

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER CRATER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

From Here and There

The grandson of Robert E. Lee and the wife of the grandson of Ulysses S. Grant recently met at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the famous evangelist, reports that President Wilson and Mr. Henry Ford, the motor-car manufacturer, have joined the Pocket Testament League.

Henry Ford's submarine chasers will be known in the navy as "eagles," and will constitute the "eagle class" of boats, according to an announcement from the Navy Department.

The destruction of 400 English towns by German airplanes is demanded by the Berlin *Tages Zeitung* "as reprisal" for the confiscation of 400 German merchant ships by the Allies.

The name "Usaac" for members of the United States Army Ambulance Corps, originated at Allentown, Pennsylvania, where a concentration camp for this branch of the service was located.

The deserted animals of the war region make a sad picture. They have a terrible bewilderment on their faces. Sometimes a pack of them dart wildly past one, as if madness had seized them.

Every man in the navy has one of the jacket life preservers. They are padded with a vegetable fiber that expands greatly when it is wet, and will support for thirty-six hours or more, a man weighing two hundred pounds.

It is reported that about 600,000 children in England alone have had their education curtailed, in order that they may assist their country in war time by working in the field, factory, or mine. In other countries the number is greater.

A light aëroplane, driven by a twin-cylinder motor-cycle engine and capable of carrying a man weighing 190 pounds, at a speed of 30 to 60 miles an hour, has been devised. The plane spread of the machine is eighteen feet. It is simply constructed, and any make of motor-cycle engine can be used.

How far is it to the stars? is a question that is often asked. The answer is that the distance is far beyond the comprehension of the human mind. Even the distance from the earth to the sun—ninety-two million miles—is so great that we find it difficult to imagine, but that distance would hardly make a mark that would show on the astronomer's yardstick. However, this distance is adopted as the "astronomical unit" of distance.

Why do we have to pay from thirteen to fifteen cents a quart for milk?—It is because of the lack of wise organization and co-ordination among milk dealers. There is much duplication of effort in their work, a single apartment house being sometimes visited by half a dozen different milk wagons; a community of 363 homes has received milk from 57 dealers traveling a total of 30 miles, while one distributor could have done the work by traveling only two miles. Investigation has shown that in one of our cities the milk delivery done by 380 horses and 365 men, traveling 2,500 miles, could be done by 50 horses and 90 men traveling only 300 miles. This is a waste that works a serious hardship to the poor. It can and should be eliminated.

On March 14, the largest concrete ship in the world was launched from a Pacific port. If the vessel stands all tests, the builders hope this type will help to solve the nation's need for ships. The vessel is 320 feet between perpendiculars, 44.6 feet wide, and 30 feet deep, and when loaded will draw 24 feet of water. Her displacement will be 7,900 tons, and she will have a carrying capacity of 5,000 tons and make ten or eleven knots an hour with triple expansion engines furnishing 1,760 horsepower. She is ten times larger than any other concrete boat now on record in this country. The floor of the vessel is about 4½ inches thick; the side 4 inches, with a great steel shoe down the bow. Embedded in the concrete are 540 tons of steel; a continuous breastwork of welded steel mesh, and hundreds of heavy iron bars, also welded together.

The Eskimo has superstition woven into the very fabric of his nature. If he has killed a bear with a rifle, he must not kill a deer with it. He will not use an implement if a woman has stepped over it. A dead whale or seal, when brought ashore, must have a drink. If the Eskimo moves into a house by way of the door, he must go out by the skylight. If a child has died, the father stands guard around the igloo, with a snow knife, to keep evil spirits away. He will not drive nails at that time. If he wants work done, another Eskimo will do it for him.

In the desert of western Australia there are wells which yield water only at night, according to *Popular Science Monthly*. Before the water begins to flow, weird hissings and the sound of rushing air may be heard. The phenomenon is believed to be due to a change in the form of the rocky channel through which the water flows, and to the extreme change in temperature between day and night which occurs in this region. The hissing is due to the escape of air before the advance of the water.

Americans have prided themselves on their generosity to Belgium. But up to June, 1917, the British government and people contributed \$105,500,000 toward Belgian relief, the French \$66,000,000, and Americans only \$11,000,000. The United States is now financing the Relief Commission by loans to France and Belgium.

The Department of Labor set aside a national enrolment week for the United States boys' working reserve. The purpose of this national enrolment week was to direct the attention of the young men of the nation to the importance of increasing the food supply by working on the farms, and to urge them to enroll in the reserve.

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"Ketched"

"The Story of an Ungrammatical Mother"

ESTHER SHAW ran up to her room and locked the door before she opened her mother's letter. It was the last letter she would receive before going home for vacation. A feeling of relief came to her at the thought.

It had not always been easy to screen the letters from observation. So often one of the girls ran in before she had finished the letter; many times Lola Reid, her roommate, had watched her with questioning eyes. She had learned to be very careful of them after a time. Hungry as she always was for the dear home news, she usually waited till she was secure from interruption.

"I'm a little — beast!" she said, as she reached the end of the letter. "And mother is dear — *dear*. I oughtn't to mind a bit."

She glanced through the letter again with shining eyes. It was full of loving plans for the coming vacation. Esther's heart was tender as she read. But she put it down at last with a half sigh.

"If only mother wouldn't say 'ketched,'" she said to herself, "I'd be perfectly happy, I believe."

After a moment she put the letter away with the others. There were many of them. Mother was a faithful correspondent. And the letters were full of the little home happenings so dear to the exile's heart. Even the news that Roy had "ketched" two linnets was welcome.

"You've had a letter," Lola cried when she came in. "I know it by your eyes. They're all soft and shining after you've heard from home."

"Yes," smiled Esther, "I had a letter from mother — the dearest letter, full of vacation plans and home news. My brother Roy has caught two linnets, beautiful singers. He is taming them. By and by they'll eat out of his hand. And the Bessie cow has a little speckled calf to show me when I go home."

"Lucky girl!" sighed Lola, "with a farm waiting to welcome you. I've always loved country life, though I've never had any of it — just trips now and then."

"I like it," said Esther. "I can hardly wait to get home and see them all. It will seem strange at first to be at home. But after a day or so, I'll forget I've ever been away."

"Yes, I know how it is. I guess it's the same with everybody. Think of there being only two days more! Then we're off for home. It seems too good to be true."

"How are you going to spend your vacation, Lola? Are you going away?"

"The first two or three weeks we're going touring in the machine. I don't know what will come afterward. But good times of some sort. Mother is perfectly wonderful. She gets up the nicest things. And they're always to please me. O, she's the most wonderful mother! I couldn't tell you in a hundred years all that she is, all that she has been to me."

She paused.

"I know," agreed Esther. "I know by my own mother. I guess all mothers are wonderful."

She half sighed as she said it. What would Lola think if she knew her mother said "ketched"?

"This automobile trip," Lola went on, "is because of my love of the country. Father and mother planned for it the very first thing on account of me, I know, though they didn't say so. I wish we could live in the country as you do. Father and mother would like it, too. But we have to live in the city on account of father's business. I wish you were coming with us on the trip. We'll have a fine time. *Couldn't you come?*"

Lola spoke eagerly. Esther would have liked to go, could have gone, except for the return invitation which would be in order. She put the thought away in the fraction of a second.

"No, I couldn't go, much as I'd like to," she answered, laughing. "They'd never in the world spare me for three days, let alone three weeks. The boys have about a thousand things to show me. And the girls will be clamoring for every other minute. Between mother and father and the rest of them I expect I'll not have much idle time. But it is dear of you to want me."

• Long after Lola was asleep that night Esther lay wide-eyed, worrying that she could not ask her to spend at least part of her vacation at the farm. She would like to have her. Mother, father, all would like it, and make her royally welcome. And yet she could not bring herself to give the invitation. Thoughts of her mother had stopped it whenever it trembled on her lips. She reddened in the darkness about the unworthy feeling. She hated herself for it.

"If — only — mother — would — not — say — 'ketched,'" was her last waking thought.

There were many things besides that, — many, many things. But Esther found that she did not mind them, now that she was at home, away from the school where such things were so much emphasized. A sweeter, saner viewpoint came to her before she had been at home a day. And when her mother bade her come and see the linnets Roy had "ketched," she laughed in sheer delight, scarcely hearing or heeding the unlovely word.

The first few days were busy ones. Esther followed the others from grain field to orchard, from orchard to meadow, down to the spring. There were so many new things to see, so many old ones to claim her attention once more.

And always there was the quiet talk with her mother and father after the others were in bed.

