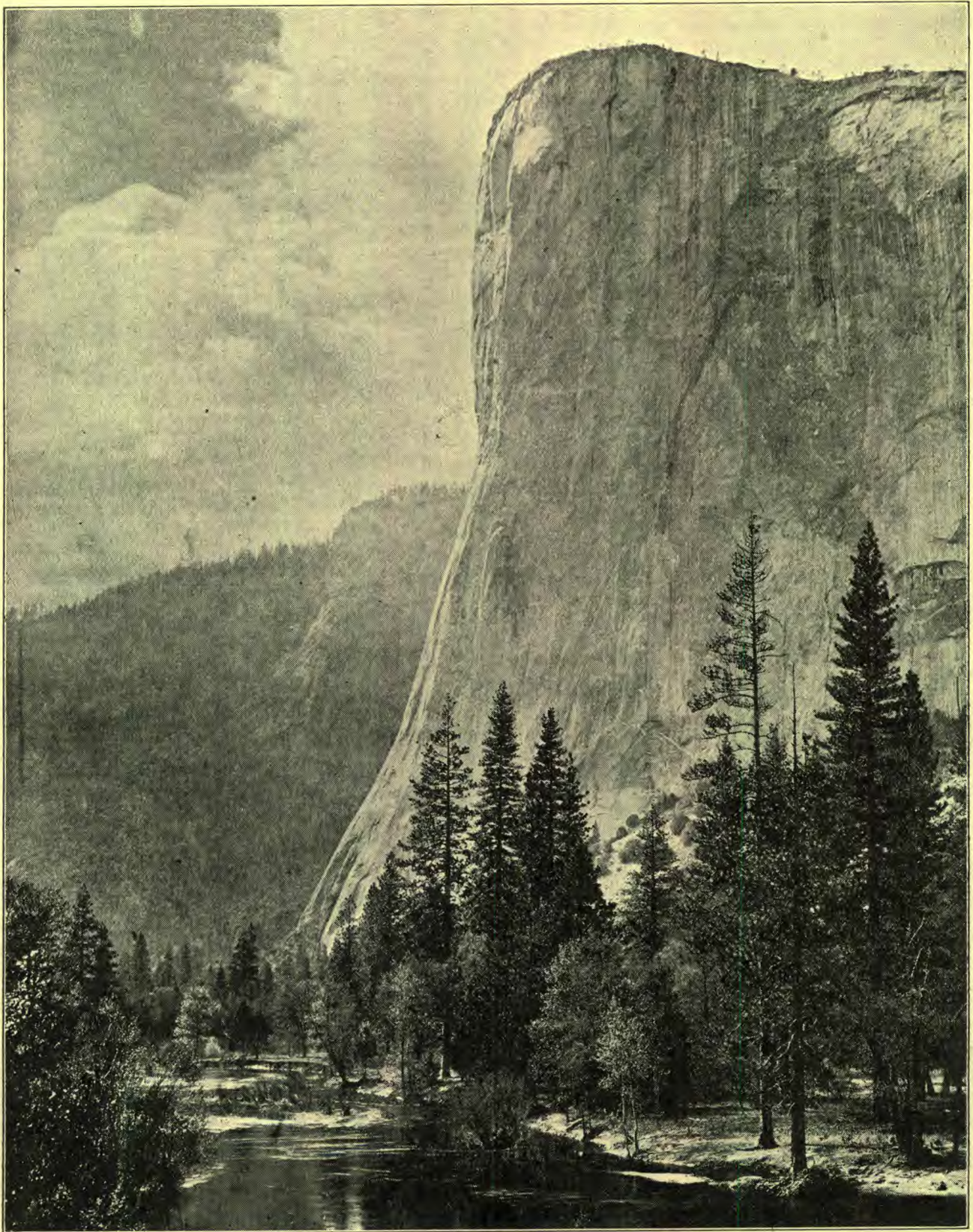


# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

May 15, 1917

No. 20



EL CAPITAN, YOSEMITE VALLEY, THIRTY-THREE HUNDRED FEET HIGH.





An effort is being made to have the Bureau of Education made a department, with representation in the Cabinet.

The Woman Suffrage Amendment which recently passed the New York State Senate, will be submitted to the voters next November.

Dr. Andrew Murray, a minister of the Dutch Church in South Africa, and the author of many well-known devotional books, died recently at the age of eighty-eight.

The Bull Moose, or Progressive, Party, at its national convention in St. Louis, went on record on April 12 as in favor of national woman suffrage, national prohibition, the establishment of a national food commission, government ownership of all public utilities, and a universal eight-hour work day.

"American Protestant Christians gave \$28,000,000 for foreign missions last year. That is encouraging, because it is an increase over the preceding year, yet we are told that Great Britain is spending for war over \$28,000,000 a day. For missions, \$28,000,000 in a year; for war, \$28,000,000 in a day!"

Six paper manufacturers and a banker prominent in financing news-print paper companies were recently indicted by the federal grand jury of New York State, charged with controlling fifty-five per cent of the news-print paper production of the country, and using their power in restraint of trade, in violation of the Sherman antitrust law.

After Chattanooga's first Sunday baseball game, which the locals won from Atlanta, warrants charging President Shepherd, Secretary Foster, and Manager Elberfeld of the local club, and Manager Frank of the Atlanta Club, with doing business on Sunday and creating and maintaining a nuisance, were served by the sheriff. They were allowed to make a bond of \$250 each.

Mr. Rockefeller offered to give to the people of Pocantico Hills, his home town, the use of all the land they want to till. Nearly every family in the village has made application for land. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of frenzied finance fame, has offered the use of his estate, comprising 250 acres under cultivation, to the governor of Massachusetts for the production of food.

"The old Chateau de Chavagniac de Lafayette has been recently purchased by a group of patriotic Americans, that it may become a French prototype of Mount Vernon. The chateau was built in the fourteenth century, burned to the ground in 1701, and rebuilt as nearly as possible like the early structure. It stands in the upland country of the Haute-Loire, sometimes called the "French Siberia," where the harsh physical climate and the bleak natural surroundings tend to draw out the qualities of independence and individuality in the young. From this birthplace came the great lover of freedom and champion of American liberties, the Marquis de Lafayette, whose life has been eloquently retold for the young by Martha Foote Crow. Many of us forget that at the age of nineteen Lafayette was a general in the American army and the trusted friend of Washington."

"Le Temps," Paris, says that the enemy is starving the population of the towns of northern France "through the enormous prices of all provisions. Meat is more than two dollars a pound, one egg thirty cents, a pair of shoes fifteen dollars, a French newspaper costs ten dollars a copy, when sold by the Germans." The inhabitants of certain zones are not allowed to keep in their houses more than two days' supply of food; all excess of that is confiscated under the pretext of feeding those who have nothing. In reality it is the enemy who utilizes it.

Mrs. Wilson, Miss Margaret Wilson, and the wives of the members of the President's Cabinet have voluntarily entered upon an economic régime. They have pledged themselves to buy simple food and inexpensive clothing, and to prevent all possible waste. They urge the cultivation of all available land for the production of food, so that this country out of its abundance, may be able to assist other nations in need. Surely every one who has any sense of the meaning of the conflict before us will join heartily in this effort to conserve our resources.

"The American government is reported to have spent \$200,000,000 during the last year for the armed expedition into Mexico and the protection of the border. This is ten times the amount spent for evangelical Christian missions in Mexico, in one hundred years. The money spent for the military expedition would have put a church, a school, and a hospital, with the necessary equipment, and with salaries of workers included, in one thousand cities and towns in Mexico."

As a means of extending prohibition because of the war, Senator Kenyon introduced a bill into the United States Senate increasing the internal revenue tax on distilled liquors to ten dollars a gallon; and Senator Jones offered resolutions prohibiting liquor sales within twenty miles of any military training camp, sale of liquor to uniformed soldiers or sailors, or knowingly to them when not in uniform.

### Prohibition Now

DRINK does not make good fighters. It does not turn out good work. Its manufacture uses up good foodstuffs. A nation at war has no use for drink. Russia learned it, France learned it, England learned it. Shall we learn it first—or last?—*The Independent*.

"To sow the seed of truth and hope and peace,  
And take the root of error from the sod,  
To be of those who make the sure increase  
Forever growing in the lands of God."

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 15, 1917

No. 20

## A Jewish Boy Who Became a Christian Missionary

**A** HUNDRED years ago there were not so many books in the world as there are now; but some of those which were printed had very long titles. Here is the name of one which was published in 1822 on the nearness of Jesus' coming: "He Will Come Again, the Son of Man in the Clouds of Heaven."

The man who wrote this book was a converted Jew, Joseph Wolff. He was born in Germany, but while yet a young boy he left home, and started out to make his own way in the world. In early manhood he joined the Catholic Church, but later he left that church and became a Protestant missionary to the Jews.

As Mr. Wolff read his Bible, and studied the prophecies, he saw that the time was near when Jesus would come the second time. He began to preach this doctrine, and to write it in books.

He also taught it in many lands in the Old World and also in the New. For Joseph Wolff was a great traveler. He went about from one place to another so much, especially in the old Bible lands, that the people called him a "dervish," which means wanderer.

Before beginning his missionary travels, Mr. Wolff had studied many languages. Of course he learned Hebrew in his home when he was a boy, but he added to this Greek and Latin and Chaldee, besides Arabic, Syrian, Persian, and English. Thus he was able to speak to the people in the lands where he traveled, and make himself partly understood by them.

