

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Pictures of wild animals in their native haunts are occupying a great deal of the place that the animal circuses used to have in the interest of American youth. The man in the photograph has been attacked time after time by ferocious lions, leopards, tigers, and other jungle beasts, yet he enters the arena with them day after day to go about his work of training them. His right arm has been chewed off, he carries countless scars upon his body, yet he bears no malice toward the animals which have injured him, for he realizes that in their limited intelligence, the wild animals do not always understand that his intentions toward them are perfectly friendly. Captain Bonavita is the man, and he is trainer of the wild animals of the famous Bostock collection appearing in Horsley films. The lion with him here played a prominent part in the series of pictures dealing with the adventures of Stanley in Africa, as well as many other pictures, the scenes of which were laid in the remote places of the Dark Continent. (Word has just come that Captain Bonavita died on March 19, from wounds inflicted by the attacks of a polar bear.)

FROM HERE AND THERE

The Greek legation at Washington reports that, as a result of the now double "blockade" of Greece by the Allies and the Teutons, no supplies at all are reaching that kingdom, famine prevails throughout Greece, and numerous deaths from actual starvation have already occurred.

Canada has raised 434,539 men for service overseas. This is 120,000 more than Great Britain asked for, and not far from the 500,000 troops which Canada has pledged herself to dedicate to the cause of justice, freedom, and the empire. Half a million men means that one sixteenth of Canada's total population has volunteered.

The Turkish prime minister, in his first speech to the Turkish Parliament on February 18, declared that Turkey would not surrender Constantinople as long as there was a single Ottoman left, and that she would prosecute the war until she had compelled her enemies to recognize her right to existence. After this the parliament unanimously passed a vote of confidence in the government.

Czar Nicholas of Russia has abdicated his throne for himself and his son, Alexis, in favor of the czar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. The czar's brother, it is claimed, will accept the imperial office on condition that the people of Russia so desire. There is considerable opposition to a continuance of the monarchy. Upon the Duma rests the responsibility of the future government, as does the responsibility of the almost bloodless revolution.

Ignace Paderewski, in telling of the condition of Poland, so sorely stricken by the war, has put into a single sentence a whole tragedy chapter. "Not even the children are left," he writes. "All the little ones under seven years of age are gone!" This remorseless war has swept off these tender victims through exposure and starvation. Can there be a sadder picture than this? What has already taken place in hapless Poland is now going on in even a larger degree in Syria, Armenia, and Persia. Great multitudes of refugees, driven from their homes in the villages where they were born, are destitute and starving. Only a few days ago we received news of whole communities in western Persia that are gradually being wiped out by hunger and disease.

Mrs. Harriet Smith, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, last fall completed her teacher's training course and received her advanced diploma from the International Sunday School Association of North America. She is almost eighty-three years of age, was born a slave, and could neither read nor write when she was freed at the age of thirty-three. Through the Sunday school she then obtained a copy of the New Testament, and with that and a primer she learned to read. For almost thirty years she has been superintendent of the African Baptist Sunday school in Mount Pleasant. Some years ago in a county Sunday school convention she saw a class of graduates receive their diplomas, and she set to work immediately to win one for herself. After several years of the most faithful study, and with the assistance of the County Sunday School Association secretary, she passed all her examinations successfully, receiving her diploma with an average of ninety per cent.

With the exception of the war with Great Britain in 1812, every big war in which the United States has been involved started during the month of April. The war of the Revolution began April 19, 1775, at Concord and Lexington. The war with Mexico was declared April 24, 1846. The Black Hawk War, the greatest conflict with Indian forces, began April 21, 1831. The Civil War began with an attack on Fort Sumter April 12, 1861. War on Spain was declared April 21, 1898.

There are reported to be 700,000 African natives in the French army. They come from Algeria, Morocco, Dahomey, the French Congo, and other African colonies of France, and are to a large part semisavages, but always give a good account of themselves when they go into battle. As a rule they have no fear of death, and they willingly bear all privations and face the greatest dangers without flinching.

Count Zeppelin, the inventor of the Zeppelin airship, was buried March 12, at Stuttgart. Emperor William attended the service. Ten aeroplanes and two of the big gas bags which have made the inventor's name famous throughout the world, flew over the church at the time of the funeral, and at a prearranged signal, dropped mourning wreaths into the little churchyard, and then flew away.

The healthiest city in the United States, if the figures can be trusted, is Seattle, Washington, where the latest mortality rate available is eight per thousand; the next is its neighbor, Spokane, with the slightest percentage under.

Republic Near Starvation

OFFICIAL dispatches from Liberia indicate that the people of the Negro republic are nearing starvation, as the trade of the republic, which was conducted by German residents, has been cut off. In 1821 the American Colonization Society bought land in West Africa and settled on it a small body of freed African slaves. In 1847 the settlement was organized into the independent republic of Liberia. The republic now has a population of 2,500,000, of whom 18,000 are liberated American slaves or their descendants, 30,000 semicivilized natives, and over 2,000,000 savages. The products of the country are coffee, sugar, rice, the date palm, the coconut, spices, rubber, etc. Their exports were never very large, but enough to support them; now that they are cut off, they fear starvation. Agents of the Liberian government are now in this country asking for officers to command an army against the invasion of neighboring savage tribes, and a competent man to superintend the construction of highways.—*Christian Herald*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 10, 1917

No. 15

Glimpses in Japan

(Extracts from a personal letter from Mrs. A. G. Daniells)

WE have been in Japan nearly ten days, and shall be leaving soon for Korea. All this time we have been very busy with meetings, as the annual general meeting for this field has been in progress at our mission here in Tokio.

We left Shanghai at noon, and were several hours sailing down the river and out into the open sea. Toward night I was lying down in our cabin, when the engines of the ship stopped, and after a time started with a jerk. I wondered what had befallen the ship, so I called the cabin boy, who answered that they were letting the pilot off. This surprised me, as I had supposed we had long been out of the river.

Our ship was a small, poor one, and if the water had been rough, we should have had an unpleasant time of it; but the weather was charming the two days we were crossing, and we got along all right. Friends who came later reported a rough voyage. After two days we were in Japan's beautiful Inland Sea, and that is always interesting. We are always glad when we reach the calm waters of this sea. We are told that it can get very rough, but we have never found it so, and this is the sixth time we have sailed through it.

Sunday morning we reached Kobe, and were met by Brethren De Vinney and Hoffman. There were nine of our people on the boat, including Brother Campbell and his family from Africa. We all went up to Elder Hoffman's home, and there we met Brother and Sister Anderson and Brother and Sister Webber, who were on their way to the general meeting. That made quite a company of us, and as Sister Hoffman was not well enough to get dinner for so many, we all went to a Japanese restaurant, and had a *gyunabe* dinner. When we reached the porch of the restaurant, we had to take off our shoes, and those of us who had not brought slippers walked in our stocking feet; but we did not mind that, as the floor was covered with padded white matting. The tables were about a foot high, and we were given cushions to sit on. This was all right for small people, but was rather awkward for the "six-footers" of our company. They tried to sit on their feet, but kept turning and twisting, which is considered very bad manners in Japan.

After waiting what seemed to us a long time, the waiter came in with little charcoal stoves containing burning coals. She put a stove in the middle of each of the four tables. Then she brought platters of different kinds of raw food, all cut into small pieces. I do not know the names of all the kinds, but there were onions, bean curd, gluten balls, radishes, and eggs. She put an iron frying pan on the coals, and turned a cupful of *shoyu* into it. This is a kind of sauce made from beans. When this was boiling hot, she put in different pieces of food, until some of each kind was in the pan, and then left us to ourselves and our chopsticks. We had bowls of well-cooked hot rice, and when the food had cooked a little while, we poked out some of it onto our rice, and tried to eat

with the chopsticks. Those who had been in Japan a long time managed about as well as the native, but the rest of us made sorry work of it, and we had great fun laughing at the awkward efforts of the beginners. As we took the food out of the boiling *shoyu*, we kept adding more of the uncooked food, and that was difficult with only chopsticks for spoons.

Those of us who had eaten a *gyunabe* dinner before knew that a treat was in store for us, but some of our party who had never seen anything of the kind before, looked at that boiling mess with doubtful eyes. However, when they came to eat of it, they acknowledged that it was all we had recommended it to be. In China this *shoyu* is called "*janyu*." Friends who live here tell us that if we saw it made, we should not want to eat it any more; but I do not intend to investigate the matter, as I am fond of it, and it seems entirely wholesome.

