

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"I JUST TELL YOU! BOYS CAN DO A LOT OF GOOD, AND MAKE MONEY TOO,
SELLING THE 'TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR'"

From Here and There

There were 68 Dutch vessels in New York Harbor alone when Dutch shipping was taken over by the United States and England.

German airships have dropped over one thousand bombs on beautiful Venice. Much damage has been done, though the most interesting historical places have escaped serious injury.

Every man who goes to the war takes about one chance in thirty of injury to his arm, one chance in one hundred of losing one or both legs, and about one in ninety of being blinded.

April 6, the first anniversary of the war, was celebrated throughout the land as "Win-the-war Day." Every citizen—man, woman, or child—was asked to stop work or play one minute on that day and pledge allegiance to the nation.

Miss Anne Martin, of Nevada, has announced her candidacy for the United States Senate, to complete the unexpired term of the late Senator Newlands. This is the first time that a woman has knocked at the door of this conservative branch of Congress.

Before the war, in proportion to her population Belgium was the richest country in Europe. In the early days of the occupation, Germany modestly demanded only foodstuffs, cattle, horses, and fodder; today Germany drains from her \$100,000,000 a year.

Dr. Henry G. C. Hallock, a missionary in China for twenty-two years, has just completed his concordance of the Bible in Chinese. This work contains 5,000,000 Chinese characters, and 4,000 direct and indirect Bible references. Its compilation has required twelve years of close application and many thousands of dollars.

John D. Rockefeller will pay this year to the Government approximately \$38,400,000 income tax if the estimate recently made by a financial authority is correct. This is within \$3,000,000 of the amount collected in personal income taxes from the entire country in 1915. The thirty wealthiest persons of the country will pay about \$124,500,000, which is nearly four fifths of the total income tax receipts for 1917.

The populace of London and several of the counties of England, from the king down to the humblest subject, are now on compulsory rations of meat, butter, and margarine. No one is permitted to buy any of these food materials without a card. The weekly allowance of meat is twenty ounces for adults and ten ounces for children under ten years. The butter or margarine ration is four ounces weekly per person.

A salary of \$75,000 with allowances for traveling expenses up to \$25,000 extra and \$160,000 for clerk hire and White House expenses, or \$260,000 altogether, seems a lot of money to ordinary wage-earning citizens for one family to use in a year. Yet it is true that the President spends that amount and often more in meeting the various expenses connected with his position. The President's job isn't a money-making one. Many Presidents have come out of the White House poorer than when they went in. Some of the White House mistresses have had private incomes of their own to help them out. It is said, however, that the present Mrs. Wilson is the only President's wife who has ever had a private income large enough to enable her to live up to her position.

Harold R. Peat, a Canadian soldier, spent two years at the battle front. He was wounded twice, thus being disabled for future military service. When asked by the editor of *Every Week* for the most tender, gentle thing he ever saw a soldier do, he replied: "After the first gas attack at Ypres, in April, 1915, I was knocked out for a while and was in the clearing station at Merville. One day when I was lying there on a stretcher a poor miserable soldier came in. He was covered with mud and blood. He was minus his overcoat, and his tunic was torn by shrapnel. He was soaked to the bone, for it was raining, and he was shivering with cold and pain. The nurse hurried to him and asked what had become of his overcoat. 'O,' he said, his teeth chattering, 'my pal was killed back there, and he looked so cold, lying there in the rain, I took off my coat and put it over him.'"

Joseph Heifetz, a Russian Jew, is world-famous at the age of seventeen. Almost as much of a prodigy as Mozart, he began his regular musical studies at the age of three, played the Mendelssohn concerto in public at six, was graduated from the conservatory at eight, and made his *début* at ten.

Let Us be Kind

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only —
That we be kind.
We cannot know the grief that men may borrow,
We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow.
But love can shine upon the way today, tomorrow —
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
This is a wealth that has no measure,
This is of heaven and earth the highest treasure —
Let us be kind.
A tender word, a smile of love in meeting,
A song of hope and victory to those retreating,
A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting —
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
Around the world the tears of time are falling,
And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling —
Let us be kind.
To age and youth let gracious words be spoken,
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken.
We live in vain who give no tender token —
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
The sunset tints will soon be in the west.
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast —
Let us be kind.
And when the angel guides have sought and found us,
Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us,
And heaven and home shall brighten all around us —
Let us be kind.

— Author unknown.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 16

Old Spot Pond

S. J. TOWNSEND



OLD SPOT POND, A LAKE NEAR BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

To my winter home, where I love to dwell
On the balmy shores of Lake Estelle,
Came a little bird one morning in spring,
And these were the words that he seemed to sing:

"O come, go with me to a realm afar,
That lies 'neath the gleam of the cold North Star,
And I'll show you a beautiful lake that dwells
All alone in the midst of the Middlesex Fells;

"Where the days are joyous, and skies are fair,
And the heart is buoyant and free from care;
Where the peaceful calm of a quiet retreat
To the weary soul brings a comfort sweet."

Then the bird took wing and I followed fast,
Till your lovely shores I have reached at last;
And though he has flown to the lands beyond,
I have stopped here to visit you, Old Spot Pond!

From the southern home of the summer sun,
Where the zephyrs scorch till his race is run,
I have come to the cooling winds that play
Hide and seek 'mid your isles the livelong day;

And to feast on your beauty at every turn,—
Your necklace of bowlders and fronded fern,
So daintily imaged one scarce can trace
'Twixt their mirrored smile and their virgin grace;

The faultless profile of Turtle Rock;
And the shadowy coves, which the paths unlock
To the grand old forest that wraps about
And hides your charms from the world without.

While at each new glimpse of your smiling face,
'Round the glancing curves that your shore lines trace,
Your mingled glory of earth and skies
To my raptured soul brings a glad surprise.

But alas! wherever I turn, I see
The words of warning on post or tree:
"No one is allowed here to skate or boat,
Or in these waters to swim or float."

Dear me! and the songster, with never a tear,
Has taken his flight, and has left me here!
When of all these pleasures I am so fond,
What a mean, selfish thing you are, Old Spot Pond!

"Hold, hold! not so fast now, my little maid,
Restrain for a moment your rash tirade."
(Thus in low, soft accents I seem to hear
A voice from the pines, on an island near.)

"Be seated, I pray, on this great stone chair,
And I'll tell you a story of joy and despair:
Not always was I the captive you see,
So selfish and lone; for I once was free—

"Free as the fawn that came to drink
In the noonday heat at my cooling brink;
Free as the waterfowl that flew
Along the shores in the morning dew;

"Aye, free as the children of the woods,
Who roamed at will 'mid their solitudes;
And never a lassie, or brown or blonde,
Was e'er turned away from Old Spot Pond!

"But along came some men one day, and by stealth
They bound me (they said) for the commonwealth.
And imprisoned within a wall of stone,
I was told that henceforth I must dwell alone.

"I fretted and mourned, till my troubled waves
Had worn my banks into mimic caves;
I wept, till every green thing that grew
Was wet with my tears, like the falling dew;

"Then the commonwealth, with its magic wand,
Transformed me, from being a humble pond,
To a beautiful lake, so deep and wide
That all trace of my former self I hide.

"And an arm which they gave, that I might reach out
To the welcoming towns lying round about,
Stretched away, till the world-renowned city beyond
Felt the touch of the hand of Old Spot Pond!

"Where once the denizens of the wild
Along the paths through my marshes filed,
Now a nation makes pilgrimage to my shores,
And my beauty with rapture and praise adores.

"For each fawn that came to my humble brink,
In the olden time, for a noon-day drink,
A thousand children are lifting up
Their dainty lips to my crystal cup.

"By the couch of the sick, with a tear I bow,
And lay my hand on the fevered brow.
I temper with frost the summer's heat,
And with tropic breath the winter's sleet.

"To the sunburnt sward and the thirsting flowers,
From cloudless skies I bring fresh showers.
I fight the demons of fire and flame,
And hurl them backward to whence they came.

"I turn the wheels in the marts and mills;
I light the lamps on the seven hills;
In the lowly cot, and the halls of state,
I minister now to the small and great.

"I flow as a fountain of life and health
For the rich and the poor of the commonwealth;
And no prince of the realm, with his regal wand,
Is more loved and honored than Old Spot Pond!"

Forgive my unkindness, dear Old Spot Pond,
In your royal robes with their fringe of frond!
For I am the one with the selfish heart,
While for you has been chosen the better part.

Your power to serve, so meager of old,
Has been multiplied full many a fold.
And you are the prince of the realm, who reigns,
And the world is blessed by your prison chains.

I shall love you still; for your shores abound
With a pristine beauty I've seldom found;
Where the soul may sit at the Master's feet,
And beholding his works, find communion sweet.