To understand what led Mr. Wolff to make these hard and dangerous journeys, we must go back a long way in Jewish history. You remember that after the death of Solomon the kingdom of Israel was divided. Two of the tribes had one king, and the other ten tribes had another king. These separate kingdoms were kept up for many years; in fact, the people were never reunited.

At last, in the days when Ahaz was king in Jerusalem over the two tribes, and Hoshea was king in Samaria over the ten tribes, a heathen king called Shalmaneser came against Samaria, and besieged it. Hoshea gave presents to Shalmaneser, and tried to buy his favor; but it was all in vain. The Assyrian king shut Hoshea up in prison, and finally subdued his kingdom, and took great numbers of the people away captive. Not content with this, he brought a large number of his own heathen subjects into Samaria, and gave them the lands and houses that belonged to the Jews.

Do you wonder what became of the ten tribes who were carried off? Where did they go? How did they live? Did they like their new home?

A great many persons have asked these questions,

and Joseph Wolff was one who was very much interested in the ten lost tribes, as they are sometimes called. He thought that if he should travel all through those ancient Eastern lands, he might find some trace of them; but he never did, though he had many interesting adventures, and wherever he went, he told the people that the second coming of the Lord was near at hand. Though he did not know it, the Lord raised this man up to do this special work at this very time.

Two special expeditions or visits to Bokhara, in Turkestan (locate it on your map), were made by Mr. Wolff in 1830 and 1843.

### Met by a Band of Robbers

On the first trip, he went by way of Armenia and Persia. Near one village a band of robbers met the

caravan with which he was traveling, and stripped the men of all their clothes, and tied each by a long rope to a horse's tail. Some of the men were also beaten, Mr. Wolff among them; but after a time he was allowed to ride, and a few rags were given him to shield him from the bitter cold.

"After traveling some time along a road covered with snow and ice they encamped in a forest, where they made a large fire. Then the robbers, reckoning up the value of their booty, proceeded to set a price on the prisoners they had taken. Wolff's servant was valued at ten tomans (equal to about \$25); but when they came to Wolff and looked at him, they said, 'We don't like this fellow at all; he stares at us so.' On examining his effects, they found several important letters addressed on Wolff's behalf to Abbas Mirza, the governor of Khorasan. This frightened them, and they debated whether it would not be better to kill him and put him out of the way.

"But before setting out on this stage of his journey, Wolff, foreseeing that something of the kind might happen, had taken the precaution of writing to Abbas Mirza at Nishapur, so that if he should fail to arrive there, he might be inquired for. Accordingly, he went up to the robbers, and said: 'I have understood all you have said, and the resolution to which you have come. Your reasoning is very good, but it has one fault, and that is, you are too late; I also knew how to calculate, and have laid my plans accordingly.' He then told them of his having written beforehand to Abbas Mirza, and promised that if they would let him write to the principal Jews in Torbad-Hydarea, whose acquaintance he had made on a former journey, he would be ransomed for one hundred tomans."

Of course the robbers wanted more money; so "they let him write to the chief Jews in Torbad-Hydarea, whither they were journeying. In the meanwhile,



JOSEPH WOLFF



Wolff had succeeded in making six of the robbers his firm friends by promising to recommend them (if they remained faithful to him) to Abbas Mirza, whose soldiers they wished to become.

"Thus they arrived safely at the gates of Torbad-Hydarea. Wolff's Jewish friends came out to meet him, but strongly objected to his paying any ransom. All the robbers had had dealings with them, and owed them money, and they insisted that Wolff should be allowed to go to the house of one of them for the night, leaving everything else to be settled in the morning.

"Such a crowd of Jews came round Wolff and his friends that they adjourned to the synagogue, where, although in rags and shivering with cold, the dauntless missionary preached to them, and was listened to with profound attention.

#### Cast into a Dungeon

"In the morning, however, the robber chief seized him again, and put him in a miserable dungeon, chained with fifty other captives. The chief seemed to have formed the design of starving him to death, for he passed Wolff over when apportioning bread to the other captives. However, after he had been about two hours in the dungeon, the thunder of cannon was heard, and a voice exclaimed, 'Muhammad Izhak Khan has arrived!' This was the khan of Torbad-Hydarea, and a Persian officer of his took summary measures with the robbers, and, coming to the door of the dungeon, inquired if there was not an Englishman there? Wolff shouted, 'Yes, yes!' and was forthwith released, along with his companions, who gratefully attributed their escape to him.

#### The "Justice" of the Khan

"He was now brought to the palace of the khan, where he saw hundreds of miserable wretches with their eyes put out, and their ears and noses cut off. Muhammad Izhak was a tyrant of great bodily strength, and was said to have killed with his own hand his father, mother, brother, sister, and son-in-law. The khan, who was eating his dinner when Wolff was brought into his presence, said, 'Abbas Mirza has written to me that thou goest about to show the nations the way of truth. For my part, I have no religion. I have one good quality, and that is, I am a man of justice; and therefore tell the truth, and you shall see my justice. How much money have these rascals taken from you?'

"Wolff said: 'They have taken from me eighty tomans.'

"He repeated, 'Eighty tomans?'

"Wolff said, 'Yes!' and he answered, 'Now thou shalt see my justice.'

"So he ordered the robber chief and his followers to be flogged until they paid the whole sum. This he counted, and said again, 'Now thou shalt see my justice.' Then he put the whole into his own pocket, and, turning to the unfortunate missionary, said, 'Now, you may go in peace.'

#### "I Will Not Tell a Lie"

"Wolff remained a few days longer with the Jews, and then set out with a large caravan for Meshhed. On the way he had an unpleasant adventure with one of his companions, a bigoted Mohammedan, who took hold of Wolff's foot, and beat it with his stick, saying, 'Infidel! say, "God is God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God."'

"Wolff replied, 'I will not tell a lie!'

"The man put his arms akimbo, and exclaimed, 'Imagine the boldness of this infidel, who, in the midst of Mohammedans, and before the city of Meshhed the Holy, declares our religion to be a lie! What a fool he is!'

"A respectable Mohammedan who heard this, said, 'Well, let the fool alone.' This quieted the man, who went on his way without molesting Wolff any further.

"At Meshhed Wolff lodged with one of the principal Jews, and had prolonged religious discussions both with Jews and Mohammedans. He arrived at Bokhara without further mishap, but during an examination before the ameer's prime minister, he was brought into some danger by a Jew who accused him of being a Russian spy. Wolff, however, succeeded in disproving the charge, and the prime minister informed him that he might hold religious discussions with the Jews in Bokhara, but not with the Mohammedans. He accordingly did so, with the happy result that he was able to baptize twenty converts, whom, on his return fourteen years later, he found steadfast in their discipleship."

Mr. Wolff spent three months in Bokhara, and then set out on his journey homeward. He had many narrow escapes, and was often in peril of his life; but he finally reached home safely. Not long after this he spent some time in the United States. In 1843, hearing that two Englishmen had been imprisoned in Bokhara, he decided to revisit that distant city, and to preach to the Jews and Mohammedans whom he should meet on the way.

#### A Warning

As he neared Bokhara, some of his friends came to him, and said, "Joseph Wolff, Joseph Wolff, you are the son of death as soon as you enter Bokhara."

But Mr. Wolff had not come so far, only to turn back now. Even when told that the men whom he had come to help had been shot, he said: "I shall go on. I must be more certain as to this."

A few days later he reached the city. Here is what he says about his arrival:

"Shouts of '*Salaam Aleikoon*' (Peace be to you) rang upon my ear. It was a most astonishing sight; people from the roofs of houses, the Nogai Tartars of Russia, the Cossacks and Girghese from the deserts, the Tartars from Yarkand or Chinese Tartary, the merchants of Kashmir, the grandees of the ameer on horseback, the Afghans, the numerous water carriers, stopped still, and looked at me; Jews with their little caps—the distinguishing mark of the Jews of Bokhara, the inhabitants of Khokand politely smiling at me, the mullahs from Shikarpur and Sind looking at me and saying, '*Inglese Sahib*;' veiled women screaming to each other, '*Inglese eljee*' (English ambassador); others coming by them and saying: 'He is not an *eljee* but the grand dervish of Englistan.'"

The ameer, or ruler of the city, who was a wicked and cruel man, received Wolff kindly, and listened to him read and explain the Bible. After Wolff went away, the ameer said:

"How wonderful! I have in my empire two hundred thousand Persian slaves, and no soul ever came from Persia to ask after any one of them; and here I have killed a few Englishmen, and Joseph Wolff comes with a Bible in his hand, and enters my capital without a sword and without a gun, and demands those two Englishmen. I wish Wolff could make them alive again; his coming here has inflicted on me a wound which will never be healed."



### Brave in the Face of Danger

However, the ameer was not a true friend to Wolff, who was finally shut up in the very room the two Englishmen had occupied before their execution. The Jews were allowed to visit him, and they told him all about the two Englishmen who had been killed.

One day a mullah, or learned man, came to Wolff from the ameer, and asked him if he would become a Mohammedan.

"Tell the ameer, *Never, never, never!*" said Wolff.

"Have you not a more polite answer for the ameer?" asked the mullah.

"No," replied the fearless missionary.

So the mullah went away, and by and by the executioner who had killed the two Englishmen came to the room, and said: "Joseph Wolff, to thee it shall happen as it did to them."

