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UNION COLLEGE, COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA

From Here and There

A new preventive for flies has been put in use in New York by sprinkling the breeding places with a chemical which destroys the egg. ELSIE GIBBS.

The city of Cleveland now has a law which requires that when a resident moves he or she must file a report of the change of address with the police.

A large structural steel and bridge company adopted a time dial which shows the number of hours of work done. Zero is at 7 A. M., the start of the day's work; No. 5 at 12 M. and 1 P. M., the lunch hour; and No. 10 at 6 P. M., the end of the day's work. A single hand is used, and the hours are divided decimally, simplifying time keeping on the various jobs. LORA LOOMIS.

New York's timepiece, St. Paul's clock, is silent after one hundred and nineteen years of faithful service. It is powerless to tell the time to rushing Broadway; but it will remain an honored guest. It will stand there like a black iron four-poster, bolted to the old hand-hewn beams, to muse another century, if time lasts, on the life of the country.

MARGARET JENKINS.

The state of war between our country and Germany has not ended the activities of many Christians in America who, through a Swedish committee, are distributing large quantities of Bibles and religious literature among the Russian and Austrian prisoners. Religious societies, from twenty to two hundred in number, have been organized in some of the detention camps in Germany, and the results are in a measure due to the distribution of literature. J. PHILLIPS.

It took two Wisconsin men to solve the problem of inventing a machine to count the number of eggs a hen lays. The mechanism fastens on the hen, and counts the eggs as fast as she cares to put them in the nest. It is worked on the principle of a fare indicator on a street car. Each time a hen lays an egg it is registered, so that the owner can go out and tell exactly which hens are the ones that are doing the work.

One of the latest inventions in bullet-proof armor is that of Dr. Guy Otis Brewster, of Dover, New Jersey. This shield is designed to cover the head and body, and the total weight of the armor is thirty pounds. It is built in a V-section front to present an inclined surface which causes the bullets to strike at an angle. In a recent test Dr. Brewster donned his armor and stood sixty feet in front of an army sharpshooter, who shot at him with a Springfield .30 army rifle. No harm was done to the inventor.

ROLLA R. WERLINE.

Professor Elizabeth Sprague, head of the department of Home Economics at the University of Kansas, has succeeded in perfecting an alfalfa flour which is of inestimable food value for man. When it is mixed with whole-wheat flour in the proportion of one to ten, the protein is increased 20 per cent and the ash over 30 per cent. If added in the same proportion to white flour, the protein is increased 25 per cent and the ash 100 per cent. With cornmeal the protein increases 35 per cent and the ash 50 per cent. The alfalfa flour is simply the dried, ground, and finely powdered leaves of alfalfa hay. It is then treated with solvents to refine it and help eliminate the weedy taste. The high percentage of protein and mineral qualities make it a valuable food product.

MARTHA DOEGE.

Purification and Analysis of Water

WATER is one of the most familiar of chemical substances. Besides covering more than three fourths of the earth's surface, it enters into the composition of organic matter. Without it animal life is impossible. It is therefore of the greatest importance that we should be able to ascertain the purity of the water we use and know how to purify it.

Water in nature holds many substances. Rain water, though considered the purest, on heating gives air bubbles and ammonium nitrate, besides the dust mixed with it. In well waters we find compounds of calcium and magnesium, iron, bicarbonates, and carbon dioxide. It often contains organic matter from decomposing organic matter teeming with bacteria of putrefaction.

Impurities of water may be divided into two classes,—dissolved and suspended matter. Absolutely pure water cannot exist on account of the great solvent action of water. Even glass dissolves in water to a noticeable extent. Suspended matter can be removed by filtration. The tiny pores of an undersized paper let the liquid go through, but retain the solid matter. Gravel beds are used on a larger scale. Porcelain filters may be had for family use. Dissolved substances may be conveniently removed by distillation and condensation in cold platinum or tin pipes.

To determine the total amount of solids in water, evaporate about 500 cubic centimeters of the water in a weighed platinum or porcelain dish. The water should not be boiled, because some of the solids may be volatile. A double-boiler water bath is the best. When about dry, the dish is transferred to a hot-air oven of 100° F. After half an hour the water will have entirely disappeared. The dish and its contents are then weighed. The increase in weight is the amount of total solids found. The dish may now be held over a strong flame. If it chars and blackens, organic matter must be present. Water containing enough organic matter to cause this charring is unfit for drinking.

When water contains certain salts, it is called "hard." On adding soap, these salts combine with the fatty acid of the soap, and produce an insoluble, dirty-looking precipitate. If the water contains only bicarbonates, the hardness is said to be temporary. Simple boiling will change the soluble bicarbonate to insoluble carbonates. The water is thus softened. Sulphates or chlorides do not precipitate on boiling, hence water containing them is said to be permanently hard. The usual way to indicate the amount of hardness is to note the quantity of a standard soap solution necessary to produce a permanent lather. Good potable waters show no permanent hardness and very little temporary hardness.

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The Youth's Instructor

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CLASS IN JOURNALISM, UNION COLLEGE

Journalism

H. A. JOHNSTONE

JOURNALISM is the writing and conducting of a journal, newspaper, magazine, or other publication. Journalism is the gathering and presenting of news, and of comment upon the news, of discussion of all that interests, entertains, or instructs. It affords the pictured record and interpretation of human life in every aspect. The journalist is recorder, advocate, buyer, and seller of news; judge, tribunal, teacher, and interpreter. Journalism is in some respects a trade, also a business; but in its highest aspect it is a profession.

The profession of journalism has for its members men and women who do widely different work. It includes reporters, editors, illustrators, special writers, directors, and managers. It includes workers on country newspapers and on city newspapers, on dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies. While their duties are widely different in many ways, they have the same common purpose,—to record for the public that which is of public value and interest.

Men write for money, for fame, for dear life; journalists, for all three. He who writes merely for one of these alone, does not achieve the highest professional success. Journalism is a joyful, fascinating service, called by many a grind, involving continuous labor; yet a real journalist never leaves journalism for another vocation.

There is only one kind of real journalism, and that is personal journalism. As one man says, "Journalism that is worth while is personal journalism;" and another, "That which is dominant in real journalism is personality, trained, equipped, experienced." Journal-

ism in its various branches may properly be divided into four departments: The gathering and preservation of news; the editorial page and policy; the business department; the printing department.

The news is the first essential in the production of a newspaper. The editorial page may be well written and may deal with timely topics in an attractive, convincing way, but the publication will not fill the field of a real newspaper unless it presents the news. Yet a newspaper that is only a newspaper is not in the first sense a newspaper. The department which has to do with the editorial direction and control is the very heart and brain.

There are two legs upon which a publication stands, advertising and circulation. Here, then, journalism is a business.

The printing department is necessary for the production of a paper. The printers carry to completion all the mechanical processes necessary to the issuing of a printed journal. Here journalism becomes a trade.

Much could be said about the style of journalism, but in the last analysis, heart and conscience and manners as well as brain power determine style. Never write anything as a journalist that you would not as a gentleman. The best journalism has conscience in it, and heart, and fine courtesy. It does not wound unnecessarily; it does not cause women to blush. It is never sold to unworthy ends.

For the Seventh-day Adventist youth who feels impelled to use either his pen or his voice in the cause of truth, the study of journalism has many advantages.

Through it he can learn to say what he has to say concisely and effectively. He learns how to make every well-edited journal his guide to the hearts and minds of common men and women. Even though he should never be called to the staff of a Seventh-day Adventist periodical, the training in definiteness, conciseness, accuracy, tact, and clever phrasing, provided by his course in journalism, will prepare him for effective presentation of truth in any capacity in which he may labor.

Accuracy in the Use of Quotations

A WOODCHOPPER once said, "I must have an ax that is heavy and sharp, even if it costs me a five-mile walk to borrow one." Writers have dispositions similar to that woodchopper. If their own words do not carry sufficient weight and are not enough to the point, they go to another and borrow.

The borrowed ax usually bears the owner's mark or name. So should the borrowed words be marked. The author's name should follow the direct statements taken from his writings. Also the name and page reference to the book or periodical should be given. But these are not all the marks necessary to be given. Words all look alike to most readers, so far as their authorship is concerned. There must be marks that distinguish the borrowed from the borrower. These are called quotation marks.

