Students

1. What effect does persecution have on real Christians?
2. Why was Saul made blind?
3. How many times is the story of Paul's conversion told in the Acts?
4. What did Saul's conversion mean to him? What does conversion mean to us?

#### Notes

1. Paul declared of himself (Acts 23:1), "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day." He truly believed he ought to blot out the believers in Jesus. He was as honest, sincere, and zealous in putting them to death as he afterward was in winning converts to Jesus. For this reason the Lord showed him his great mistake.

"Saul had taken a prominent part in the trial and conviction of Stephen, and the striking evidences of God's presence with the martyr had led Saul to doubt the righteousness of the cause he had espoused against the followers of Jesus. His mind was deeply stirred. In his perplexity he appealed to those in whose wisdom and judgment he had full confidence. The arguments of the priests and rulers finally convinced him that Stephen was a blasphemer, that the Christ whom the martyred disciple had preached was an impostor, and that those ministering in holy office must be right."—*"The Acts of the Apostles,"* p. 112.

2. Paul was probably journeying on an ass or a mule, and his followers were probably some mounted and some on foot, as caravans travel now. It was about noon that Jesus met him in the way, and the Eastern noon is exceedingly bright; yet there fell about Saul a light from heaven brighter than the sun.

3. "Filled with fear, and almost blinded by the intensity of the light, the companions of Saul heard a voice, but saw no man. But Saul understood the words that were

spoken; and to him was clearly revealed the One who spoke, — even the Son of God. In the glorious being who stood before him, he saw the Crucified One. Upon the soul of the stricken Jew the image of the Saviour's countenance was imprinted forever."—*Id.*, p. 115.

4. "To kick against the pricks," is an expression borrowed from a Greek proverb expressing the picture of oxen vainly struggling against the pricks of the goads with which they were driven. "The goads in Saul's case were the urgings of an awakened conscience, the influences of the Holy Spirit, the power of the truth that was sure to prevail, and the irresistible movings of God's providence."

5. "He prayeth." "This announcement, so strange to Ananias, was an argument of his safety, if he should go. The fierce persecutor offering sincere and earnest prayers! Something must have changed him, for true prayer and persecution do not go together."

6. Paul used the power the Spirit gave him in the very places where he had intended to oppose Christ; and before the very persons who had been his allies. This is a lesson to all young believers. Be bold to bear witness before your friends and associates.

#### Do Good Clothes Help?

(Concluded from page ten)

tained by philanthropists for the redemption of tramps, drunkards, and other human derelicts. Religious influences were brought to bear on these; but also the attempt was made to give them moral stamina by exceedingly practical measures. Among these measures was the hiring of a cobbler to put good heels on the shoes of the unfortunates who came to the institution.

"The theory was that if their heels were mended they would stand straighter physically than they had done before, and that with the improvement in posture brought about by this simple device there would be a gain in moral strength. The actual results vindicated this theory. The men whose heels were repaired showed greater readiness to respond to good advice. They found it easier to assert their will-power. They were, that is to say, much more like real men than they had been when they first shuffled through the doors of the refuge.

"Are the heels of your own shoes worn down, my reader? Have them mended. Do you let dust accumulate on shoes, trousers, coat? It is a success-hindering habit. Are you careless about the state of your linen? Become careful. And how about your suits of clothes? Are they of good fabric, of good cut, and neatly pressed? See to it that they are. For of a surety it will pay you to be well dressed.

"And by well dressed I mean, of course, dressed in good taste. Freakish and 'loud' clothing is almost as disastrous to a man as shabby clothing.

"That man is really well dressed who is so dressed that, after he has left you, it will be difficult for you to recall just what his clothes looked like."

#### The Nautical Almanac

(Concluded from page eleven)

three years in advance to accommodate seamen starting on long voyages.

The character of matter contained in these issues and their arrangements are the same each year as the preceding year.

The Nautical Almanac is issued yearly by the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C.

J. H. STURGESS.

"NOTHING great is lightly won;  
Nothing won is lost;  
Every good deed nobly done  
Will repay the cost."