From Kobe we took the train to Nagoya, a small city about six hours' ride on the train from Kobe. As we have a company of native Sabbath keepers there, we remained overnight, and held a meeting with them. We took lodgings at a hotel, because the Japanese sleep on mats on the floor, and we were afraid of taking cold if we slept that way, as it is now winter here. Before we went to bed, the chambermaid came in and asked us, in what she called English, if we wanted her to bring us something in the morning. I could not make out what she meant; she kept saying it over different ways, and finally I understood that she wanted to know if she should bring us tea or coffee in the morning. I told her to bring us only *nomi oyu*, which is hot water, or rather hot drinking water. I tried to tell her to bring *much* of it; but although we both thought we could speak English, neither of us could understand what the other said! I said "much" and "plenty," but when she brought it in the morning, it was only a little cupful. I turned it out and handed the pitcher to her again, saying, "*Nomi oyu*." She laughed a funny laugh, and said, "You like *muchy oyu*." I saw then that if I had said "*muchy*" instead of *much*, she would have understood. As I had been in Japan only two days this time, and had forgotten all I learned when we were here before, my vocabulary was not very large. I could say "*nomi mizu*," which means "cold drinking water;" "*agrigato*," for "thank you;" "*sayonara*," for "good night;" and "*Hajimete ome ni ka ka ri mashiti*," which being interpreted means, "For the first time on your honorable eyes I am hanged," and is the polite way of saying, "I am happy to meet you."

The next morning we went to see a palace in this city. It is not used except when the emperor is traveling and stops here overnight, as he never travels after dark. It is a wonderful place, many stories high, and surrounded by a very high solid stone wall and ditch, which made us think of the wall and moat around the city of Babylon. This was built three hundred years ago, as a place for the emperor and people to flee to in times of war. There was no furniture in these

many rooms. In a one-story part the emperor has his private apartments, and the guards would not allow any one to go into these. However, they did take us through several very interesting unoccupied rooms in this part. On the walls were wonderful lifelike paintings of animals and birds. One tiger seemed to turn around and face us whichever way we went.

As we walked over the floor, the boards emitted a sound like the singing of birds. We would call it squeaky floors; but the squeak was like bird music. They told us that where the boards had given out, and had been replaced, the modern carpenters could not make them "sing." It was a lost art.

In the large cities of Japan, the people are accustomed to seeing foreigners, and they do not attract much attention; but in this smaller city we were a curiosity to the people, especially the four tall men of our party. As we went along the streets, the Japanese would look up at these men with great interest, and Brother Hoffman, who understands Japanese, said they made amusing remarks about them. One time he was in a railway station, and two men who came in began to remark about his height. They did not suppose he could understand them. One of them said that they had two hundred such men in prison down where he lived. He meant Germans.

Brother Fulton said that one time he was in a public place in Fiji, when two young girls began to talk about him. They spoke of how tall he was, what large feet he had, and one of them said his fingers looked like bananas. He told them in their own language that they were quite right; and when they saw he had understood them, they ran away as fast as possible.

At noon we had another *gyunabe* dinner. The waitress asked Brother Hoffman how long he had been in Japan, and wondered how it was that I could ask for hot water in their own language so soon. She also asked him if Mr. Daniells was his father, and how old we both were. When told, she said we did not look that old. Just imagine a strange waitress asking the people such questions as that in America! But they are really very polite and careful of what they say, only their standard of politeness is different from ours.

This afternoon I was out in the yard when a Japanese man came along, and asked me, "What time?" and then he stopped as if he had said all he intended to. I looked at my watch, and told him, and then he asked me what time I could meet a young woman who had made me some flowers. I told him to bring her to our room, and to my surprise she brought me a basket of beautiful artificial flowers which she had made. I never saw finer in America, and I hope I can get them home without spoiling them. The Japanese are very skilful in making artistic things.

Neither Mr. Daniells nor I have been at all seasick; and all the missionaries took such good care of us that we are getting along well notwithstanding the cold weather.

Dionysius' Ear

DIONYSIUS, tyrant of Syracuse, was one ruler who seemed to be able to thwart plots and conspiracies before they were fully developed. The facility with which death plots and cruel dissenters were dispatched, forced his most bitter enemies to fear him — and hate him more. With the most possible secrecy being used,

it seemed as if the keen eye of the monarch would pierce through even the thoughts of men, and the plot soon would be laid bare.

The apparent ease with which Dionysius ferreted out crime will be readily understood when one learns that the relentless ruler had three ears. The third organ was a cave, somewhat in the shape of a human ear. The idea was conceived by a great architect, maybe a "policy man," and hundreds of workmen excavated it, two hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet high. Finished, it was a whispering gallery, and so scientifically arranged that the slightest sound could be heard in the central chamber. Satisfied, Dionysius, to make sure his secret would never be betrayed, had the architect and all the workmen put to death.

And now the secret! Persons strongly suspected, or even barely questionable, were confined to this supposed prison and chained to a spot where their voices could be heard the best. Thinking they were alone, they would talk of their plans, little knowing that in the central chamber the monarch was intently listening to every word. Thus the most skilful plotters were brought to their doom, not knowing how their secrets were found out.

This "ear" enabled Dionysius to rule for thirty-nine years. The secret of the cave was not discovered until many years after his death, B. C. 367. Although somewhat affected by time, this wonderful work of art is still a scientific wonder.

But Dionysius' ear is a mere pinhole compared to another; one that hears not only the faintest whisper, but discerns the very thoughts and motives of men; one that is able to hear and discern the cautious whispers not only of a few suspected persons, but the hisses of hate, the inlaid "slams," the hidden sarcasm, the hypocritical professions, the blusterings of deceit, and the lusts and impure motives of the whole world. No one is excluded, or so favorably situated by "pull" from higher powers that he is able to escape the fold of this great, ever-listening ear. No family tie or gold-coated influence is able to exempt one from being investigated by the Almighty Ruler and Creator of the universe, who sits in the central chamber.

The north pole may be sought for safety, but if sin blackens a heart, if evil is spoken or whispered, it is heard, even from the north pole. Perhaps the vast desert may be the rendezvous; but its maddening stillness and burning sun are no protection, if sin is spoken or planned. "The earth is the Lord's," and when man plans against God, figuratively he is chained in Dionysius' ear, where every sound goes to the central chamber.

But "God is love." He chains no man, neither does he wait behind a wall to hear secrets. Every man is accorded the privilege of performing his deeds openly or secretly, of taking God into his confidence or of leaving him out; every man, to a certain extent, receives help from heaven as long as he encourages celestial aid; every man is equally treated by God. "Unjust" always has been and always will be an unlettered, biased, and disparaging cognomen for God. Knowing all, God forgives. Could we, under similar circumstances? — No; then do not deny that "God is love."

The secret, literally: God hears, sees, discerns, and knows all. Why not talk with him every day? Just whisper a simple prayer; he will hear.

LOUIS GLANVILLE STEVENS.



OUR ANGEL FRIENDS

Donald Hears a Sermon Which Helps Him

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

THE child of God is never alone. He has by his side a companion from the courts of heaven. This heavenly being is with him to help him, to give him strength in every time of need, and to bring comfort into his heart."

I think this was the thought in Brother Harris's sermon that night which helped Donald Hunter the most. He had been wondering all the afternoon if on the morrow he would have power to resist the temptation to go to the moving picture show, and sometimes he felt a little fearful about it.

Brother Harris's subject that night was "Our Angel Friends." Following are some of the statements he made about angels which brought help and new strength into Donald's heart. I should like to have those who are reading these stories get their Bibles and read for themselves the passages that were used.

"Angels are not the spirits of men and women who once lived on this earth, as many now believe. Angels existed before man was created, for we read that when God laid the foundations of the earth, 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' Job 38:4-7. Before a human being had ever died angels were sent to guard the tree of life, after the fall of man. Gen. 3:22-24. Hence they cannot be the spirits of dead people.

"Angels are a higher and a different order of beings than man, for David said man was made 'a little lower than the angels.' Ps. 8:3-5.

"The work which angels are engaged in is the salvation of men, for we are told that they are 'sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.' Heb. 1:13, 14.

"It is by the help of the angels that God keeps and guards his children. We are told that God 'shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.' Ps. 91:11. These angels are so eager to help us, and are so interested in our welfare, that when a soul turns to God 'there is joy in the presence of the angels of God.' Luke 15:10. We need not fear, then, to trust ourselves to the Lord."

Donald could not help wondering, as he sat listening to Brother Harris, if he had an angel to help him. He hoped he had. Just then the speaker answered the very question which was in his mind, by saying:—

"Every child of God has a special angel of his own, a guardian angel, an attending angel. This certainly is taught by the words of Christ in Matt. 18:10, and the experience of Peter in Acts 12:1-16. Peter was delivered from the jail by his angel. The other disciples were at the home of the mother of Mark praying for him. Peter, when he was released, came to the gate of this house and knocked. The maiden Rhoda answered his knock, and on hearing his voice, though she was not able to see him, ran in and told the brethren that Peter was at the gate. They could

not believe the good news, and said, 'It is his angel.' It seems plain that in those days they understood the great and comforting truth that each child of God has an attending angel of his own.

"The number of the angels is spoken of in the Bible as 'ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.' Dan. 7:9, 10; Rev. 5:11. Paul speaks of them as 'an innumerable company.' Heb. 12:22."

"Sometimes the angels are spoken of as God's host. Gen. 32:1, 2; 1 Kings 22:19. This helps us to understand better the expression, 'Lord God of hosts.'

"There have been times when the angels have appeared to men and spoken to them. One of these occasions is recorded in Luke 2:8-17. The angels who spoke on that occasion certainly delivered the most wonderful message to men that has ever been heard.