Here is a simple rule for the use of quotation marks:

"Use the ordinary double marks to inclose the alternating speeches in a dialogue; also all utterances repeated in the exact language of the original speaker. Where a quotation occurs within a quotation, use the 'single' marks to designate it. If you should ever have still a third quotation 'inside of these "single" marks,' use double ones again. Where the same speaker continues through more than one paragraph, omit the quotation marks at the end of all paragraphs except the last, but repeat them at the beginning of every paragraph. Be sure not to forget to mark the close of the quotations; this frequent lapse of the literary slattern is extremely annoying to the printer and proof-reader."—*Practical Journalism*, Edwin L. Sherman, p. 167.

It is a disgraceful deed to borrow a neighbor's sharp ax and return it with the edge all nicked and dulled. To spoil the edge of a borrowed ax when chopping in moral woods is no less disgraceful. When one writer misquotes another, he alters the edge of the borrowed tool. The effect is the same whether the misquotation is made intentionally, through haste, or by downright carelessness. If the quotation you wish to use must be doctored up before it can serve the purpose, why not leave it alone and doctor up something of your own? What is the use of grinding on your neighbor's ax when all your own ax needs is to be sharpened?

Once there was a boy who liked to chop with his father's ax. This ax was always sharp, and it hung perfectly on its helve. While at work one day the father laid his ax down and the boy picked it up and began to chop a limb off the tree that was felled. How he did make the chips fly with that ax! But he was a bit careless and reached too far once, striking the limb with the handle instead of the blade. This blow split and broke the handle off. The father saw at once what was done, and seizing a piece of the broken handle he gave the boy a severe flogging.

That flogging may have been cruel, and again, it may have been what the boy needed. But it must be

granted, however, that it is a very great aggravation to have a perfect handle broken out of such a tool.

Now when one writer through any means represents another as saying what he has not said, he virtually breaks the handle out of the ax he has borrowed. If the offense is serious enough, a good sound flogging, figuratively speaking, may be inflicted by law.

Suppose a Protestant clergyman, for instance, should charge a Catholic priest with teaching immoral doctrines; and in citing what the priest had said, should misquote. Then the priest might have recourse to law in defending himself against such public insult and infamy. If the accused in such a case could prove that he never said exactly what he is charged with having said, he could secure action against his accuser, under the law of libel.

The following is an authoritative statement regarding this law:

"Accordingly it may be stated as a general proposition that words written or printed may be libelous and actionable *per se*, that is, actionable without any allegations of special damages, if they tend to expose plaintiff to public hatred, contempt, ridicule, aversion, or disgrace, and to induce an evil opinion of him in the minds of right-thinking persons and to deprive him of their friendly intercourse and society."—*Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure*, William Mack editor in chief, Vol. XXV, p. 250.

Truth is a safeguard in exposing wrong. "In civil actions the truth is always a defense, even if the motive is shown to be malicious. The rule is that a man is not entitled to damages for injury to a reputation to which his true character did not entitle him."—*Practical Journalism*, E. L. Sherman, p. 224.

If we are truthful in using borrowed words, we shall be accurate in quotations. If we are accurate in quotations, such tools will get back to their owners in as good shape as when we borrowed them.

H. F. SAXTON.

Praise

TODAY my heart is filled with praise
To Him who gave his life for me.
I would that I my soul could raise,
And with him in all ages be.

But while I kneel here at his feet
And learn the lessons of his love,
It seems to me his eyes I meet,
And see his Spirit like a dove.

And as I gaze at him I see
A thousand things so pure and clear
Which were before a mystery.
I want his presence ever near;

For when I turn, there seems to be
A world of wickedness and sin,—
A dismal cloud which covers me,
And hides the light which shines within.

I thank him now for grace and love,
The blessings which my soul has sought.
For he has left the throne above,
And with his blood my life has bought.

I find no words my praise to tell,
It is far more than I can say.
My Saviour knoweth all things well;
Him will I follow day by day.

H. P. LORENZ.

THE Saviour comes in the strength of righteousness. Righteousness is at the bottom of all things. Righteousness is thorough; it is the very spirit of unsparing truth.—*Phillips Brooks*.

"The Song of the Lark" — Breton

ELSA NORTHRUP WARD

ROBERT BROWNING has said, "We're made so that we love first when we see them painted, things which we passed perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see." Surely if we should chance to meet this rude country lass in the field or along the road, we should scarcely care to give her a second glance. Her coarse, ill-fitting garments and her big, rough hands and feet are not likely to attract us as we might be attracted by the prettiness of a graceful, daintily gowned maiden in a pleasant rural landscape. But the artist has shown us something about his uncouth country girl that makes her seem beautiful in spite of her rude exterior. It is the girl's spirit, her ecstasy (which literally means state of being outside oneself), her unconsciousness of self, and complete absorption in the beauty of the lark's song — a thing so commonplace that no doubt she has heard it years. Yet her keen appreciation of this one of nature's beauties shows that underneath the rough exterior she hides a nature of fine sensibilities, one that can completely forget self in keen delight at the simple beauties of nature.

The painted, beruffled, becurled town beauty would no doubt scorn this uncouth country lass, as well as the simple song with which she is so enraptured. With other cheap souls she would probably say, "I've heard that song before; let's have something new." But the country girl has no such superficial notions of taste or conventionality. Her artistic soul is more stirred and thrilled by the lark's song every time she hears it. She stands transfixed with strained attention, with bated breath, heel raised in arrested motion, arms and hands tense, as if loath to miss a tone or a trill. Although so young, she has discovered one of the greatest joys of life,—the ability to find beauty and pleasure in common things, a gift that, in the words of Lucy Larcom,

"A mine of gold could not buy;
Something the soul of a man to lift
From the tiresome earth and make him see
How beautiful common things can be;
How heaven may be glimpsed through a wayside tree."

This gift, if developed and cultivated, will fill her toilsome life with happiness and crown her old age with the joys of the spirit that "fade not away;" for, as Keats has beautifully expressed it,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increaseth,
It shall never pass into nothingness."

Aristotle many years ago spoke of the enduring quality of esthetic pleasures. He pointed out that in the enjoyment of them we do not destroy or consume them, as is the case with physical pleasures. To enjoy a luscious peach you must consume and destroy it. If you share it with another, your own enjoyment is decreased. If you indulge too often, your appetite is satiated and you cease to enjoy. The older you grow the less keen is your enjoyment of the pleasures of appetite. Not so with esthetic pleasures, which grow by the using, and increase in inverse proportion

to the decrease of the physical appetites. The more often we hear or see a truly beautiful work of art, the more we share with others the spiritual pleasures derived from it, the more delight we shall find in it ourselves. And the more the physical pleasures become dulled with age, the keener will be the joys of the spirit if the sensibilities of the soul have been attuned to the appreciation of them.

Even if our artist never intended to teach such a deep philosophy of life as the old Greek scholar formulated, he has at least painted for us a very charming and interesting scene from a very simple and commonplace subject. The broad expanse of field and effect of atmosphere in the picture are fine.

Early morning is suggested, not only by the rising sun just peeping above the distant tree tops, but by the dewy mists of the humid morning atmosphere and the caroling birds that may be dimly discerned in the distant sky.



"THE SONG OF THE LARK"—BRETON

Peace

THE willows glimmer in the sun,
The aspens tremble on the breeze,
The singing ripples gently run
Within the shadows of the trees.

The quiet, meditative kine,
The steady granite in the wall—
What peace, contenting and benign,
Enfolds and crystallizes all!

Rebuked, ashamed, the faithless fret,
The childish worry, fall away:
My empty fear and vain regret
Dissolve in God's assuring day.

If peace on earth so fair and sweet
Is gladly, freely, fully given,
What joy some day our souls will greet.—
The unimagined peace of heaven!

—Amos R. Wells.



Marks of Efficiency

JOSEPH PHILLIPS

Putting Forth Effort for Pay

MUCH is said today of the gospel of labor. More needs to be said to show the dignity of labor. Some one has said, "The gospel can be preached by the hoe handle." In an accommodated sense this is true, and there are many occupations which can be made to produce elevated results. What the world needs today is people who are not afraid of work; who are willing to work for pay, but who work not merely for the pay received. There is nothing humiliating about working for pay. The main thing is to give an honest equivalent for what you receive. Take no man's money for which you have not rendered a full return; and if you happen to give a little more than you get, in that should be your happiness. Don't be a sponge or a parasite.