### Saved from Death

But almost by a miracle the life of Wolff was saved. That very day a message came from the Persian ambassador, asking the ameer to release Wolff. This he finally did, saying, "Well, I make a present to you of Joseph Wolff. He may go."

So, guarded by an escort, Mr. Wolff went to the Persian embassy, and laid plans to return to England. Before leaving Bokhara, however, he must, according to the custom, call again on the ameer—though we may be sure he did not enjoy the prospect of visiting this man who was so eager to take his life. The Persian ambassador went with Wolff, and the ameer gave him "a robe of honor, fifty ducats, and a Persian manuscript with the ameer's autograph."

When Wolff came to leave the city, the people crowded the narrow streets, and said, "Thou hast been born again!" to show their surprise at his narrow escape from death. "He was not yet altogether out of danger, however. The caravan in which he traveled was a large one, and before he left Bokhara his Jewish friends informed him that it included ten assassins who had been hired to murder him. But the Persian ambassador, who accompanied the caravan and was friendly to Wolff, kept a vigilant watch over him, and baffled the conspirators."

When Wolff reached England this time, he settled down as pastor in a quiet little village, and made no more journeys.

With thousands of other men, not so well known as he, Joseph Wolff did his part in giving the great message, "Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come." Let us not forget that we today have each a part to do in giving the second advent message to the world.

A. B. E.

### Christian Help Work at Washington, D. C.

"INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40.

The Saviour took especial interest in those who were discouraged or in trouble. No sinner had sunk too low in sin for Jesus to help him. As Christ's ambassadors, we should follow his example, and visit those who need loving service.

The members of the Takoma Park Missionary Volunteer Society are having many helpful experiences in doing this work. They regularly visit the District jail, charity hospital, Home for Incurables, Home for the Blind, and other hospitals. In each institution they are welcomed by inmates and officials. The super-

intendent of the jail is especially friendly toward our work. He asks for our literature, and appears much interested.

The Review and Herald Band has given concerts at the jail. These do much to make friends of the prisoners. Last Christmas the superintendent arranged a program and the band was requested to take part. Although the superintendent could have obtained other ministers from the city, he requested our Elder F. W. Paap to give the address. Prisoners have been helped spiritually, and some have been aided in obtaining their release in cases of first offense.

The value of being faithful regardless of weather conditions was emphasized by one Sabbath's experience. The day was disagreeably cold and rainy. Nevertheless the Christian Help Band determined to make



THE TAKOMA PARK CHRISTIAN HELP BAND—IN FRONT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA JAIL

its usual visit—a trip of nine miles from Takoma Park. When they went into the hospital, a man who had been there for some time and who looks forward to the visits, said: "Well, I was afraid you were not coming today, it is so disagreeable; but you must have a *real* interest to come over here on such a day." The other patients also seemed impressed by this evidence of interest in them.

An annual temperance program is given at the jail, and each prisoner is furnished with a copy of the TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR. This paper makes an especial appeal to these men and women, because a large number of them are in the jail as the result of intemperance.

This letter has been received from a former prisoner, who is now happy in the light of present truth:

"I am now free from that horrible place, and I am a new creature in Christ Jesus. All old things have passed away and everything has become new, even my very life has become new. I thank you for what you have been to me and for all your good reading. That is what made my life a new one. I am now a Sabbath-truth believer, and I thank you for sending me reading matter while I was in prison, which revealed to me the truth. If you have any more Italian reading matter, will you please send me some? I hope to get an answer from you. May God bless and keep you. Remember me in your prayers."

There is real joy in working for the unfortunate, and few are more appreciative.

EDWARD QUINN, JR.

I PITY the man of fame or fortune who comes to the court of final accounting a bankrupt in service to his fellows. I pity him because he has missed the sweetest joy of living. I pity him as he stands before his God stripped of his fine raiment and self-conceit, with nothing in his hands but the itch for gold which he can no longer clutch, and nothing in his heart but the hunger for applause which he can no longer hear.—Clarence N. Ousley, in "Winning Declamations and How to Speak Them."



### Lloyd-George, England's New Prime Minister

"LLOYD-GEORGE was reared in a land of frowning crags and lovely dales, of mingled snow and sunshine, of poetry and passion. About him love of liberty clashed with vested tyranny. These conflicting things shaped his character, and made him temperamentally a creature of magnificent ironies."

In a single life we do not often find so many episodes suggesting violent contrast. He was once a pacifist and a pro-Boer; he has become England's greatest war chief. He was a radical, having nothing in common with British aristocracy, and to him the peers of England now look for protection. "No wonder," says Mr. Marcossion, "he stands today as the most picturesque, compelling, and challenging figure of the English-speaking race. Only one man—Theodore Roosevelt—vies with him for this many-sided distinction."

The son of a village schoolmaster who died when the boy was scarcely three; the ward of a shoemaker who was also an inspired lay preacher; the political protégé of a militant nationalist whose heart bled at the oppression of the Welsh, Lloyd-George early looked out upon a life smarting with grievance and clamoring to be free. Knowing this, one can understand that his dominant characteristic is to rebel against established order. Swaddled in democracy, he became its embodiment and its voice.

The world knows about the Lloyd-George childhood spent amid poverty in a Welsh village. The big-eyed boy ate, thought, and dreamed in Welsh, "the language that meant a daily fare of barley bread." When he learned English, it was like acquiring a foreign tongue. He grew up amid a great revival of Welsh art, letters, and religion that stirred his soul. He missed the pulpit by a narrow margin, yet he has never lost the evangelistic fervor which is one of the secrets of his command of people.

Lloyd-George was a natural orator, and his oratory brought him leadership, but it is not so generally known—at least, in this country—that in his early political campaigns he made full use of newspaper publicity. He made reporters his confidants, often rehearsing his speeches before them.

After he got into Parliament, he was always, as before, a sort of human lightning rod that attracted the bolts of abuse. He was always the center of controversy, and was stronger in attack than defense. He was a pacifist who wanted peace so much that he was ready to fight for it, and he staked his career on his championship of the Boers.

The dreaming pacifist of 1900 was Chancellor of the Exchequer when the storm broke in the summer of 1914. It was he who found the weak spot in England's armor, and who saw more clearly than any other man in high place that if the war was to be won by the Allies, the need of the hour was not only men but munitions. A new cabinet post—the Ministry of Munitions—had to be created, and Lloyd-George was immediately drafted as the man to fill it. How he approached the unprecedented task, and how he converted England into an arsenal, has been many times told. "Lloyd-George was no business man, but he knew how business affairs should be conducted. He knew, too, that America had reared the empire of business on a close-knit and efficient organization. He did what Andrew Carnegie or any other captain of capital would do. He called together the Schwabs, the Edisons, the Garys, and the Westinghouses, and made them his workfellows."

Mr. Marcossion has endeavored to reduce Lloyd-George to a formula that would be intelligible to Americans. He finds that he is "50 per cent Roosevelt in the virility and forcefulness of his character, 15 per cent Bryan in the purely demagogic phase of his make-up, while the rest is canny Celt opportunism." Still, it is with Roosevelt that the most pat comparison can be drawn. According to Mr. Marcossion, Lloyd-George is the British Roosevelt—the imperial Rough Rider. Instead of using the big stick, Lloyd-George employs the big voice.—*The American Review of Reviews*.

### Bagdad, the City of Wonders

BAGDAD, an old Arab city, lies in the heart of Mesopotamia. The Tigris River flows through the city; and across the plain from the site of the ancient Bagdad lay Nebuchadnezzar's great city, and on the other side stood Shushan, the palace where Queen Esther disclosed to the Persian king the wicked plots of Haman. Not far from the city of Bagdad, Jonah sounded his warning to Nineveh. The ancient city was founded in 762 A. D. by Al-Mansur. It quickly rose to prominence, and "seven hundred years before Cortez conquered the land of the Montezumas, Bagdad was the capital of the Mohammedan world, at a time when Islam bore a similar relation to civilization that Christendom does today."

Bagdad was also the capital of Oriental Judaism. For a long time it was the richest and most splendid city of the world. "In literature, art, and science," says the Britannica, "it divided the supremacy of the world with Cordova; in commerce and wealth it far surpassed that city." It was the city of the famous caliph, Harun-al-Rashid, the hero of the "Arabian Nights." Once "an embassy from Harun-al-Rashid led before the startled gaze of unbelievers the first elephant ever seen in the land of the Franks. When Nicephorus, emperor at Constantinople, wrote an insulting letter to the great caliph of Bagdad, it was returned with the terse comment, 'Thou shalt not hear, but see my answer!' This was not an Oriental boast. The commanders of the faithful entered Asia Minor at the head of a great army, carried fire and destruction almost to the walls of Constantinople, and the emperor Nicephorus was soon glad to accept humiliating terms of peace and promise annual payment of tribute to the victorious Harun-al-Rashid."

The fact that the city lay at the center of the lines of communication between India and Persia, on the one hand, and the West on the other hand, both by land and by water, gave it its great importance; but owing to a change in the method of transportation, India communicating with the West by means of the Suez Canal, and Persia by the ports of the Persian Gulf or over a northern route, the city lost its early prestige. Though Bagdad is about five hundred miles above the Persian Gulf, it maintains steam connection with its ports, there being both British and Turkish steamers on the Tigris.