"Do you remember the story of Elijah's translation? We read in 2 Kings 2:11 that 'there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.' The chariot which took Elijah to heaven was a company of angels, for we read in Ps. 68:17 that the chariots of God are 'thousands of angels.' There are those in this audience tonight who will have the same experience that Elijah had,—that of being taken to heaven by angels without seeing death,—for there are some here who will live to see Christ come. And when the Saviour returns, those who are faithful to him will be gathered together by the angels and taken to heaven with him. Matt. 24:31.

"The angels are real beings. They are not ghosts, nor are they made of thin air, but they have real bodies. They have been seen by men on this earth. Abraham was sitting in the door of his tent one day about noon, when he lifted up his eyes and saw two angels with the Lord standing before him. Read the account in Gen. 18:1-8, and notice that they had feet, and that they ate food. These two angels went on to Sodom, meeting Lot at the gate of the city, as recorded in Gen. 19:1-4; but the Lord remained and held a conversation with Abraham. This conversation is recorded in Gen. 18:20-33.

"Not only do the angels eat when they appear in human form, but they eat food in heaven in their usual form, for we read that the manna which fell from heaven in the wilderness is 'the corn of heaven,' and 'angels' food.' Ps. 78:23-25.

"It is still possible to see angels, and have them visit us even in these days. God bids us: 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' Heb. 13:2. There would be no propriety in this admonition, worded as it is, if it were not still possible to entertain these heavenly visitants."

While Brother Harris had been talking, Margaret Hunter leaned toward Donald and whispered:—

"I wonder why it is, if angels are all about us, that we cannot see them." She had hardly finished whispering when the speaker said:—

"There seems to be something the matter with our natural eyesight which prevents us from seeing these heavenly beings, though they are all about us constantly. In Num. 22:21-33 we find the account of Balaam's riding on an ass, and being opposed by an angel. The ass saw the angel of the Lord, but Balaam, though he could see other things, such as the road and the wall and the fields, could not see the angel until his eyes were opened. Though we may be unable to see our angels, nevertheless they are by our side, ready to help in every time of need if we will but call upon God. Do not fail to believe this.

"God will not suffer us to be overthrown by any temptation that Satan may bring against us if we will put our trust in the Lord and call for help. God will then surround us with a circle of angels to guard us from the attacks of Satan. This is what Satan meant when he said to God about Job, 'Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?' Job 1:8-10. This hedge is a hedge of angels. This is stated in Ps. 34:7.

"We have a very wonderful account of how the angels, when they were needed, encamped round about two of God's faithful children. This story is in 2 Kings 6:8-23. You must read every word of it, for it will help you. When we have faith in God, he will take care of us, no matter what Satan does to overthrow us.

"It was one of the angels of God who came to save Daniel when he was cast into the lions' den. The angel shut the mouths of the lions so they could not hurt Daniel. Dan. 6:22.

"God sometimes answers our prayers by sending the angels to us. In Dan. 9:4-19 is a prayer made by Daniel when he needed instruction. Read it through and see how long it takes to read it. Before Daniel had finished praying, the angel Gabriel reached him from heaven to answer his prayer, and he told Daniel that from the first minute he started to pray, his prayer was heard in heaven, and that God had commanded him to answer it, and that he had now come to do so. Dan. 9:20-23. Wireless telegraphy is a wonderful thing. By it messages can be sent for hundreds of miles through the air. But prayer is much more wonderful than wireless telegraphy, for by prayer we can send messages direct to the throne of God, and get an immediate answer. The angels 'fly swiftly' (Dan. 9:21), more swiftly than a flash of lightning (Eze. 1:14); thus there is very rapid communication between earth and heaven.

"All the angels of God obey his commandments. This we are told in Ps. 103:20. This verse says also that these beings 'excel in strength.' Just one angel is able to defeat a whole army of men. Read Isa. 37:36, and see how one great army was defeated and tens of thousands of men slain by one angel who excelled in strength.

"When Jesus comes the second time, all his angels will come with him. Matt. 25:31. What a glorious display of might and power that will be! They will come to gather together his people from every part of the earth. Matt. 24:31. Let us all make sure that we shall be numbered in that company who will be gathered together by the angels when Christ comes. Let us prepare for this even now."

As Donald walked home that evening he felt a more complete confidence in God than ever before. He felt that he was surrounded with helpers who would give him just the aid he knew he needed. That night as he prayed he told the Lord how thankful he was for the angels.

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

SOME BIBLE TREES

A MIGHTY ship upon a shoreless sea,
No sail, no helm, no anchor safe had she;
And yet, securely o'er the swelling flood,
Rode on the vessel built of — — —

One of the twelve rods that lay before the ark,
Hid from the eyes of man all through the dark,
Bore buds, blooms, fruit, a wondrous sight to see.
Those rods were gathered from the — — —

A prince, without a blemish, loved and fair,
Was noted for his wealth of flowing hair;
Rebellious, his great father's heart he broke,
And died at last, while hanging from an — — —

Despised because he was a publican,
Although a just and honorable man,
To see his Saviour he ran on before,
And climbed the branches of a — — —

Cursed for its barrenness, in one short day
Its beauty and its glory passed away,
Blighted from inmost heart to outmost twig,
It stood a marvel. 'Twas the — — —

Within a city built not by men's hands,
On both sides of a crystal river stands,
Beyond the toil, the sorrow, and the strife,
Throughout eternity, the — — —

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Part II

1. Name the following:—

President of China
First woman Congressman
Members of Cabinet
Emperor of Austria-Hungary
Nominally neutral country occupied by the Allies in 1916

2. Locate,—

The Taj Mahal
The Alhambra
The Leaning Tower
The Doge's Palace

3. Name the striking features of,—

Greek architecture
Gothic architecture
Byzantine architecture
American colonial architecture

4. What drew especial interest to the following in 1916?—

Verdun
Shadow Lawn
Bucharest
Dublin

5. What do the following mean?—

Belligerent
Contraband
Embargo
Deportation
Mediator
Veto
The "Brotherhoods"
Poliomyelitis



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best;
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



The Mother of Five

SHE mothered five!
Night after night she watched a little bed,
Night after night she cooled a fevered head.
Day after day she guarded little feet,
Taught little minds the dangers of the street,
Taught little lips to utter simple prayers;
Whispered of strength that some day would be theirs,
And trained them all to use it as they should.
She gave her babies to the nation's good.

She mothered five!
She gave her beauty—from her cheeks let fade
The rose blushes—to her mother trade.
She saw the wrinkles furrowing her brow,
Yet, smiling, said, "My boy grows stronger now."
When pleasures called, she turned away and said,
"I dare not leave my babies to be fed
By strangers' hands; besides, they are so small,
I must be near to answer when they call."

She mothered five!
Her name may be unknown save to the few;
Of her the outside world but little knew;
But somewhere five are treading virtue's ways,
Serving the world and brightening its days.
Somewhere are five, who, tempted, stand upright,
Clinging to honor, keeping her memory bright.
Somewhere this mother toils and is alive,
No more as one, but in the breasts of five.

—Edgar A. Guest.

A Promise to Pay

ONCE upon a time during a morning church service funds were being solicited. The man in charge of the financial campaign had run the gamut from one hundred down to two dollars, asking the members of the congregation to raise their hands when the sum they wished to subscribe was called. At the two-dollar call a six-year-old girl was one of those who responded, and again she raised high her hand when the call for one dollar was given.

After the service, when she and her parents were at home again, the father asked his small daughter why she had promised to give money for the church work.

"Why, the man said the church just had to have it," she replied very earnestly.

"But how are you going to pay what you promised?" he continued.

"Out of my bank," she blithely answered.

"How much money have you in your bank?" he asked.

"I don't know; but I'll bring it to you, and you can count it." Accordingly the bank was found and its contents counted, showing a fund of one dollar and six cents.

"And you promised to pay three dollars," said the father. "Where are you going to get money to pay that amount?"

"I don't know," was the untroubled answer.

The father then, with his child on his knee, gave her a little talk on promising to pay money that she did not possess, and told her he was going to require her to turn over to him all the money she had in the bank and all other money that should become hers until the debt should be paid, he in the meantime advancing the three dollars to the treasurer. Without a murmur the child agreed.

But the grandmother and the aunts and uncles were horrified. They called the father the personification of cruelty; they said a six-year-old child couldn't un-

derstand such matters, forgetting that they had heretofore prided themselves on the child's wise little head; they said the father would silence every generous impulse that came to his child, and, finally, that he would make her hate him.

The father only smiled a queer kind of smile, and let his relatives talk. He, alas! had been a treasurer,—yes, in church societies,—and knew too well that many a person on the spur of the moment, sometimes even after deliberation, promises to give when he hasn't the money with which to redeem his promise. Of course he intends to pay, for may not he have a streak of luck or a bequest from a rich relative before the pledge falls due? If he could help it, this father was not going to have a child of his become that kind of promise maker and promise keeper.

Of course the child's outraged relatives contributed to her necessity, and she herself earned a part by practicing on the piano. It was not long till the debt was paid, for every cent that came into her hands the child unhesitatingly turned over to her father. She, bless her heart, is as generous as ever; she is devoted to her father, and is careful to keep her promises, and sees to it that every one about her does the same.