Putting in Overtime Without Thinking of the Watch

There are some who cannot work overtime with any degree of pleasure. They will be seen to pull out their watches frequently. Others do not go quite so far; they try to content themselves with thinking of the watch and figuring up the time which they are practically wasting, as they think of it. The usual designation for these persons is time-servers. They have more interest in the time they are putting in and the money they are making than in the work they are doing. Their hearts are not in their work. The service that counts is that which leads to the performance of more than ordinary effort, which causes the doer to take a live interest in his business and to be willing to sacrifice gladly that the part he is caring for may meet with a good share of prosperity. Workmen with this spirit in them are not constantly watching the time, but are giving one hundred per cent on the dollar. It is well to remember that the overtime usually brings the best dividends.

Being Dissatisfied with the Mediocre

A locomotive fireman once said, "I am getting more than one hundred dollars a month, and am satisfied, perfectly satisfied. I know I could get something better, but I guess I'll just stay by my old job." Men and women everywhere, who are less communicative and frank, are riding in the cab with the fireman down the road of self-satisfaction. They are content with present attainments, although they well know that greater heights can be reached. They think the mediocre good enough for them. True, to pass the mediocre one has to struggle hard. But greater heights display loftier sights and the struggle alone brings

additional strength. "Be satisfied with nothing but your best" is worth adopting as a motto. Many an advantage has been lost on the field of battle by resting at the point of seeming triumph. Don't stop doing your best rather than the mediocre until the triumph in your battle for supremacy has been completely won.

Learning to Be Systematic

It is often said that order is heaven's first law. What wonderful systems of order are in evidence in the starry heavens, in the growing plant, and in man's own organism! It is only through the exercise of system that harmonious action is secured both in animate and inanimate creation. Man has been slow to learn the lesson of systematic work. System must be employed in the proper use of time, so that each waking moment may be filled with that which will be of greatest gain. Work must be planned in advance. Each part of the day should be set apart for a specific task and no other task allowed to interfere; that is, under ordinary circumstances. It is said of Thomas Jefferson that he planned each day's work before retiring the previous night. Make a system for your endeavor, and follow your system with a bit of red-hot iron in the will. Plan to rise at a certain time each day, and to attack your work in detail in accordance with what remains to be done. Have in your mind each morning an outline of the tasks for the day. The results of such a course bring nothing but rapid development and a degree of satisfaction to the worker.

Having a Reading Course

The reading person becomes a thinking person, and the thinking person generally becomes the active person. Reading and intelligent action go hand in hand, for through reading one comes in touch with the best of thought in every department. Few men are self-made men," as some are so wont to call themselves. The truth is, that by far the greatest part of what the average person knows, has been brought to him through communication with his fellow men. But it is in the power of reading to put a person in touch with mankind's loftiest thought and action. Examine the lives of the most successful individuals in this world today, and you will find that almost invariably they are profound readers. William Gladstone has been looked upon as a prince among statesmen. What of his reading? The "grand old man" took a book with him wherever he went, thus making provision for mind improvement in case the train should be a few minutes late or engagements leave a little leisure time to spend.

Read only the best. There may be grains of gold in the trash pile, but the greater part of the pile is utterly useless. The same is true of cheap, sentimental literature. Get the books containing the pure gold, and read regularly. Try to squeeze in a little time for reading each day, if it be no more than fifteen minutes. "Reading," as Bacon says, "maketh a full man."

Having an Aim in Life

All the previously named marks of efficiency amount to very little if there be not a definite aim in life. Aim at the highest, the noblest, the best; and bring every power of your being into play in an effort to reach your mark.

"Have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view.
Drifting like a helpless vessel
Thou canst not to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have still been riding safely;
But they drifted with the tide."

Pathmates

WITH every man wherever he goes,
By the broad or the narrow way,
Through Southern fields or in Northern snows,
At night or in open day,
Let him turn as he will, there goes with him still,
Through turmoil or calm or din,
A shadow grim keeping step with him—
The man that he might have been.

With the beggar's plod goes the kingly stride,
The loftiest fares with the low.
With poverty riches, and shame with pride,
As shadow and substance go.
Though the world's dull eye sees but one pass by,
As each hurries out or in,
Yet close at his heels there marches or reels
The man that he might have been.

O boy, you man that is yet to be,
You must choose for yourself today
Whether beggar or lord shall the great world see
As you go on your manhood's way.
Shall the good or the bad be the shadow, lad,
Shall the base or the noble win?
Shall you prosper and lead, or sigh in your need,
For the man that you might have been?
EUGENE ROWELL.

The Power of Purpose

FARA WHITLOW

ONE evening in 1853 some gentlemen of New York met at the home of Cyrus Field, and for four successive evenings considered a project to extend a line of telegraph between Europe and America by the way of Newfoundland. On paper it made a pleasing plan. There was New York and there was St. Johns, only twelve hundred miles apart. It was easy to draw a line from one point to another, but none of these men had seen the country between these points, and they had no idea of the obstacles to be overcome. They thought they could build the line in a few months, but it took two and one-half years. These men never asked for help outside their own circle. It would have helped them little if they had, for few had any faith in their scheme. Every man that first entered the work stood faithfully by it to the last.

For two years and a half this work was carried on wholly as an American enterprise. The little company raised and expended more than one million and a quarter dollars before the English paid a cent. The only outside aid they had was that given by the Newfoundland government in granting them exclusive rights to lay the cable on their coast. One link in the chain was completed in 1855, when after a second attempt the cable was taken across the St. Lawrence. The next thing was to get the main cable from Newfoundland to Ireland by way of the Telegraphic Plateau.

In 1865 Cyrus Field started the enterprise in London by organizing the Atlantic Telegraphic Company. The governments of Great Britain and the United States offered ships to aid in laying the cable.

Disappointments and misfortune seemed to waylay their enterprise on every hand during the years 1857 and 1858. On the third trial a brief success was gained. The cable was laid, and for a few weeks it worked, but yet without great success, for it spoke in broken sentences. About four hundred messages were sent across the Atlantic, great enthusiasm was excited, and for a few weeks the public went wild about it. When it stopped working the enthusiasm died down, and people grew dumb and suspicious.

After the failure in 1858, came the darkest days. It was harder to revive the old enterprise than to start

a new one. Several causes delayed the work. The freshness and novelty had worn off, and the previous disappointment discouraged further effort. This country was involved in war and could think only of struggling for its life.

The project was kept alive in England, and the Atlantic Telegraph Company kept its organization. The British government appointed a commission that carefully investigated the matter. They decided that it was possible to lay the cable. The work started afresh in 1863, and by hard pulling more capital was subscribed, the company reorganized, and the improved cable manufactured. To lay this cable the "Great Eastern," then and for many years the largest vessel afloat, was secured, and special machinery and cable tanks were fitted to it.

On July 23, 1865, the "Great Eastern" sailed from Valentia and successfully laid twelve hundred miles of cable, there being only six hundred more miles to go. At this point a break occurred, and in hauling the cable in to remedy the fault, it parted and went to the bottom. The men paced the deck in despair, looking out over the great sea that had swallowed their hopes. Nine days and nights were spent in dragging the bottom of the ocean for the lost treasure. It was grappled three times, but every effort failed to bring it to the surface. The workers returned to England defeated, yet with the determination to begin the battle anew. Measures were taken at once to make a new cable and fit out a new expedition.

For another attempt further capital was necessary, and it again took hard pulling to raise it. The Atlantic Telegraph Company was united with the newly formed Anglo-American Telegraph Company. Again the "Great Eastern" set forth from Valentia, carrying not only a new cable of improved design, but also a sufficient length to complete the 1865 cable, which was to be discovered and a new length laid from the splice.

In both of these attempts the engineers on the "Great Eastern" were successful. On July 27, Heart's Content Harbor, Newfoundland, was entered, and the cable was soon landed and connected with the shore.

The "Great Eastern" returned to mid-ocean, and after a series of trials the broken cable was found. When the lost cable had been taken on board, the "Great Eastern" bore herself proudly through a terrible storm, as if she knew that she carried the vital cord which was to join two hemispheres. On September 17, the cable was brought safely to shore, thus completing the circuit to Newfoundland.

This was a long, hard struggle, nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil for Cyrus Field and his men. Often Field's heart was ready to sink. Many times when he was wandering in the forests of Newfoundland in a pouring rain or on the decks of ships on stormy nights, alone and far from home, he would almost accuse himself of madness and folly to sacrifice the peace of his family, all the hopes of his life, for what might turn out to be only a dream. He saw some of his companions falling by his side, and feared lest he too should not live to see the end. After the work was finished he made this statement:

"And yet one hope has led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this was accomplished. That prayer is answered; and, now, beyond all acknowledgments to men is the feeling of gratitude to Almighty God."