Lola's name came up many times.

"She must be a dear girl," said the mother. "I like everything I heard tell about her. Why didn't you ask her to come an' stop with us a spell, daughter, seein' she loves the country so, an' all?"

Esther's cheeks flamed a sudden red. But in the glow of the firelight neither mother nor father noticed.

"Well, they had this automobile trip planned," she answered, evasively. "So she couldn't have come very well."

"But after it was over she could most likely come," persisted the mother. "An' we all would of admired to have her. She'd be a sight o' company for you, too, child."

"Company!" cried Esther. "Do I look as if I needed company, mother? Why, I've forgotten what the word 'lonely' means! When I wake up in the morning, I usually find Susie or Meg perched on the foot of the bed, waiting for me to open my eyes. And from that time on I'm seldom alone."

"I didn't know they did that. I must stop 'em. I'm afraid they pest you, child."

"I love to have them," affirmed Esther. "I've been positively *hungry* for all of you, mother; it's so nice to be home once more!"

The talk drifted away from Lola.

But it returned to her time and time again. The mother's hospitable soul yearned to bring the country lover to the country.

"You'd ought to ask her, Esther," she said more than once. "I hate to think of her missin' all these lovely days."

And Esther, seemingly assenting, diverted the talk into other channels.

Yet a strain of persistency in the mother refused to let the subject drop. There was no merrymaking at which she did not bewail the absence of the uninvited guest, few days when she did not say about one thing or another: "It's too bad Lola ain't here. She'd of liked this."

One night when she and Esther sat alone together, the mother eyed Esther shrewdly through her glasses. Suddenly she leaned forward, and looked her daughter directly in the eyes.

"I been thinkin'," she said. "An' at last I found out the real reason why you don't want Lola to come."

"No!" cried Esther.

"But I have. It come to me jest a few days ago. I spoke of it to father. I been waitin' to speak of it to you."

Esther covered her face with her hands, and said no word.

"I'll never be happy again," she thought dully. "And how can mother forgive a thing like this? Most things could be overlooked or forgotten in time. But this will — *hurt*."

"To think you wouldn't know your own mother better, after all these years! to think —"

"Mother!" cried Esther, with a sob in her voice. "Mother, I —"

Her mother leaned over, and patted Esther's knee with her work-worn hand.

"There! There!" she said. "I guess it ain't no crime, even if it's kinder gone out of fashion for girls to be careful of their mothers. But you'd oughter knowed me better. You'd really oughter, Esther. You don't need to ever think of that again. I'm plenty strong, an' with the help all of you give me I can manage one more easy as — easy as makin' pies! 'Tis no more trouble to cook for eight or nine than 'tis for what I do for now."

Esther looked up. Relief was on her face, in her heart. In some miraculous fashion the real reason was still unguessed.

"You mean —" she faltered, her hand reaching out for her mother's.

"I mean I found you out," her mother continued, fondly. "You been trying to spare me. You been thinkin' Lola'd make too much work for me. An' that's why you wouldn't have her. For I knowed you wanted

her from the first time you talked about her. I want her, too, daughter. I want you to write an' invite her."

Esther could find no word to say. She sat staring at her mother with troubled eyes.

It was some time before Mrs. Shaw understood what that dumb gaze meant.

"That wasn't the real reason, after all?" she asked.

Esther shook her head. She could not trust herself to speak. Nor could she find shelter under a direct falsehood.

The mother sat awhile in silent thought.

At last she brought forth the result of her musing, but slowly, hesitatingly, as one not half convinced of what she said.

"It ain't — it ain't that you think she'd mind our plain way of livin' is it?" she asked.

"No, little mother," cried Esther heartily; "it isn't that at all. The living is fit for a king. And there's not so good a cook as you in a dozen counties."

The mother beamed. She never had lost her pleasure in the praise of those she loved and toiled for.

"I couldn't believe 'twas that," she smiled. "From your description of her I misdoubted she wasn't that kind of a girl. But her folks is well fixed, ain't they?"

"All the people whose daughters attend Miss Blakeley's school are well fixed, you extravagant mortal! No one but you would have sent me there when it costs as it does. And I'm not worth it, mother; really, I'm not."

"I wanted you to have a good finishin'," said the mother. "Education's a great thing. An' pa could afford it easy enough. We want our children to have the best there is. An' no best is too good for you, Esther."

"Don't think too well of me, mother, or I'll cry," pleaded Esther, her head in her mother's lap.

"Well, I won't say what I think, if you don't like it. It's funny you don't. Fur my part, I always did enjoy a mite of praise."

"But you deserve it," said Esther, soberly.

"No more'n you. Now this much I *will* say: A prettier or a sweeter girl than you ain't been raised, even if I say it, as shouldn't. An' I calkilate Lola's a good deal like you, by you likin' her. 'Birds of a feather flock together,' is a pretty true sayin'."

"Yes, Lola is sweet, mother, sweet and dear. If you're sure she won't be a trouble to you, I'll write later and ask her to come."

"I'd admire to have her," said the mother. "I certainly would, an' no mistake. You write, Esther, right off, an' tell her to come an' stay jest as long as she's a mind to."

In her self-reproach, her shame, and disgust at herself Esther was eager to make amends. But the days slipped away, and the letter was unwritten — sometimes it was recalled to mind by her mother; sometimes, as she watched the machines flying along the country road, it came to her in that way. Still the invitation was never written.

One day her mother sought her where she sat in the shade reading. She closed the book as her mother drew near, and made room in the hammock for her.

"Sit beside me and rest awhile," she invited. "I was coming to you as soon as I'd finished the chapter. But I'm glad you came out."

"I came 'cause I've a s'prise for you," her mother said.

"Tell me," smiled Esther. "Ginger cookies?"

Her mother shook her head. "Miles off."

"Strawberry shortcake — again?"

"No, 'tain't strawberry shortcake. But it's some-thin' jest as sweet."

Esther guessed and guessed, and gave it up at last.

"I've guessed everything you've ever cooked, I believe," she laughed.

"I didn't say 'twas nothin' I was cookin'."

"Well, you always make us guess what you have for dinner. So I thought that was it."

"It's nicer nor cookin'."

The eyes behind her glasses twinkled in their pleasure in the coming surprise. But Esther would guess no longer.

"Tell me! Tell me!" she cried, eagerly as a child.

"I waited an' waited for you to write for Lola. An' you kept puttin' it off. So I up an' writ myself."

"You did?"

"Yes; I got the letter off by the postman when he come. I give it to him myself, so there wouldn't be no mistake. I got the address outen your desk. An' I writ my name in the corner, an' said for it to be returned if 'twasn't delivered in four days."

Esther hugged her mother to her, and kissed the eager face.

"I writ for 'em all to come an' stay a spell if they could manage it," she went on. "The spare room's nice an' ready, an' Lola kin sleep with you. Now that's off my mind, I kin kind of settle to things. I ain't felt jest myself with that hangin' over me."

After her mother had gone happily away, Esther sat and thought it all out.

"If only she hadn't asked the mother and father!" she cried to herself. "Oh! I don't think I can bear that."

That was the thought that hurt. She could not bear to think of the contrast that the two mothers would be. She despised herself for the feeling, as she had done at school. Quite unguessed, however, there lurked side by side with the smaller feeling a large one. And that one was love. It was love that would have protected her mother from the criticism of strangers.

But at the end of four days the letter was returned.

Mrs. Shaw's face fell as one of the boys brought it in.

"Then they ain't home yet," she said.

She was so disappointed that Esther shared her disappointment, even though her own feeling was relief.

"Never mind, mother," she cheered her. "I'll get a letter off in a few days, and I guess they'll surely be home by then. It's a pleasure delayed, not lost."

"I was dependin' on 'em gettin' here by day after tomorrer at the latest. An' I've baked nearly everything I knowed how to. An' I got six young friers in the ice chest. Now they'll be wasted, like as not."

"If you think they'll go to waste," said Roy, "why don't you ask to supper those people whose car is broken down? They seem in a pretty bad fix; they've been tinkering for hours. And we're the nearest house."

He had spoken half in jest. But his mother's eyes lighted with hospitable eagerness.

"Fetch 'em up! Fetch 'em up!" she cried. "How many air they? An' where is the car stuck?"

"There are two ladies and a man," Roy explained. "And they're stuck a piece up on the county road — about a quarter of a mile, I guess."

"Well, give 'em my compliments, an' ask 'em up. Dear knows but what they'll be glad. Thank goodness, I got things fixed for a good supper."