I shall love you the more for your fetters of stone
Which hold me aloof, and that keep you lone;
For a lesson you've taught me of hope and love,
And of faith and trust in our Father above.



TURTLE ROCK

When my little life, with its quiet content,
Seems all broken up, and my heart is rent,
And there rises around me a wall so high
That I scarcely can see to the vaulted sky,

May I trust with a love that casts out fear,
That my Father's presence is ever near;
And that he ere long to my soul shall give
A far broader and nobler life to live.

For "all things work together for good
To them that love him" as true hearts should;
And this great truth, by your life impressed
On my weary heart, has brought me rest.

And so now I thank you, my new-found friend,
For the goodly lesson your life shall lend;
May our friendship be sealed with many a bond,
Nevermore to be broken, dear Old Spot Pond!

Answered Prayers

Anita's Prayer

A NEIGHBOR'S house was burning. When observed, it was too far gone to be saved, therefore the efforts of the people were given to the protection of a near-by house upon which burning brands were falling.

In the absence of a fire department and of men, a generous-hearted neighbor woman climbed upon the roof of the endangered home, and poured pails of water upon it. When this woman's little girl saw her mother in this dangerous position, she was frightened, and said to a friend standing by, "There's my mother on the roof of Brother Leach's house; I must go and pray the Lord to take care of her and of Brother Leach's house." This she did. The woman to whom Anita had spoken followed the child to see if she really did as she had suggested doing. Glancing through the window, the woman observed the child on her knees by the bed, earnestly beseeching the Lord to "keep my mother from getting hurt and Brother Leach's house from burning."

Surely the Lord, to whom the prayer of earnest faith is the sweetest of music, heard and answered Anita's prayer.

Don's Prayer

Don had mislaid his library book. He could not find it even with the earnest assistance of other members of the family. More than one faithful search had been made for it; but without success. It was a book of

worth, and Don felt the importance of finding it. So as he sat thinking about it, he felt impressed to ask the Lord to direct his search. This he did, with the result that the missing book was soon found. The answered prayer brought great joy to Don.

Don's mother was away from home at the time of the finding of the book, so on her return he related his experience. He said that as he sat thinking of his failure to find the book he thought, "Well, if Jesus is good for anything he knows where that book is, and can help me find it. So I went to my room, shut the door, and kneeling by my bed I asked Jesus to help me find it. When I got up from my knees, it seemed as if somebody was right by me pushing me straight to the place where the book lay."

Don was a very happy boy to think Jesus heard and so signally answered his prayer. But Jesus is doing just this way by somebody all the while. Now it is possible that some other time Don might ask Jesus for something as definitely as he did this time, but he would not receive the answer in the same way. Jesus would hear, but in his great love and wisdom he would know that it was not best to do just what Don wanted him to do. We must always pray that God's will be done, whether it is our way or not.

Dr. Barnardo's Prayer

"Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo, the famous 'father of nobody's children,' who during his lifetime rescued thousands of homeless London waifs, tells this story among hundreds of other incidents: One bitterly cold winter the children were shivering for want of warm clothing, and there was not a penny on hand to buy it. Dr. Barnardo took the matter to God, but no money came. He went to a merchant, and selected the clothing needed, but found that it cost \$500. He would not go



PINE POINT, ON OLD SPOT POND

into debt, so he returned home without the goods, and prayed to God to supply the need. The next morning the first letter he opened contained a check for \$500, 'to provide clothing for the children.'

The Teachers' Prayer

Dr. William Burt, European Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when he visited the Boys' School in Vienna about two years ago, "found that although the year was not up, all available funds had been spent. He counseled with the teachers, and they decided to take the matter to the Lord in prayer. Ten days later he was in Rome, and there came to him a letter from a friend in New York which read as follows: 'As I went to my office on Broadway one morning [and the date was the very one on which the teachers were praying], a voice seemed to tell me that you were in need of funds for the Boys' School in Vienna. I gladly

inclose a check for the work.' The check just covered the amount needed. There was no human communication between Vienna and New York, "but while they were yet speaking God answered their request."

The Captain's Prayer

"When the Second Massachusetts Volunteers marched into the Southland in the days of the Civil War, Johnny Ring, sixteen years old, went as orderly to Captain Conwell, a young lawyer. The boy was passionately devoted to his captain, who laughed at his religion, particularly the boy's fidelity in reading the Bible.

" 'Why do you do it?' asked the captain, who was an agnostic, 'it is full of lies.'

" 'Because my mother made me promise I would,' replied Johnny. Daily he knelt in prayer in his tent, which annoyed Conwell.

"One day the Union soldiers were driven across the river. Johnny Ring remembered that the captain's sword, which was presented him by the citizens of Springfield, Massachusetts, had been left in the captain's tent. He crossed the river, got the sword, clasped it to his bosom, and started back toward the Union troops under the fire from both armies. He made his way across a burning bridge and fell into the arms of his friends, gasping out, 'Give the captain his sword.' He was mortally wounded, and died a few hours later.

"When Captain Conwell heard of Johnny Ring's sacrifice, he was greatly disturbed. He prayed that night, 'O Lord, why did you spare me, the agnostic, and take the life of that splendid Christian boy?'

"A month or so later Conwell was left for dead on the battle field. As he lay there through the long night, facing death, he offered another prayer: 'O Lord, if you spare me, I will give my life to the service of Jesus Christ. I will live two men's lives, God helping me, one for Johnny Ring and one for Conwell.' The prayer was heard. He was found, and carried to the field hospital the next morning.

"That is why Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, has been endeavoring for more than half a century to crowd sixteen hours of work into each day — eight hours for Johnny Ring and eight hours for Conwell."

If our eyes could be opened to see all the results of just one day's answered prayers from every corner of the earth, a wonderful story of love and wisdom would be revealed. Let us trust the Lord more. Let us pray more.

John Wesley's Argument

MR. WESLEY, in speaking of the inspiration of the Scriptures, gives the following argument concerning them. He says:

"I beg leave to propose a short, clear, and strong argument to prove the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

"The Bible must be the invention either of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God.

"1. It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could make a book and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying, 'Thus saith the Lord,' when it was their own invention.

"2. It could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they could not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sins, and condemns their own souls to hell for all eternity.

"3. Therefore, draw the conclusion that the Bible must be given by divine inspiration."

What God Hath Promised

God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.

— Annie Johnson Flint,
in *Christian Endeavor World*.

In the Christian Pathway as Seen by Others

SPEAKING on the point that Daniel, though a very busy man, found time to pray, D. L. Moody said: "I am reminded of the words of an old Methodist minister: 'If you have so much business to attend to that you have no time to pray, depend upon it you have more business on hand than God ever intended you should have.'"

One of the best governors of the Isle of Man was impeached for treason in the civil wars, and sentenced to death. The king granted a pardon, but it fell into the hands of a bitter enemy of the governor, who never delivered it, and the governor was executed. We hold in our hands the pardon of the world; shall we hold it back?

Dr. W. L. Watkinson describes a physician demonstrating to an audience before whom he was lecturing how the pulse varied in certain diseases. The lecture-room was placed in telegraphic communication with the hospital, fifteen miles distant; and then, by means of special apparatus and a vibrating ray of magnesium light, the pulse beats of a patient were exhibited upon the wall. "There is not a throb of our heart," adds the preacher, "but makes its sign upon the Great White Throne."

A missionary said she did her best teaching when she dressed the dear little body of the baby that had left her, putting on its prettiest frock, brushing back its flossy hair, laying a rosebud in its waxen fingers, and then called in the heathen women to look at it. They sobbed out in their astonishment, "You've fixed your baby up to go to a lovely place, and you expect to see her again. When ours die, we throw their poor little bodies out for the dogs to eat. They have gone into darkness, and we have no hope of ever seeing them again. We want to know about your Jesus who will take care of your baby, and let you have her again."

A missionary in China writes of a girl in the mission school under her care, that one night she came to her and said, "Teacher, I want you to pray that I may be a whole Christian." Struck by the expression, the teacher inquired what she meant. So the girl told her of certain things she had done that day that she felt to be wrong, and of things she had failed to do, which her teacher had commanded her. All this she instinctively felt was not in keeping with the spirit of the gospel. So she came with tears in her eyes at the close of day, saying, "Oh, teacher, I want you to pray for me that I may be a whole Christian!"

John Wesley was walking one day with a troubled man who expressed his doubt of God's goodness. "I don't know what I shall do with all this worry and trouble," he said. At that moment Wesley noticed a

cow looking over a stone wall. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why that cow is looking over that wall?" "No," replied his troubled companion. "I will tell you," said Wesley: "because she cannot see *through* it. That is what you must do with your wall of trouble—look over it and above it." Faith enables us to look over and above every trouble, to God, who is our help.