"Situated in a region where there is no stone, and practically no timber, Bagdad was built, like all the cities of the Babylonian plain, of brick and tiles. Its buildings depended for their effect principally on mass and gorgeous coloring. Like old Babylon, also, Bagdad was celebrated throughout the world for its brilliant-colored textile fabrics. So famous was the silk of Bagdad, manufactured in the Attahieh quarter (named after Attab, a contemporary of the Prophet), that the place-name passed over into Spanish, Italian,





National Geographic Magazine

#### FURIOUS FANATICS AT NEDJED, ARABIA

The men with blood on their clothes are the victims of self-inflicted wounds. Some have been known to kill themselves in the heat of religious excitement.

French, and finally into English in the form of 'tabby,' as the designation of a rich-colored watered silk. Depending on colored tiles and gorgeous fabrics for their rich effects, nothing of the buildings of the times of Harun-al-Rashid or Mamun, once counted so magnificent, have come down to us. All have perished in the numerous sieges and inundations which have devastated the city."

The glory of Bagdad long since departed. While the ancient city supported a population of 2,000,000, the present city has a population of less than 200,000.

"The Jews constitute the wealthiest and most intelligent portion of the [present] population. A large part of the foreign trade is in their hands, and at the season of the sheepshearing their agents and representatives are found everywhere among the Bedouins and *Madan* Arabs of the interior, purchasing the wool and selling various commodities in return. They are the bankers of the country, and it is through their communications that the traveler is able to obtain credit. They are also the dealers in antiquities, both genuine and fraudulent. Next to them in enterprise and prosperity are the Persians. The porters of the town are all Kurds, the rivermen Chaldean Christians. Every nation retains its peculiar dress. The characteristic, but by no means attractive, street dress of the Moslem women of the better class comprises a black horsehair visor completely covering the face and projecting like an enormous beak, the nether extremities being encased in yellow boots reaching to the knee and fully displayed by the method of draping the garments in front.

Though the Turks have long ruled Bagdad, they are not popular among the Arab population.

The ancient city in its prosperity became a "maelstrom of vice, and so weakened by its own excesses that when Hulagu swooped down upon its carousing nobles they fell stupid victims to his Tartar ax."

A recent writer in the *National Geographic Magazine*, said in 1914:

"Modern Bagdad is in safer hands; no dissipated royalty guards its gates. Sober, clear-headed men, drilled in the best schools of modern Europe, able to hold their own anywhere, administer the affairs of this important Turkish province of Bagdad."

But in these times it is not wise to prophesy too broadly. Bagdad may have seemed able to defend itself against any enemy; but the fact is that on March 12, 1917, it fell into the hands of the British. This meant much to Germany, whose great ambition was to possess a port on the Persian Gulf. The *Literary Digest* speaks of the loss of Bagdad as the "death stroke to the kaiser's ambitions." "It blocks the plan for a German empire in the southeast, and competition with England for the rich trade of the Orient." Another writer says that Bagdad has tenfold the importance to the world today of Verdun. Both within the last few months have been lost to Germany.

The fall of Bagdad delays at least the execution of the cherished plans for the Berlin-Constantinople-Bagdad railroad, which "with a tunnel under the Bosphorus and the Bagdad railway pushed to Busra, one might go from Hamburg, Germany, without change of car, to a deep-water port of the Persian Gulf." "It is not impossible," says one, "that the future historian will say that the 'turning point of the war came not in France, or on the Carpathian front, or at Saloniki, but far away in semidesert Mesopotamia,'" Abraham's native land.

F. D. C.

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"WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and court,  
Given to redeem this world from error,  
There would be no need of arsenal and fort."

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THE spirit of evil caused this war, but the Spirit of God may bring good out of it, just as the summer can repair the ravages of winter.—*Newell Dwight Hillis*.



### How I Earned Money to Go to School

My father thought a college or even an academic education unnecessary; so after my younger sister and I had finished the work of the country school, he gave each of us one hundred and seventy-five dollars with which to complete our education, saying if we desired to take up further work in school we could do so, provided we earned our own money.

We had a large huckleberry marsh on our place, and father agreed to give us what berries we picked, with the understanding that we were to use the money derived from their sale for our clothes and schooling.

It was July, and the berries were ripening fast. My sister and I decided to begin picking on the morrow. As the days were very warm, it was necessary to get an early start; so before going to bed that night we made sure that the boxes, baskets, and pails necessary to hold our berries were cleaned and in the buggy ready for use, and also that hay and grain for the horse, our rubber boots, and huckleberry attire were in the buggy.

The next morning our work was soon done, and sister hitched up our old horse which sometimes balked, while I put up our lunch. By this time my older sister, who lived but a short distance away, had come, to accompany my mother, sister, and me to the swamp. We had gone but a short distance when we saw a big rattlesnake, which so frightened one of my sisters that she returned home.

Upon reaching the swamp we unhitched the horse, donned our working clothes, and then joined my brother and his wife who were already picking berries. We had been at work but a short time when I heard a familiar voice call me, which I instantly recognized to be that of my other sister-in-law, who also lived near by and had come to pick berries. In our eagerness to get all we could, we were soon separated, and before I was aware that it was noon I heard some one call, "Let's have dinner."

After enjoying a good meal, a refreshing drink, and a few minutes' rest in the shade, we were again ready for work. Just as I was entering the swamp I saw a streaked snake, but my faithful dog snapped it into pieces before the snake had time to suspect danger. This time I took one of the paths which led out into the middle of the swamp, where the berries were plentiful. I found a large patch with berries nearly as large as cherries, and was soon so busy picking them that I did not notice it was growing dark; but rumblings of thunder sent me out where it was more open, and I saw that in the west the clouds were thickening fast, and that the sky was streaked with lightning. The thunder was becoming heavier every minute. There I was in the middle of the swamp, fallen trees on every side of me, and I did not know where the path was. With my two baskets of berries I started for the edge, climbing over fallen trees, and pushing my way through the brush the best I could. Before I had gone very far I stumbled over an old log, and left part of my berries on the ground. Just then I heard a voice calling, "Ethel, hurry up, or you will get wet."

By the time I reached the edge of the swamp my mother and sister were both out. After hitching up the horse, storing our berries in the buggy, which was no easy task, as each of us had over two bushels, we took possession for ourselves of the space left, but our horse refused to go. After feeding her corn, petting her, and telling her what a good horse she was, we finally succeeded in persuading her to move

on. Then she made up for lost time. Just as we were within a few feet of the barn the rain began to pour, but no serious harm was done, as our berries were well covered.

Some days we picked as many as four bushels apiece. When the season was over, I found that my six weeks' work had brought me one hundred and fifty dollars. By such effort each year I earned money enough for three years' school work at one of our academies.

ETHEL DEAN.

### Wayfarers

DEAR LORD, I would not ask to see  
The way by which thou leadest me.  
Could I discern the depths below,  
Maybe I would not dare to go  
Its steep and narrow course along,  
Above the awful gulfs of wrong.

Nor would I ask of thee that thou  
Shouldst show me all the journey now.  
Its far-stretched course, its dreary length,  
Might overcome my faltering strength;  
And seen today, its farthest height  
Might seem too distant to my sight.

But grant me, Lord, this one heart-prayer:  
My daily journey with me share;  
By rugged hill or quiet vale,  
When burdens press or waters fail,  
Be my close comrade of the way,  
Defense by night and strength by day.

—Eugene Rowell.

### Lost His Job

A YOUNG man through no fault of his own apparent to him lost his job. At first he was indignant and rebellious. He had done his best; he had been faithful; he had seemed to be meeting all the requirements of his position. Still he was dropped. It was monstrous. He was in the state of mind that makes one an anarchist.

Then, either because he lacked the recklessness of consequences required of an anarchist in fact or had too much sense to attempt warfare upon society, he began to reflect. From that moment dated his salvation. It dawned upon him that he had lost his job not because of anything he had done, but because of the many things he had *not* done. In an age of keen and quickening competition he had been satisfied with old methods. While others were pondering, figuring, studying new processes and gaining mastery of new and better ways, he had been drifting along. Faithful he had been, but unprogressive, unalert, and therefore costly. When a new man appeared with ideas that should have occurred to him, loss of his position became the penalty of his indifference.

Because realization of his shortcomings had made a new man of him, he quickly secured a new job. Without a day's delay he began to study its possibilities, study the business he was engaged in, study a course dealing with problems to be solved at once and in months to come. Within a year he was a foreman; in two years he was superintendent; in less than five years he was general manager and regarded as indispensable by his employers. What had brought the change?—Time improved. Spare time improved. His time improved.—*Ambition.*

LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"RIGHTEOUSNESS keepeth him that is upright in the way."



## Interesting Things About Great Musicians

MARGARET WEIR

**T**HE lover of music finds many interesting incidents in the lives of famous musicians which tell of the hardships endured in childhood in their struggle for a musical knowledge, and the criticism, rebuff, and opposition received during manhood. It was an intense desire to rise higher in a knowledge of their beloved art that enabled these masters to endure poverty and hunger.

Of Bach we learn that when he was but ten years old his passion to study the masters was so great that he obtained, against his brother's wishes, a book of manuscript from their library, and one moonlight night, long after the others had retired, began the task of copying out the pieces contained in the book. It was not until the moon had shifted her position, so that the little fellow could no longer work, that he returned the book to its proper place.