Character-Telling Bones

WHEN the zoölogists arrived at the final classification of man as an animal, they had no reason to boast, for that accomplishment is only a trifle compared with the problem of classifying men as men. In an effort to throw new light upon this exhaustless subject, I wish to present a classification of men according to the prominence of certain character-telling bones in their skeletons, hoping such a classification may help to explain the diversity of human character.

Nearly all men fall under one of the following bone-heads, or a combination of them; namely, backbone, funnybone, cheekbone, jawbone, and tearbone. The most stable grow to backbone; the most affable, to funnybone; the most audacious, to cheekbone; the greatest bores, to jawbone; the most pitiable and apologetic, to tearbones; and lowest in the scale is the wishbone brother, of the wistful eye.

But the best types as well as the worst are combinations of the foregoing. Consider first the Wishbone-tearbone fellow, slumped down in his chair, and in a sad monotone bemoaning the evils of his day, the corruptness in government, and hypocrisy in the church. Then there is Mr. Jawbone-funnybone, who is continually reeling off funny stories, of which he is the sole appreciator. He never gets offended when interrupted, but begins the story all over again. Cheekbone-funnybone is that person who can never listen to a funny story without relating another which we are forced to conclude he thinks superior to the one first told. Sooner or later, Mr. Cheekbone-tearbone will happen along to share with you his choicest sorrow and domestic woe. The book agent, Mr. Cheekbone-jawbone, manages to get by your door occasionally, but he is a right cheery soul, and can be shaken off with a small check. But not so with the socialist, Mr. Wishbone-jawbone; about the only way to escape him is to feign absolute and total illiteracy.

Of all the funny-boned tribe, Mr. Backbone-funnybone is the best specimen. That well-developed backbone of his takes away all excesses and abuses of the other funnybone people, and leaves him the most sensible, the most dependable, the most adaptable, the

largest hearted and largest minded of the whole category, for he always possesses a delicate, all-understanding sixth sense of humor.

Without doubt the church is in great need of more of the spiritual gifts, but a little exercise of this sixth sense would dispel many dark clouds. Too often the remark of a gossip peddler is taken as fatal, and becomes the cause of lifelong grudges in the church. A little humor injected into this situation would clear up the clouds, unite the opposing factions, and help all to understand the frailties of the gossip retailer. The churchman only too often works himself into an excited state of self-defense over the brazen attacks upon himself and his institution, made by skeptics, free-thinkers, higher critics, socialists, loafers, dreamers, cranks, and bums. A little sense of humor on his part will take the wind out of the sails of his critics, and decide all observers in his favor. He who has a sense of humor is not puffed up, but understands all, believes all, and endures all. So the greatest of all the bones is the backbone, and even more so if a funnybone is appended thereto.

H. G. ALWAY.

Purification and Analysis of Water

(Concluded from page two)

Chlorine will reach water generally through sewage. It is therefore important to know the amount of chlorine present. To detect chlorine, add a few drops of silver nitrate solution. A cloudy precipitate of silver chloride will be formed which will in time darken. To find the amount of chlorine, titration is used, the amount of silver nitrate used to precipitate all the chlorine present determining the amount of chlorine in the water.

Nitrates are formed from nitrogen coming usually from the oxidation of organic matter. Though harmless in themselves, they indicate contamination with organic matter. A delicate test is to dry some of the water to be tested, then add a few drops of phenol-sulphonic acid. After being neutralized with ammonia, the nitrates present will form a yellow precipitate of ammonium picrate.

The presence of nitrates is still more dangerous, because it indicates recent contamination with nitrogenous matter. Its presence is to be determined by acidulating the water and adding a solution of a mixture of aniline sulphonic acid and α -naphthylamine hydrochloride. A pink color will develop with nitrites.

Water always contains some ammonia. A slight amount is not only harmless but even healthful. A larger amount, however, is deleterious. Very minute traces of ammonia can be detected by adding Nessler's Reagent. A dark brown indicates ammonia.

It is often hard to interpret the results of an analysis. This is due to the fact that many of the substances found are harmless in themselves, and only indicate danger of contamination from their source. The best way is to compare the sample with the normal character of the waters of the region. Any deviation from this should arouse suspicion.

NOAH BAHARIAN.

LIFE is a building. It rises slowly, day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days adds to the invisible building."—J. R. Miller.



The High Cost of Fudge

ELSIE GIBBS

GIRLS, we are all here but Madge, and why doesn't she come?" asked Lela. "Of course I know she is always late, but I thought that as it is her turn to bring the book from the library tonight, she would be on time for once."

The five girls were anxiously awaiting Madge's appearance in the dormitory parlor where they had gathered for an hour's English reading, as usual, taking turns in bringing the book from the library.

"I guess we all know Madge by this time. If it were not night, I'd think she was out playing tennis. One thing sure, I can't wait much longer. I am taking five studies, and it makes me hustle to get all of them. I have no time to waste in waiting," said Ruth.

"You might have brought your crocheting, Ruth; then you would not have minded the wait so much," answered Marion, who was working energetically on a yoke.

Just then Madge entered breathlessly.

"O girls, have you been waiting long? I am so sorry, but I was up in Edna's room, and we got to looking at the new *Ladies' Home Journal*, and I forgot all about old King Arthur and his knights. We can't read this evening anyway, for the library was closed when I got there. One hour's reading doesn't make any difference anyway. It'll just give all of us more time for something else," and Madge stopped for want of breath.

"Madge, you are the limit! It's a wonder to me you remember your name."

"Well, we were playing tennis, and I forgot everything about it until just in time for the library to close; and I ran every step of the way, but it was too late."

"I am sorry we can't read tonight, for I'm three hours behind in my reading, and here it is only four days until commencement," and Muriel sighed as she thought of it.

"Oh, I can't be bothered about reading all the time. I'm twenty hours behind and I'm not worrying about it; so why should you?" answered Madge, as she led the way upstairs.

Muriel promptly attacked her German idioms while Madge languidly continued a letter home which she had begun two days before. Ten minutes slowly passed when a light rap sounded on the door.

"Come."

The door opened gently, and a girl in kimono whispered: "Girls, bring your chafing dish and come into our room. We are making fudge. There's a whole crowd there now. Come on."

At the word "fudge" Madge grabbed the chafing dish and started.

"Goody, I was just thinking I would have to study tonight for a change. Come on, Muriel, don't be such a study-bug. You can sluff through that exam tomorrow some way."

Muriel hesitated as the odor of warm fudge came temptingly through the open door. Her head ached anyway, why not have a good time and let the things of tomorrow take care of themselves? Then at sight of her open German book her thoughts went back to Professor King's words that morning, and she said, "Girls, I'd like to, but not tonight. You know Professor King said this morning that if any senior failed in tomorrow's examination, it would mean a serious doubt as to whether she could graduate or not."

At the words "senior" and "failure" Madge stopped a moment, for she knew Professor King had meant his "little stump speech," as she called it, for her benefit; but it was only for an instant.

"Oh, I'll study tonight after we get through. That reminds me, I'm looking for my graduating dress from the dressmaker this evening. I do hope it comes. Good-by, Muriel; hope you learn some for me."

Someway the candy took longer than they had planned, for the light had already "blinked" when Madge returned to her room.

"Oh, that horrid exam! I'm so tired I'll have to go to bed. I don't believe Professor King would really flunk anybody anyhow, most of all a senior just before graduation."

Three days later, as the German class received their examination papers back, Madge's face flushed scarlet as she saw her grade. The worst had happened. She had failed, and failed utterly.

"I am sorry, Miss Preston," Professor King said to her after class. "The whole committee is, for that matter; but I don't see how it can be helped now. If it were just this one examination, you might be able to make it up, but it has been your work in all your classes all through the year. The committee feels that there has really been a lack of application in all your work."

"Then it is really settled that I cannot graduate?" asked Madge through a mist of tears.

"Yes, that is the final decision of the committee. We have gone over your work several times, but we can see no chance for any other decision."

Madge could listen no longer, but hurried to her room and locked the door, admitting no one the whole afternoon. She could scarcely realize that she could not graduate, when she had planned on it so much. What would her mother say, who had worked so hard that she might attend college? What would her friends at home think, who had counted so much on

her success? She reviewed the four years of her college life as she had never taken time to do before.