In the early days of emigration to the West, a traveler once came, for the first time in his life, to the banks of the mighty Mississippi. There was no bridge. He must cross. It was early winter, and the surface of the great river was sheeted with gleaming ice. He knew nothing of its thickness, however, and feared to

Allyn Capron and Bucky O'Neil. My men would not have respected me had I acted otherwise." One must not be surprised if Jesus chooses the same method of winning his battles.

Subscriptions Taken While You Wait

WHILE waiting for a train at —," writes a church missionary leader, "a young man came and stood near me. I was impressed to give him a tract, which he immediately began to read. Shortly afterward, he turned and said, 'Can any one subscribe for this paper?' I did not understand just what he



EXPOSITION MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM

The Exposition Auditorium, Civic Center, San Francisco, California, was the meeting place of the recent General Conference. This is one of the largest auditoriums in the United States, and is splendidly equipped for all kinds of conventions. The building is four stories high, and in addition to the main auditorium, which has a seating capacity of 12,000, there are ten smaller halls with adjacent committee-rooms. The initial cost of the building and equipment was \$1,250,000.

trust himself to it. He hesitated long, but night was coming on, and he must reach the other shore. At length, with many fears and infinite caution, he crept out on hands and knees, thinking thus to distribute his weight as much as possible, and trembling with every sound. When he had gone in this way, painfully, about halfway over, he heard a sound of singing behind him. There in the dusk was a colored man, driving a four-horse load of coal across the ice, and singing as he went! Many a Christian creeps tremblingly out upon God's promises, where another, who is stronger in faith, goes singing through life upheld by the same Word.

Speaking of the Cuban War and his Rough Riders, Colonel Roosevelt declared: "The men I cared most for in the regiment were the men who did the best work; and therefore my liking for them was obliged to take the shape of exposing them to the most fatigue and hardship, of demanding from them the greatest service, and of making them incur the greatest risk. Once I kept Greenway and Goodrich at work for forty-eight hours without sleep and with very little food, fighting and digging trenches. I freely sent the men for whom I cared most where death might smite them, as it did the two best officers in my regiment,

meant, but it soon dawned upon me that he referred to the *Signs* weekly which was advertised on the last page of the tract. I answered in the affirmative, referring him to the Signs office; but he asked, 'Can't you take the subscription?' It did not take me long to assure him that I could. My heart was rejoicing. The young man handed me forty cents for a three months' subscription, the paper to be sent to his dear old mother away back in Tennessee. He said he wanted her to know that her boy had not forgotten his mother. So you see we cannot tell what a little tract will accomplish. May the Lord constrain more of his people to be ready with the printed pages when an opportunity comes."

Thus the Lord is working through those who have the spirit of readiness to serve. "Let us remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for us day by day." The passing of a tract, the mailing of a paper, the selling of a magazine, the lending of a book—these are among the good deeds that all Adventists can perform, and they are sure to count for righteousness,

ERNEST LLOYD.

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."

Threats Frighten Debtors

A JEWELER on Long Island, recently concluded to go out of business. Thousands of dollars of bad debts had accumulated on his books, and as he desired to move away from the town he took a novel plan of collecting those bills. He did not say in the paper that he was selling out and leaving town, and trusted that the people who had owed him money so long would call and settle, but put the following unique advertisement in a local newspaper: "I shall publish the name and exact address and vocation of each of the persons who have persistently neglected to settle their accounts, giving in my usual style a psychological treatise on their character and make-up. The paper goes to press at 10:30 A. M., and all who are anxious to have their character defined in print should not settle their accounts before that time."

Immediately debtors began to appear and pay their bills, and for a whole week, up to the moment of going to press, the store was thronged with delinquents, and the proprietor had little time for much else than receipting the bills long overdue. Men who had bought engagement rings on credit, and others who had purchased presents that they did not care to have published, all paid up. The jeweler said that he was now able to leave town in a happy mood, as not a mortal in it owed him a cent.

There are thousands of merchants who fail because many of their customers are slow pay or no pay at all. Some of these merchants are partly to blame themselves, for they are so anxious to sell the goods that they are too easy with their credits. Debt is a dangerous thing. The dishonest man will be careless of his obligations and will often get credit on purpose to dead-beat the merchant. But honest people often get into the slovenly habit of having everything "charged," and then have a hard time to settle the bill. A good rule for beginners, and even for older persons, is to buy only what there is money to pay for. It is dishonest to go in debt without the probability or certainty of payment.—*Christian Herald*.

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

WHAT was Jesus to every Bible writer, as expressed in every book of the Bible?

Part II

Guess Who

1
I WAS a queen with some very fine clothes,
And I came with my jewels and gold,
To learn of King Solomon's wisdom and wealth,
For the half had never been told.

2
I was a leading Israelite,
And strong beyond belief;
But I talked too much to a lady friend,
And then I came to grief.

3
A patriarch I, both wise and wily,
With many a sturdy son,
I served seven years for the girl of my heart,
'Twas her sister that I won.

4
I was the fairest maid on earth,
A garden was my home;
I only ate some tempting fruit,
And then I had to roam.

5
When I was sent to tell some men
What were the Master's wishes,
I ran away to weep and mourn,
And landed 'mong the fishes.

6
I lived a long and useful life,
One hundred years, and twenty more.
I weary grew of so much strife,
And longed to find my wanderings o'er.
My eyes, but not my feet, found rest
Upon the land I loved the best.

7
I lived in the city of Sodom,
Though that was hardly my fault,
And when I started to leave it
I was turned to a pillar of salt.

8
Two well-known sisters we,
And one was called a shirk,
For she loved to sit at the Teacher's feet
While her sister did the work.

9
I was a Roman governor,
And, though I had no reason,
I told St. Paul to come again,
At a more convenient season.

10
'Tis wrong to tell of my good deeds,
But then they were so many!
I made a lot of coats and things,
For those who hadn't any;
I worked so hard it made me ill,
I had to die; and then
St. Peter came and raised me up,
And I went to work again.

11
I was the king of Babylon,
But I would not mend my ways,
So I lost my throne and golden crown,
And was turned out to graze.

12
I thought I was a nice young man
And I had long curly hair,
But my head got caught in a big oak tree,
And left me hanging there.

13
My brothers threw me in a pit,
For I was father's pet;
If the Midianites had not arrived,
I might have been there yet.

14
I lived in the land of the Persians and Medes
And a mighty man was I,
Till I tried to deceive the Jewish queen,
And they hung me up on high.
—Lillis M. Phelps in the *Young Pilgrim*.

Members of the 1918 Finding-Out Club

WE are glad to begin the 1918 Finding-Out Club membership with the names of Mrs. Grace Hoover and Lester M. Roscoe, each of whom sent in an excellent set of answers to the lists of inventions found in the issue of February 26. All answers were not just the same as those given in this number; but it is not always easy to determine just who really deserves the credit for a given invention. Frequently several persons may be working upon the same idea at the same time, and may therefore produce results at about the same time. Authorities in such cases are not always agreed as to whom credit should be given.

Mrs. Grace Hoover Lester M. Roscoe
Grace Pickard

Answers to Questions Printed February 26

ARCHIMEDES invented the burning glass, the endless screw, and the reflecting mirror.

Berthold Schwartz and Roger Bacon invented gunpowder.

Galileo invented the thermometer.

Johann Gutenberg is quite generally given the credit for inventing movable type, but the Britannica gives the honor to Lourens Janszoon Coster.

The first practical discovery of the telescope was made in Holland about 1608. Hans Lippershey, Zacharias Jansen, and James Metius are all given credit for its invention. Galileo may be said to have invented the

telescope independently, but not until after he had heard of the Dutch invention.

Volta invented the modern battery.

John Harrison invented the chronometer.

Lionel Lukin invented the lifeboat.

Humphry Davy invented the miner's safety lamp.

Lewis Paul, James Hargreaves, and Richard Arkwright all receive credit for the spinning jenny.

Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin.

Robert Fulton invented the American steamboat.

George Stephenson invented the steam locomotive.

Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre began the modern art of photography, through the invention of the daguerreotype.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse invented the electric telegraph.

Cyrus Field invented the ocean cable.

Charles Goodyear invented the process of vulcanizing rubber for commercial use.

John Ericsson invented the revolving turret used on battleships.

Charles Wheatstone invented the stereoscope.

Henry Bessemer invented the modern process of preparing steel for many uses.

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that any attempt was made to invent a reaping machine on anything like the lines that have been adopted since. In 1826 Patrick Bell made the first reaper that proved a practical success. The present or recent form of the common reaper was evolved by an American, C. H. McCormick, in 1831.

Elias Howe invented the sewing machine.