For six months, whenever the moon shone brightly, Sebastian continued his task. But, alas! he had become so accustomed to his nightly vigils that fear of discovery had ceased to haunt him, and one time he failed to remove the traces of his work. His brother, thinking he heard sounds in Sebastian's room, came to seek the cause. His glance fell upon the open books, and angrily seizing both manuscript and copy, he hid them where the boy could not possibly find them.

But there was one thing of which Bach could not be robbed, and that was "the memory of the beautiful music he had copied with such infinite pains." This same spirit of industry is seen throughout his entire life; in fact, he could not be idle, and it seemed the one idea of his whole life was to be of the greatest use to his fellow men.

Handel also in his childhood met with serious objection on the part of his father, who regarded the art with contempt. It was Handel's greatest delight when five years old to steal away to his garret, where had been concealed a dumb spinet, "a small harpsichord having its sound deadened by strips of cloth tied around the strings." For some time he secretly continued to practice, but one night he was suddenly missed. The servants and parents started in search. "Great was the father's surprise, on reaching the topmost landing, to hear faint musical sounds proceeding from behind the closed door. Noiselessly retracing his steps, he summoned the rest of the household, and then, ascending the stairs in a body, they paused outside to listen. Sure enough, the old garret was full of melodic sounds! The master softly lifted the latch, and, having peeped into the room, beckoned silently to the rest to follow him. It might have been one of the angel choir itself whom these good people of the underworld had stumbled upon unawares! for there, seated before the spinet, was the white-robed figure of the child." The discovery did not seem to

embitter the father, for Handel continued his practice.

When Handel was seven years old, his father planned a visit to the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels to see his son, a valet to the duke. George was most anxious to be allowed to accompany his father, as he had heard of the musical delights of the duke's home, but his father refused his consent. Seeking the seclusion of his garret, George muttered, "I will go, even if I have to run every inch of the way." He did not know that it was forty miles to the duke's castle, and that the roads were muddy, so when his father started in a closed carriage, the boy did his best to keep pace with it. At last his strength failed, and he called to the coachman to stop. "At the sound of the boy's voice his father thrust his head out of the window, and was about to give vent to his anger at George's disobedience; but a glance at the poor little bedraggled figure in the road, with its pleading



"There, seated before the spinet, was the white-robed figure of the child."

face, melted the surgeon's heart. They were too great a distance from home to turn back, and so Handel was lifted into the carriage and carried to Weissenfels, where he arrived tired and footsore, but supremely happy at having won his point."

Handel was rewarded for his perseverance, for the organist of the household was impressed with the boy's genius, and he decided to "surprise the duke by letting Handel play His Highness out of chapel" the following Sunday. The duke arose when the music began, but he was instantly attracted by the melody pouring forth from the organ, and instead of walking out of the chapel he remained standing. He at once sent for the boy and inquired who he was. When the duke was told that the "boy's father had refused to let him follow his musical studies," he cried, "What! is it possible that he can contemplate anything so foolish and unjust as to stifle the genius of his own son?" Then he sent for the surgeon and



pointed out to him very strongly that he was doing his son a great wrong in opposing him in his studies. The father then reluctantly consented to Handel's pursuing his work. And to the duke much credit is due for the wonderful anthems and oratorios of the great musician, including the "Messiah," which is said to have been completed in twenty-four days.

An amusing but disastrous incident is told of Haydn, another famous musical master, when he was a youth attending a singing school. In those days it was the fashion for boys to wear pigtails, and one day Haydn's attention had been distracted by the movements of a pigtail belonging to the boy who sat in front of him. He had secured a pair of scissors, and "the itching to cut something was too strong to be resisted, and the next moment, ere the owner of the scissors could realize the crime he was committing, the once active pigtail lay as dead as any doornail upon the floor." For this offense Joseph was to receive a caning on the hand, before the whole school, but rather than submit to the disgrace he decided to leave school; however, he was compelled to take the caning, and then received his dismissal. For days and months that followed, Haydn battled with poverty; but later, fortune smiled on him, and music lovers the world over are grateful to him for what he accomplished for the symphony, quartet, and the sonata.

One must be impressed with the merry side of Mozart's nature. Even during times of adversity he retained the sunshine of his boyish days. One winter evening a friend called at his home and found him and his wife dancing around the room. Upon the friend's remarking how light-hearted they were, Mozart pointed to the empty stove and said they were dancing to keep warm, "as they had no money to purchase fuel. Horror-stricken, the caller darted from the house, and returned in a few minutes with his arms laden with logs." Many were Mozart's financial embarrassments because he had a leaning toward extravagance in dress, and a weakness for lace and watch chains.

There is much of interest in the life of Ludwig van Beethoven. In 1781, when he was only ten years of age, he made his first attempt at breadwinning for the family. His father was of intemperate habits, and it devolved upon young Ludwig to help in the support of the family. He and his mother undertook a tour through Holland, in the hope that his playing at the houses of the rich might bring in money. They were not disappointed in this respect, but the boy did not carry away pleasant recollections of his visit. He remarked afterward that "the Dutch are very stingy, and I shall take care not to trouble them again." His life is characterized by a rare personality; he had a temper that was apt to explode at the slightest provocation; he was rude and abrupt; "but his great genius, combined with the absolute simplicity and straightforwardness of his character, won him his way everywhere."

Strangely enough the emotion that his wonderful expression produced in his hearers, found no response in Beethoven himself. Often when he saw how deeply he moved his audience, he would burst into laughter; while at other times it stirred him to angry resentment, and he would exclaim, "We artists don't want tears; we want applause!"

His absent-mindedness was the subject of many a joke. "He often forgot to go home to dinner—a fact which, seeing that he was a man, deserves to be recorded; and it is even said that on one occasion, he

insisted on tendering money for a meal which he had not ordered, under the belief that he had dined."

It was Beethoven's practice to keep his sketchbook by his bedside, and curious was the origin of some of the suggestions in it. One night he was awakened by the knocking of a neighbor who had accidentally been locked out of his house. The neighbor knocked four raps at a time, with a pause at the end of every fourth rap. The rhythmic regularity of the rapping suggested a musical idea to Beethoven's mind, and arising, the composer entered the idea in his sketchbook. The next morning the jotting was included in one of his most striking compositions, the "Violin Concerto in D," where the passage, given to the drums, is many times repeated.

With all his peculiarities, this great master was not devoid of noble qualities; his faults were of the head, not of the heart. His compositions are numerous, but his powers of playing is shown to greatest advantage in his adante movements.

### To Grandma's House

It seems that spring just won't appear,  
Of all the times to me most dear;  
For that's the time I go to spend  
A season with a boy's best friend.

At grandma's house I do my part;  
I carry pails, and pull the cart.  
I feed the pigs, who then lie down  
In big mudholes an' waller 'round.

To grandma's house I'd rather go;  
'Tis there I play with cousin Joe.  
We fly our kites, and chase bullfrogs,  
And find mushrooms around old logs.

We drive old Shep all 'round the farm,  
We never did a bit o' harm.  
We ride gray Kate to gather sap,—  
This is sport for a little chap.

To play in grandpa's stable loft,  
And hear the mice sneak 'round so soft,  
To hear rain patter, and eaves run,  
Appeals to me as best o' fun.

The best o' times we have together,  
We never mind the rainy weather;  
'Tis then we seek the haymow high,  
And play, and laugh until we cry.

What shall I do when grandma's gone?  
Spring then for me shall never dawn.  
Her smiling face I'll never greet,  
Till on the heavenly shore we meet.

Dear boys, to grandmamma be kind,  
A truer friend you'll never find.  
No place to spend your summers fair,  
For there will be one vacant chair.

—Ennis V. Moore.

### Calling for the Bible

"THERE is a phenomenal demand just now for the Scriptures from all the races and tongues of this polyglot country [Persia]. The two colporteurs of the British and Foreign Bible Society go out, expecting to stay several weeks, taking all the books they think they can dispose of in that time, and return in a few days all sold out and asking for more. The Armenian pastor, who does not know Turkish well enough to use it fluently, conducts the Armenian services, and is very useful, while the Rev. Abram Moorhatch, who is a fine preacher in Turkish, but does not know Armenian, has charge of the services in Turkish and Syriac, and is also active in Moslem evangelization. We have a good attendance of Moslems at the Turkish service, and some who come talk about Christianity."





### Watch Locates Neighboring Farmers

**B**OX 41, R. F. D. 1, Bloomfield, Colorado (all the address he had), was what Farmer J. B. Plato wrote to Eastern buyers when they advised that they intended visiting his farm to purchase certain registered live stock. He tells of this experience in this way:

"The week passed and no buyers appeared. Then I got a letter—delivered as promptly as you like. It was from the men I had expected. They had made the trip to Bloomfield, and asked everybody about the town where my farm was located, and found that, except to the postmaster, I was a total stranger. This individual volunteered the information that 'Plato gets his mail through this office, all right. Don't know where his place is. It's out on Bill's route somewhere. Bill's gone for the day though, and you'll have to wait till morning to see him.'

"My buyers, however, weren't the kind to wait till morning. They took the afternoon train back to Denver and went on their merry way. They put a polite paragraph on the end of their letter, saying that they regretted being unable to make a deal with me, but that 'it takes time to find your place,' and they were not able to wait.

"That killed a profitable bargain for me.

"Naturally, this experience set me thinking about rural addresses—if you can call them that. Always having lived in the city I could not realize how any farmer, back-to-the-lander, or country estate owner could submit to having his place lost under an R. F. D. alias, that only he and the mail carrier could decipher. So far as actual location was concerned my address would just as well fit on to the box of any farm within the radius of about fifteen miles.