No one, not even herself, knew just what happened; but when on commencement morning she sat back in the audience and saw her happy classmates going forward to receive their diplomas, she thought of a phrase she had heard somewhere,—“making shining uses of dark things.” She made a resolve, which her enforced extra year of college, as well as her after-life, showed that she kept, that this failure, dark though it was, should be put to a shining use.

How to Get the Most Out of College

ONE gets out of college just what one puts into it. The purpose of a college education is to prepare one for life's work. It prepares one to live, and not merely to make a living. The real purpose is often abused. Some enter college from a selfish motive. They go only for a good time. When they have finished their course, they seek fame or pleasure for themselves.

Three classes of students are found in each school: They are those who do real work; those who mean to do real work, but fail because they are easily led astray and thus neglect their studies; and those who seem to have nothing in mind but to get out of all the work they can. They are not interested in their work. They spend more time in planning how to keep from studying than it would take to master the task before them.

The first-class student is the one who gets the most out of his work. Each day finds him with his lessons well prepared. He has a definite aim, and works toward it. When a certain young man entered his college course, he said that he was determined to get everything out of his school life that he possibly could. He began his work with determination, and kept on that way until he finished his course. He took advantage of the opportunities that came to him. He accepted every opportunity offered in public speaking and in the writing of articles. He was interested in his fellow students. He helped them, and was sympathetic with them in their troubles.

One of the best gifts that a college can bestow is the power of taking a new point of view through putting oneself in another's place. To many students this comes hard, but come it must, as they hope to be saved. The greatest teachers, even Christ himself, have taught nothing greater than the power of seeing with the eyes of another soul. It is said that Browning, beyond all men in the past century, beyond nearly all men of all time, could throw himself into the person of another. The college should be our Browning, revealing the motive power of every life, the poetry of good and bad.

For an example of the middle class that I have mentioned I shall refer to the school life of a young lady. She entered school with a good intention, and began to work enthusiastically, but she failed to keep up this pace. She became acquainted with a clique which resulted in her doing half-hearted work. She had a good aim in mind, but it was thwarted. She spent much time in planning parties and other diversions and thereby lost interest in her lessons. She studied when it was convenient, but many times she would go to class without knowing anything about the lesson. When examination time came, she was much excited, and wished that she had been more industrious. She always resolved to do better, but was easily diverted, and soon drifted into the same condition again.

The last class is comparatively small. Not many go to school without accomplishing something. Some are always to be found, however, who seem to be wafted about by the wind. With them study is an unknown quantity. It is as if they were looking for their own enjoyment. They are a hindrance to the school, their frivolity many times leading astray other students who are really putting forth effort to gain an education.

At college, if a student has lived right, he has found enough learning to make him humble, enough friendship to make his heart large and warm, enough culture to teach him the refinement of simplicity, enough wisdom to keep him sweet in difficulties and temperate in good times. He has learned to see great and small in their true relation, to look at both sides of a question.

The chief business of the college student is the giving and the receiving of ideals, and the ideal must be a burning and shining light, not only now but for all time. In every change, in every joy or sorrow that the coming years may bring, nothing is so practical as a noble ideal steadily and bravely pursued, and now as of old, it is the wise men who see and follow the guiding star.

GRACE MEYERS.

Education in Alaska

FROM the bulletins reporting the work of the Bureau of Education we glean the following facts regarding the schools for the natives of Alaska:

The Alaska school service is of vast extent. This great area has been divided into five school districts, each under the immediate supervision of a district superintendent of schools. One of these districts contains fully 100,000 square miles, and the others average more than 65,000 square miles each. If the map of Alaska were placed on the map of the United States, the public schools for natives would be scattered over twenty-one States. In visiting the widely separated schools a district superintendent must travel vast distances by sled over the frozen, trackless wilderness, or sometimes must risk his life on treacherous, tempestuous waters in a native canoe or unsafe power boat. He must endure the rigors of the arctic winter, the violence of the northern storms, and the foulness of the native huts in which he must find shelter.

In Alaska there are approximately twenty-five thousand natives in villages ranging from thirty or forty up to three or four hundred persons, scattered along thousands of miles of coast line and on the great rivers. Some of the villages on remote islands or on the frozen ocean are brought into touch with the outside world only once or twice a year, when visited by a United States revenue cutter on its annual cruise, or by the supply vessel sent by the Bureau of Education. During eight months of the year all the villages in Alaska, with the exception of those on the southern coast, are reached only by trails over the snow-covered land or frozen river. In spite of the difficulties of the problem, a United States public school has been established in each of seventy-seven villages. In many instances the school is the only elevating power in the community.

Every teacher, in addition to performing the routine work in the schoolroom, is a social worker, striving in every possible way to promote the physical, moral, and industrial welfare of the natives, adults as well as children. In the schoolroom the effort is made to impart to the children such instruction as will enable them to live comfortably and to deal intelligently with

those with whom they come in contact. Instruction in carpentry, cooking, and sewing is emphasized. Each schoolhouse is a social center for the accomplishment of practical ends. Many of the buildings contain, in addition to the recitation-room, kitchen quarters for the teacher, and a laundry and baths for the use of the native community. The schoolroom is available for public meetings for discussion of village affairs, or occasionally for social purposes.

In the native villages the teachers and nurses endeavor to establish proper sanitary conditions by inspecting the houses, by insisting on the proper disposal of garbage, and by giving instruction in sanitary methods of living. Natives are encouraged to replace their filthy huts by neat, well-ventilated houses. In some sections the natives have been taught to raise vegetables, which are a healthful addition to their usual diet of fish and meat.

There are extensive regions where the services of a physician are not obtainable. Accordingly, it often becomes the duty of a teacher to treat minor ailments, to render first aid to the injured, or to care for a patient through a serious illness.

In its endeavor to safeguard the health of the natives of Alaska, the Bureau of Education maintains four small hospitals in important centers of the native population, and contracts with three hospitals for the treatment of diseased natives; employs traveling physicians, who devote their entire time to medical and sanitary work among the natives in their respective districts; employs nurses, who assist these physicians and do exceedingly valuable work among the children and in the villages; and provides medical supplies and textbooks for the teachers, to enable them to treat minor ailments and intelligently to supervise hygienic measures. This entire medical and sanitary corps of the Bureau of Education depends for the immediate supervision of its work on the five district superintendents, men of approved ability and fidelity, who, under the provisions of the rules regulating the service, have the greatest freedom of action consistent with the ultimate responsibility of the Commissioner of Education.

The school work is carried on much after the plan of a primary school in the States, with sufficient variation to meet the different conditions of Eskimo life. Special effort has been made to have the natives use the English language in conversation. They learn reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic without difficulty, but lack of confidence in themselves makes progress in speaking much slower. A few years will remedy this, however, and as the older generations pass away, English will become the language of the home.

One method used to stimulate the use of English is the dramatization of stories in the primary grades. After the Indian child becomes interested in one story and gets such a clear conception of the words that, while repeating them, he can demonstrate their meaning by actions, he becomes enthusiastic in grasping and demonstrating other stories in the same way. Thus by pronunciation and action he makes the words his own, and is thereafter not afraid to use them.

Arithmetic is a subject which, if rightly taught, gives the Eskimo children delight; but it must be extremely practical. Throughout the year much attention is given to problems in arithmetic arising out of their daily experiences, such as involve trading, store bills, and proceeds of hunting and fishing.

Lessons in history and geography are given mostly in story form. Language lessons are more difficult because of their not having good use of English.

Their language lessons are based largely on the stories studied in history, geography, and reading, with pictures to illustrate as far as possible. The recitations in as many subjects as possible are conducted in the form of games, which serve to create and hold the interest of the children.

In order to teach the succeeding generations how to be self-governing, there has been established in each school a "school republic," by which is tried the experiment of making the school self-governing. The officers are a president, mayor, and judge, each with a term of one month. The president presides over the council at its regular meetings, held each Friday afternoon. At these meetings, bills are introduced, discussed, and voted upon, and citizens are elected to perform such duties as become necessary. Over thirty laws have been enacted during one term. A few examples will give an idea of what they were like:

"No citizen shall speak Eskimo in the schoolroom."

"No citizen shall whisper or look behind in school time, become noisy, rude, or wear his skin parka in the schoolroom."