—Ida Charlotte Roberts.

A Travel Drawer

As I entered my friend's house, informally as usual, I found her just coming down the attic stairs, suitcase in hand.

"What! Another journey so soon?" I asked, for she had but just returned from an extended trip.

"Yes, but a suitcase sojourn this time, not a trunk trip," she replied. "Come in and help me pack." As she had had considerable experience along that line, I gladly availed myself of the invitation.

"Did you ever hear of a 'travel drawer'?" she asked, opening the lower drawer of a chiffonier. "This drawer is reserved for the things I am likely

to need while traveling—toilet articles, shoe coverings, and all the little articles that are so apt to get mixed in with one's other belongings, and are hard to find when you want them in a hurry."

I nodded emphatically, for I had a shamed recollection of having forgotten so important an article as a toothbrush on my last trip away from home.

"See this little list?" she asked, holding up a slip of paper for my inspection. Taking it from her, I read: "Comb, toothbrush, hairpins, cold cream;" the list went on enumerating various toilet articles, then through a list of personal wearing apparel, medicines, sewing and writing materials, and a bag for soiled linen.

"I keep this here," my friend explained, "for even in the best of regulated travel drawers things sometimes get misplaced; and at a glance I can tell if I have everything I need. One's requirements vary with the season, of course; but this helps to jog the memory, especially if one is called away in a hurry."

"In fact," she added, "I am a firm believer in making a pad and pencil save wear and tear on one's brain tissue."—*Maude Chamberlain Shaw.*

Patience — and Keep the Fire Burning

MRS. THOBURN, after a single glance at the face of the girl who knocked at her door, pushed her work aside.

"Am I interrupting?" the girl asked hesitatingly.

"I am sure that this time, right now, was meant for Jean Darrow, and for no one else," Mrs. Thoburn answered.

Jean drew a long breath and took the chair that Mrs. Thoburn pulled up for her, but she only perched nervously on its edge; her sensitive face was full of entreaty.

"I want to *help* so!" she said breathlessly. "I've always wanted to since I was a little girl. And when I was asked to come into the league I was nearly wild with delight. I couldn't sleep that night, I was so happy. And—I've failed. I've come to you myself before any report of my work could come to tell you." The girl choked and went on rapidly: "I can't get in touch, somehow. Those girls know so much about life; they are so capable and assured. They think I'm queer and prim and old-maidish. I can't keep their interest; I know it quite well. So I've come to give in my resignation."

Mrs. Thoburn looked out to the bit of sky between the towering roofs.

"Jean," she asked, "which of the workers here seems to you the most successful in understanding the lives and problems that seem to you just now shut away behind a great wall?"

"Oh—you!" Jean cried with a little gasp. "The way you talk to them and the way they listen! If I could only learn to do that!"

Mrs. Thoburn's eyes came back to the girl, a smile in their warm depths.

"When I was your age I wanted to 'help,' too. And finally my opportunity came. I was invited to go to a club a very charming girl had organized among a group of 'new Americans.' I did not know Miss Stanley myself, but a friend of mine knew her and recommended me. So I went. And to save my life I could not think of a word to say to any girl I met! I sat dumb and wretched, watching Miss Stanley and the others laugh and chatter—"

"You!" Jean exclaimed.

"Yes, I. And I went home and cried myself to sleep that night."

"But—I don't understand!" Jean cried.

"Well, I resolved that I would keep on trying till I *could* talk with girls—that was all. It was 'Patience—and keep the fire burning,' no matter how often I failed. And I know a dozen other workers who have had the same experience."

"Oh!" Jean cried softly.

As the girl left the room, Mrs. Thoburn turned back to her crowded desk. It had taken valuable time, but she counted it well invested.—*Youth's Companion.*

Specializing in Sympathy

ONE of those peculiarly indispensable and sympathetic aunts, common in so many families, to whom the children go for sympathy and advice when it is difficult to apply even to a parent, tells in the *Youth's Companion* how she first came to "specialize in sympathy," and thus to make herself valuable to the young people whom she touched in her ministrations. The story has a moral of value to others besides children; for the principle brought out has much of the universal in it.

The writer tells how as a girl she was at one time very forlorn in a strange city, and was peculiarly in need of sympathy. The persons she was living with were not unkind; but they were not quick to see the unhappiness of others, nor did they understand how to meet the need of the unhappy, even if they did see the unhappiness. So the teller of the story wandered into a public park, sat on one of the benches, and in some self-pity she cried a little to herself. A shadow fell across the park bench, and a gray-haired woman, kind of face and of manner, dropped a pink rosebud into the child's lap, and said:—

"My dear, you are unhappy. I wish I had time to hear your troubles, but I must catch a train. I have only time to give you one word, but it contains all that I have learned from a deep experience of my own. The best thing for your own trouble is to comfort other people in their troubles."

She went on, and the girl never saw her again, but the incident had given her thoughts a right-about-face. From that time on she forgot her own troubles in thinking a little more about the troubles of other people. In fact, she became a "specialist in sympathy," and people grew more and more to love her, and to turn to her in their perplexities and griefs. In that useful way she lost most of her sorrows.—*Selected.*

Our Noise Producers

A HOUSEHOLDER was dismayed one night by the sudden extinguishment of the electric lights in his house. In a little while it became apparent that the darkness would probably continue through the night unless the break could be located and corrected. Unable at that hour to secure the services of an expert electrician, the householder hit upon the happy scheme of detaching the batteries from his doorbells and connecting them with his electric feed wires. But no light resulted. Next day the experts came to remedy the trouble, and seeing the hapless expedient of the owner, remarked:—

"Don't you know that it takes five hundred times more power to produce light than it takes to produce noise?"—*Selected.*



"Isaac Peral," the Greatest Submarine Yet Built

JP. HOLLAND, of Paterson, New Jersey, designed the first submarine, which was named the "Holland," and was launched in 1900. Of the "Holland," the late Admiral Dewey said: "If they had had two of those things at Manila, I could never have held it with the squadron I had."

The first submarines built were approximately sixty feet long, twelve feet wide, and had a displacement of one hundred and fifty tons; the surface speed was five knots an hour—submerged, four to six knots. Their cruising radius was three hundred miles.

The feat of the "Deutschland" and other German submarines in crossing the Atlantic Ocean, elicited the admiration of fair-minded persons, and yet the United States has just completed a submarine which is superior to any of the great undersea craft sent to the Western continent by Germany.

Three years ago, at Provincetown, Massachusetts, work began on the submarine "Isaac Peral," and a few weeks ago the vessel was sent to Spain, for which country it had been built. Apparently the "Isaac Peral" is the last word in submarine construction. From stern to stern it measures 196 feet; beam, 18½ feet; displacement, 700 tons; weight, equivalent to 22,400 cubic feet of water; speed on surface, 18 knots an hour—submerged, 12 knots. It is a block long, and as wide as two Pullman cars.

Compare this Spanish boat with the "Santa Maria," on which Christopher Columbus set sail for the New World. The "Santa Maria" was but sixty-three feet long, and had a displacement of but two hundred tons. The "Isaac Peral" is more than three times as long, weighs three times as much, and has a cruising radius of 10,000 miles.

The captain of the "Deutschland" boasted that his vessel remained an entire night on the bottom of the English channel, to avoid British warships; the Spanish submarine can submerge to a depth of nearly four hundred feet, and remain submerged for three weeks. The "Isaac Peral" could cruise to the Dardanelles and back without replenishing so much as a drop of water. The boat could establish a regular schedule between New York and Oklahoma, and not stop on the way. And this wonder in submarine craft was built in this country for a foreign power.

The torpedoes carried by the "Peral" are themselves small submarines. They are twenty-one feet long, twenty-one inches wide, and are driven by air compressed in their own tanks at a pressure of 1,350 pounds to the square inch. As the torpedo leaves the tube, a motor is started, enabling the torpedo to travel under its own power. The torpedo is divided into six compartments.

The "Isaac Peral" carries eight of these torpedoes, four on each side of the torpedo room, arranged in tiers of two.

Uncle Sam still has the supremacy in submarine building, and did he own half a hundred such craft as the one he has just sent to Spain, his coast would be reasonably secure from invasion. Uncle Sam has the faculty of giving to others things he should keep; for example, the Lewis gun and the "Isaac Peral."

P. G. BRITAIN.

What Sugar Is Made Of

SOMETIMES you hear a person say that such and such a thing is as "white as sugar." And to convey another idea, we frequently remark that something is as "black as a coal."

To those unfamiliar with chemistry it will be a shock to learn that pure white sugar itself is made up of nothing but black carbon (the principal part of coal) and water.

The chemical symbol for sugar is written thus: $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$, which simply means that each tiny crystal of sugar consists of twelve parts of carbon, twenty-two parts of hydrogen gas, and eleven parts of oxygen gas.

Now water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen gas in the proportion of two parts of hydrogen to every one of oxygen.

Thus if sugar has twenty-two parts of hydrogen and eleven parts of oxygen, we see that this is the equal of eleven parts of plain water, for the proportion of hydrogen to oxygen is two to one multiplied by eleven.