Roy was not gone long. When he came back, the three strangers walked beside him up the long driveway that led to the house. The man was bundled up with rugs and carried tools. Roy and each of the women had a bundle or a bag.

Mrs. Shaw and Esther waited on the porch to welcome them. Suddenly, as they drew nearer, something vaguely familiar in one of the figures, even under the enveloping motor cloak, struck Esther. She looked more closely.

"Mother!" she cried. "It's Lola and her mother and father. Your visitors have come, after all."

Both ran down the steps and part way to meet them. As Esther ran, her mind worked rapidly; and not in the old groove. Her mother, her dear mother, no one must belittle her! Who was there like her? Let them give a slighting glance if they dared!

After the hasty introductions and congratulations on both sides, all walked back to the house.

"I was so glad to find 'twas you," the mother cried. "I writ a letter, invitin' you all to come. An' think o' you gettin' ketched almost at our very door!"

"The best luck we could o' had," Lola's mother answered. "This is the third time we got ketched on this trip, too."

For a moment, Esther thought Mrs. Reid had shown a finer courtesy than she ever had known. But the next words undeceived her.

"I says to Loly this mornin', says I, 'We ain't had a bit o' luck on this trip.' An' all the time this good luck was waitin' around the corner. It's the funniest thing I ever heerd tell of."— *Ida Alexander.*

The Upper Room

I BUILT my soul an Upper Room,
A place of prayer,
Where, free from all disturbances,
From doubt and care,
Serene it rests. And thou, dear Christ,
Art always there.

God grant that when I leave this Room
For tasks below,
The peace that I have found may from
My spirit flow,
Till those I meet build Upper Rooms,
And thither go.

— *Ethel Murrell Beale.*

Shining Everywhere

A Shining Steeple

A VERY ambitious deacon once came to Dr. Broughton, the famous Southern preacher, with this remark: "Pastor, I am praying that God will soon give us a church here upon this corner with a steeple that can be seen from all parts of the country round about. I want it a thousand feet high."

"What do you think I want with a steeple like that?" the preacher asked.

"O," replied the deacon, "so that when people come into this city their first sight will be your church steeple; and when they go away their last sight will be your church steeple."

The doctor then delivered a sentence sermon: "My brother, I want the time to come when my church spire will glitter in *every part* of this community instead of from *one place*; I want the shining spire of my church to be seen in the lives of its members on the street car, in the factory, in the store, and in the home; that is the church spire of which I should be the proudest."

A Shining People

Instead of a shining steeple, God wants a shining people. "Let your light . . . shine" just where you are. "Your light may be small, but remember that it is God-given, and he holds you responsible for its continued shining. Some one may light his taper from yours, and his light in turn may be the means of leading others out from darkness."

There are many like Gideon, in the sixth chapter of Judges, who feel that they cannot assist in the Lord's work. Listen to this: "It is not always the brightest talent that accomplishes the most for the cause of God. God can speak through a humble mind if that mind is consecrated to him and his service. Go daily to the Lord for instruction and guidance." "When the Lord comforts you, you will speak that comfort to others. When the Lord makes your wilderness like Eden, you will want to go forth to the people. You will want the light that is so precious and glorious to shine upon their pathway." Your thought will be that of the Master, "I *must* be about my Father's business." You will go about it without hesitation, and have joy and satisfaction in seeing the things of the kingdom succeed, and finally triumph. ERNEST LLOYD.

Wonders of the Yellowstone

THE first objectives of tourists from the East and Middle West are the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone National Park. Six hundred or more stagecoaches in the Yellowstone Park have been withdrawn from service, and one hundred seventy-five White motor cars placed in service by the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company. These motor cars enable visitors to see all of the geysers, boiling springs, steaming rivers, mud volcanoes, seething craters, waterfalls, gorgeously colored canyons, and crystal terraces for which the Yellowstone is famous. In addition they penetrate America's greatest wild-animal refuge.

View from Mammoth Hotel

Near the Mammoth Hotel may be seen a group of phenomena famed throughout the world. One arriving

at this hotel in the night usually spends the following morning viewing the beautiful springs and travertine terraces, all of which can be seen from the veranda of the hotel. These consist principally of Liberty Cap, Pulpit, Jupiter, Angel, and Cleopatra Terraces with their accompanying springs; Cupid's Cave, the White Elephant, Bath Lake, Orange Geyser, and many smaller steam fissures. They rise tier after tier, and form a wonderful array of springs on the side of Terrace Mountain. They are beautifully colored by a low form of vegetable life, which will grow in hot water up to 180° F. and change its color with the temperature of the water.

Three miles from Mammoth, on the road to Norris, are Silver Gate and the Hoodoos. These massive blocks, piled up in utmost confusion, cover several acres once violently shaken by an earthquake. One mile farther the road passes through Golden Gate, where a concrete viaduct will be noted as one of the most remarkable engineering achievements in the park. Bunsen Peak is on the left, Terrace Mountain on the right, and at the head of the Gate is Rustic Falls. Immediately after passing the falls, the road leads into Swan Lake Basin, and a city of peaks come into view. They are called Gallatin Range, Electric Peak, Antler Peak, the Dome, Mt. Holmes, Bannock Peak, and others.

Proceeding to Norris, the first geyser basin, the route passes such interesting places as Obsidian Cliff, a mountain of volcanic glass; Beaver Lake, formed by dams built by these industrious little animals; Twin Lakes, one a deep blue and the other green in color; Roaring Mountain and the Frying Pan.

First Glimpse of the Geysers

Norris gives the tourist his first glimpse of the geysers, prominent among which are the Constant, Monarch, Pearl, New Crater, Inkstand, Minuteman, Congress, and Vixen. The Broiler, Black Growler, and the Hurricane are only small apertures in the earth's crust through which steam rushes high into the air with a roar that may be heard for miles.

In the Lower Geyser Basin are many wonders, the White Dome, Surprise Pool, the great Fountain Geyser,



GORGEOUSLY COLORED CRYSTAL TERRACES FORMED BY BOILING HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE PARK

and the celebrated Mammoth Paint Pots. Near the center of the park is Mud Caldron, which has a basin forty by sixty feet, with a mud rim on three sides, and is about five feet high. In this basin a mass of fine white substance is in a state of constant agitation. It looks like a vast boiling pot of paint or bed of mortar. There is a constant bubbling that produces a popping sound.

It is but a short distance to the Midway Geyser Basin. A small bridge over Firehole River enables the visitor to see Excelsior, the crater of the largest of all geysers. Between this point and the Old Faithful Inn there are so many geysers and wonderful formations that it is almost impossible to name them. Prismatic Lake, Turquoise Spring, Biscuit Basin, Sapphire Pool, Mystic Falls, Morning-glory Spring, the Punch Bowl, and the Sprouter Geyser are noteworthy, but the Sponge Geyser, the Grotto, the Castle, and the Giant Geyser stand out more prominently than all the others.

The Highest and the Most Famous Geysers

Eruptions occur at frequent intervals, and it is impossible to make this trip without seeing several of the geysers "playing." Old Faithful spouts every seventy minutes. The Giant Geyser, while not so well known as Old Faithful, is the highest geyser in the world. It plays 250 feet for a period of one and one-half hours, every seven to twelve days. The cone is ten feet high. One side is partly broken off, exposing to view its channel, which is four feet across. The Grotto has the most extraordinary formation of any geyser in the park. The Castle is at once recognized by its large cone resembling an old feudal castle. It can be seen from the Old Faithful hotel, and is twenty feet across the top of the crater.

Catching and Cooking Fish

At the Thumb is found the much-talked of Fish Cone, where a man standing on the edge of the lake may catch a trout and by only turning around, boil it in the cone without removing it from its hook. Here also are some highly colored pools of boiling water, ever bubbling paint pots, different in size, shape, and character from the Mammoth and Fountain Paint Pots.

Leaving the Thumb, the road follows the shore of Lake Yellowstone for five miles. As it passes around Thumb Bay, an excellent view of Mt. Sheridan to the south is obtained. At the Lake Hotel one receives one's first introduction to the park bears. In the rear of the hotel is located the famous bear pits. At almost any time of day thirty to fifty black and silvertip bears may be found romping around the hotel grounds or visiting the hotel kitchens in quest of food. The hotel

is built on the bank of Yellowstone Lake, which is twenty miles wide and with one exception the largest lake at its altitude—7,741 feet—in the world.