Every effort is made to teach neatness and cleanliness. Much of the sickness prevailing among the natives of Alaska is caused by the eating of food which has not been properly prepared. In one school all the girls seven years old and over were divided into four classes, each class having a certain day of the week on which to cook and bake. Each girl baked light bread once a week, usually six loaves. In this way every home in the village enjoyed light bread at least once a week during the entire school year. Besides bread the girls were taught to make biscuits, cinnamon rolls, cookies, and doughnuts. In all, 1,098 loaves of bread, 10 dozen biscuits, 30 dozen doughnuts, 41 dozen cinnamon rolls, and 26 dozen cookies were baked. The class also took charge of and prepared the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

One hour a day was devoted to sewing. Gingham aprons with bibs were the first things made, as they were needed by the class. Each girl above the primary grade made a dress for herself. First they took each other's measurements, then each cut her own dress pattern, and cut, fit, and made her own dress.

School gardening, carpentry, and all lines of industrial work are carried on in connection with the schools.

In connection with each school is also carried on a reindeer industry. One or more herds are distributed to each school, which they are to care for and multiply. They market the reindeer, and also use them for food.

The latest statistics available were for 1914-15. These gave the entire field force of the bureau of education in Alaska as five superintendents, one assistant superintendent, ninety-seven teachers, seven physicians, and eight nurses. Sixty-seven schools were maintained, with an enrolment of 3,436, and an average attendance of 1,973.

MINA BALL.

Only One Life

'Tis not for man to trifle: life is brief
And sin is here;

Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.

We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we;
One, only one.

How sacred should that one life ever be —
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

— Selected.



Tommy's Change of Heart

VALAH DILLEN

TOMMY!" Mrs. Alden appeared in the kitchen doorway and glanced inquiringly over the large back yard.

Everything was quiet, save for the droning of the bees as they flitted from flower to flower in the quiet summer afternoon, and the contented clucking of the chickens as they lazily dusted in the holes under the trees.

"Tommy!"

This time the voice was louder and more insistent.

No new sound. But a close observer might have seen a large washtub that was lying upside down under the old oak, move ever so slightly.

"Tommy!"

The voice was almost pleading now, but no Tommy appeared.

"Those boys!" Mrs. Alden said half aloud as she turned back into the house. Then she went to the front porch where her younger sister, who with a young son was visiting her, sat reading.

"I don't know where those boys are," she said.

A tender note crept into her voice as she thought of Tommy, the little newsboy who had been sent to her a week ago with four other newsboys whom as many neighbors had taken, that they might have a taste of freedom and country life. Her life was lonely at best, for she had been a widow for ten years, with no children of her own. She had noticed with pleasure that the cheeks of the boy were filling out, and the hungry, scared look was vanishing from his eyes. And though he was trying and mischievous, he had stirred a new feeling in the lonely woman's heart.

A few moments after Mrs. Alden had turned back into the house, the washtub under the oak tree rose inquiringly on one side, and two bright blue eyes peeped out over a very freckled pug nose. Everything looked satisfactory; so the tub continued to rise cautiously until the form of a boy, possibly about eleven, rolled from under it on the side opposite the house. Then he held the tub while a boy a year or so younger, rolled out.

They looked around carefully, and then began rolling slowly toward the barn. When they reached the shelter of the open door, a delighted grin spread over the older boy's grimy face, and he threw a pebble at a hen lazily dusting near by.

"I'm goin' swimmin'," he announced.

William's eyes grew wide.

"But Aunt Nellie and mamma said not to go near the creek," he said.

"Huh," was Tommy's rejoinder. "Women are allus skeered o' water an' bugs an' mice. Besides, ole

man Rice don't know we're in his ole creek if we don't make no noise. We go every day."

He started down the path back of the barn. He knew the two women were around in the front of the house where they could not see.

This defiance of the powers that be was new to William, but the slow-moving figure down the path caused a strange longing to join him.

Tommy paused a moment, "Are you comin'?"

William started on a run.

When they arrived at the creek in the strip of woods back of the barn, Tommy fairly rolled with suppressed shouts of delight, while the rest of the boys who were already there gathered around inquiringly.

"Aw, what's the matter?"

"Oh-h-h-h," was Tommy's answer.

"Ain't that the way green apples acts?" inquired Spike.

At this Tommy sat up.

"Green apples!" he exclaimed. But that was too much, and he went off into another spasm of laughter. The others surveyed him stolidly. It might be funny, but until he proved it, they refused to be amused.

"It's—it's—" began Tommy. "It's—oh, you ought t' seen me fool her!"

That promised to be interesting, for Tommy's ruses to fool people were as startling as they were numerous, and gave many an idea to boys not so adept.

Then they put their heads close together, while Tommy told them of his latest trick of hiding until the coast was clear to the forbidden swimming hole.

After their mirth had subsided, Tommy turned to William.

"Now, you get yer rags off," he commanded, and they were soon in the water with the rest.

"But don't you go out farther than that low limb there," he warned, "'cause there's a kick-off there."

The soft air of the woods and the cool water on their tired, heat-racked bodies were like medicine to the little newsboys, and their suppressed shouts and laughter hinted at more real joy than they had ever experienced before.

Suddenly a chilling cry from William brought them up sharply. They knew at once that he had ventured beyond the danger limb, and had fallen from the kick-off into the deep water. They were numb with fright, for not one of them knew how to swim.

"Here, grab this limb," one shouted from the shore, and pushed it down toward the figure that just then came up floundering and spitting.

William grabbed the proffered limb, but his hold was too weak to keep him up.

Before the others knew what was happening, Tommy had jumped into the water and was hanging onto the limb with one hand while with the other he grabbed William when he came up again, scarcely struggling.

"Hey, you fellers, come out on the limb and help!" he shouted.

With the help of the boys, Spike managed to worm his way out on the limb until he got hold of William's arm. Then with the others gradually pulling back, he got the limp body close enough to the shore for the boys to drag it up on the bank.

Tommy, still hanging to the limb, tried to "walk it" hand over hand, but his little arms were too weak, and without an outcry, he vanished from sight.

Fresh yells rent the air.

"What's all this racket about here?" and a man leaped the brush to the edge of the creek.

No answer was needed. Tommy's white face appeared on the surface of the water and then vanished. Almost before the boys had regained their breath, the unconscious Tommy was being dragged out of the water.

Tommy "came to" on the couch in Mrs. Alden's sitting-room, with his head on her arm. Beside the couch sat her sister with a very sober William on her knees.

"Tommy!"

He gazed in wonder into the face above him. Then his eyes wandered vaguely to the window where the last rays of the sun were peeping in between the gently swaying curtains.

"William?" he asked dazedly, as though trying to remember something.

"He's all right, Tommy."

The boy's eyes came back to rest on the woman's face. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and she was holding his hands tight.

"Ain't you goin' ter scold?" he asked simply, and then added in a wondering tone, "You're cryin'."

Tommy's bewildered little brain tried to comprehend the meaning of it all. Instead of scolding, there were tears—something new under Tommy's sun. His eyes closed for a moment, and then a slow, understanding smile came to the blue lips. He reached up and touched her wet cheek. Then his eyes, clear now, gazed into hers.

"I'm sorry I didn't listen," and then with a hint of wistfulness in his voice, "but if you'll jest let me stay, I'll—I'll—I'll be so good you won't know me."

That night on her way to her own room, Mrs. Alden stepped into the little room under the eaves to look at the peaceful, freckled face on the white pillow. The moon was just peeping through the trees into the window, and a ray fell on the sleeping boy. Tears welled up in her eyes as she saw the look of happiness that even in sleep rested on Tommy's face. It had come there that afternoon when she had told him she was going to keep him with her always, if he'd stay.

A Story of an Elephant

IN far-away India a great big elephant named Jumbo once lived. When a baby he roamed among the dense jungles by his mother's side, and in company with a vast herd. After they had passed through a section of the jungle, nothing would be left, because they cleared the leaves and trampled the remainder under their huge feet. Perhaps their greatest fun was to wade out into the river, and with their trunks throw water all over themselves.

But all this pleasure was not to last forever. One day several men making a hideous noise with their trumpets and drums, came to where the elephants were. The frightened animals ran ahead of the hunters. Finally they had to stop, as they were all in an immense cage, or what we should call a corral. Then each elephant was caught, strapped to a tame one, and led off. It was in this manner that each one was taught to work.