It irritated me, and set me devising new methods of numbering farms. I didn't know anything about mapping, but I did know that if the problem was to be solved through mapping, as it is done by the experts, the big map houses would have had the answer long ago. So I realized that it could be mastered only by the introduction of an entirely new element of location, one that would be applicable without the use of a map or chart of any kind and that would, at the same time, be universal. What could furnish universal location?—The compass. Surely, but even that was too technical for the average farmer to work from. Besides, I wanted a key that would be instantly available to every one.

"'Takes time to find your house.' That kept running through my mind. And, of course, every time

that phrase came to mind there appeared a mental picture of a watch or clock—and that was my solution. I realized it one day, when my own watch had stopped. As I stood scowling into its face it smiled back my answer—the solution of my problem. It was a key that every one carried, it was familiar to the smallest child.

"Turn the figure twelve to the north—there you have the universal key. Twelve then points straight north, three straight east, six straight south, and nine straight west. The other figures give the intermediate points. For instance, one is northeast by north, five is southeast by south, ten is northwest by west, eleven northwest by north, etc. Instantly I had my basic key—the rest was easy.

"I had the directions—next thing was to get the distances. That was simple enough. If a man lived a mile out, I would give him number one for distance. I would combine the figures for direction and distance to get the man's house number, or location number. The direction would come first, the distance next. Thus if a man lived four miles west of his post office, his number would be 94 (nine for west and four for distance). If he lived two miles south, his number would be 62. When I struck upon this combination, I knew I need look no farther—that I had made it possible for the American farmer to shake his R. F. D. lottery hoodoo. So I set about without hesitation to perfect and patent my discovery."

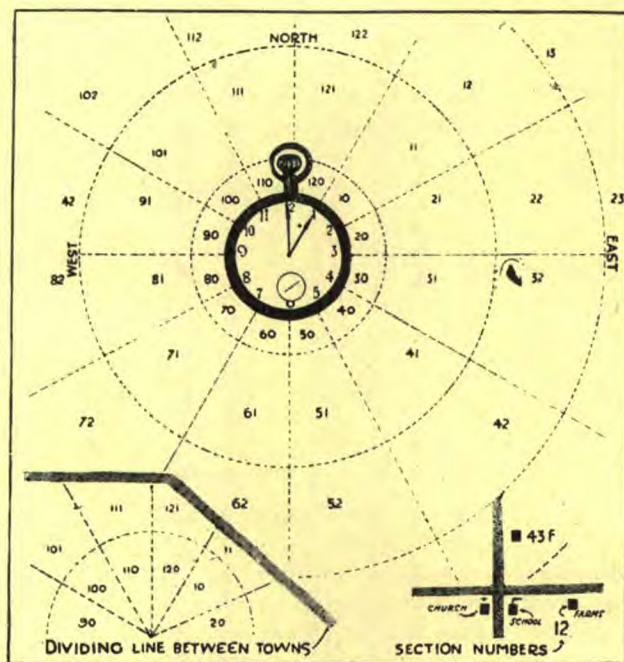


DIAGRAM OF MR. PLATO'S INVENTION

Mr. Plato accomplished his work and now holds a basic patent on the "Clock System" of rural address, which, with the addition of the lettering scheme that he later devised, will enable a man to determine, from its rural number, the exact location, within a few hundred feet, of a house situated in another State, or country for that matter. The letter affixed in the numbering scheme divides a mile into various parts. A to L are used for houses in the first half mile and M to Z for houses in the last half-mile. Thus 32A would mean that the house was just two miles east, 32K would mean it was about two and a half miles east, 32T would mean it was about three quarters of a mile beyond the two-mile mark, and 32Z would mean it was at the very limit of the two-mile division, or practically 33—three miles east from the courthouse of the town.

When Mr. Plato brought his invention before the government, a post-office official told him that he had exactly what the Department had been looking for for years, and that they would be glad to incorporate it in their system.

Of course, however, the chief advantage derived from this invention will not be to Uncle Sam, but to the rural residents who are given the numbers. It individualizes their farms, summer homes, mines, or whatever they may have in the country. For instance, when a farmer wants to sell some stock, he



need only put his rural address number at the bottom of his advertisement. The prospective purchaser knows, from the description contained in that number, within a hundred yards of where the farmer's house stands, and knows it without pulling down a map, too.—*W. F. French, in Illustrated World.*

### Machine Control for Subway Trains

THE new municipal subway in New York can handle twenty per cent more traffic than any other tube in the world, and handle that terrific amount of travel more safely than any railroad system, because the automatic train-control system has eliminated the human element. There are now on the market eight or ten different inventions which guarantee that, no matter what may happen to the engineer of a train, no wreck can occur except on a faulty roadbed.

In other words, with the device now in use a train cannot be hit by the train following. The engineer cannot make the trains collide. A little instrument concealed in the cab will slow the train down and stop it before it can strike any track obstruction. The human factor is done away with.

Statistics show that seventy per cent of wrecks on American roads could have been prevented by an automatic train-control device. These accidents were caused by illness of the engineer, neglect of orders, excessive speed under bad conditions, or similar human faults.

The instrument in the subway cab records every act of the motorman. When he passes a block signal, he must acknowledge it by pressing a button. If he does not, a shrill whistle blows until his eardrums threaten to split. Meanwhile a little paper tape records his neglect.

The control system is operated by a current running through the rails, which is picked up by a special shoe for that purpose only. This shoe also serves to notify the dispatcher's office of the whereabouts of all trains. The dispatcher cannot send two trains into the same block, because purely mechanical interlocking levers prevent him from signaling to permit it. The blocks are made very short, however, and for this reason trains may follow each other very closely and a greater load may be placed on the road than under the old method of block signaling. In addition, a revolving ruled sheet of paper traces the run of each train, so that the dispatcher's efficiency may be accurately determined as well as the accuracy of the work of the motormen.—*Every Week.*

### A Kite Parachute

ANY boy who can make and fly a kite, can send up all the parachutes he has the patience to make.

In order to soar steady and far, the parachute must be well balanced and made to exact proportions. Take a piece of newspaper about two feet square, fold and crease it one way diagonally, then unfold it and crease in the other way, as in Fig. 1. Next take two white twine strings of equal length, each about six inches longer than twice the diagonal A D in Fig. 1, and tie them together at their middle with another piece of twine about eight inches long, as in Fig. 2 at F. At

each of the four ends tie a slipknot, as at H, and make sure that the ends of the string left over are the same on each knot. Pinch the corners of the paper and pull a knot tight over each corner, as in Fig. 3. Tie a small weight—such as a nail or a stone—to the single string just below F, then spread the parachute out in your hands and let it fall. If the weight is too heavy, the parachute will drop too fast; if too light, the paper will tip over and not stay open. The weight should be just heavy enough to keep the parachute steady. Bend a pin and stick it through the middle of a half-inch square of cardboard. Then stick the pin through the center of the parachute, E, Fig. 1, with the cardboard on the underside of the paper and the hook of the pin above.

Now you are ready to fly your kite. To have sufficient lifting power it should be at least thirty inches tall. Be sure that there are no knots in the string to keep the parachute from climbing. Choose a day with a moderate breeze, and get your kite up as high as you can. Have some one else take the folded parachute, put his arm over the kite string, and *slowly* bear it down for about fifty feet. Then let him hook the pin over the string, and, still keeping his arm over the string, walk carefully back to you. At that height

the wind will soon catch the parachute and carry it up the string.

When it nears the kite, with the end of the string in your hand run *very fast* about thirty feet toward the kite, which, in consequence, will drop a little. The parachute will

spread and lift itself off the string. Do not jerk the string, or the parachute may swing and tangle. Be sure that the pin is not bent too much; if it is, the parachute cannot get away, and will slide into the kite and wreck it. A few trials will show how to set it free.—*Youth's Companion.*

### A Condor's Quill

Few women who wear the quill of a condor in their hats are aware that they are helping to exterminate a magnificent and useful bird. When Mr. Frank M. Chapman was in South America, he met a man who had hunted condors for years in the Argentine Andes. Some he shot, some he trapped in nets, others he bought. According to his estimate, he had killed sixteen thousand birds. As a result of such unrelenting pursuit, the condor is now comparatively rare in an area more than two thousand miles long, and further killing may exterminate it in western Argentina. Only the feathers of the wings and of the tail, says Mr. Chapman in *Bird Lore*, have a commercial value. A condor usually has eighty-four of them. Before the war the marketable feathers of a condor sold in Paris for twenty dollars. Now the hunters can get only half that amount; and since our Federal law prohibits the importation of condors' feathers, as well as those of other wild birds, the market is virtually closed. It is to be hoped that other nations will follow the example of the United States in forbidding the traffic.—*Selected.*

THE chief support of an autocracy is a standing army. The chief support of a democracy is an educated people.—*Lotus D. Cauffman.*



### An Inconsiderate Hen

IN "Forty Years Among the Zulus," the Rev. Josiah Tyler, a missionary of the American Board in South Africa, tells the following story of a hen which greatly disturbed the peace of a native in church.

One Sunday morning a man walked into church carrying a beaver hat of which he was very proud, the gift of some European, and his only article of civilized dress. He seated himself, the hat by his side, and listened attentively to the introductory exercises. Then a hen took occasion to walk in, fly up, and lay an egg on one of the boards overhead. The egg rolled over to one side, and then fell directly into the beloved hat.