Between Dragon's mouth and the head of Yellowstone Rapids one's attention is attracted by numbers of sea gulls, pelicans, geese, ducks, crows, pheasants, eagles, magpies, and various other species of fowls. Wild ducks are frequently seen in the roadways. At the head of the rapids, across the Chittenden Bridge, leads a road two and one-half miles to the east, to

Artist Point. From almost any point along this route, 1,000 feet above the foaming river, there is an excellent view of the Upper Falls, 109 feet high; the Lower Falls, 308 feet high (twice as high as Niagara Falls), and the Grand Canyon. Words and pictures alike fail to give any conception of this magnificent and inspiring spectacle. The steep, fretted, sculptured sides of the canyon are like a painter's palette upon which is daubed and smeared in disorderly beauty every color and shade of color except blue. This color the heavens supply. Kipling wrote:

"All that I can say is that without warning or preparation I looked into a gulf 1,700 feet deep, with eagles and fish hawks circling far below. The sides of that gulf were one wild welter of color—crimson, emerald, cobalt, ocher, amber, vermilion, lemon, and silver gray in wide washes. So far below that the sound could not reach us, the Yellowstone River ran, a finger-wide strip of jade green."

From the summit of Mt. Washburn the eye may sweep the park as a whole in one marvelous panorama of mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers. At the summit there is a parking space for fifty automobiles. Only two other peaks offer equal views of the park; but these two—Electric Peak and Mt. Sheridan—are not accessible by motor car.—*The White Motor Company.*



LION, LIONESS, AND CUBS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

TAXES would increase, rents would soar, buildings would be left tenantless by the thousands; bankers, real-estate owners, and business men generally would be in the dumps; cities would be bankrupt, public improvements would languish and die; incomes would go a-glimmering into the void of the whiteness of the whither, and emigration from the Empire State would become even as the hegira of the Mohammedans from Mecca in the seventh century,—all these things and more would happen should New York go dry, according to the statement of William H. Hirst, attorney for the New York Brewers' Association, and counsel for the Society of Restaurateurs of New York.

Our Influence

"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Rom. 14:7.

I FEAR some of us, in fact most of us, fail to realize the importance of this text. We rarely stop to think that a certain word or action may live long after we are gone. The proverb, "Start some kind word on its travels and do it now, for there is no telling when the good it will accomplish will cease," is an admonition worth while. An encouraging word from a general to a soldier has had great influence over the battle which was about to be fought, and so an encouraging word to a discouraged or tempted soldier of the cross may win a soul to God.

Several years ago some veterans were asked to write the name of the greatest person in the Crimean War. They all wrote the name of Florence Nightingale. Her influence in caring for the wounded, sick, and dying during that bloody contest was greater than that of those who commanded the troops and led them into the jaws of death. Few know the names of the commanders, while the name of Florence Nightingale is known throughout the world.

It is the little things we do and say that influence lives. Our everyday expressions and actions are not only remembered in this world, but are recorded in the books of heaven. It is doing things that count. One may have all the good intentions possible, but if they are not made manifest in deed they amount to nothing.

It is easy for one to permit his temper to get beyond control, and when this happens a few times it becomes a habit. Samuel Johnson says: "The chains of habit are too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken."

One's influence never dies. The influence of a fond mother or a gentle teacher who may have passed away, is seen in the child for years to come. One thing especially has great influence on a child, and that is to hear his name mentioned in his mother's prayers. The song entitled "My Name in Mother's Prayer," tells the story of a boy who heard his name mentioned in his mother's prayer, and long after she was laid to rest, every time he was tempted to sin, he could hear his name as it was spoken in her petition.

One time a little girl, whose father was a drunkard, was playing with some schoolmates. Some of these children refused to play with her, because her father drank. This hurt her feelings so much that she went behind a large tree in the garden to pray. Presently her father coming home passed that way, and heard the little prayer for him. It melted his heart and led to his reformation.

If we maintain a selfish attitude toward those around us we poison the air, and others breathing it will contract the same attitude, as in a contagious disease. If we are kind to others, they will usually endeavor to be kind to us. "Grievous words stir up anger." "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

The power of influence cannot be estimated. Often a picture hanging on the wall will affect the life work of the child. Reading also has a wonderful influence over one. There were two young men on the scaffold to be hanged for murder. These young men had read trashy literature when they were young. The priest said to one man: "This is the supreme hour of your life." Removing the black cap from his head the man answered: "This, sir, is not the supreme hour of my life. Years ago I knowingly made a wrong decision. The influence of that act has placed me here. That,

sir, was the supreme hour of my life." The dying request of the other young man whose life proved such a failure was, "Gather up my influence and bury it with me." But it was too late. That for which he asked was an impossibility.

The deceitful influence of Lucifer in heaven led one third of the holy angels from the realms of bliss to the confines of despair.

The influence of the past is beyond recall, and cannot be changed. But the future is still ours, and none can escape the responsibility of personal influence.

MRS. A. W. BERKEBILE.

St. Patrick

SUCAT, or Patricius, to use the Latin form of the name from which we get our familiar name Patrick, was born at Nemthur, now Dumbarton, in Scotland. He was carried away at the age of sixteen from Nemthur to Ireland, where he was sold as a slave. His father, Calpornius, was a deacon and a Roman civil officer; his grandfather, Potitus, was a married priest.

Patrick was sold into slavery and served Milchu six years as a shepherd and cowboy. He says that in a single day he prayed as many as a hundred prayers and about the same at night. Ireland seems to have been the birthplace of his spiritual life. After six years of slavery, impelled, he says, by a vision, he escaped.

A Missionary Journey

Opportunity came to Patrick to work on a trading boat that carried Irish hunting dogs going to the Orient. The caravan had to pass through a desolate wilderness region, where it was almost impossible to obtain provisions, and some of the dogs perished. Patrick saw a chance to do missionary work among his pagan comrades. He tells the story as follows:

"I hoped of them that they would come into the faith of Jesus Christ, for they were Gentiles; and this I obtained from them; and after three days, we reached land, and for twenty-eight days we journeyed through a desert, and their provisions failed, and they suffered greatly from hunger; and one day the master began to say to me: 'What sayest thou, O Christian? Your God is great and all-powerful. Why canst thou not, then, pray for us, since we are perishing with hunger, and may never see the face of man again?' And I said to them plainly: 'Turn sincerely to the Lord my God, to whom nothing is impossible, that he may send us food on your way until ye are satisfied, for it abounds everywhere for him.' And with God's help it was so done, for, lo; a herd of swine appeared in the way before our eyes, and they killed many of them, and remained there two nights, much refreshed and filled with their flesh. After this they gave the greatest thanks to God, and I was honored in their eyes. . . . They also found wild honey, and offered me some of it, and one of them said: 'This is offered in sacrifice, thanks be to God;' after this I tasted no more."

Patrick then returned home safely.

In Ireland

At home Patrick had a vision, and heard these words from Ireland: "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still among us." He went to Ireland, sent by no one, to win a pagan nation to Christ. On his own authority he superintended the Irish church for thirty-four years. The first meeting place he had was the barn of a local chief named Dichu. Patrick also

went to his old master, but Milchu utterly rejected the gospel brought by his former slave.

Barnes, in his book "Two Thousand Years of Missions Before Carey," says: "It is a mistake for any modern sect to claim Patrick as belonging to itself—the Presbyterian because he ordained presbyters, the Baptist because he immersed, the Romanist because he established monasteries. All Christians had presbyters, all immersed, all believed in monasticism, in those days."

Since the death of St. Patrick, March 17 has been held as a festive day by the Irish, not only in Ireland but all over the world. They celebrate the death rather than the birth of their patron saint.

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

What Does Your Name Indicate?

IT has been said that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Many of the names given to Bible characters have a meaning which harmonizes with their life records. But names are not always applicable to those who bear them, many having no seeming significance. We may speak of John or Martin or William or David So-and-so, and perhaps little or no notice is taken, because the individuals are unknown or unesteemed by those who hear them mentioned.

But when we speak of John Wesley, Martin Luther, William Carey, or David Livingstone, immediately a character looms up which represents service of the highest type—a life spent in helping humanity.

Few of the names of earth represent anything worth while. Their bearers exist for a brief period, and then disappear in the sea of time, unknown to earth and unhonored of heaven. Only the few ever achieve anything truly great, but these names find a place upon the honor list which will be known throughout eternity.

The names that compose the honor roll of heaven are not identical with those found upon the roll of worldly fame. Many who are known in heaven as victors, are unrecognized as such by the world.

The things which make a name conspicuous along right lines are, the cherishing of high ideals, a will to do the right thing under all circumstances, a firm trust in God, and a constant determination to succeed. The bearer of a victorious name recognizes passing opportunities. He has a keen realization of the value of life, and that what one has to do must be done *now*.