Richard Jordan Gatling invented the destructive cannon that bears his name.

Alfred Nobel invented dynamite.

Wilhelm Konrad Röntgen invented — or discovered — the X-ray.

George Westinghouse invented the air brake, which has made traveling by rail infinitely more secure than before it came into use.

Are You Average or Superior?

THE following words were selected by Prof. Lewis M. Terman from a dictionary containing 18,000 words. He chose only one word from a column. Knowledge and information increase one's vocabulary; for every science, art, industry, and profession has its own vocabulary. It is then a generally accepted fact that one's accurate use of words is a fair test of one's knowledge. Upon this assumption Professor Terman

selected at random a list of words and used them in testing several hundred persons, establishing by this method, he claims, a very dependable standard by which one can judge his own intelligence.

If you can define sixty-five of the one hundred words printed in the accompanying list, Professor Terman pronounces you a good average adult

person. If you can define seventy-five, you are quite superior. A child of ten years should be able to define thirty of the list, one of twelve should define forty, and one of fourteen should define fifty.

If you multiply the number you can define by one hundred eighty, you obtain the extent of your vocabulary.

How to Make Things — No. 3

THE height of the worktable has been given as 29 inches,—legs, 28 inches; top, 1 inch,—as that height will be best for the general height of boys from eight to sixteen years of age. The lower you have to bend in working, the more fatiguing it becomes.

If you stand erect and bend the forearm into a horizontal position and then measure from the floor to the under side of the arm, you will have the proper height for the table top. If you decide upon any other height than the one given, be sure to make the proper allowances in the legs and the height of the piece nailed to the wall.

Most carpenters in building a workbench allow the top board and the apron board to project some six inches beyond the side pieces. There is no very good reason why this allowance should be made, and in a small room it is a decided disadvantage.

We need now to consider the furnishings of the workbench. These are a bench vise, a bench stop, a bench hook, and a miter box. There are two styles of bench vise, the old wooden one and the more modern iron vise. My preference goes to the old style. You need to talk with the hardware merchant, and then select the style which appeals to you the strongest.

If not convenient to purchase the metal stop at the store, you can get along nicely for a time by using two screws placed parallel with each other and about three inches apart. These screwed into the table top can be raised or lowered to suit the board you may be working on, only you must exercise great care that the screws are kept low enough to be out of the way of the plane iron. When planing, especially with the jack plane, an eighth of an inch can be planed off quite rapidly.

You will need another stop, sometimes called a "bird's mouth." This you can make yourself. It is a piece of board about four by six inches with a V-shaped cut-out in the center, reaching back about one and one-half inches, being the same width at the front. This you are to nail onto the top about two inches from the metal stop. It is used to hold a board steady when dressing its edge.

- | | | | | |
|--------------|----------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. orange | 22. outward | 42. brunette | 61. priceless | 81. incrustation |
| 2. bonfire | 23. lecture | 43. snip | 62. swaddle | 82. laity |
| 3. roar | 24. dungeon | 44. apish | 63. tolerate | 83. selectman |
| 4. gown | 25. southern | 45. sportive | 64. gelatinous | 84. sapient |
| 5. tap | 26. noticeable | 46. hysterics | 65. depredation | 85. retroactive |
| 6. scorch | 27. muzzle | 47. Mars | 66. promontory | 86. achromatic |
| 7. puddle | 28. quake | 48. repose | 67. frustrate | 87. ambergris |
| 8. envelop | 29. civil | 49. shrewd | 68. milksop | 88. casuistry |
| 9. straw | 30. treasury | 50. forfeit | 69. philanthropy | 89. paleology |
| 10. rule | 31. reception | 51. peculiarity | 70. irony | 90. perfunctory |
| 11. haste | 32. ramble | 52. coinage | 71. lotus | 91. precipitancy |
| 12. afloat | 33. skill | 53. mosaic | 72. drabble | 92. theosophy |
| 13. eyelash | 34. misuse | 54. bewail | 73. harpy | 93. piscatorial |
| 14. copper | 35. insure | 55. disproportion | 74. embody | 94. sudorific |
| 15. health | 36. stave | 56. dilapidated | 75. infuse | 95. parterre |
| 16. curse | 37. regard | 57. charter | 76. flaunt | 96. homunculus |
| 17. guitar | 38. nerve | 58. conscientious | 77. declivity | 97. cameo |
| 18. mellow | 39. crunch | 59. avarice | 78. fen | 98. shagreen |
| 19. pork | 40. juggler | 60. artless | 79. ocher | 99. limpet |
| 20. impolite | 41. majesty | | 80. exaltation | 100. complot |
| 21. plumbing | | | | |

"If you can define sixty-five of the one hundred words printed above, you are just a good average adult person; if you can define seventy-five you are quite superior."

The real bench stop is a metal plug, with a serrated or notched top piece, set in a case in which it slides up and down. This case is to be mortised into the table top on a line with the bench vise and about eight or ten inches from the front. The plug is raised or lowered to suit the height of the wood you are working on, the end of the board being held by the serrated teeth of the stop.

Another piece of bench furniture of great practical value is called the bench hook. This is a piece of inch board about ten by twelve inches, with strips nailed or screwed upon it, the strips being about two inches wide, the upper strip two inches thick and the lower an inch thick. The two-inch strip is fastened on the edge of the upper side of the board and the inch strip at the other edge of the under or reverse side. This under or narrow strip is to be placed against the edge of the table when in use, and any article to be sawed, or otherwise worked with, is held against the upper strip, which acts as a stop to hold it, while sawing with a backsaw, for instance, or when mitering molding for picture frames, etc. It is used, also, as a miter box for small work, and therefore the upper strip should be mitered like a miter box, with a right-angle cut in the center and diagonal cuts each side for right and left diagonals at 45° ; so, before nailing the strip to the board, measure off the center and draw a line across the top. Measure halfway between that line and each end and make a mark at the edge of the board, but do not draw any lines, as these lines are to be drawn with a bevel square or with the carpenter's square.

To explain a bevel square and to show you how it is used would take at least a column of the INSTRUCTOR space. If you can interest either your hardware man or a good carpenter, he can show you in ten minutes more than I could explain in a column, and to much better advantage. After the stop is marked, nail it to the edge of the board quite firmly, as it has to endure much strain. Put four nails between each of the marks and two or three at the ends, then saw the strip all the way through over each of the three lines, so making a miter box with a right angle and a right and left 45° angle, which is about all a boy carpenter is likely to need.

You cannot, alone, place the bench vise in position. I advise you to employ a first-class carpenter, as much depends upon the good workmanship used in this helper, nor will you be able to fit in the metal stop, as it is nice work with chisels which you will not be familiar with. If the work is not nicely done, it gives the table top a bad appearance. Possibly it would be better to get along with one of the homemade stops for a time, only "makeshifts" are always liable to lead to shiftlessness in other ways. Resolve to do good work every time, and let the work wait until you can afford to buy the proper tools rather than slight anything that you undertake.

In this connection — building and fitting up a workbench — let me strongly advise you to visit carpenter's shops and critically examine all the benches you come across. You will find that they vary greatly, many being a disgrace to the men who use them. But occasionally you will come across a well-built table. Look it over carefully, and if possible, talk with its owner. The chances are that you will see a man who has made a success and is a very busy individual. If you could get invited to call on him in the evening after he has had a good supper, he might prove a gold mine of practical information and a real helper. He might become very enthusiastic over your efforts and prove

a good friend. Anyway, pick up all the information you can while visiting shops, and especially notice how many holes are bored in the apron of the workbenches, in which a movable plug is used on which to rest boards that are being jointed or having their edges dressed.

Then, too, notice how the buildings are put together, that is, if they are mere one-story shops; how the sills are laid; how heavy they are and how put together; how the corner posts are treated; how the upper joists are laid on the plates and what they are made of; how the rafters rest on the plates and how the tongues are cut; etc. Some of these words you may not understand; please go to the dictionary or ask your father. Get into the habit of searching out for yourself; for information gained in this way will "stick," and in after-years you will be thankful that you acquired the habit.

You can, if you think best, try to make a large miter box, under instruction of a good mechanic; but you will not need one for some time, and, possibly, you might feel quite proud some day if, after more experience, you built one all by yourself, picking up the ideas from observation and by asking questions of patient workmen.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

Rice One Thousand Years Old

RICE grown from seed grains one thousand years old was served the emperor of Japan when he attended the maneuvers of the Japanese army recently in Shiga prefecture. The ancient rice grains were found inside a wooden image in a little Buddhist temple in the village of Iwame. The image was that of the god of wealth, and had become so old as to need repairing. In doing this there was found a flaxen bag containing the seed and a paper with the following instructions in ancient Chinese characters: "This image has been carved for the peace of the world. If any one of a later generation opens it, he should put in new seed." The seeds were planted and yielded a good crop, and the mikado, whose family has ruled Japan for twenty-four hundred years, in his official functions ate rice from seed one thousand years old.—*Christian Herald*.