The Zulus have a great repugnance to eggs. They will not touch one if they can possibly help it. The man's disgust was indescribable as he arose, took up his hat, and holding it at arm's length, walked out of the chapel. It completely upset the gravity of the audience, and he did not return to service that day.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

### For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of April 3

#### PART I

1. Sea horses are small marine fishes, a cousin to the pipefish. The configuration of the fore part of the body, as well as the peculiar manner in which the head is joined to the necklike part of the trunk, bears a striking resemblance to a horse's head. The body is compressed and more or less elevated, and the head terminates in a long tubiform snout, at the end of which is a small mouth. The tail is long and curved like a monkey's, and, like the rest of the body, encased in a dermal skeleton. They are poor swimmers and unable to resist currents. There are about forty known species of the sea horse, and on the coral banks of the Indo-Pacific Ocean they vary from two to twelve inches in length. The common species of the American Atlantic coast is usually about three inches long. Around Australia is a species which is decorated with numerous spines, terminated by leaflike appendages.

A peculiarity of the sea horse as well as of the pipefish, is that the male receives the eggs from the female, and carries them in a small pouch on the breast. By simple pressure of its tail, or by rubbing against some fixed object, as a shell, it forces the fry, to the number of about a thousand, out of its brood pouch. The young at this time measure less than one-half inch.

2. Talcum powder is made of talc, a mineral which in its compact forms is known as *steatite*, or *soapstone*. Steatite is usually a white, gray, greenish, or brown substance, occurring in veins or nodular masses, or in lenticular bedded deposits. When first raised, the stone is soft, but hardens on exposure. The ease with which steatite may be worked, coupled with its power of resisting heat, has led to its employment for vessels for household use. When ground, it is used as a filler for paper, for leather dressing, for covering steam pipes, as an ingredient in soap, for toilet powder, for certain paints, and as a lubricant. Four mil-



THE SEA HORSE AND ITS YOUNG

lion dollars' worth of talcum powder was used last year.

3. The break with Germany, February 3, occurred because of the question of neutral maritime rights. After the sinking of the "Sussex" the United States government announced that it would break off diplomatic relations with Germany unless she abandoned her methods of submarine warfare. But Germany declared her purpose, January 31, to resume these methods, and the United States had "no choice but to follow the course laid down in its note of April 18, 1916," when the German note was delivered to the Secretary of State announcing a campaign of ruthless submarine warfare against neutral as well as belligerent ships.

4. The German ambassador, Count Johann von Bernstorff, was given his passports by our government, and the American ambassador, James Watson Gerard, was recalled from Germany, when diplomatic relations were broken between the two countries.

5. Dr. Paul Ritter, Swiss minister, now has charge of Germany's interests at Washington. The Spanish ambassador at Berlin takes over American interests.

6. The stickleback is an interesting member of the finny tribe which constructs a nest for its prospective mate, and then mounts guard over it until the mate comes along. "The home is built from seaweed, twigs, and aquatic plants which are ingeniously woven together. There are two entrances to the home, which

are never left unguarded by the master of the house until the lady of his choice signifies her willingness to enter." Sticklebacks are short-lived animals, and are said to reach an age of only three or four years. There are no scales developed on any part of the body.

7. The water of the Caspian Sea is salt because it has no outlet. Owing to the large volume of fresh water flowing into the sea it is not, as a whole, so salt as the main ocean, and still less so than the Mediterranean Sea. It is claimed that there is sufficient evidence to prove that the Caspian Sea was

once joined to the Black Sea.

8. The United States ambassador to Mexico is Henry P. Fletcher, and the ambassador from Mexico to the United States is Ignacio Binollas.

#### PART II

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. Chestnut.   | 7. Coconut.      |
| 2. Walnut.     | 8. Filbert.      |
| 3. Peanut.     | 9. Pecan.        |
| 4. Acorn.      | 10. Hazelnut.    |
| 5. Brazil nut. | 11. Hickory nut. |
| 6. Butternut.  | 12. Pine nut.    |

F. E. CARY.

"If Lincoln had been born in a Fifth Avenue mansion and had gone through college, he might never have been heard of. It was his dissatisfaction with adverse conditions that urged him on in heroic struggle, and developed the giant within him."

He who moves not forward goes backward.—*Goethe.*





### Reasons for Trusting God (Texts for May 20-26)

THESE are times that test religion and try the hearts of men. Everywhere hearts are sick and sad; for each night groans with uncertainties and each day trembles with fears of coming events. There is great distress and confusion among nations because of the open foes without and the hidden foes within; there are perplexities on every hand because of the shortage of food products and the consequent high cost of living; and in addition to these we all have our own peculiar trials, and usually they seem harder to bear than our neighbors'. Surely, if God could ever countenance worry, it would be in such distressing times as these. But he does not.

The Christian's heart may ache with sadness; but it must not give room to worry. If you and I cannot prove in our Christian experience that the religion of Jesus Christ saves us from worry, how can we tell the fearful ones about us not to worry? How can we pass on to troubled hearts the Master's "Peace, be still"?

The Morning Watch texts this week are good "worry breakers," if we will employ them to break up our own worries and not try them on our neighbors'. In these texts, the psalmist declares what voices in all ages and in all walks of life have confirmed. He declares that the Lord has never forsaken them that seek him. He will protect those who trust him, from "the pride of man" and from "the strife of tongues." Think what that means! He will build a fence of mercy around them, "keep them alive in famine," be their "help" and "shield" at all times, and strengthen their hearts for all that they may have to meet. All these promises, and still others, come to us this week. And if we will prove these promises in our lives, we shall receive power to live above worry and to lift others out of despair.

Surely, with your hand in his, you may go anywhere without worry. He is wise enough to deal with all your perplexities—from the little ones that annoy to the large ones that crush. He loves you enough to shield you from all harm and to work out all things for your highest good. The loving Father who clothes the bear for the arctic frosts, and equips the bird for soaring in the air, will prepare you for what you must meet, for he knows just what is coming.

God does not permit hard and unpleasant things to come to us in order to worry us; they are the material we need for building strong, kind, heroic characters. Life is a school in which you and I are to develop heroism. It requires no heroism to be calm and patient when nothing tries us; to be courageous and trustful when no dangers are seen; or to be cheerful and optimistic when nothing tends to depress us. Each of us must learn to trust God and deal heroically with our own peculiar trials. There lies the victory. And he who learns to live day by day the don't-worry life—the serene, patient, trustful, cheerful life—is greater than he that taketh a city.

**MEDITATION.**—Only to the extent that I learn to trust God can he trust me with power to bless others. I do not want to fail to be what he wants me to be. If I meditate much on his goodness, on his power as manifested in nature, and on his dealings with myself and others, I shall become better acquainted with him; and to know him is to trust him.

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—Father, I thank thee for thy wonderful goodness to us all. Help me to learn to leave all with thee, to obey thee, and to trust thee "just for today."

M. E.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending May 26

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

#### The Bible Year

##### Senior Assignment

- May 20: 2 Chronicles 32, 33. Invasion of Sennacherib.  
 May 21: 2 Chronicles 34 to 36. Jerusalem and the temple destroyed; captivity.  
 May 22: Ezra 1 to 3. Foundations of second temple laid.  
 May 23: Ezra 4 to 6. The work of rebuilding hindered.  
 May 24: Ezra 7 to 10. Gracious decree of Artaxerxes.  
 May 25: Nehemiah 1 to 4. Rebuilding—praying, working, watching.  
 May 26: Nehemiah 5 to 8. The work finished.  
 For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for May 17.

##### Junior Assignment

- May 20: Ezra 8. Ezra leads a company to Jerusalem.  
 May 21: Nehemiah 1. Prayer of Nehemiah.  
 May 22: Nehemiah 2. Artaxerxes sends Nehemiah to Jerusalem.  
 May 23: Nehemiah 4. Praying and working.  
 May 24: Nehemiah 5. The people oppressed; Nehemiah's hospitality.  
 May 25: Nehemiah 6; 7: 1-4. The Jews' enemies try to terrify Nehemiah.  
 May 26: Nehemiah 8; 13. Ezra reads the law to Israel; reforms.

#### A Leader Who Inspired Others with Courage

Only a few weeks ago the newspapers gave stirring accounts of how the exiles in Siberia heard with great rejoicing that the rule of the czar had been overthrown, and how they hastened away, even without sufficient preparation for a journey, in order to go back home. Doubtless, however, there are those who, for one cause or another, could not return. Perhaps a few have entered into business and have become so well settled that they will prefer to live in the land of their exile.

The Jews had been captives in a strange land for seventy years. They had established homes and entered various lines of work. Some were in the employ of the government. And when the time of the promised return drew near, and Cyrus made his decree, doubtless there were many who did not care to return to Canaan. There were others whose hearts were in the movement to restore and rebuild Jerusalem, but who could not go back. Undoubtedly Nehemiah belonged to this class, for although he was in the court at Shushan,—“a king's favorite, a brilliant, wealthy



young man of affairs,"—he was intensely interested in all that pertained to the return of his people to their own land and to the rebuilding of Jerusalem. He counted these things of greater worth than pleasant work in a Persian palace.