Procrastination is the twin of Failure, and I Can't is the chum of both. Young people who cherish these evil companions will be but ashes under the feet of the truly victorious in that day when all things shall be made new. Mal. 4:3.

Boys and girls, for what do your names stand? Are they to remain forever in the book of life, or are they destined to be buried in oblivion? The decision rests with you.

Some one has truly said: "Life is full of golden opportunities for doing what we do not want to do." The highway to success is not smoothly paved. It never will be. It is rough at best, and in some places steep and precipitous. One never finds a toboggan slide to success. He must always climb.

Young man, young woman, when your name is discussed among your young associates, does it carry with it an inspiration to greater things? Does it mean stanch character, success every day as you go through life? Does it carry an influence for good because your life is devoted to that which is uplifting? Does your

name represent a standard of life which it is safe for others to adopt?

While you are in school or elsewhere away from home, do you deport yourself just as you would if you knew your parents' eyes were upon you? Are you always conscious that God sees you, and that there is a heavenly biographer at your side who is writing down every detail of your life, and preserving the record in the books of heaven, from which you are to be justified or condemned in the judgment?

Do you cherish the thought that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches"? and that every one who enters heaven will be given "a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it"?

Interesting Church School Record

A few weeks ago I visited the upper grades of the church school at Dinuba, California. It was Monday

THE WEEK'S RECORD

"STUDY

to show thyself approved unto God."

Lena Morris, Teacher.

Mattie Morris	E	E	E	E	E
Sarah Miller	E	E	E	E	E
Catherine Epp	E	E	E	E	E
Marie Friesen	E	E	E	E	E
Henry Forcher	E	E	E	E	E
George Dart	E	E	E	E	E
Arthur Fallbeck	E	E	E	E	E
Edith Friesen	E	E	E	E	E
Ellen Unger	E	E	E	E	E
Clark Wheeler	E	E	E	E	E
William Palmquist	E	E	E	E	E
Loyal Unger	E	E	E	E	E
Ernest Forcher	E	E	E	E	E
Wayne Unger	E	E	E	E	E
John Friesen	E	E	E	E	E
Raymond Laverty	E	E	E	E	E
Edwin Fallbeck	E	E	E	E	E
Elizabeth Epp	E	E	E	E	E

morning, and on the blackboard was the deportment record of the previous week. Part of it was very commendable, but part of it was not; there were so many G's and F's. The teacher was very anxious that the record should be improved upon. The next Monday morning but one G was visible, and no F. The next week a similar record was made. The next week's record is shown in the accompanying diagram, and speaks for itself.

There was such a strong determination on the part of the pupils to do the right thing that they became sufficiently courageous to believe it possible for every one to receive E in deportment every day in the week. Every one of these pupils, representing grades 6, 7, 8, 9, except one of the youngest, belongs to the church, they having dedicated their lives to Christian service.

Christian effort on the part of each boy and girl to have "a good name," is the secret of this unique record. It is what the record of every one of our schools should be.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." MRS. M. A. LOPER.

SOME men only shine like the moon, when they ought to burn like the sun.—C. H. Spurgeon.

For the Finding-Out Club

Name the Two Explorers

HE was a delicate, dreamy little lad, and his father nicknamed him "Old Mooney." "Remember, son," he said, "an hour of doing is better than a life of dreaming. You must wake up and stir about, and prove that you have it in you to be a man." Acting on this advice, Con, as his Devonshire schoolmates called him, became an active, practical, wide-awake young man. Following the example of his father, he chose a naval career, and his first important commission was as captain of the cadets on the training ship "Britannia."

As the years passed, this man who was to command others, became master of himself, and when a resourceful captain was needed for the ship "Discovery," chartered to sail unexplored seas in search of the south pole, he was chosen. The expedition was away for three years, and though it did not reach the pole, the leader brought back so much information of interest and value about the unknown land in the antarctic, where ice was "here and there and everywhere," that its promoters decided upon a second trial.

Five years later, June 15, 1910, the "Terra Nova" sailed from Wales. Most complete equipment had been provided for the party, and when it was announced that the commander of the first expedition would lead the second, eight thousand men volunteered to accompany him into the unknown. Only sixty were chosen.

They made their base camp on Ross Island, and just a year after leaving home, the captain, with six companions, started on the final dash for the pole. Five of them reached the goal, and to their bitter disappointment found the flag of Norway floating over the pole. But in proof of his motto, "The soul of a brave man is stronger than anything that can happen to him," the leader of the party cheerfully planted the Union Jack in second place, and returned to the camp, with shattered dreams, but anxious to pass on to others the valuable data he had gathered. It was a terrible journey. Their supply of food and fuel gave out, and

when only eleven miles from the provision camp, where abundant comfort waited, a severe blizzard overtook them, and one by one the four surviving members froze to death.

Eight months later a relief party found them, and the courageous explorer was buried under the ice, the spot marked by a cross made of two ski on which were carved the words:

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

L. E. C.

HE was a poor Scotch boy in a Glasgow cotton mill; but, while his fingers were busy at the looms, his mind was making far-away pictures of untrod lands. When he was ten years old the determination came to him to become an explorer. The ambition was not realized until he was twenty-seven, when the London Missionary Society sent him out to Africa as a medical missionary. He had been studying medicine for nine years, "out of hours," to fit himself for this work.

He arrived in Africa in 1840. He worked ten years as a missionary, however, before he began his explorations. He learned to know the natives, and he learned to know the language. Meanwhile he listened to rumors of undiscovered lakes and mighty rivers the white man had never seen—splendid waterways and mountains that lay "beyond."

These ten years, he tells us, were spent "building, gardening, cobbling, doctoring, tinkering, carpentering, gun mending, farriering, wagon mending, preaching, schooling, lecturing on physics, and holding down a chair in divinity to a college of three!" He saw things, too, that saddened his soul in these ten years. He caught glimpses of gangs of slaves; he knew that deadly fevers lurked in the loveliest surroundings, and killed overnight; and everywhere was black superstition which must be fought.

To explore Africa was a gigantic undertaking, but nothing was too dangerous for his stanch heart. The natives were, in the main, friendly; but traders regarded him as an inquisitive, overbusy missionary, and the slave dealers hated and feared him because he had begun to make war upon their traffic.

For the rest of his life, save for brief returns to civilization, he was cut off from home, wife, children, friends. After discovering Lake Ngami and the Zambesi River, he paid a visit to England to sever his connection with the London Missionary Society. He was indifferent to the honors that fashionable London tried to heap upon him; anxious only to get back to the Africa that fascinated him more than fame or glory.

After discovering the Victoria Falls, he became obsessed with the desire to locate the source of the Nile. He was gone so long that all England thought him dead, and the New York *Herald* sent out a relief expedition, headed by H. M. Stanley, to look for him. These were years of fever, hunger, drouth, attacks from wild beasts, and treachery from natives and Arabs alike, for the explorer. At Nyangwe he located the carefully hidden central slave market of the Arabs. When Stanley found him, he was being carried on a litter, too weak to walk. He died in May, 1873,—the Nile's source still undiscovered,—and the natives who loved him cut out his heart and buried it under a tree at Ujiji.—*Every Week*.

Answer to Question Printed March 19

MADAME MARIE CURIE is known as the "Queen of Science."

Nature and Science

The Wriggling Eel

What Is It?

"A youthful eel resided in a tiny tidal pool;
He was lithe as gutta-percha, and as pliable;
From his actions and contractions he appeared to be a fool,
But his virtue was completely undeniable."

THE eel is a fish, though its looks may belie the fact. It has scales embedded in the skin, and an apology for fins is in evidence. There are fresh-water and salt-water eels. The common eel, or fresh-water variety, divides its time between fresh and salt water. The marine, or conger, eel never visits fresh water. The common eel rarely exceeds three or four feet in length, while the conger eel grows to be five or six feet long. The common eel ranges from Newfoundland to the Gulf of Mexico and Central America. It traverses fresh-water streams for long distances. It is, however, not found in streams that have no connection with the sea, for all eels must have access to the deep water of the ocean.

Whence They Come—"The Greek Riddle"

While the origin of all ordinary fishes has long been understood by naturalists, the eel succeeded in hiding from man every bit of evidence as to his birth. That wise philosopher of Greece, Aristotle, in his book "History of Animals," in all good faith made the remarkable announcement that "eels have no sexes nor eggs, and rise from the entrails of the sea." And no one was able positively to refute this statement till 1873, when the male eel was discovered.