FRIENDS, ALEXA AND BOBBY — BUT

"Jack and the Bean Stalk"

WE did not trade a cow for it, nor did we throw the seed out of the window; but it grew, and grew, and grew. It covered the fence, for there is where it started to grow. It covered a framework eight feet high and twenty-four feet long, and then found some wire on which it could run; and it ran and ran, some eighteen feet, until it reached the house, and then it crawled and crawled until it reached the top of the house. Then, lo, one day in among the large green leaves which gave such acceptable shade from the hot tropical sun, could be seen thousands of white blossoms like those of the morning glory. These blossoms did not last long, but in their place came as many big pods, most of which contained four large black seeds, making very acceptable rattleboxes for the babies who were so fortunate as to get them. This is the true story, not of the bean stalk of Jack's fame, but of the moon vine that grew up over the Fitch house.

But this is not all, for we wrote about it once before in the columns of the INSTRUCTOR, and our friends became interested and sent stamps for the seeds. No one sent any of the golden eggs such as Jack found, but in some of the letters there were found more stamps than were necessary, and after all the postage had been paid on the seeds that had gone out there were twenty-eight dollars left to be used in the work to which the surplus had been promised to be placed. This was more than enough to print a ten-thousand edition of a tract in the Spanish language. The missionary society of Santurce, a suburb of San Juan, the capital of Porto Rico, took a lively interest in placing a copy of this in every home of Santurce, so, like the bean stalk that Jack had, it climbed to the sky, and is still climbing in its influence. The judgment alone will reveal the fact that the moon vine did more wonderful things than are accredited to Jack's vine.

But that is not all, for there was some cash left after the ten thousand tracts were paid for, and with that we have bought a supply of the "World War," only down here where such wonderful things are done by the moon vine that grew over Fitch's window, it is called *Gran Guerra*. This means the same thing, but it must be put that way so that it can do the surprising things for the Porto Ricans that it has done for people in other parts of the world. With this supply of books as a foundation we have organized a "band of faith."

This band is composed of seven sisters, two of whom are married but whose duties leave them quite free. The others are consecrated young people, most of whom are old enough to vote if the laws of Porto Rico would allow them to do so. As with most of the families of this island, these young people are supposed to be gainers of a certain amount of that yellow metal that Jack's eggs are reputed to be made of, so that they do not have much time to devote to missionary work unless they can thereby contribute toward their own living. For this reason we have promised to give them a certain number of copies of the *Gran Guerra* on condition that they will put in thirty hours of missionary work each week in the district of the city assigned to them.

Carey's business was to save souls, so is that of the members of the band of faith. He cobbled shoes to make a living. They are selling books to make a living; but their business is to reach souls by means of Bible studies, and the book is the key to unlock the homes of the people. We have opened the training camp, but the members are not waiting until they pass their ex-

aminations to begin actual warfare, for some began the day the band was organized. The plan is for them to seek out those who are interested in Bible truth and study with them. To this end they are sharpening their weapons of Bible study.

Jack cut down his vine for fear of the giant. We have cut ours back; but before we did so we harvested a goodly crop of these interesting rattleboxes containing the black seeds, and now are waiting on you to help us compete with Jack's bean stalk. If you want the influence of the moon vine to grow and "encircle the earth," as we are told, the influence of a humble but consecrated life can do, then send stamps for a small package of the seed of this vine that has already done so much. Then when it shades your window as it has ours, you too may become more interested in the growth of the wonderful seeds of truth that are being planted daily in Porto Rico. The more stamps you send, the more books can be bought with which to keep these home workers busy. Our desire is that from these seven sisters composing this band we shall be able to find some who will develop into regular workers.

Directions for planting the seeds: Barely cover with boiling water, let stand until seeds crack, then plant, and keep well watered. Remember that mail to Porto Rico does not require more than domestic postage. Address: 12 Cerra St., Santurce, Porto Rico.

D. D. FITCH.

Tuberculosis

TUBERCULOSIS is curable if taken in time. A two years' experience in a large hospital shows that seventy-five per cent of all the *early* cases of tuberculosis, who took proper care, recovered, or were greatly improved, while only two per cent died. The moderately advanced cases taking treatment showed only sixty-three per cent cured or improved, while four per cent died. In the advanced cases only thirty-three per cent were cured, while fourteen per cent died. The important thing, then, is to recognize the disease early and begin the cure at once.

The North Carolina State Board of Health says in its bulletin that when "people go to their physicians to be examined and not simply to get dope, we shall have but few deaths from tuberculosis."

The *Bulletin* gives the following as the —

Early Symptoms of Tuberculosis

- "1. Loss of weight without any other apparent cause suggests tuberculosis.
 - "2. Tiring easily after ordinary exertion suggests tuberculosis.
 - "3. A cough that lasts more than three weeks certainly suggests tuberculosis, and should call for an examination by a competent physician.
 - "4. A subnormal temperature (by the thermometer) in the morning and a rise of temperature in the afternoon means tuberculosis ninety-nine times in one hundred, and often the other time, too.
 - "5. A low blood pressure, taken with the proper instrument, is indicative of tuberculosis.
 - "6. A hemorrhage of the lungs means tuberculosis without exception.
- "Of course tubercle bacilli found in the sputum is a positive sign of tuberculosis, but the diagnosis should have been made long before the bacillus can be found and treatment begun. When tubercle bacilli can be found in the sputum it has already reached a rather advanced stage."

If any little word of ours can make one life the brighter;
If any little song of ours can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word, and take one bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale and set the echoes ringing.
— *The Calendar of Sunshine*.



The A. M. B.

OF course, you do not know yet what those capitals stand for, but Betty does, and you have only to whisper them to her to see her blush a rosy red and toss her curly little head.

"But," she will laugh, "it was a lesson to me, and I am glad it happened, anyway."

You see Betty was just eight years old and inclined to be very careless. If her mother sent her to the store to buy beans, she was sure to come back with peas; or if she was instructed to purchase butter, she would buy bread. And if an errand was to be executed after school, you could never be quite certain that Miss Betty would remember anything about it.

"Did you see Miss Vandermeter today?" asked Betty's mother, meeting her at the door one evening.

Betty stopped still on the doorstep. "I forgot it, mother," she answered.

"Oh, Betty," said her mother, reproachfully, "this is the third day that I have told you, and the house is just across from the school. How can you forget so many times?"

"I came out through the back yard today," Betty answered contritely, "and I never thought about the dressmaker. I don't see why she doesn't have a telephone."

"That has nothing to do with your forgetfulness," said her mother. "I am afraid I shall have to have my sewing done by some one who lives nearer, as I cannot go so far to see her, and I cannot depend upon you to take my message. It is too bad, too, for I know she needs all the work she can get."

"I will surely tell her tomorrow," promised Betty.

But the next afternoon when school let out she was so busy thinking about her approaching birthday that she forgot the message completely.

"It is next Thursday," she said to herself. "Last year it was on Wednesday, I remember. I wonder if I shall have a party this year."

Nothing at home had been said about a party, but nothing was ever said, and the event was supposed to be in the nature of a surprise; but Betty always caught glimpses of the stealthy preparations and joyed accordingly.

"Of course there will be a party," she said to herself, going right past the dressmaker's house without a single thought of her errand. "It wouldn't be a birthday without a party."

She was still thinking about the coming event which she was confident would soon happen when she hopped up the porch steps. Her mother was standing in the door. Then Betty remembered suddenly, and hung her head shamefacedly.

Her mother saw the look and with a sigh opened the door.

"Oh, Betty, Betty," she said sadly, "something will surely happen to punish you, if you do not try to do better."

"I do try," said Betty, "but it doesn't seem to do any good."

Mrs. Davis shook her head. "You do not try very hard," she sighed, "or there would be a difference in your conduct."

"I am sure I do try," said Betty to herself, after mother had put on her things and gone out in search of another seamstress. "I know I thought of it just before school closed." Then she fell to thinking of her approaching birthday and forgot all about her failing, which was the Betty way, you know.

Monday came, and although Betty lingered in the halls as long as she dared before going to school, she could see no sign of any birthday preparations. Tuesday passed as uneventfully, without any of the delightful air of mystery that usually preceded her birthday, and Betty began to be worried.

"Surely I will smell the cake baking tomorrow," she said, consolingly. "They always make the cake the morning before the party." And the next morning she made many unnecessary trips to the kitchen, during one of which she heard the cook regretting that there were no eggs.