So sugar consists of twelve parts of carbon to eleven parts of water. Of course, we could not very well mix carbon and water in this proportion and expect to get sugar. Chemistry works in its own peculiar way, and, to form sugar, the various particles of the substances composing it must be joined together in its own peculiar fashion.

But we may readily prove that carbon is a part of sugar, for when we throw a pinch of sugar on a hot stove the water is driven out and the coal-black carbon remains.—*St. Nicholas.*

Why Not "Hold" Your Own Eggs?

As the shell of the egg is porous, if left exposed to the air, part of the water evaporates. Air containing bacteria gets in, and in a short time we have a spoiled egg. In order to prevent this the shell should be coated over, thus filling the pores and excluding the air. This is best accomplished by putting the eggs in a solution of water glass (sodium silicate). To ten quarts of cold boiled rain water add one quart of water glass. Place clean, strictly fresh eggs in jars, small ends down, and cover them with the water-glass mixture. They may also be preserved by packing them, small ends down, in bran, sawdust, lime, or sand, or by coating with fat. So, when eggs are inexpensive, why not plan to "hold" them for the time when prices are high?—*Gleaned from a Florida bulletin on "Foods and Their Preparation."*

Our Snake Visitors

WE spent last year in connection with the sanitarium at St. Helena, California. We lived about one mile from the sanitarium, in a secluded spot at the foot of the mountains. It was a beautiful place. Often we were reminded of the one hundred and twenty-first psalm.

Our living-room and bedrooms were out under the lovely pine and manzanita trees. One Sabbath morning, not being able to attend Sabbath services, my little girl, three years old, and I remained out in the open to enjoy the beautiful mountain breeze, and the evidences of God's goodness to us.

The shrieks of a baby chicken by the door sent me in search of the cause. I found a rattlesnake coiled around the chicken. With the aid of a pitchfork and

hoe I finally succeeded in ending its life. It had seven rattles.

Baby and I were accustomed to spending our afternoons under the trees. A few days after this, we were having our afternoon rest, when, as usual, I returned to the house, leaving her asleep. Somehow this time I felt impressed to go back and get her. I could not get away from the thought. Obeying the impression, I found her just ready to come to the house. As we stepped upon the steps she said, "Mamma, there is a big snake!" Looking where she pointed, I saw a large rattler, with ten rattles. I evidently had walked over it in going to the child. If I had not obeyed the voice, she would have come upon the snake alone. Placing her upon the porch, I made an effort to kill the snake. Though I struck him with the hoe, the earth being mellow, I could not hold him. He hastily fled under the house, but told me by his rattles that he was ready to fight if necessary.

After my son and daughter returned from school, they began playing on the piano and violin in the parlor. I told the children our experience that day with the snake. My daughter said some one told her if one would put sweet milk out where the snakes could get it, they would come to it; so she took a pan of milk out on the side of the house by the parlor, and accidentally set the pan on the same old fellow. There he lay enjoying the music; her hands even touched him. He immediately coiled for fight. There being several of us, in our excitement we failed to capture him. After he wearied of rattling at us, he crawled back under the house.

One morning early I had been out in the woods for meditation and prayer. As I went back to the house, I encountered in the pathway a rattlesnake. I did not see it till it was coiled around my ankle. But without fright or excitement, I lifted my foot and stepped to one side. It coiled up tighter, but by making use of some near-by rocks I soon killed it.

Every few days we were visited by rattlesnakes, but God's protecting care was over us, so that no harm came to us. By the advice of neighbors, we concluded to forego our outdoor slumbers. But we do love the solitary places. We know that by learning to love nature, and learning to be quiet in this life of excitement, hurry, and bustle, we shall be more likely to hear God's voice speaking to us.

MRS. L. HUNT.

Notes of Progress

An electric current applied to freshly cut timber will have the same effect on the wood that months of ordinary drying could bring about. England is responsible for this new timber-curing process.

Cherry pits that have been a source of annoyance and expense to hundreds of canneries, and which amounted to hundreds of tons, it is said, are now being made to yield a valuable oil and also a meal for feeding cattle, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Arizona has just attracted national notice by the discovery of asbestos in the Sierra Ancha. It is the long-fibered kind, which can be woven into form for various uses. Heretofore, eighty-five per cent of that kind of asbestos used in this country has come from Canada, which supply has been cut off by the war. The find of the substance in Arizona is a good fortune to the nation, especially at this time.

The gasoline problem has been termed the "burning question" of the day. When we stop to think that there are about 3,250,000 automobiles, 300,000 motor boats, 40,000 farm tractors, innumerable stationary engines, and a few aeroplanes dependent upon gasoline for their service, we can see that the fuel question is a real problem now confronting us. We need to utilize new processes of distillation, and we need to conserve our present supply. "We waste many millions of gallons each year by evaporation from open tanks and well mouths, and we are only now commencing to realize that in one year we lost approximately 300,000,000 gallons that might readily have been obtained from natural gas which was permitted to escape into the atmosphere." We need also to find a cheap, but reliable fuel that may share with gasoline the responsibility of keeping the world of wheels moving.

A father seemed incapable of conveying to his daughter's mind the value of money. He explained a check, he explained how money was earned, but to no avail. And yet she was an earnest girl. One day she greatly desired a necklace, and the fact that it cost twelve hundred dollars seemed to mean little or nothing to her. When she asked her father whether she might have it, he replied: "Yes, if you will go and buy it. I'll send you the money for it tomorrow." The next day messenger after messenger, each with a bag of money, came from different banks to the girl until she was fairly bewildered. Then the value of money came to her when she saw it in bags of quarters, halves, and full dollars! A check had simply conveyed nothing to her mind except that it was a piece of paper.

To encourage home production, the British government will guarantee prices of agricultural products for three years, and will establish a minimum wage for agricultural laborers. The breaking up and planting of unnecessary pasture land will also be forced. Imports of certain fruits are to be prohibited, and others are to be restricted to 25 per cent of the 1915 imports. Tea, coffee, and cocoa, except India tea in reduced quantities, are prohibited, and other beverages are greatly restricted. Meats and foodstuffs are to be restricted, and by all these reductions in unnecessary foods and beverages it is hoped to release 900,000 tons of cargo space for other uses. Paper imports are to be cut in half, to 640,000 tons annually.

The largest electric motor in the world is soon to be delivered to a steel mill, where it will be used for driving the main rolls, in which white-hot steel ingots are reduced to bars and plates. Its power exceeds that of the combined energy of 120,000 men, yet it is controlled by a single man at a small switch. This motor is the first of a series of similar machines now under construction in the shops of one of the largest electrical manufacturing concerns in America. These electric giants have been called into being by the extraordinary steel conditions in America today.

An artificial milk, delicious in taste, nutritious as cow's milk, and easily digested, has at last made its appearance. It is an emulsion of almonds and Brazil nuts, containing carbohydrates, protein, and mineral matter in suspension in the proportions in which they occur in cow's milk. The production of this vegetable milk is still a matter of scientific rather than commercial interest; but undoubtedly the time is not far distant when the use of artificial milk will be as commonplace as is the use of artificial butter today.



Two Letters from Florence Montgomery

THE Helping Hand Class of the Barnes Chapel Sunday school were preparing a box for a struggling mission church in a far-away frontier town.

The girls were eager and earnest in the task, and a great deal of young love and faith and hope was being put into the preparation of the box. There were no buttonless clothes, no half-worn shoes, no last year's hats, and no worthless books being brought in for this precious box. The loyal packers were bringing of their best and bringing with that loving spirit of self-sacrifice which blesses and increases the lowliest gift a thousandfold and more.

Some of the girls in the class were poor and worked for small salaries on which there were many demands. None of them were so rich as not to feel, in some measure, the sacrifice they were making in the gift of the box—that is, none of them save one, and she was away from home at the time the girls began to get the box ready, and one of them had written to her of the undertaking.

"I think one of you should write to Florence," Mrs. Murphy, their teacher, had said to them one day when they were sewing at her house. "I am sure she would like to know about it and to help in some way."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Grace Merchant, the class president. "Florence doesn't believe in missions, and if she sent us anything for the box it would just be some money that she doesn't need and couldn't think of any other way of spending. When Florence gives us any missionary money, I always feel as if we were beggars, and she had tossed us a penny and driven on, leaving us to find it in the dust of the roadside. I don't like to feel that way, and, besides, we just love the dear little minister's wife to whom we are sending these things. Everything we've found out about her makes us love her a little more, and we don't want our little love offering spoiled by any indifferent charity."

Mrs. Murphy gave Grace a smile, warm and winning, that said very plainly that she understood and appreciated Grace's feelings; but she still insisted that Florence must be written to and told.

"She is one of us, you know, dear,—one of our Father's own children,—and perhaps this time he means us to sanctify the gift by our love to Florence as well as to the minister's little family. You know we have no right to sit in judgment on one another or to deny one of our number the sweet privilege of serving the Master's work. Write to her, Grace, and tell her about the box and give her a chance to help. Who knows through what channel of service the Master will one day touch her heart!"