Still the life history of the eel was a mystery. Pliny, the Roman historian and naturalist who lost his life at the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D., maintained that eels come from the slime and fragments of skin which come off from an eel as it rubs itself against the rocks. Others have believed that eels come from horse hairs, slime, dew, and water beetles. Some believed they could be created by placing two pieces of sod together and laying them in the sun.

But finally an American naturalist suggested that the little glass fish known as *Leptocephalus*, might be related to the eel. Then a French zoölogist actually saw one turn into an eel, and finally an Italian found out the whole truth. While the slippery fellow evaded the keen eye of scientists for many generations, he at last had to surrender; for it is now known that the mother eel lays her eggs in the dark, plantless depths of the ocean. "As the eggs begin to develop, they pass to the surface as the tiniest glass fish, eating nothing and growing smaller rather than larger. For a year they masquerade thus, and then in spring or summer change into little eels."

Journeys of Mother Eels and the Little Ones

Both the mother eel and the little ones are great travelers and are wonderful swimmers. The father eel does not accompany either the mothers or the young eels on their journeys. Each class travels alone. The

eel fisher will tell you about these journeys of the eels, for he plans to set his traps or nets to catch them at the time of their migrations.

In the fall or early winter the mother eels start for the sea. Ordinarily the eel has a voracious appetite, but it takes no food whatever while on these journeys to the sea. The eels are owl-like in their habits, traveling with the greatest speed at night. They go to the sea to lay their eggs, and it is estimated that the mother eel of the common type will lay as many as 1,700,000 eggs at one time. The mother eel of the conger type may lay more than 3,000,000 eggs.

Eels never lay eggs but once, for they soon die after their first journey to the sea, the mother eel never returning to fresh water. The male eel also dies soon after the spawning season. Eels do just the opposite to salmon and shad, which leave the sea and go up fresh-water streams to deposit their eggs, while the eel leaves the fresh water for the deep salt water.

The Baby Eel

The baby eel is in no hurry to become large. Even after two years it is but a transparent, glassy little creature, no more than two inches long. It is of this age when it starts for fresh-water streams. It is said that "in spring and summer thousands of wagonloads of young eels, or elvers, can be seen at the foot of Niagara Falls, crawling over rocks and squirming in the seething whirlpools."

A Wonderful Feat

SNOW-CAPPED Mt. Hood, a difficult, exhausting climb for the seasoned sportsman, has been scaled by a legless boy. The story of the young man's accomplishment offers a wealth of material for the moralist, for from beginning to end it is a lesson in ambition and perseverance. He sells papers in Portland, Oregon, where the white slopes of the distant peak offer an inspiring picture on clear days. For years the desire to climb the mountain obsessed his mind. A few weeks ago, accompanied by two guides, a forest ranger, and his wife, the newsboy's determination found its sequel. He did what hundreds of strong, normally constituted men have failed in their attempts to do: he reached the

uppermost pinnacle of Mt. Hood. Part of the trip was made on horseback, but when the steep grades were encountered it was every man for himself. The newsboy was equipped with an improvised sled and blocks studded with heavy spikes. These implements, however, proved more of a hindrance than a help, and were discarded. Raising himself on his abnormally strong arms, he flung his body up the inclines several feet at a time, and often made better progress than others of the party. When ropes were used, the newsboy was in his element, for his strength enabled him to clamber along with remarkable ease and swiftness. The descent of the snow-packed slopes was a wonderful experience. A guide would precede the crippled newsboy a hundred feet or more, and catch him as he slid down.—*Popular Mechanics*.



CONGER EEL



COMMON EEL



Growing Smiles

A SMILE is quite a funny thing:
It wrinkles up your face;
And when it's gone, you never find
Its secret hiding place.

But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do.
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.

He smiles at some one, since you smiled,
And then that one smiles back;
And that one smiles, until, in truth,
You fail in keeping track.

And since a smile can do great good
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile, and not forget
That smiles go everywhere!

—The Beacon.

The New Boy

ONE morning a new boy came into the school yard. He was sandy-haired, a little bowlegged, and one front tooth was missing. His coat was too small, and his trousers and shoes were too large. So when he walked up the path, he did not make an extra fine appearance.

The other scholars stood around and sized him up. They were only thoughtless boys, and were in the habit of saying the first thing that came into their minds.

"Coming to school here?" asked Alfred Perkins, bluntly.

"Yes," replied the new boy, nodding his sandy head.

"How about that coat? Must be his little brother's," whispered Carl Myers to Alfred.

The new boy heard the whisper and smiled, although his face showed red through the freckles. When he smiled, the vacant place where the tooth once had been showed up plainly.

"What's your name?" asked Donald Moore.

"George Heade," returned the new boy.

Edward Hunt, the wit, chuckled. "Any relation to old Blockhead?" he asked, winking around at the others.

"I don't know," replied George, "but maybe I am." He went on into the schoolhouse.

"Wonder where he came from," said Alfred. "Look at that wobble!"

"And those trousers," put in Carl. "Wonder where he picked them up!"

"And his shoes," added Edward. "I have an idea they're funny folks."

"He lives over by the swamp," said Donald. "Some new folks just moved over there."

"I wouldn't come to school if I couldn't fix up better than that," said Alfred. "I wouldn't wear such clothes."

"You can tell by his looks that he hasn't had any chance," said Carl.

"Well, there's one thing sure—he won't be in our grade! That's good! We don't want any such—such strange-looking boys at the picnic tomorrow."

"Oh, no, we won't have to bother with him! He'll likely be about the third grade," said Edward, loftily.

"I don't suppose he's ever been in school a full year in his life," said Donald.

But when they marched into the eighth-grade room, there was George Heade.

"Look at that kid, here in this grade!" whispered Alfred to Carl.

Carl nodded. "Well, just keep still about the lark tomorrow afternoon," he whispered back. "We don't want any children there."

At noon George played with the pupils of the smaller grades—the eighth grade seemed to think that was his place, and George seemingly didn't mind it at all.

When they had taken their seats after the noon recess, Miss Wagner, the teacher, said, "This is spelling-match day, you remember. I will appoint as captains Alfred Perkins and Donald Moore."

Alfred and Donald took their places in front of the school.

"We have a new scholar today," Miss Wagner went on, looking at George. "If he wishes we will excuse him from spelling, as he is likely not familiar with the words which will be given out."

"I'd like to spell," replied George, flushing under the eyes of the whole school. "I'll probably miss, but I'd like to try."

"All right," agreed Miss Wagner. "George will be included in the spelling match."

Alfred and Donald chose turn about until every scholar was in line excepting George Heade. Being Alfred's turn, he had to choose, George.

George took his place at the end of Alfred's row and the spelling began. One by one the spellers missed and had to leave ranks. Alfred got mixed on the word "criticize," and went down the aisle to his desk. Donald tripped on "syllable." Edward Hunt, Carl Myers, and other pupils were caught on doubling the final consonants and on silent letters. There was a pretty steady line of boys and girls down the aisles.

But George Heade still stood in his place, spelling against three on the other side. Finally the three failed on "reminiscent." George spelled it correctly, and he was the winner of the spelling match.

"Very good!" exclaimed Miss Wagner. "Spelling down the whole room without knowing the class of

words we were going to use! Seems to me this grade should be proud to have such a scholar in it."

George blushed and took his seat. "I—I never thought of winning," he said.

After they were dismissed, the boys went around the corner of the schoolhouse and talked a few minutes in low tones. Then as they started home, Alfred called in a very friendly way, "Say, George, we're going on a picnic tomorrow afternoon! Like to go along?"

"Sure," replied George.

"Right after dinner," said Donald. "Meet at the first house south of the bridge. Be sure and meet us there."

"I'll be there!" promised George.

All of which goes to show that it is not best to judge people by appearances alone.—*Anne Porter Johnson.*

What the Dimes Did

MASTER RUSSELL LIGHT, with four of his Sabbath school classmates, was given a dime to use as a basis for raising a generous missionary offering.

Master Russell invested his dime in two copies of the *Watchman*. These two magazines he sold, and bought four more with the money obtained from their sale. This operation he kept repeating until he had \$8.20 for his offering. Clifford Allen made his dime earn \$2.10, while Carlos Welch earned \$1.60. A total of eleven dollars and ninety cents means an increase of \$11.60, or a gain of more than 3,800 per cent.

What became of the other two dimes? Were they laid away in a napkin, and so brought no returns? We hope not. Why cannot every one of the INSTRUCTOR boys and girls get a dime and invest it at once, allowing it to increase until the Children's Day exercises in your church in late summer or early fall?