How eagerly he inquired about everything of some who had been to Jerusalem! He wept bitterly when he learned that the walls of Jerusalem were broken down and that everything was in a bad condition. But Nehemiah was not a man to spend much time crying, but to do something about it. What was the first thing he did? Some people, when an idea pops into their heads, hurry right off to carry it out. But Nehemiah sought counsel and help from the Lord. And the Lord, who controls the hearts of all men, wonderfully caused the king to favor Nehemiah's plan.

Do you think that was a very small journey across the plains? I suppose that one could now prepare and go half way round the world with less trouble and inconvenience than Nehemiah could make that trip to Jerusalem. How long did it take Ezra and his company to go there? Look up on a map the route Nehemiah probably took. Why couldn't he go on a straight course from Shushan to Jerusalem?

When he arrived at Jerusalem his hardest work was before him. Things were in a deplorable condition. The people must have been discouraged, and there were enemies about who were determined that Jerusalem should not again become a fortified city. Nehemiah did not begin to tell what big things he was going to do. But he carefully studied the work before him; and doubtless he prayed much, for he was a man of prayer.

Picture to yourself that moonlight ride around the walls. In one place the ruins so blocked his way that he had to get off and lead his animal. Then notice how he inspired the people with courage to again undertake the work. Some people do not believe in reporting; but when Nehemiah reported how wonderfully the Lord had blessed and led him thus far, and then told the people what should be done, they all said, "Let us rise up and build." And under the courageous leadership of Nehemiah, they did in fifty-two days what they had not been able to do in years.

This was one of the great achievements in the history of God's people. How was it done?—By prayer and hard work. Nehemiah began his campaign away there in Persia, upon his knees. A great missionary once said, "Let us advance upon our knees." That is the way Nehemiah advanced. But he worked, too. He prayed as if it all depended on the Lord, and he worked as if it all depended on him. During those anxious days of wall building and guarding neither he nor his immediate associates took off their clothes except for bathing. Nehemiah believed in both praying and watching. When great perplexity over a threatened invasion came, he says: "Nevertheless we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night."

Nehemiah was interested not only in getting the walls built. That was only a means to an end. The worship of God and the righteousness of the people was the great aim. Notice how the law was read to the people and the reformation it caused. Then in the last chapter you will see how Nehemiah reformed the people for Sabbath breaking and marrying among the heathen.

The Lord needs heroes now like Nehemiah, who will do right because it is right, and inspire others with courage to do right.

M. E. K.



### VIII — Paul Before Agrippa (Concluded)

(May 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 26:19-32.

MEMORY VERSE: "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Acts 26:28.

#### Questions

1. To what did Paul say he was not disobedient? Where did he begin his labor for Christ? What city did he afterward visit? Through what region did he travel? For whom did he then begin to labor, and what did he teach? Acts 26:19, 20. Note 1.
2. For what cause did Paul say the Jews arrested him? What did they wish to do with him? Who had helped the apostle thus far to witness for Jesus? On what did he base his teaching? Verses 21, 22.
3. What do Moses and the prophets say about Christ? Verse 23.
4. As Paul was speaking, who interrupted him? What did Festus say? Verse 24. Note 2.
5. What was Paul's reply? What did he say King Agrippa knew? What shows that the work of the gospel was widespread? Verses 25, 26.
6. Whom did Paul then address? What question did he ask the king? What was Paul's reply to his own question? Verse 27.
7. What did Agrippa say in response to this appeal? What did Paul reply? Verses 28, 29. Note 3.
8. How did the royal persons present then show that they did not wish to listen longer? When they were alone, what did they say concerning Paul? Verses 30, 31. Note 4.
9. What did Agrippa say to Festus? Verse 32.

#### Notes

1. Had Paul not learned to obey his parents and his God when a youth, it would have been much more difficult for him to obey the Lord Jesus when he appeared to him near Damascus. He was told to do the very thing he did not wish to do. He believed he was doing right when persecuting the Christians. It must have been very hard for the popular, proud young Pharisee to change his life and become one of a people whom he had despised. With Paul, to know his duty was to do it.
2. A gentleman saw a man riding by, whipping his horse which was almost ready to drop with exhaustion. The gentleman rushed after him expecting to have him arrested for cruelty to animals. He found the poor horse standing near a doctor's office. When he went inside he found its rider pale and trembling, telling the doctor that his little child was at the point of death. This changed the gentleman's feelings in an instant. He helped the man secure another horse, and soon they were hurrying away to his home. The man who rode so madly was merely intensely in earnest. So Paul was not mad; but only earnestly seeking to save the souls of men. To him it was even more a matter of life and death whether those who heard him believed in Jesus, than it was to the father who rode so madly to save the life of his child.
3. "Deeply affected, Agrippa for the moment lost sight of his surroundings and the dignity of his position. Conscience only of the truths which he had heard, seeing only the humble prisoner standing before him as God's ambassador, he answered involuntarily, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 438. There will be many people who will be almost saved. But there will be some sin they think will be excused, some habit they cannot break, some idol cherished, and so they will be "almost saved, but lost."
4. How little King Agrippa, Festus, and proud Bernice thought that eternal life or death depended on whether they accepted or rejected what Paul said in court that day! Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Festus told the apostle he was beside himself. It is said that in the railroad yards in Paris there is a switch which, moved two inches in one direction, sends trains north to Belgium and Holland. If moved two inches in the opposite direction it sends trains south to Italy and other countries. Two inches is such a little space to bring about such opposite results. Often eternal consequences rest upon the decision boys and girls make in their Sabbath school class, when in company with others, or in the quiet of their own rooms.



# The Youth's Instructor

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"Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear, winning word of love."

## Missionary Volunteer Leaders, Notice

In the Missionary Volunteer programs for week ending April 28, printed in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for April, four references are made to an article entitled "Two Early Pioneer Missionaries," to appear in the INSTRUCTOR of April 17. For some inexplicable reason the article was published in the issue of May 1, instead of April 17, and under the caption "Patrick the Scot, and Columba of Ireland," instead of the one advertised. This article is both instructive and interesting, so we hope our Missionary Volunteer Societies will make use of it, despite these errors of publication.

## Prohibition Progress

THE prohibition movement is spreading so rapidly throughout the world that one has to be alert to keep up with its forward strides.

Less than six months ago there were only nineteen dry States in this country. Today there are twenty-five, and Congress has enacted prohibition laws for Alaska, Porto Rico, and the District of Columbia. Hawaii is expecting to receive the same favor. There are fourteen other States that are recognized as near-prohibition States. Two of these, Missouri and California, would have been in the prohibition list had it not been for the vote of the two cities, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Congress, by a vote of 319 to 72, recently passed the Jones-Randall "Bone-dry" Anti-advertising law, which forbids any person depositing in the United States mails any post card, circular, newspaper, pamphlet, or publication of any kind advertising or soliciting orders for spirituous liquors; and it forbids any carrier delivering such matter. This regulation carries the penalty of a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or imprisonment of not more than six months.

The Reed "Bone-dry" Amendment, making it a criminal offense to ship liquor into dry States, passed the Senate by a vote of 45 to 11.

The Supreme Court decision of January 8 sustained the Webb-Kenyon law, prohibiting the shipment of liquor into any dry territory.

National prohibition seems to be but a short distance away.

But not alone in America has the prohibition movement been making progress. Denmark on March 1, under a temporary order, stopped the sale of all spirits and other alcoholic liquors.

On March 8, the *Berliner Tageblatt* asserted that as a war measure the suspension of all beer brewing in northern Germany was imminent.

On the walls of every post office in France the government has ordered the following declaration, signed by the president, to be exhibited:

"To French Women and to Young Frenchmen:

"Drink is as much your enemy as Germany.

"Since 1870 it has cost France in men and money much more than the present war."

Canada is dry except Yukon and Quebec, and Quebec expects to join the prohibition list in the near future.

Such phenomenal progress is being made that the temptation comes to quietly sit by, and let the movement carry itself on to victory. But it cannot do that. Even should legislation be enacted granting national prohibition, there would still be abundant opportunity and necessity for earnest service. The people must individually be educated, else the victories gained will prove of mushroom strength, and will collapse under fresh assaults from the enemy. If we would gain new ground and hold what has been gained, we must be vigilant in the educational work that alone can withstand the most vigorous assaults of the frenzied liquor traffic. Let us keep at the work of distributing educative literature, of talking, preaching, and practicing the principles of true temperance, that permanent victory may result to the prohibition cause.

## Shielders Regarded as Traitors

YOUTH is prone to regard it dishonorable to reveal another's wrong-doing. Whether this is so or not depends upon circumstances, and upon the spirit in which the revelation is made.

At the present time not only may "bomb plotters be gripped with an iron hand," but any one who has knowledge of treasonable acts and fails to make known the facts to the authorities may be sent to prison for seven years, or fined \$1,000, for treason. President Wilson recently issued a proclamation calling attention to the laws that make the withholding of such information a national crime.

A young woman felt that an associate had betrayed her confidence by revealing to proper authorities the insubordination and inefficiency that her own words had revealed. The question in this case was not so much of faithfulness to an associate as it was of faithfulness to the work of God, and of faithfulness to all concerned in that work. To reveal information in such a case surely is not a betrayal of friendship. Silence under such circumstances might have worked ill to others, if it did not make one an accomplice in the wrong.

We must, however, take great care to reveal against another only that which needs to be told for the good of the person, or for the good of another. Otherwise we become mere gossipers and tattlers, instead of patriots or friends to a larger cause.

"It is when we forget ourselves that we do things that are remembered."