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Brown's Vacation

"I've had a vacation," said Timothy Brown;  
 "A fine one, although I have not left the town.  
 I merely vacated my worries and fears,  
 And at once became younger by fairly five years.  
 I vacated my ruts, and began to enjoy  
 My regular, humdrum, but useful employ.  
 I changed my whole outlook and vision of life,  
 And made it a pastime instead of a strife.  
 I've had a vacation, not vacant, a bore,  
 But fuller and freer than ever before;  
 The best of vacations for fat purse or lean,—  
 A change of the seeing instead of the scene."

—Æsop Jones.

## Why She Thanked God

"Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my weaknesses, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Perhaps the loftiest attitude to take up in the presence of some crushing sorrow is to dare to thank God for it. A lady of my acquaintance, on hearing from her doctor that her children were sickening for scarlet fever, before taking the necessary precautions went direct to her room, and kneeling before God said: "I thank thee, Father, for allowing this to come, because thou couldst not have allowed so great a trouble, except for its vast revenue of gain to us all." And it was so, because through that illness salvation came to that house.—*Sunday School Times.*

## Widows are Organized

LED by Mrs. Bessie C. Turpin, of Omaha, Nebraska, widows have founded a union. The purpose is to prepare for the avalanche of widows that will sweep down upon this country at the end of the European war, and to better those widows in countless numbers who are already with us.

"All classes in the world except widows are organized," says Mrs. Turpin. "Yet there is no class more in need of the help that comes through this coöperation."

"Most widows are mothers, and when these women are suddenly thrown upon the world to support themselves and their children, they find almost unsurmountable obstacles."

"We are organizing to help them solve these problems."

The Society of American Widows is no joke. It has a real program, and Mrs. Turpin has taken up the work seriously.

Here are some of the things the widows' society plans to do:—

Obtain from merchants a ten-per-cent discount on all purchases.

Establish a sewing department, an employment bureau, reading, rest, and lunch rooms, and a day nursery in the business districts of all large cities.

Build profit-sharing apartment houses, including gymnasium, music and assembly rooms, to be occupied by widows and their families at low rentals.

Publish a monthly magazine to deal with widows' problems and arouse interest in the movement in every city.—*Every Week.*

## The Intellectual(?) Dance

RIDING on a railroad train recently for some hours with a professor of a Western normal school, I learned that there had been in the institution sixty social functions in the last year, more than one a week, and that every one of them had been mainly a dance, other exercises being a brief preliminary quickly set aside for that which both the young men and the young women expected as the chief feature of the evening.

This dance mania may be a little weaker or stronger than in other institutions of learning, colleges, high schools, and seminaries; but it is distinctly representative of the present era, when even our educational institutions make the feet rather than the head the center of their entertainments. It would seem that in any institution of as high a grade as a high school there ought to be enough brain culture, love of art and music and good literature, and capacity for conversation to center the entertainment around something intellectual. For instance, a tour of the world in books, now that we can make the tour in no other way, has been made a delightful center of social fellowship; and a very timely course of reading might be developed around the great founders of nations, now that all nations of the world are drawn into the daily news by the events of war.

Returning to the case of the normal school, the professor expressed his disgust that in these dances there were not even short episodes of conversation. The young men, being in one end of the room and the young women in the other, at the call of each new dance went forward and chose their partners, went through the evolutions of the dance, and they immediately separated and retired to their corners again. It was in such a gathering as this that one lady said to another in a pause between the dances, "Your partner has such beautiful shoes." "Yes," said the other; "unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."—*Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, in Christian Endeavor World.*

## When God Cannot Answer Prayer

PRAYER is powerless where there is insincerity.

Prayer is powerless as a substitute for action.

Prayer is powerless where the desire and motive are carnal.

Prayer is powerless to change God's decrees.

Prayer is powerless where the divine will is set aside.

Prayer is powerless in the presence of unbelief.

Prayer is powerless to avert necessary chastisement.

Prayer is powerless to recall lost opportunity.—*W. Graham Scroggie.*

MORE helpful than all wisdom is one draft of simple human pity that will not forsake us.—*George Eliot.*