Will not those who do earn money, write to the editor telling their experiences—how much they earned, and how they earned it? Why not get TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTORS and start to work at once?

The editor would like the picture of every boy or girl who earns more than ten dollars, or who sells two hundred copies of the TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR. Who will be the first to report that he will at least make the attempt?

More than 2,000 mission stations in Africa and India alone have been abandoned on account of the war. There were not enough mission stations or workers before the war. Is not the need now infinitely greater? Let us therefore do all we can to meet the great need in every heathen land.

Loving-Kindness

WHY don't you knock her back?" said John to his little sister. "She struck you; strike her back."

"Oh, no," said Maysie, though her face flushed with displeasure for a moment. "I don't want to do that. I love her too much." And putting her arms around her little playmate, she said, "You love me, too, don't you, Gracie? And it didn't hurt me very much."

Quick-tempered Gracie, who was already repentant at heart for what she had done, exclaimed: "Oh, Maysie, I am so sorry! I wish my hands would be good, and not do such naughty things."

"Did you ever ask Jesus to help you, Gracie?" asked Maysie.

"No," said Gracie, "I never did. Is that what you were doing when John told you to knock me back?"

"Yes," answered Maysie, very softly, "my mamma showed me how."

"Well," whispered Gracie, "I mean to try that way next time." And the little friends went on with their play.

"Girls are queer," said John to himself, as he walked off with Rover, his dog. "Girls are certainly queer. If that had been a boy who knocked me, wouldn't I have pitched into him!" And he gave a low expressive whistle.

"Well, my son," said father, who happened to be sitting where he had heard all that passed, "which way is better?"

"But, father," said John, "to have anybody strike you, and, then, instead of striking back to tell him that you love him! That's no way to do!"

"My son, kindness worketh wonders, and love conquereth all things. Our little Maysie used something more powerful than angry

words or blows—the wonderful power of loving-kindness.—*Selected.*

EVEN in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are seeking happiness for themselves.—*Mrs. Besant.*

KINDLY words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value.—*F. W. Robertson.*

HOPE is brightest when it dawns from fears.—*Sir Walter Scott.*



RUSSELL LIGHT

Three Bears

THREE BEARS, famous old chief of the Blackfoot Indians, died recently in his home lodge on the Glacier National Park Reservation, Montana. He was a little more than one hundred years old, as near as the oldest living Blackfoot braves can reckon. The only way they figure his age is that in his conversation concerning boyhood days he used to relate that John Quincy Adams was the first great paleface chief of the nation he recollected hearing the Indians talk about. Adams was inaugurated President of the United States in 1825. Three Bears had often said that at that time he was using the bow and arrow with arms strong enough to kill black bear on the mountain side. Three Bears was famed as a warrior as a result of the many encounters during the early 60's into which he led the Blackfoot braves against the belligerent Sioux tribes. The old Indian chief was buried with the highest rites of his race. The hand of this Indian touched the primitive age of the bow and arrow, but the white man sold his people firearms and fire water with which to kill the neighboring tribes and destroy themselves. When Three Bears was born, the Blackfoot Indians numbered nearly 500,000. When he died there were but 5,000 of them left.—*Ferdinand C. Iglehart.*

Mr. McAdoo's Message to the American People

YOU can do something to help the Government solve the railroad situation.

Don't make a single railroad journey that can be avoided, for the present.

If you have to travel, don't take a trunk.

Don't ship anything that can wait.

If you must move, sell as much of your old furniture as you can, and buy new furniture at your new home.

Every pound of freight you keep off the roads gives that much more car space for essentials.

Most of all, be as considerate as you can of the men in the ticket offices and on the trains. They are working under great pressure. Remember that, while the war lasts, they are public servants, working for *your* Government, *which means you.*

Help them to feel that you, as one of their employers, appreciate their difficulties and are doing your best to help.

"The Time Has Not Come"

IT has often been the experience of workers along the line of dietetic reform, to be met with this objection to their efforts: "The Testimonies tell us that the time has not come to urge these matters upon the people." The citation is one written many years ago, but still it is used as if written last week.

Granted there are appropriate seasons for the delivery of a message, exhortation, or admonition, yet it should be understood from the very wording that it is expected there will come a time when it will be in process of fulfilment.

As this statement has been used in the past so it might be until Jesus comes, and we find ourselves having made no reform and therefore unready for an entrance into the home he has prepared for those who possess the characters which might have been ours had each of us said, "Since time is short and the work must be hastened, is it not best for me to consider the Testimonies as being given in present time, and conform my life thereto?"

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

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Be Dependable

EVERY once in a while," said Dr. Parkhurst, "I am told that such and such a brilliant young man or woman has come into our congregation, and that he or she will prove a great acquisition. I confess that it is a bait at which I nibble less than I used to. If I wanted a light to read by, I should rather have a good long tallow dip than a streak of lightning. A very small river will carry a good deal of water to the sea if it keeps running."

This is just another way of saying that a dependable young person, even though he may not be especially brilliant, will accomplish more in the long run, and be worth a great deal more, than the bright, dashing young man or woman who attracts attention, perhaps, for his unusual brilliancy, but hasn't yet learned the value of faithfulness.

"Yes, Mr. Brown is a good-principled, talented young man," said a Missionary Volunteer leader, wearily, "but *you can't depend on him.* He promises to do things, and starts out very enthusiastically; but he soon leaves his task half finished."

There is nothing more trying to the leader of a society than unfaithfulness on the part of his members in the performance of duty. It is his most difficult and discouraging problem. The leader calls an executive committee meeting to discuss important business. Perhaps only one or two of the officers come. Mary promises to take a part on the weekly program; the leader is counting on her. At the last moment she sends word that she will not be present at the meeting.

John consents to take the leadership of the Correspondence Band. Everything runs smoothly for a time under his direction, but after a few weeks he loses his concern for its welfare. He dislikes the feeling that he is "tied down" to any regular responsibility; the result is he stops pushing the work. The attendance drops off, and inevitably the interest dies.

Several members decide to begin studying for the Standard of Attainment. Their promises are willingly made at a time when enthusiasm runs high, as a result of a special program on the importance of this feature. They fully intend to keep their promises; but after a few meetings of the Attainment Band, they find it requires real effort to master the subject; they decide that it is too great an undertaking, and give up.

Haven't you seen just such examples of lack of dependableness? Surely no true Missionary Volunteer will wish to be guilty of this. There is no finer quality that a young man or woman can cultivate than the habit of faithfulness,—of persisting in whatever is undertaken, until it is completed. You have heard of "race-horse" Christians, who are good for a dash, but worthless when it comes to a long, steady pull. They run well for a time, but soon are sidetracked.

Resolve that you will always be a *dependable* Missionary Volunteer. Each difficulty overcome, each obstacle surmounted, each duty faithfully performed, makes the character that much finer and stronger. Then isn't it worth while?

ELLA IDEN.

The Pursuit

I DREAMED that I could flee from Him.
And through the morn and noon I sped—
So swift, I thought, he could not see;
But, when the day began to dim,
Lo! there was he!

I fled from him through countless years:
I sought the shadows of the night;
But I could not his love forget;
A penitent, I turned in tears—
He followed yet!

And still he follows, on and on;
And I still stumble—but in trust;
For I have learned with growing night
That, if there is for me a dawn,
He is its light.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

The Sabbath School

V — Jacob's Meeting with Esau; Jacob's Return to Canaan

(May 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 33, 35.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Eph. 4:32.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 204-208; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 106-108.

"Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again."

Questions

1. After his night of wrestling with the angel, whom did Jacob see coming? Gen. 33:1.
2. How did he arrange his company to meet Esau? What did he not know concerning his brother? Verses 1, 2. Note 1.
3. How did Jacob show respect to Esau? What did Esau do when he saw his brother? Verses 3, 4. Note 2.
4. What did Esau ask concerning those who were with Jacob? What reply was given? Verse 5.
5. How did Jacob's family greet Esau? Verses 6, 7.
6. What did Esau say of the present Jacob had sent to him? What did Jacob continue to urge? Verses 8-11. Note 3.
7. What suggestion did Esau make concerning the rest of the journey? Why did Jacob not agree to this? Verses 12-14.
8. What further favor did Esau offer? What was Jacob's reply? Verse 15.
9. To what place did Esau return? Where did Jacob first camp? At what place did he next pitch his tent? Verses 16-18.
10. What did God command Jacob to do? What preparations did Jacob make to obey? Gen. 35:1-5. Note 4.
11. Who again appeared unto Jacob? What confirmation of his change of name was given? What promise was repeated to him? Verses 9-15.
12. While on the journey what sorrow came into Jacob's life? Verses 19, 20.
13. How many sons had Jacob? Which were sons of Rachel? Verses 23-26.
14. Did Jacob see his father after he returned to Canaan? How old was Isaac when he died? Who buried him? Verses 27-29. Note 5.
15. When Jacob settled in Hebron, where did Esau go? Gen. 36:6-8. Note 6.