"Hadn't I better stop on the way to school and order some?" asked Betty, anxiously.

"And have them send up a dozen tennis balls!" sniffed the cook, who knew Miss Betty's failing. "No, the egg man comes tomorrow afternoon, and I guess we shall not need any before then."

Betty turned and walked rapidly out of the room to hide her tears. The day before her birthday and they did not need any eggs! And the birthday cake took six!

That day she did not study very attentively, and at supper she was unusually quiet, while she hurried away to bed a half hour earlier than usual to wet her pillow with tears. But if she felt disappointment then, the following morning was heartbreaking. It was the custom of the family to greet the person whose birthday it was with the number of kisses corresponding to his years, upon his arrival at the breakfast table, but this morning no one sang out "Birthday greetings!" and no one kissed her.

Every one treated her as if she were a very ordinary little girl and not a birthday girl at all, and she was not even told to put on her best dress to wear to school. At three o'clock she sped home, thinking perhaps that they would have remembered and would be preparing to atone for their forgetfulness, but to her surprise the house seemed deserted.

"Where is mamma?" she asked the cook.

"I think she went to town with Mrs. Sheffield," said Norah. "She called for her, and they went away together. Why, what's the matter?" For Betty had burst into tears and was running into the house as fast as her two fleet little limbs could carry her. She flung herself down upon her own bed and sobbed unrestrainedly.

To think that mother — her own mother — had gone away to town, leaving her alone on her birthday! Then she remembered her mother's words: "You surely will be punished if you do not try to do better." That was the way that Betty remembered them, and this was the way that they had chosen to punish her! But it seemed a cruel, cruel way.

"But I guess I deserved it," Betty admitted at last, as she ceased her sobbing. "At any rate, I don't think I will ever forget again."

That night she pleaded a headache, and crept into bed without any supper, so that her mother was quite alarmed, and sat by her side putting cooling cloths upon her head until she fell asleep.

"Well, I am glad the day is over," she sighed to herself in the morning, when she awakened. When she went down to breakfast, no sooner had she opened the door than she was caught by half a dozen hands and kissed repeatedly. She struggled away and stared.

"A happy birthday!" cried her father, and Brother Tom caught her up and hugged her. Betty stared, open-mouthed.

"But yesterday —" she faltered.

"Yesterday?" Her mother's tones were puzzled.

"Yes, yesterday was my birthday," said Betty.

Her father led her to the calendar upon the wall. "See that," he said. "Today is the eighteenth."

Betty stared at the number in astonishment. "But last year my birthday came on Wednesday," she stammered.

Her father laughed heartily. "But you know that this is leap year, don't you?" he said.

Betty hung her head. "I forgot about that," she confessed.

"But if you had looked at the calendar you would have known," her father told her.

"I didn't think to do that," Betty whispered. They did not say much because it was her birthday, but led her to the stack of presents beside her plate.

That morning she did not go to school, for Aunt Kate and Uncle John came in their car and took them all for a ride, after which they returned — not home, but to Aunt Kate's wonderful house, and here a gay mob of Betty's little friends burst in upon her.

"We thought we should really surprise you for once," exclaimed Aunt Kate, laughing, "so we decided to have the party here."

And such a party as it was! Never will Betty forget it.

"Even if I am allowed to," she laughs, for the story of how she had absent-mindedly anticipated her own birthday was too good a joke on her and too much of a lesson to be readily forgotten by her family. But after her day of misery Betty really did stop forgetting — not all at once, you understand, but gradually, until now she is the most dependable, trustworthy little maiden imaginable.

But just the same she always blushes when any one says "The A. M. B.," as they sometimes teasingly do, for you have guessed by now that it means "The Absent-Minded Birthday."—*Faye N. Merriman.*

Who's Topsy-turvy?

MANY Japanese customs are exactly opposite to ours. Which is the better? To those who are accustomed to both ways it is a question which one is topsy-turvy. The Japanese reads his book from right to left, in columns, while we read on lines from left to right. In our libraries the books are placed on end on the shelves; in Japan they are laid flat on their sides and piled up in columns.

When we enter a man's library and see several good dictionaries or encyclopedias we infer that he is a student. In Japan dictionaries are kept hidden, as their owners do not want it thought that they have need to refer to them often. A scholar is supposed to know the meaning and use of all words.

We address our letters in this way:

Mr. James Hunter,
302 Redwood Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois.

A Japanese would write it:

Illinois,
Chicago,
Redwood Ave., 302,
Hunter, James, Mr.

They certainly have the more convenient method, as the postmaster wants first to see the place to which the letter is to go.

"A Western woman is anxious to have a thin, narrow waist: her Japanese sister wants a broad one." In mourning the West use black; in the East white is used. In America the woman is usually given the precedence. In Japan the woman must serve the husband.

On the street when they are walking together she does not walk by his side, but behind him. The men do not mean to mistreat the women; they just take what they think is coming to them as head of the family.

In Japan the young people have nothing or little to say about whom they will marry. Sometimes they give consent to the arrangements of their parents, and often they are not asked. Frequently a man never sees his bride till the wedding day. Ordinarily the marriages made in this way seem to be satisfactory.

In the West the couples are generally married by a minister, in Japan they are very careful to exclude priests. The wedding is to be joyous and the priests are best known as officiators at funerals, so that ideas of sadness and misfortune are associated with them. In the East the wedding takes place in the house of the groom and he prepares the feast. "Here the groom must come to get his bride; there she must go to him. Whether she lives in the same city or a distant province, she must go to the groom, not he to her."

In America the front rooms are regarded as the best rooms, while in Japan the back rooms receive preference. There the front yard may be dirty, but the rear is a beautiful garden. "Japanese carpenters saw by pulling the saw toward them instead of pushing it from them; the planes act in the same way; and screws are put in by turning them to the left instead of to the right." Many of these customs opposed to ours are just as sensible and convenient as our own, while some are much more so.

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all;
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.

—R. L. Stevenson.

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Something for You

ARE you seeking a deeper Christian experience? Does your faith in God's personal care for you sometimes waver? Does Jesus sometimes seem too far away for a quiet heart-to-heart talk? Do you need counsel in your work? Do these perplexing times distress you?

If so, take down from your library shelves the long-neglected Testimonies and read the messages of hope and courage and counsel God has instructed his servant to write in these precious volumes for you. Begin at once to study them, not instead of the Bible, but with it.

You cannot read all the good things printed; but these are some of the books you cannot afford to leave unread. Our leaders find them a never-failing friend; and they are anxious that you too should become acquainted with the Testimonies, and be able to draw upon these wonderful books for help in times of perplexity.

It is hard to find time for the reading we should do. And you may be sure that it will be hard to find time for this reading, for Satan knows well its importance, and he will dangle before your eyes scores of apparently good reasons why you just cannot find time to do it.

But there is always time for the *first* things. If you make the study of the Testimonies one of the most important things in your daily program, you will find time for this reading. Read the following expressions dropped by some of our leaders, and see if they will not help you to give the study of the Testimonies a place on your daily program:

"Next to the Bible these writings are the best in the world."—*A. G. Daniells*.

"As we approach the end, more and more these writings must prove to us great helps in the perfection of Christian character."—*I. H. Evans*.

"Our young people, above all, should study these precious messages if they would shun the snares of Satan and qualify for soul-winning service."—*M. E. Kern*.

"Next to the Bible, these writings are primary, if rightly used and not abused; and as a companion piece and interpreter of the Bible they are without parallel. I can scarcely think of a Missionary Volunteer as true to the name who does not hold frequent converse with the matchless pages of the Spirit of prophecy."—*W. E. Howell*.

"The advice and admonitions they contain, if accepted and followed, can result only in good in this life and in the development of that Christian character essential to all those who hope for life eternal."—*W. T. Knox*.

"I never read the Testimonies without hearing a call to put away sin, press closer to Christ, to be more faithful in studying the Word of God, and more earnest in service. . . . For the youth, as well as for all, the Testimonies, really studied, must be found genuinely interesting, and a source of inspiration to the Christian life and service."—*W. A. Spicer*.

"Let these precious volumes of light be read and studied by all our young people, even if other reading must wait."—*G. B. Thompson*.

"I feel in hearty accord with your efforts for the coming year to induce our young men and women to take up more general reading of the Testimonies. Next to the Bible itself, I know of no publications which have done me as much good personally as the Testimonies."—*Francis M. Wilcox*.

"The personal lessons for us now which these writings draw from the experiences of God's people in the past are especially helpful."—*N. Z. Town*.

"If I could induce our youth to prefer to read all the Testimonies and works of Sister White before they read other books, I should feel that I had been the instrument of saving thousands of our youth from eternal shipwreck."—*C. S. Longacre*.