After that Grace could no longer refuse to write to Florence, so that night the letter was written, and

into its pages the girl put all she could of the ardor of her loving enthusiasm for the work they were doing. She told some of the things they had found out about the barren little prairie town on the frontier, and of the brave young minister and his sweet and gifted wife, who was also his helper in the work, and of the tiny baby that had come to bless the little frontier home where these brave and faithful workers were living to carry on the King's business. She did not omit saying that they wanted only willing and loving service to go into the making and the giving of the things that their gift-box should hold. When the letter was all written, Grace sealed it and posted it with a little prayer that the beauty and the sweetness of the service would touch the heart of this other girl as it had her own.

But in this she was disappointed, for the letter that came back in reply was only a short note accompanying a check.

"Dear Grace, and all the rest of you," the letter said. "Of course I am willing to pay my part of anything that the class undertakes,—you know I never refuse to do that,—but you can't expect me to enthuse over doing it when you know how I feel about missions."

"I don't believe in doing for people what they ought to do for themselves, and I don't think people have any business with a church and a minister until they can support them—people value things so much more when they get them by their own efforts. I know you think that's a very cold-hearted way to speak of what means so much to the rest of you, but it's practical. I believe in running the church on a business basis, and I never could see any reason in sending our own church money away across the continent to do for people the things that they ought to do for themselves."

"I inclose a check for twenty-five dollars; take it and get anything you like with it, only be sure and remember that I don't approve of missionary boxes. As ever,

FLORENCE."

"P. S. Always let me know when you need money for anything, for of course I will pay my part of anything you girls undertake."

"There! Didn't I tell you how she'd make me feel?" exclaimed Grace when she had read the letter to the class. "I hate to take her twenty-five dollars."

"It is the Master's treasure, and not ours," breathed Mrs. Murphy softly. "Let us send it just as it is to the little minister's wife, and leave her to use it as she thinks best. She need not know how it came, and we can each one send with it an earnest prayer that it may prove a white-winged messenger of grace to Florence herself as well as to the minister and his little family."

Then, there in the beautiful drawing-room of Mrs. Murphy's quiet home, they all knelt together while she led them in a fervent prayer for the awakening of the indifferent Florence, and for increase and blessing on the offering that she had so carelessly tossed into the King's treasury.

The missionary box that represented so much labor and love from the class was soon finished, packed, and ready to be sent away, and the letter that went ahead to herald its arrival carried in it the prayer-laden check for twenty-five dollars.

Then came back from the little home on the frontier a letter of thanks and appreciation breathing so noble a spirit of love and devotion that there were few dry eyes in the class while the letter was being read.

After that there followed a period of silence between the busy class of city girls and the busy workers in the far-away little frontier town. So many calls to new and ever-new duties kept calling them all that they had too little time to write.

Then in the midst of the other activities of the class came a fat and very startling letter from Florence — Florence the practical, the businesslike, the unsentimental, the girl who believed, because she was rich and thought herself happy, that all should bear their own burdens, and who forgot that the very spirit of Christ is burden-bearing, healing, and the giving by the strong to the weak.

"Dear Grace, and all of you," the new letter said. "I know you'll be startled when I tell you that I'm doing home mission work, and that I was never really so happy in my life as I am right now, away off here on the edge of the world and in the poorest and loneliest little town you could ever imagine.

"It is all the most wonderful story — far stranger than any story out of a book, and I'm so eager to tell it all to you that I hardly know where I'd best begin; and wherever I do begin and wherever I leave off, I'm very sure to feel that I've left unsaid a lot of the things I most wanted to say.

"You knew, I suppose, that father and I were spending the winter in the Southwest, but you didn't know that we were making motor trips to all sorts of little out-of-the-way country places in this lonesome frontier land.

"The natural roads over the prairie counties are lovely when it is dry, and as it is dry most of the time we have felt pretty safe in making our trips. Father loves to run his own car, and being out that way was so good for him that he was getting as strong and brown as a cowboy.

"One day, away down near the border, we met a heavy rain, and in a very short time the roads that had been as smooth and shiny as glass were simply bogs of sticky, black mud.

"We didn't mind the rain very much, for the car was fixed for all kinds of weather, and we knew by our map that we were near a little town. We thought we could get accommodations there until we could start out again, and so we might have done, only as we were chugging lamely along the muddy road that turned into the main street of the little town, our engine lost a screw and short-circuited, and left us standing still and gradually sinking deeper into the black, sticky mud.

"Father got out quickly to try to fix the machine, and then because everything was so wet from the rain he slipped and fell, breaking his leg right above the ankle and striking his head on the running board of the car. It was such a hard fall and the pain from

the fracture was so severe, that father fainted away, and you may well believe that I was frightened and didn't know what to do or which way to turn for help, when suddenly the door of a quaint little brown house just at the side of the road flew open, and out came as fine-looking a young man as one could find in any part of the world.

"He was not exactly handsome, but fine and strong and good to look at. His face showed lines of culture, and his bearing was that of a man who can do things out in the world. He ran straight on toward us, bare-headed, and in the pouring rain, and almost before I knew what he was doing he had picked up father from the road and was carrying him right into the little brown house, while I was meekly following. Before we reached the door it was opened by the man's wife, one of the sweetest and most charming little women I ever saw. She had seen the accident, and by the time we arrived, had made ready a bed all spread with fresh linen, and looking as smooth and nice as if it had been made by a trained nurse in the best hospital. The whole atmosphere of the place and the people seemed to be just right to inspire one with faith and hope, and it was hard to believe that we were stranded and strangers — we felt as if we were among relatives or friends, and that God was still in heaven and everything was going to be all right.

"The young man ran out to get the doctor, and then the baby waked up, and the young mother picked him up and gave him to me to hold — just the daintiest, dearest little darling you could imagine. She asked me to keep him quiet while she did what she could for father. She flew about, bringing cold water and hot water in so short a time that she seemed to work by magic, and all the time she was as gentle and tender as could be, and yet as definite and skilful as the finest of trained nurses. I could not keep my eyes off her. Her sleeves were turned back from firm, white arms, and her low-cut collar showed a sweet, round, singing throat. Her hair was soft and brown, and her eyes a dark blue-gray.

"Although I was so shaken by the accident and so concerned about father, I could not keep myself from wondering how such people as they came to be buried out here in this little frontier town. The baby 'goo-ed' and gurgled and cuddled up to me in the most engaging way, and I was so distracted by his loveliness and the wonder of his mother and father that it really seemed almost no time before she had father perfectly conscious and trying to sit up in bed, though she firmly refused to let him do that. He begged to be sent to a hotel, but she said there was none worth the name in town, and assured us that she would be pained to have us do anything but remain with them until we were ready to travel again.

"By that time her husband had come back with the doctor, another splendid, earnest-looking young man, who approved of all that Mrs. Campbell had done. He said the fracture was a very slight one, and would soon be healed, but he looked rather grave over the wound on the head, and said very positively that father was not to be moved for several days, anyway.

"And now that I have written the name Campbell, I suppose you have guessed my secret, and I might as well tell it at once. It was all so wonderful to me, — these splendid, cultured young people out here away from things that we grow up to think we must have — that I suppose I asked a good many questions, and then I found out that the charming Campbell family in the little brown house were the very persons to

whom you girls had sent the missionary gift-box.

"The pretty house dress that Mrs. Campbell was wearing, and the dainty things that helped to make the baby look such a dear, were the work of your own loving hands. And oh, these dear people have been so good to us, and taken us right into their hearts and their home as if we were indeed 'angels unawares,' that it makes me feel like wanting to be one!

"She told me that night all about the box, and how sweet it was to have such lovely things, and feel every time she looked at them that you girls had just reached out a kind hand toward her loneliness and given her a loving caress. And now that brings me to the most personal part of my story—the part that proves how good God is to let an unworthy person do good unawares and then reap the blessed reward of it. When we were telling them our names I noticed Mrs. Campbell exchange wondering glances with her husband, and then when she went with me to take off my hat and coat, she said, 'I'll have to put you to stay in your namesake's room,' and with that she led the way into what is to me now one of the most sacred little corners of the world. It was just a plain little room with a grass rug on a painted floor, white curtains at the windows, and a wicker couch and a few chairs scattered about; but right there in that little room is where my soul waked up to what missionary work really is, and what a blessed privilege it is to be able to help in it. Over in one corner of the room stood a plain homemade bookcase, and on the wall above it was a banner that said 'The Florence Montgomery Library.'

"Isn't it nice?" the minister's wife asked simply, as she glowed and beamed about the little room; 'and it is a little strange that the first guest should have the same name as the giver.'

"The very same given name,' I answered as bravely as I could, for I meant right then and there to confess to her the whole story of that miserable twenty-five dollars, and how disagreeably I had thrown it at you girls; but she was so happy to meet me, and so cordial in her belief in me and so eager to tell me of all the good my offering had brought to her young people, that I felt as if it would be cruel to hurt her, so I just sat there and let my conscience torture me while she told me about their work and about what she had done with that accusing twenty-five dollars.