Jumbo grew to be such a fine animal that he was given to the king. He had plenty of time to sleep and be idle, and when he did work it was work that he enjoyed doing. They would put splendid trappings on him and decorate him magnificently, because he was to carry the king. No other elephant in the king's train was so stately as Jumbo. Everybody that saw him said, "What a magnificent elephant!" Every creature grows old; this was Jumbo's misfortune. He was sold to a laboring man who needed him to help make his living.

Jumbo began a period of work that lasted the rest of his days, and was his happiest. His work was piling lumber, building stone walks, and bearing great loads upon his back. His work was done so well that his master grew to love him. In fact, his master's whole family loved him.

But a closer friendship grew up between Jumbo and the little boy. When Jumbo was not working, they would be together. The little boy would play with the elephant's trunk and the elephant would lift him up with his trunk. At last the little boy would become sleepy, and lie down on the shady side of the elephant and fall asleep. When he would wake up, their play would be continued.

One day the little boy begged his father to let him spend the day by the seaside where his father and Jumbo were working. Other children were there, and soon all were having a good time playing along the beach. Suddenly a great wave came up on the shore and swept these children out into the sea. Jumbo heard their cries, and at once rushed to the rescue. Without a bit of hesitation he plunged into the sea, waded out to the struggling children, grabbed two of them with his great trunk, and hurried back. In he went again, seized others with his trunk, and so all the children were saved. Then the noble elephant resumed his work as if nothing unusual had happened.

F. J. O'BRIEN.

Mary's Reform

MARY, aren't those dishes finished? It is ten minutes of eight, and you will be late for school," said mother, as she came to the kitchen from the milk house where she had taken care of the milk. Alice, Mary's sister, had done the parlor work and the sweeping and was nearly ready for school.

"Washing dishes is a longer job than sweeping," said Mary.

"But when you do the sweeping you do not get through first," reminded her mother.

That day at school the girls' teacher assigned to the English class a five-hundred-line essay to be handed in Friday. This being Monday, they had five days in which to write it.

"You may choose your own topic, take any subject with which you can do well; but I advise you to begin today," said the teacher.

In the evening while the girls were doing up the work, they discussed this essay, mentioning topics and

subjects about which they might write. Alice chose one, and started her outline that evening. Mary had a back geometry lesson to get. Her mother suggested that her essay should be first. She really intended to decide on a definite topic that evening, but the time slipped by, and she retired early.

Each day at school the teacher asked, "How are your essays progressing?"

Mary put off her writing until Thursday evening. Then without even her outline made out she realized that she must do all of the writing in a few hours. She set to work at it. At nine-thirty the family were ready to retire; but Mary was just in the midst of her composition. Her mother suggested, "A stitch in time saves nine." Alice proudly handed her finished task to her mother to read before she went to bed. Mary sat writing until twelve o'clock before she finished. She thought, "If I had only done a little of this each day!"

At the beginning of the last month of school the class was to write a review of one of the books they had read. The teacher said, "If you do a small part each day it will be very easy, but if you try to do it all at once it will be drudgery."

Mary had other work or play to do, and she put off writing until she had nearly forgotten about it. The Sunday evening of the last week she was startled by suddenly remembering that she had one week in which to write a review of a book besides her regular work. She set at it with such a will that she realized she could do her work rapidly when she willed to do it and did not procrastinate. She then resolved within herself "never to put off until tomorrow what should be done today." She has by perseverance succeeded very well.

SIDNEA INGOLD.

Music in the College

IT is now a well-recognized fact that art has a definite place in the college. Intellectual leaders do not fail to realize that beauty is an essential factor in a liberal education. Thus poetry and painting have been set on the plane with science and philosophy. But is music any less serviceable than poetry or painting in the nurture of the intellect and emotion?

Music has always been regarded as a valuable influence in college life. There is no means of emotional and instinctive expression more universal than song. Enthusiasm and loyalty cause the student to burst forth in melody. Music is also respected as a religious agency. The music in chapel and other religious exercises is an important factor in producing a spiritual atmosphere. Evidently music has a place here, but the question still remains as to whether it can be classed with science and philosophy. And if we accept sacred music, shall secular music be debarred? Many are opposed to secular music. They claim that it is exhausting to the mind instead of being a tonic. But the real test of the value of any esthetic experience is, Has life been permanently refreshed as well as stimulated? That music has become a universal need in nations preëminent in physical and intellectual energy, is evidence that it has passed the test.

"The highest degree of education creates in the individual a realization of his vital relationship to the world and society. . . . In the union of these two lies culture," says Edward Dickinson. Art, when studied in all its relations, accomplishes these results. This

(Concluded on last page)

The Morning Watch

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department

"The early morning often found Jesus in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer."

Blessings for the Righteous

(Texts for December 16-22)

ONE who had been an earnest Christian for years said, "If only we are obedient, there will never come a time when we cannot know what our next duty is. One disobedience, however, breaks the continuity of the guidance, and the thread may be hard to find again. Those who follow Christ never walk in darkness."

Not only will the obedient know what to do next, but they will have strength to do it. The Bible says, "None of his steps shall slide." Christ abides in the hearts of those who obey. That is the secret of their successful living. For every duty he is their strength; for every disappointment he is the antidote; in all the vicissitudes of life he is their peace. Through Christ, who is their all and in all, they have grace to do all things and to endure all trials.

Perhaps the most striking blessing of the righteous today, while the world is convulsed in troubles of every kind, is the peace of God which keeps the heart serene and makes the soul "dwell at ease." The Scotchman who had learned to live the life of implicit obedience had tasted this peace when he told a friend: "I am happier now, when I am no happy, than I was afore when I was happy." Yes, the peace that God gives is constant, unbroken; it is disturbed only when the Christian slips away from God into the path of disobedience. It is one of the "impossible" things that God gives to his faithful children at this time when it seems that there is no spot on this seething earth where peace can abide.

And God enriches the life of the righteous,—of those who obey him. That is another blessing. Of the obedient the psalmist says, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." As the olive tree enriches the soil in which it grows, so those who obey God will enrich the community where they live. They will make it a better community; they will inspire their friends to live better lives; in them people will find help in time of trouble, comfort in the hour of sorrow, and friends in every time of need. And all this and much more, because in the life of the obedient, Christ is living again to bless others.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own;
So when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown."

And the blessings of the righteous will never cease. When all the sorrows and joys of earth are ended, God will lead his obedient children into their eternal inheritance; "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

MEDITATION.—As I meditate upon the thoughts brought out in the texts this week, I become more deeply concerned over the common weaknesses of which I am conscious. Do I realize that complete victory demands complete obedience in all things? Do I realize that only through complete obedience can I build for eternity? Only by obeying fully can I have Christ abiding in my life. I am in this community to save souls, and I must make it my first duty to obey my Master.

for thus, and only thus, shall I be able to lead others to Christ. So I pray daily that I may realize more and more fully that "victory is never final until it is complete in righteousness."

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Father, I thank thee that I am *thy* child. That thought is so precious to me this morning. Help me to be obedient today. Cleanse my heart from every selfish motive; take my hand in thine, and lead in the path thou hast chosen for me today. M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending December 22

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

The Bible Year Senior Assignment

- December 16. Hebrews 12, 13: "Looking unto Jesus."
 December 17. James: Patience; faith; wisdom; evil speaking; prayer.
 December 18. 1 Peter: Strength and patience under trial.
 December 19. 2 Peter: Faithfulness to the divine Word.
 December 20. 1 John: Propitiation; sonship; obedience; fellowship; victory.
 December 21. 2 John; 3 John; Jude.
 December 22. Revelation 1 to 3: Salutation; messages to the seven churches.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for December 13.

Junior Assignment

- December 16. 2 Timothy 4: Paul's farewell words.
 December 17. Titus 2: Looking for Jesus.
 December 18. Philemon: A lesson on forgiveness.
 December 19. Hebrews 11: Faith and faithfulness.
 December 20. James 3: Heavenly wisdom.
 December 21. 1 Peter 5: The grace of humility.
 December 22. 2 Peter 3: The day of the Lord will come.

Philemon

Can you pronounce it correctly? This is the proper way: Fī-lē-mōn. When we used to repeat the books of the Bible in school, the boys and girls nearly always stumbled over that word; but it isn't a bit hard to pronounce when you know how.

One day this week you are asked to read the whole book of Philemon, but you'll find it an easy task, for the book has but one chapter! It was named after the man to whom it was written. He was a very intimate friend of Paul's. It is easy to see that as you read the letter. What charm and beauty it has, and how full to overflowing it is with kindly sympathy and genuine friendship.