Think of Jacob

How many chapters of Genesis are devoted to his history? What were the worst traits of his character? As these were overcome, what became the strong, ruling elements in his life? How many pillars did he set up in memory of important occasions? Name the place where each was erected and the event it commemorated.

Notes

1. Jacob did not know that the Lord had softened Esau's heart toward him. "While Jacob was wrestling with the Angel, another heavenly messenger was sent to Esau. In a dream, Esau beheld his brother, for twenty years an exile from his father's house; he witnessed his grief at finding his mother dead; he saw him encompassed by the hosts of God. This dream was related by Esau to his soldiers, with the charge not to harm Jacob, for the God of his father was with him."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 198.

2. "The two companies at last approached each other, the desert chief leading his men of war, and Jacob with his wives and children, attended by shepherds and handmaidens, and followed by long lines of flocks and herds. Leaning upon his staff, the patriarch went forward to meet the band of soldiers. He was pale and disabled from his recent conflict, and he walked slowly and painfully, halting at every step; but his countenance was lighted up with joy and peace. At sight of that crippled sufferer, 'Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him; and they wept.' As they looked upon the scene, even the hearts of Esau's soldiers were touched."—*Id.*, p. 198.

3. It would seem that Esau desired to make no money gain out of this reconciliation, as he was rich; but no doubt Jacob felt that Esau's acceptance of his present would imply complete forgiveness, hence his urgency.

4. "He [Jacob] determined that before going to this sacred spot his household should be freed from the defilement of idolatry. . . . With deep emotion, Jacob repeated the story of his first visit to Bethel, when he left his father's tent a lonely wanderer, fleeing for his life, and how the Lord had appeared to him in the night vision. As he reviewed the wonderful dealings of God with him, his own heart was softened, his children also were touched by a subduing power."—*Id.*, p. 215.

5. "Jacob and Esau met at the deathbed of their father. Once the elder brother had looked forward to this event as an opportunity for revenge; but his feelings had since greatly changed. And Jacob, well content with the spiritual blessings of the birthright, resigned to the elder brother the inheritance of their father's wealth,—the only inheritance that Esau sought or valued."—*Id.*, p. 207.

6. We should keep clearly in mind the record of Jacob's travels. After his meeting with Esau, he went to Succoth near by, where he rested his cattle in booths; then to Shalem, a village near Shechem; then to Bethel, where he built another altar and God appeared again to him renewing his blessing; then to Bethlehem, where Benjamin was born, and the beloved Rachel died; and then to Hebron where his father yet lived.

Why Private Reynolds Saved His Captain's Life

CAPTAIN PATTERSON commanded a company of Kentucky Volunteers in pioneer days when the Indians caused settlers a great deal of anxiety. Among the men was a private named Aaron Reynolds, a good-natured, active young man, but distinguished even among the rough frontiersmen for his profanity. The captain finally felt compelled to rebuke him before his comrades as "a very wicked and profane man," but the rebuke seemed to have no effect, for the young man kept on swearing.

Some months later came a disastrous engagement with the Indians in which the white men were badly beaten, and it became necessary for each man to save himself. Captain Patterson had lost his horse in the fight, and was just about exhausted when he was overtaken by Aaron Reynolds on horseback. Reynolds immediately insisted that his captain ride, and in spite of the latter's protest helped him mount and saw him cross the ford to safety. The young man was captured by the Indians, but succeeded in making his escape.

When he returned to the settlement, Captain Patterson asked him why he had risked his life to save another, and the young soldier confessed that from the first rebuke the captain had given him for swearing he had felt a very strong attachment for him. Aaron Reynolds was never heard to swear after his escape from the Indians, and he became an earnest church member.

W. E. VIDETO.

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

"'Nor in use' is the sign which ought to be put on many professing Christians."

The Youth's Instructor

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How Punctuation Helps

THAT that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is." These words, as they stand, read like a rambling, incoherent talk of one bereft of reason. By the magic of punctuation, however, they are transformed from a senseless jumble to the following logical and grammatical expression of thought: "That that is, is; that that is not, is not. Is not that it? It is."—*Selected.*

The Arnold Arboretum

WHILE Concord has her manse of seven gables, Boston has her Garden of Seven Gates, known as the Arnold Arboretum.

The unique collection of glass flowers at Harvard University has long interested botanical students and visitors to the institution, but even more educational and inspirational is the wonderful Arnold Arboretum, the world's greatest collection of trees.

Nearly fifty years ago one of New Bedford's prosperous merchants died, having bequeathed \$100,000 to be used in advancing the study of horticulture. Harvard University received the legacy, and through the wise and indefatigable efforts of Prof. C. S. Sargent, who for some years had been the director of the University Botanic Gardens, there has been gathered together a wonderful tree collection.

"It is difficult to describe the arboretum to any who have not seen it, but imagine, if you can, 220 acres of land divided into upland, meadow, and lowland, with just enough of the hill country to lend dignity to the magnificent pines which crown the summit of Hemlock Hill. Imagine this tract planted with literally all kinds of trees, plants, and woody shrubs, many of them in flower and fruit and all in nature's most beautiful surroundings and growing as far as possible in their native habitat, and you have a picture which the arboretum presents to the casual visitor.

"Travelers, or explorers, as they are called, are continually on the search for new varieties; and at this writing Professor Wilson, an associate of Professor Sargent, is in the wilds of China searching for and constantly discovering new species with which to enrich the present collection.

"As our country grows larger and the encroachments of business and commerce gradually threaten our great forests and parks and the natural beauties which were the heritage of our forefathers, the work of the arboretum and what it has stood for all these years will become more important and more widely known."

Do You Know

THAT it took the United States ten years to construct the Panama Canal? Excavation began early in 1905, and the canal was opened for navigation Aug. 15, 1914.

That coal is formed of compressed and chemically changed vegetable matter, produced in remote geological periods? "This vegetable matter accumulated, and hydrogen and oxygen were evolved with some carbon. Being compressed under water and deposits of sedimentary material, its bulk was reduced and carbon increased in relative proportion. At length the mass solidified, and we find it today in the various kinds of coal which are mined in different parts of the world."

That the process of condensing milk was invented by an American, Gail Borden, in 1856? Fresh cow's milk heated in common pans to a temperature of 140° F. is evaporated to about one fourth of its original bulk. Sugar is usually added as a preservative, the proportion being about twenty ounces to a quart of the condensed product.

That Yellowstone National Park contains 2,142,720 acres?

That light travels 186,324 miles per second?

That ink of a variety similar to India ink is made from toadstools which are common in France?

That a knot, used as a unit of measurement for speed of ships, is a nautical mile, or 6,080 feet?

That San Marino, on the southeast slope of the Apennines, is the smallest republic in the world as to size? It has an area of 38 square miles and a population of about 10,600. It has been independent since 1631.

That there is a republic between the Spanish province of Lérida and the French department of Ariège? It is the republic of Andorra, and while it has an area of 175 square miles, the population is only about 6,000. It was made an independent state by Charlemagne because its inhabitants rendered him valuable service in his war with the Moors. It is governed by a council whose members are elected for four years. The laws are administered by two judges.

That the phrase "the seven seas" is frequently used as a general term for the water-covered portion of the earth? Kipling applied the term to seven oceans, North and South Atlantic, North and South Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic, and Indian.

That latest estimates place the wealth of the United States at \$250,000,000,000?

That there are approximately 18,530,000 voters in the United States?

That there are 335,700 Indians in the United States, exclusive of Alaska?

That "alright" is not a proper substitute for "all right"?

L. E. C.

The Federal Government and the States spend millions of dollars in trying to give information to the people in rural districts about farming and home making, yet 3,700,000, or 10 per cent, of our country folk cannot read or write a word. Secretary Lane says that there are now 5,515,163 illiterate persons in the United States, one half of whom are between twenty and forty-five years of age. None of these 5,000,000 persons can read a bulletin on agriculture, a farm paper, a food pledge card, a Liberty Bond appeal, a newspaper, the Constitution of the United States, or the Bible, nor can they keep personal or business accounts.