"She had written the story of my generosity(?) to other friends in other churches, and more books had come in to increase my little store until now they have a splendid little library of good books, not a worthless or a doubtful one in the whole bookcase; and she says that the reading of those books and the little clubs that have been formed right there in that little room are changing the social life of that town. Some of the boys and girls are working hard to go to college, and others are planning various careers, but all are earnest and looking at life with a new vision.

"Now I suppose you wonder what I am doing about all this. Well, I have talked it all over with father, and he understands exactly how I feel, and he is letting me build a new library, with lovely reading-rooms and a central hall, just as Mr. Campbell planned it, and as Mrs. Campbell says she has dreamed it until she could actually see every brick and stone in the walls before the foundation was even dug,—and oh, girls, I am trying with all my small power to be what these good people and the boys and girls of this town believed of me when they got that twenty-five dollars!

"Isn't it wonderful that God would let an unhallowed gift like that come back home to bless me in such rich measure? Or did you girls sanctify the gift with your prayers before you sent it out here? If you did, God has answered your prayers and kindled my heart with the same flame that burns in yours. I can say that truly, and that I'm going to make up for lost time too.

"We are going to stay here until our library is finished, and when I do come home in the spring, I'm going to try to thank all of you for the Christian tenderness with which you clung to me and let me help you even when I did it so ungraciously. You may certainly count on me for missionary work, for I have found out that the things of the Spirit are the most real things in the world, and the only things that last over from this world into the next. When you try to count the results in character and influence, it seems as if missionary work pays the biggest per cent of any investment in the world.

"Lovingly,

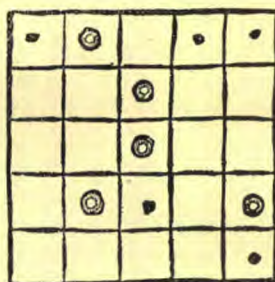
"Florence."

"Thank God for Florence Montgomery and her consecrated gifts," breathed Mrs. Murphy devoutly, when Grace had read aloud this second letter, "and may God bless and use her labor and ours for the good of his world and ours."—*Francis McKinnon Morton, in the Young Pilgrim.*

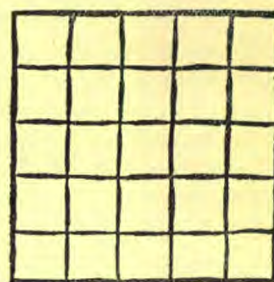
Interesting Games

The Game of Quick-Sight

TAKE two boards about a foot square, divide each into twenty-five squares; get ten nuts and ten pebbles. Give to one player one board, five nuts, and five pebbles. She places these on the squares in any pat-



Quicksight Game



counters
●●●●● ●●●●●

tern she fancies, and when ready, the other player is allowed to see it for five seconds. Then it is covered up, and from the memory of what she saw the second player must reproduce the pattern on her own board. She counts one for each that was right, and takes off one for each that was wrong. They take turn and turn about.

This game wonderfully develops the power to see and memorize quickly.

Chinese Tag

This game is like the regular game of tag with this difference: the one who is tagged must keep her hand on that part which was hit when she was tagged, thus making only one free arm.—*The Woodcraft Manual.*

"Don't expect interest if you are not ready to show it."

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending April 21

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

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

April 15: 1 Kings 11, 12. Death of Solomon; revolt of ten tribes.
 April 16: 1 Kings 13, 14. The disobedient prophet.
 April 17: 1 Kings 15, 16. Kings of Judah and Israel.
 April 18: 1 Kings 17 to 19. Elijah; call of Elisha.
 April 19: 1 Kings 20, 21. Benhadad's invasion; Naboth's vineyard.
 April 20: 1 Kings 22; 2 Kings 1. Death of Ahab; succeeding kings.
 April 21: 2 Kings 2, 3. The chariot of fire.
 For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for April 12.

Junior Assignment

April 15: 2 Samuel 18. Death of Absalom.
 April 16: 2 Samuel 22. A psalm of thanksgiving.
 April 17: 1 Kings 1:28-53. Solomon anointed king.
 April 18: 1 Kings 3; 4:20-34. Wisdom and riches of Solomon.
 April 19: 1 Kings 5. Solomon prepares to build the temple.
 April 20: 1 Kings 6. The temple finished.
 April 21: 1 Kings 7. Other buildings.

The King Who Made a Wise Choice

If your father were rich and offered to buy for you what you most desired, what would you ask for? This would really be a great test of character, wouldn't it? It would show what you regard as of first importance.

This test came to Solomon. When he was a young man about twenty years old, he inherited a great kingdom. It seems that he was not puffed up, as many young men would have been, but felt very humble. And when the Lord appeared to him in a dream and asked what request he had to make, he did not ask for long life, riches, or victory over his enemies, but he asked for wisdom to know right from wrong, and to rule the people wisely.

Solomon was right. The greatest blessing is wisdom; and the greatest wisdom is to know how to live right and how to do our appointed work.

The Lord answered Solomon's prayer and gave him great wisdom in the conduct of his kingdom, in the practical affairs of life, and in the arts and sciences. He also gave him riches and honor.

Make a list of the different things that Solomon spoke and wrote about. What would these different subjects be called today? The book of Proverbs is full of wisdom for everybody. Especially should young people study these terse statements of the ways of wisdom. What story shows Solomon's wisdom in rendering just judgment?

The reign of Solomon was the golden age of Jewish history. Look at a map of the kingdom at this time (in the back of your Bible, or in a Bible dictionary) and see what the boundaries were.

What story is told to show the fame of Solomon's kingdom among other nations? The queen of Sheba probably came from southern Arabia. She herself must have ruled over a rich country, for her gift to Solomon was over three million dollars. But she came for something of more value than gold or precious stones — wisdom. And she was willing to pay for it, too. The great effort of this heathen woman to seek true wisdom will witness against us in the judgment if we do not seek wisdom from the Great Teacher. (See Matt. 12:42.)

It is said that an artist once undertook to paint two pictures, one representing "Innocence" and the other "Vice." He took as his model for the first a beautiful child, with its sweet, open face. But for his second model he searched many years. Finally he found in prison a loathsome creature with an ugly, repulsive face. The two pictures were hung side by side in the gallery; and finally it was learned that the two portraits were of the same person. The once innocent child had made wrong choices in life and become the symbol of degradation.

The story of Solomon, I am sorry to say, has a sad feature.

"From the joy of divine communion, Solomon turned to find satisfaction in the pleasures of sense." His heart seems to have been seduced by the glitter and splendor of the beautiful temple and other buildings which he erected and by the strange wives which he married. These heathen women led him away from his father's God, and brought ruin upon him and the kingdom.

"So complete was his apostasy, so hardened his heart in transgression, that his case seemed well-nigh hopeless." Yet the Lord did not forsake him. By reproof and severe judgments he sought to arouse the king to his forlorn condition. Finally the Lord told him that because of his sins he would rend the kingdom from his son and give it to his servant. This awakened Solomon to a sense of his folly. "Chastened in spirit, with mind and body enfeebled, he turned wearied and thirsting from earth's broken cisterns to drink once more from the fountain of life." "In penitence he began to retrace his steps toward the exalted plane of purity and holiness from whence he had fallen so far." He sought to redeem the past so far as possible by writing the book of Ecclesiastes, in which he shows the folly of sin, and admonishes the youth to remember their Creator.

Solomon made a wise choice when a young man, and the Lord abundantly rewarded him for it; but it is not sufficient to choose once or twice; we must constantly choose the right, or else we, like Solomon, will fail.

M. E. K.



The Secret of Tranquillity

(Texts for April 15-21)

THE secret of tranquillity is found in Psalm 37. This chapter deals with a problem that has tried the faith of many young people, and that problem is the apparent absence of any law of cause and effect exist-

ing between a person's conduct and his condition. In this chapter, however, the psalmist grapples successfully with this upsetting problem. He solves it; and Christians in all succeeding ages have found a true solution in his strong assertion that godless prosperity is brief, and that well-doing leads, *without fail*, to well-being.

Now let us notice briefly the construction of the chapter:—

Verses 1-9 exhort the reader to trust, and give assurances of triumph.

Verses 10-22 have for their leading thought the destruction of the wicked.

Verses 23-29 contain a recital of personal experiences which authenticate the psalmist's former expressions regarding God's care for the righteous.

Verses 30-40 gather up all. They reassert the main thoughts in the chapter, and the psalmist again confirms them by referring to his own experiences and observations.

The faith of the thirty-seventh psalm is beautiful. It sees with undimmed eye that infinite love rules, that sin is loss, and that righteousness, even in this life, is gain—always gain. These facts are grandly and eternally true. Today the light of the cross illuminates this wonderful chapter and should enable us to read more clearly the mystery and blessedness of righteous suffering; to wait patiently and cheerfully for the tide to turn; and to work diligently to cultivate elements of character that count for righteousness.

"Forever trusting in the Lord, take heed to do his will;
So shalt thou dwell within the land, and he thy needs shall fill.