Philemon was a fine man, noted far and wide for his hospitality. He had money, but he made it a point to use it for the good of others. It was through Paul that he accepted Jesus, which was one reason, no doubt, why they were such great friends.

One of Philemon's servants, named Onesimus, stole some of his master's property and ran away. Later he was converted at Rome through the influence of Paul. Of course he wished to make a new start in life; but he realized that he must first make things right with his master. Paul finally persuaded him to go back to Philemon and receive whatever punishment might be awaiting him. At the same time Paul wrote to his old friend, Philemon, begging him to treat Onesimus kindly, and to forgive him for all his past mistakes.

"If he oweth thee ought," wrote Paul, "put that

on mine account." What a warm, generous heart the aged apostle had. He was willing to pay the debt for the sake of his young convert. That is like Jesus. He has paid our debts with his own life that we may live a new life in him. What a precious Saviour!

ELLA IDEN.

The Sabbath School

XII—The Nature of Man

(December 22)

MEMORY VERSE: "For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything." Eccl. 9:5.

Questions

1. What was stated by the Lord to be the penalty for disobedience? Gen. 2:16, 17. Note 1.
2. How did the Lord prevent sinners from becoming immortal? Gen. 3:22-24. Note 2.
3. What are the wages of sin declared to be? What will the righteous receive as a gift? Rom. 6:23.
4. Who only has immortality? 1 Tim. 6:15, 16. Note 3.
5. What is said concerning the living and the dead? Eccl. 9:5, 6. Note 4.
6. How is the condition of man in death further described? Ps. 146:3, 4.
7. What do the dead not know concerning those whom they have left behind? Job 14:21.
8. What reason is given for great diligence in our work? Eccl. 9:10.
9. By what figure does the Bible represent death? Ps. 13:3; John 11:11-14.
10. What shows that the righteous dead are in their graves? Verses 41-44. Note 5.
11. What is said of King David long after his death? Acts 2:34, first part.
12. What promise is given concerning those who sleep in Jesus? 1 Thess. 4:14.
13. Were there to be no resurrection of the dead, what would be the condition of those who are fallen asleep in Christ? 1 Cor. 15:16-18.
14. What did Jesus bring with him when he came from the tomb? Rev. 1:18. Note 6.

Notes

1. The record in Gen. 2:16, 17, clearly shows that Adam was placed on probation. He was not created immortal so he could never die, but was first to be proved, that God might know whether he would be obedient if given everlasting life.

2. Since Satan cannot deny that men die, he now tries to deceive by leading them to believe that only a part of man dies; that when persons are dead they still live in another state, and can see and know more than ever before.

3. The meaning of the word "immortal" is, "Having no principle of corruption; having unending existence; exempt from death." The meaning of the word "mortal" is, "Subject to death; destined to die."

4. "If, as stated in Eccl. 9:5, the dead know not anything, then they have no knowledge of the lapse of time. "Six thousand years in the grave to a dead man is no more than a wink of the eye to the living." To them, consciousness, our only means of measuring time, is gone; and it will seem to them when they awake that absolutely no time has elapsed. And herein lies a most comforting thought in the Bible doctrine of the sleep of the dead, that in death there is no consciousness of the passing of time. To those who sleep in Jesus, their sleep, whether long or short, whether one year, one thousand years, six thousand years, will be but as if the moment of sad parting were followed instantly by the glad reunion in the presence of Jesus at his glorious appearing and the resurrection of the just.

"It ought also to be a comforting thought to those whose lives have been filled with anxiety and grief for deceased loved ones who persisted in sin, to know that they are not now suffering in torments, but, with all the rest of the dead, are quietly sleeping in their graves. Job 3:17.

"Again, it would mar the felicity of one's enjoyment in heaven could he look upon earth and see his friends and relatives suffering from persecution, want, cold, or hunger, or sorrowing for the dead. God's way is best,—that all sentient life, animation, activity, thought, and consciousness should cease at death, and that all should wait till the resurrection for their future life and eternal reward. See Heb. 11:39, 40."—*"Bible Readings,"* p. 513.

5. Lazarus had been dead four days. Jesus did not call him down from heaven, but out of the grave.

6. Satan would keep men in the grave forever if he could; but Jesus went into the tomb to capture the keys of death and hell (the grave). Those keys are "master keys" that will unlock every tomb where a child of God is sleeping.

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Explanatory Note

THE journalism class of Union College has again had the privilege of planning and preparing copy for an issue of the INSTRUCTOR.

A large committee of the class, under the chairmanship of Miss Ida Thompson, planned the departments and special articles. Miss Lena Dake and Mr. Walter Hahn were chosen by the class to act, respectively, as editor and assistant editor. The articles, short and long, were chosen from themes written in the various classes of the English department as part of their regular work.

An effort has been made to represent as nearly as possible all departments of the college.

Special thanks are due the art department of Union College for headings for the departments of Efficiency and the School Circle.

As first planned, the Union College number should have appeared in May. The fact that several of the class were also working on the College Annual prevented the carrying out of this plan. The change in date has made necessary the leaving out of some material having an essentially springtime atmosphere, for some with a more universal appeal. We now understand why spring poetry should be prepared in January and Christmas articles in June.

Again we wish to thank Mrs. Chase for the privilege accorded us. Each added effort of this nature is a cord to bind us more closely to our dear INSTRUCTOR.

MRS. W. P. ROWELL.

War Perils for the Children

IN view of the ill effects of the present war upon the children of Europe, the National Child Labor Committee of the United States urges that special attention be given to the welfare of our children during this time of preparation for national defense.

In Europe the children were forgotten and neglected. Schools were taken for military purposes, teachers enlisted, evening schools and medical and dental inspection ceased, and the age limit was reduced so that one hundred and fifty thousand pupils between eleven and thirteen went to work. Laws for school attendance, hours of labor, and other interests of the young were either relaxed or ceased to exist.

Statistics show that juvenile delinquency in England increased thirty-four per cent. In Berlin, during the first year of the war, twice as many crimes were committed by children as in the preceding year. In Budapest three thousand munition workers were children under twelve.

In view of these examples the committee appeals to

the United States government to guard the rising generation against the imposition of conditions which will stunt their future growth and development.

MYRTLE McLELLAN.

Music in the College

(Concluded from page fourteen)

is no less true of music than of any of the other arts. In fact, the symbols of music are more penetrating than those of painting and poetry. Some one has said, "Music is the natural language of man to express his feelings and emotions." Hence the universality of its appeal. Surely such a "language" is worthy of a place in the college curriculum.

It is conceded that the best way to penetrate the heart of a people, to ascertain the interior life, is to study the art, philosophy, and literature of the nation. This involves a study of its music. It is impossible to study groups of composers and musical works without gaining a deeper insight into the intellectual tendencies of that period to which they belong, as well as the striking characteristics of different nationalities. Lightness of movement, a tuneful melody, symmetry of form, with a tendency to reflect general ideas and emotions, stamp the work as Italian. German music is more free, impassionate, with a solid harmonic foundation, massive in structure, grand in design. French compositions are full of dramatic and picturesque effects. Nor is it difficult to distinguish a Bach "Fugue" from a Beethoven "Andante." Mr. Merz says:

"As soon as the mind ranges reflectively over any considerable area of musical history, it is perceived that music has been subject to the ebb and flow of tendencies which offer such analogies to certain general movements in the intellectual world that it would be impossible to consider the correspondence as accidental."

It is not too much to claim for the art of music that it conveys messages drawn from the very sources of emotional life and character with even greater force than the representative arts, for it enriches feeling far more than painting or poetry. One more quotation:

"Music is not merely 'an art of beautiful motion,' as many of its practitioners seem to conceive it—it testifies to a necessity of utterance in the human soul; it is an evidence of the spirit's striving after light and self-knowledge, and hence is not less deserving of learned consideration than those arts, apparently more definitely instructive which vainly try to persuade us that they teach us something that is both tangible and conclusive."

Then, because of music's esthetic value, its significance as an interpreter of life, its refining touch upon the emotional nature, and the means it affords for the culture of important elements of character, it should take its place beside science, philosophy, and literature in the college.

MARGARET HELDEN.

A Little Child

Just a merry, dimpled face
Smiling up in simple grace,
Fresh as sparkling drops of dew,
Says, "God is real and love is true."

Joy springs up in weary hearts,
Hope comes back, despair departs.
Would I were as a little child,
As trustful, loving, undefiled.

MYRTLE McLELLAN.