"I can make no better wish for our beloved young people than that they may be led to study the Testimonies faithfully."—*Mrs. L. Flora Plummer*.

"Next to Bible study, I regard the study of the Testimonies as being the best adapted to develop and train the hearts and minds of the youth. I should very much like to see our young people begin a systematic study of them."—*Miss E. M. Graham*.

"If our young people will prize and study the Testimonies as God designs they should, they will come into possession of a power that will qualify them to stand in the forefront of the closing struggle between good and evil."—*F. W. Paap*.

"They bear their own divine credentials. They speak to my heart and my reason, and give me the things my soul longs for, as does the Bible. I commend their reading and study to our young people everywhere, being convinced that those who neglect or ignore or reject them will find leanness of soul, and that those who follow them will grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*C. C. Lewis*.

"As a young man I know I was preserved amid severe temptations by a careful and prayerful private study of the Bible and Testimonies."—*T. E. Bowen*.

"We are certain the measure of success thus far attained, the safety for the present, and the assurance of growing strength and power in coming days lies in following with humble and contrite hearts the faithful instruction granted to the church through this blessed gift—the Spirit of prophecy."—*J. L. Shaw*.

"My greatest regret is that I have not devoted more time to an intimate study of the instruction found in these writings, and given more heed to carrying it out more fully in my living."—*L. A. Hansen*.

"The true ring in the 'Testimonies for the Church' inspires the reader, and brings to his mind the thought that God has wonderfully and signally blessed his people with instruction which, if heeded, will lead them into the city of the eternal King."—*W. L. Burgan*.

One day with friends I visited the Cripple Creek gold-mining district. Around us were hundreds of prospect holes—sad reminders of bitter disappointments. Many prospectors who had risked their lives in search of gold, had reaped only disappointment. But not so with those who seek whole-heartedly for help in the Testimonies. The workers from whom you have just heard have proved for themselves that these precious volumes never disappoint. Shall we not begin today to search them for the help they contain? Will you not be one of the young people who will read them within the next two years? You will never regret doing it, for *the Testimonies never disappoint*.

Our Counsel Corner

WHAT is the Standard of Attainment? I should like to have a correct definition of it. Some say it is a plan, others that it is "When you do so and so," and no one seems to be real sure just how to define it.

F. M.

The Standard of Attainment is a mark of proficiency in Bible doctrines and denominational history which all our Missionary Volunteers are asked to reach.

M. E. K.

Must one read Elder Loughborough's book, "The Great Second Advent Movement," clear through, besides taking the examination on it, in order to pass the denominational history portion of the Senior Standard of Attainment?

DOUBTFUL.

Yes, the Missionary Volunteer Department expects that this will be done. You see if our young people were to read only those portions of the book upon which questions are asked, they would miss many of the interesting experiences to which the question leaflet does not refer; and that would surely be too bad.

E. I.

What shall we do about retaining members on our roll who do not attend our meetings any more? Should they be dropped?

K. F.

In Missionary Volunteer Leaflet No. 4 on organization we read: "Membership implies faithfulness in the meetings and work of the society, and in all that tends to promote its object. Members who have not reported missionary work for three months without some good reason, may be dropped by vote of the executive committee." Of course it is the duty of the executive committee to do everything possible to interest the delinquent ones, but if this cannot be done, they should be dropped.

M. E. K.

Do you think it really helps any one for a person to get up and "testify" in meeting when he stammers, and almost stutters, and cannot say anything really edifying?

CARL D.

Let me give you a little incident recently related by Dr. Francis E. Clark, the organizer of the Christian Endeavor movement. Two days after the first society was organized the first prayer meeting was held Friday evening, February 4, thirty-seven years ago. Young people's prayer meetings were an innovation in those days, and though these young people had signed the pledge "to take some part, aside from singing, in every meeting when opportunity was given," their leader was anxious. But all took part, some with shy, halting words, but all with earnestness and love for their Master. And besides honoring their Lord those boys and girls of so long ago gave to their leader a sense of victory that has brightened for him all his work for young people since that time. "I could almost call the roll of that society after the lapse of a third of a century and more," he says. And what of our great Leader? Do you think he can call the roll of those who are glad to speak for him, even with halting speech? "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it."

A. B. E.

Should members of one church where there is no Missionary Volunteer Society join the society of another church?

E. N. P.

Certainly, if they can do so without neglecting the other services of their home church. Of course if the

society which they wish to join is so far away as to necessitate much traveling on the Sabbath, it would not be best to try to attend it regularly. Our scattered Missionary Volunteers are cordially invited to join the Conference Missionary Volunteer Society. E. I.

Just for the Juniors

"Now" and "Waitawhile"

LITTLE Jimmie Waitawhile and little Johnnie Now Grew up in homes just side by side; and that, you see, is how I came to know them both so well, for almost every day I used to watch them at their work and also at their play.

Little Jimmie Waitawhile was bright, and sturdy, too, But never ready to perform what he was asked to do. "Wait just a minute," he would say, "I'll do it pretty soon." And things he should have done at morning were never done till noon.

He put off studying until his boyhood days were gone; He put off getting him a home till age came stealing on; He put off everything, and so his life was not a joy, And all because he waited "just a minute" while a boy.

But Little Johnnie Now would say, when he had work to do, "There's no time like the present time," and gayly put it through.

And when his time for play arrived, he so enjoyed the fun; His mind was not distressed with thoughts of duties left undone.

In boyhood he was studious, and laid him out a plan Of action to be followed when he grew to be a man; And life was as he willed it, all because he'd not allow His tasks to be neglected, but would always do them now.

And so in every neighborhood are scores of Junior boys, Who by and by must work with tools when they have done with toys.

And you know one of them, I guess, because I see you smile; And is he little Johnnie Now or Jimmie Waitawhile?

—Nixon Waterman.

Who knows

Who raised the Shunammite's child?

In what city Daniel was cast into the lions' den?

Who read the mysterious handwriting on the wall?

What was a Sabbath day's journey?

In what city \$30,000 worth of evil books were destroyed as a result of Paul's preaching?

Who was the first shipbuilder?

Who was bound by two chains and placed between two soldiers and yet escaped?

To whom Jesus said, "Feed my lambs"?

Who was the first shepherd?

On what mountain the law was given?

Who was buried by God?

What king by prayer added fifteen years to his life?

Who said, "Be not among winebibbers"?

Who succeeded Moses as a leader?

Who caused an iron ax head to swim?

When you wish to help mother —

Put your own room in order every morning.

Pick up and put away properly all your scattered garments, books, and papers.

Peel the potatoes for dinner.

Keep the wood box full, and run errands with a smile on your face.

Just to surprise father —

Put a bunch of fresh flowers by his plate.

Trim the grass around the flower beds.

Weed the garden.

Have his slippers ready for him at night.

On the rainy day when you must stay in —

Gather up all the copies you can find of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and *Our Little Friend*. From these cut out all the interesting stories and pictures and paste them on sheets of stiff paper. Then, when you have a dozen or more pages, tie them together with a bit of bright ribbon. They will make a lovely scrapbook to send to some child who is ill, and who doesn't have our good papers to read.

From discarded fashion magazines cut sets of paper dolls with extra dresses, hats, and parasols. Put each set in a large envelope which has been made pretty with pictures pasted on it, and send to a children's home or hospital.

When you are so happy you do not know what to do —

Divide your fun with some one who is not having so good a time as you. Strange to say, that division multiplies your joy! — *Adapted.*

The Sabbath School

IV — Jacob in Haran

(April 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 29: 1-20; 31: 1-3, 17, 18; 32.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Gen. 32: 26.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 188-203; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 100-105.

"Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

— Charles Wesley.

Questions

1. To what place did Jacob come in his journey? Gen. 29: 1. Note 1.
2. What did he find in the field? When all the flocks were gathered, what was done? Verses 2, 3.
3. What conversation took place at the well? Verses 4-8. Note 2.
4. Who then came to the well? How did Jacob assist her? What did he tell her? Verses 9-12.
5. How was Jacob received by his uncle Laban? Verses 13, 14.
6. What agreement was made between them? Verses 15-20.
7. How did Laban deceive Jacob? Verses 22-28.
8. After years of faithful service for Laban, what change did Jacob note in him? What did the Lord tell Jacob to do? Gen. 31: 1-3.
9. Whom did Jacob take with him on his return to Canaan? Verses 17, 18.
10. As Jacob went on his way, who met him? Gen. 32: 1, 2.
11. What message did Jacob send to his brother Esau? What word did the messengers bring back? Verses 3-6. Note 3.
12. How did Jacob feel when he heard this? How did he try to protect his family and property? Verses 7, 8.
13. What prayer did he offer? What promise did he plead? Verses 9-12. Note 4.
14. How did he try to make peace with Esau? What were his servants to say when they met his brother? Verses 13-20.
15. What did Jacob do that night? When all but Jacob had passed over the ford, what experience did he have? Verses 22-25. Note 5.
16. What did his companion say as day dawned? What was Jacob's reply? Verse 26.
17. What name was given Jacob that night? What was the meaning of his old name? (See Gen. 27: 36, margin.) What did the new name mean? Verses 27, 28.
18. What question did Jacob ask? What answer was given him? How was the longing of Jacob's heart satisfied? Verse 29. Note 6.