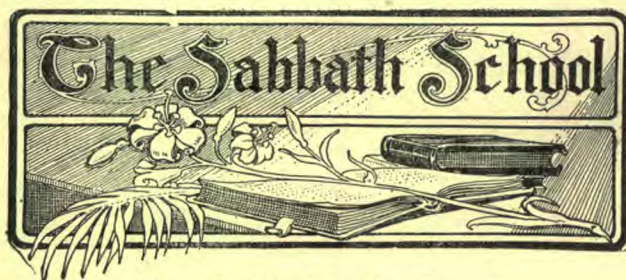
"Rest in the Lord with quiet trust, wait patiently for him;
Though wickedness triumphant seem, let not thy faith grow dim.

"The steps of those whom he approves are ordered by the Lord;
And though they fall, held by his hand they yet shall be restored.

"Mark well the perfect, upright man, as still his years increase;
Behold his life, and thou shalt see his journey end in peace."

MEDITATION.—As I study the secret of tranquillity which this psalm reveals, I pause to commune with my own heart. I fear this rather dark corner of my heart is reserved for self-pity; of course, it is not labeled *self-pity*. Sometimes my tongue has called it justice or personal rights or self-respect; but when I enter the quiet place of prayer, and God's searchlight shines into these corners, I *know* that it is nothing better than self-pity, which breeds jealousy and envy and leads me to "fret" because of the prosperity of others. Yes, self-pity is a deadly thing; but God can take it out of my heart, if I will let him replace it by something of his own choosing. This I am resolved to do.

M. E.



III — Paul Before the Council

(April 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 22: 22 to 23: 10.

MEMORY VERSE: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16: 33.

Questions

1. What word in Paul's address aroused the anger of the Jews afresh? What cry was raised? Acts 22: 21, 22. Note 1.
2. In what unreasonable way did the mob act? Verse 23. Note 2.
3. What order did the captain then give? Why was such a command given? Verse 24. Note 3.
4. What preparation was made for the scourging? What question did Paul ask the centurion? Verse 25. Note 4.
5. How did the chief captain hear what Paul had said to the centurion? What advice was given him? Verse 26.
6. To whom did the chief captain then go? What question did he ask? What was Paul's answer? Verse 27.
7. How did the chief captain become a Roman? What did his citizenship mean to him? How did Paul get his freedom? Verse 28.
8. What did those who were about to scourge Paul then do? How did the captain feel? Why? Verse 29.
9. What did Lysias still wish to know? How did he treat Paul? What command did he give the priests and council? Verse 30.
10. What did Paul say as he looked at the council? Acts 23: 1. Note 5.
11. What command did the high priest give those who were standing near? What did Paul reply? Verses 2, 3.
12. What question did those who were standing by ask Paul? How did Paul reply? Verses 4, 5. Note 6.
13. To what sects did the members of the council belong? When Paul knew this what did he say? For what was he on trial? Verse 6. Note 7.
14. What confusion did Paul's statement cause in the council? What was the difference between Sadducees and Pharisees? What did the Pharisees then say of Paul? How great was the dissension between the Pharisees and Sadducees? What did Lysias fear? How was Paul rescued? Verses 7-10.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Describe a Roman scourging. How many times did Paul suffer this punishment?
2. Why did Paul call the high priest a "whited wall"?

Notes

1. "Hitherto the people had listened with close attention, but when Paul reached the point in his history where he was appointed Christ's ambassador to the Gentiles, their fury broke forth anew. Accustomed to look upon themselves as the only people favored by God, they were unwilling to permit the despised Gentiles to share the privileges which had hitherto been regarded as exclusively their own. Lifting their voices above the voice of the speaker, they cried, 'Away with such a fellow from the earth: for it is not fit that he should live.'" — *The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 409.

2. The wrath of the Jews was as furious as the flames of a volcano. They screamed. They threw dust into the air. They tore off their clothes. They howled, yelled, cursed, waved their arms, gnashed their teeth, and seemed like a crowd of lunatics let loose.

3. The chief captain could not understand why Paul was hated so by his own countrymen. He thought he must be a very wicked person. He believed scourging would compel him to confess his crimes, and so gave orders that he should suffer this shameful punishment.

4. A centurion was a Roman officer who commanded a hundred soldiers. Paul's question shows he was ready to use every lawful means to keep others from wrong-doing and to save himself needless suffering. For one to say, "I am a Roman citizen," often brought safety to those who were on trial. The centurion knew it was an offense against the government to scourge a Roman, and he was afraid to proceed further.

5. We may wonder how Paul could say this. When Stephen made his defense, Paul, who saw his face shining as "the face of an angel," doubted that he was a deceiver. The Spirit of prophecy tells us that he went to the priests with his doubts, and their arguments made him believe that Jesus was not what he claimed to be, and that those who followed him should be silenced. This led him to persecute the disciples until he met the Lord himself.

6. Paul's apology when told that he had spoken strongly to the high priest shows that he was a perfect gentleman. He did not say that what he had said was untrue, but that he did not know that the man to whom he had spoken was the high priest. We may learn from Paul's example not to speak disrespectfully of those who are in authority, even though they may be unworthy.

7. Paul showed his quick discernment in turning to advantage the religious views of those by whom he was tried. At the same time he taught them the truth, for it was the resurrection of Jesus, as well as his Messiahship, which was doubted.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Plea

AH, Life, grant me but this:
 No proffered joy to miss,
 To feel no keen regret;
 To help sad hearts forget
 What pain they may.

To let no trust go wrong;
 To keep my courage strong;
 To fear no evil spell;
 To do some one thing well
 From day to day.

—Charlotte Becker.

Oath of the Athenian Youth

"WE will never bring disgrace to this our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; thus, in all ways we will transmit this city, not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

Men's School of Politeness

THE New York and Queens County Electric Railway has opened a "politeness school" for its employees. Some 650 of the men have received an average of three lessons each in politeness, but special attention was paid to giving finishing touches to the conductors. The school has thus far cost \$2,500, but the company has noticed a big diminution in minor accidents within a few weeks, which alone will pay the expenses of the school. Complaints have fallen off, and several moving picture shows have asked the privilege of photographing a real polite conductor assisting a woman with several children on or off a crowded car. In the early days of railroads and street cars, the greatest bully was the best conductor, the man with big arms and strong nerves, who for the least impertinence would slap the face of the too-inquisitive passenger, or would put off the car any one who dared question his word or authority. Things are all changed. While there are still exceptions, the conductors on the railroads and trolley lines are as a rule attentive and polite. The men who have bands on their coat sleeves indicating five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, or more years of service are the ones who are universally kind to the public, and especially tender to old people, children, and invalids of one kind

or another. Few things so prevent friction and promote efficiency in all the callings of life as genuine politeness—not the hollow pretense of it, so often substituted for it, but the genuine article itself, which is in reality friendliness of disposition. The highest type of human politeness is Christian courtesy.—*The Independent*.

The President's Salary

You may think that the President of the United States receives an enormous salary: \$75,000 a year, with \$25,000 annually for traveling expenses, and free house rent. But when his salary is compared to salaries received by foreign rulers and presidents, the amount is certainly small. King George of Great Britain gets \$3,105,000 a year, and recently he was "granted" \$65,000 a year more, because he said he could not maintain his family on his salary. The emperor of Germany said he could not live on his salary, and "struck" for more. As German emperor he gets no salary: only a grant of \$650,000 a year. But as king of Prussia he gets \$3,150,000 a year. And he says this is clearly not enough. The king of Italy is another monarch who has recently hinted at the meager salary paid him: he receives \$3,200,000 a year. The czar of Russia appears to be satisfied, but then he is generally supposed to be not only the richest monarch in the world, but the best paid. He receives a salary of \$8,179,000. The salaries of all the other monarchs pale before this income of the czar. The king of Spain receives only \$1,850,000 a year. The king of the Belgians gets \$875,000 a year; the king of Denmark, \$345,000; Queen Wilhelmina receives \$525,000. The only president of a republic comparable at all with ours is the President of France; he receives \$240,000 a year, from which he pays his own traveling expenses and entertainments. Hence, the President of the United States receives the smallest salary of any ruler of a great nation in the world.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Mistakes You Make in Writing Letters

HAVE your business letters degenerated into a repetition of stilted, routine phrases?

Most business correspondence is guilty of that charge, as William Cushing Bamburgh points out in his "Talks on Business Correspondence" (Little, Brown & Company). You would never think of talking such phrases as "came duly to hand," "thanking you in advance, I beg to remain." Why spoil your letters with them?

"Carefully avoid such words and stock phrases as 'beg to acknowledge,' 'beg to advise,' 'beg to inquire,' etc.," continues the author (quoting from *System*). "Don't 'beg' at all.

"Don't say 'kindly' for 'please.' Avoid 'the same' as you would the plague.

"Don't write 'would say.' Go ahead and say it. "Don't say 'inclose herewith.' 'Herewith' is superfluous.

"Don't 'reply' to a letter: 'answer' it. You answer a letter and reply to an argument.

"Don't use a long or big word where a short one will do just as well or better.

"Carefully avoid the appearance of sarcasm.

"Beware of adjectives, especially superlatives.

"Finally, don't forget that certain small words are in the language for a purpose—"and," "a," "the," are important, and their elimination often makes a letter bald, curt, and distinctly inelegant."—*Selected*.