Interesting Points

How many years did Jacob serve Laban?

Contrast Jacob's prosperity on his return with that of his journey to Haran.

What is the stranger who wrestled with Jacob called when first mentioned in the lesson? What is he called in Hosea 12: 4? Whom did Jacob finally think him to be?

How was the change in Jacob's character suggested by the change of his name?

Notes

1. "With a new and abiding faith in the divine promises, and assured of the presence and guardianship of heavenly angels, Jacob pursued his journey to 'the land of the children of the East.' But how different his arrival from that of Abraham's messenger nearly a hundred years before! The servant had come with a train of attendants riding upon camels, and with rich gifts of gold and silver; the son was a lonely, footsore traveler, with no possession save his staff." — "Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 188.

2. "Wells are still the spots where the youth and girls of Bedouin life congregate. The Syrian girl, unlike the secluded daughters of the towns, is frequently intrusted with the care of her father's flock. The well, the most precious of possessions, is carefully closed with a heavy slab until all those whose flocks are entitled to share its waters have gathered. The time is noon. The first comers gather and report the gossip of the tribe. The story of Jacob and Rachel is, in its most minute details, a transcript of the Arab life of today." — *Tristram*.

3. "After the flight of Jacob, Esau had regarded himself as the sole heir of their father's possessions. The news of Jacob's return would excite the fear that he was coming to claim the inheritance. Esau was now able to do his brother great injury, if so disposed, and he might be moved to violence against him, not only by the desire for revenge, but in order to secure undisturbed possession of the wealth which he had so long looked upon as his own." — "Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 195.

4. "It was in a lonely, mountainous region, the haunt of wild beasts, and the lurking place of robbers and murderers. Solitary and unprotected, Jacob bowed in deep distress upon the earth. It was midnight. All that made life dear to him were at a distance, exposed to danger and death. Bitterness of all was the thought that it was his own sin which had brought this peril upon the innocent. With earnest cries and tears he made his prayer before God." — *Id.*, pp. 196, 197.

5. The Jabbok is one of the principal rivers of eastern Palestine, and flows into the Jordan. Peniel, or Pennel, is thought to have been a prominent ridge near the Jabbok. A city was afterward built there. Judges 8: 17.

6. "Jacob's experience during that night of wrestling and anguish represents the trial through which the people of God must pass just before Christ's second coming. The prophet Jeremiah, in holy vision looking down to this time, said: 'We have heard a voice of trembling, of fear, and not of peace. . . . All faces are turned into paleness. Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it: it is even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it.'" — *Id.*, p. 201.

Hungry Armenia

I AM hungry — oh, so hungry! This plaintive cry arrested a missionary as he was passing through a deserted Armenian village. It came from the lips of a little child stretched out in a doorway. Too weak to keep up with the refugees, she had been left all alone to die of hunger. Four hundred thousand wretched little children like this one have been found and gathered into orphanages in Western Asia. In Lebanon alone last winter they died at the rate of one thousand a day. Funds must be had at once if any are to be saved. Such is the keynote of the bitter cries for help that are ringing out upon the world from Armenia, Syria, and even from Palestine itself. The devastation of these ancient lands is beyond description."

The foregoing appeal from the *Christian Herald* is supplemented by a poetic plea for the babes of Armenia from Mrs. Margaret Slattery:

"It will be springtime soon, and springtime flowers
Will grow again upon each grassy hill,
And all the land will ring with mirth until
The world seems filled with joyous elfin bowers.
The apple blossoms, pink, in fragrant showers
Will seem like baby faces calm and still,
That sleep the sleep of peace and of good will
Through all the golden light of springtime hours.

"And yet the springtime in one foreign land
Will bring no blossoms, and the babies there
Are pale and wan; they do not seem to care
That this is springtime. All they understand
Is that they suffer in the dusty heat,
And cry for bread when there is none to eat."

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Quiet Moments

[This beautiful poem was written by one of our Missionary Volunteers in Australia. Surely our young people in all lands will enjoy reading it. It comes to you with the prayer that the Morning Watch may be to each one of you what it has become to its author.—M. V. D.]

ALONE with God at blush of morn,
Midst nature fresh and newly born;
'Tis there I see my Saviour's face
All radiant with redeeming grace.

These quiet moments lend to me
Sweet sounds of heavenly melody,
And in my life from day to day
They cast a mold on mortal clay.

A mold well fashioned, by a hand
Whose love my life, my strength, demands;
Filled with this matchless love so free
My bark shall face life's restless sea.

These moments linger through life's day;
They are my shield, my guide, my stay;
And at the close of setting sun
To the sweet hour of prayer I come.

And then in tones of joyous praise,
My voice in gratitude I raise
To Him who hath in mercy led,
And blessed with hope the path I tread.

The Money Value of an Education

DR. P. P. CLAXTON, United States Commissioner of Education, has found by a series of inquiries, observations, and tabulations, that "the educated mind is the greatest producing agency in the world, without which, fertile soil, timbered land, and mineral deposits are but so much useless material." As a monetary value, education is a distinct asset.

The graduates of grammar schools earn more than those boys and girls who do not get even this much education; the high school boys earn more money than those who have passed the elementary grades; and the college graduates earn more than high school students.

Of 192 boys taken at random from the elementary schools, the Brooklyn Teachers' Association was able to trace 166 till they were about thirty years of age. At that time the average income of these 166 boys was \$1,253.05, whereas the average salary of the illiterate worker in Brooklyn was \$500 a year.

If the parents of these 166 boys had bought each of them an annuity equal to the extra \$753 a year, which his education enabled him to earn, it would have cost \$15,000 per boy. As the salaries of these boys will rise considerably until after they are thirty, while those of the illiterate laborers will not, it is obvious that this elementary education was worth more money than a \$15,000 capital safely invested for each boy.

What to Do with the Hammer

A KIN to the grumbler is the "knocker," or fault-finder. Knocking, or "using the hammer," as some writers call it, is grumbling with the whine left out and a dictatorial or self-righteous spirit put in. The advice to such is, "Throw away the hammer." This is the most acceptable way to correct the disagreeable habit. If the teacher, parent, preacher, or employer does not eliminate the hammer, he himself stands a fairly good chance of being eliminated sooner or later. Some teachers use the hammer instead of the strap; but it is more noisy, and perhaps not less harrowing to the victim. Some fathers and some mothers, well meaning perhaps, scold and find fault with their children for twelve months of the year. Some lay members of the church freely criticize the clergy and church officials. To all "knockers," "hammer users," faultfinders, the following suggestion is given by the *Christian Guardian*: "Let the hammer be constructive rather than destructive. If this cannot be so, let every preacher, teacher, father, and mother, every one who is desirous of living in peace and making this a better world, 'throw away the hammer!'"

Your Five Senses

IF you were to lose one of your five senses which one should you choose? Others might choose differently, but I should prefer to lose any other than that of sight. To be sure, while that one is retained I must see many things that are not pleasant, but it is very much easier to close the eyes, than it is to shut unwelcome sounds from the ears. Although all the senses are necessary, yet it seems some are more important than others. To lose any one of them means a reduction of the pleasure and usefulness of life.

It seems that the sense of smell could be dispensed with as well as any. While the disagreeable and insensate odors might have the same effect on the health without the sense of smell, yet the sight will enable one to secure healthful surroundings and also assist in bringing to remembrance the sweet odors of flowers we enjoyed in the past. Would not loss of a degree of acuteness in other senses be compensated somewhat by the sight of the transcendently beautiful mornings when God seems to be speaking peace to all men?

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.

The Reason

WE are told that in the reign of Charles I, a prisoner was brought to trial and the jury found him guilty. It was observed that the man was remarkably calm and unconcerned for one passing through his experience; but when the sentence was passed, and the condemned man drew from his pocket a paper—the king's full pardon—and handed it to the judge, the reason for his fearless attitude was disclosed. We are freely offered a complete pardon for all our sins, which we may present to the Judge of all the earth. If we neglect to accept this pardon, we shall not be unconcerned when the final sentence is passed upon us; but if we accept now the pardon the King of the universe so graciously offers us, and hold on to it until we receive the invitation to come up higher, great will be our eternal joy.

"He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul."