

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

May 7, 1918

No. 19



Photo by F. O. Rathbun

Who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

— Thomson.

From Here and There

Uncle Sam's food bill for soldiers alone is \$800,000 a day.

Ten women were recently appointed as mail carriers in New York City.

The total solar eclipse of June 8, will be the great astronomical event of 1918.

The approximate cost of placing one of Uncle Sam's fighting men in France is \$5,000.

More men are said to have reported in one day for American war service than all the missionaries who have gone to foreign fields in the last fourteen years.

Referring to the need of the soldiers for the Bible, President Wilson says: "They will need the support of the only Book from which they can get real comfort."

The American transport "Tuscania," which carried 2,235 persons, was torpedoed on a transatlantic voyage. One hundred thirteen officers and men lost their lives.

Some of the new concrete ships are built upside down, to make the casting process easier, and are not turned right side up until launched. The plan was first adopted in one of the Norwegian shipyards.

Africa's need of the gospel is shown by the fact that in one town not far from a mission station, twenty wives of one man, all suspected of having caused his death by witchcraft, were buried alive in his grave.

Uncle Sam is careful that his boys drink pure water. A collapsible filter bucket is seen in every large camp where American soldiers are to be found. Although certain kinds of drinks are taboo, water is always on tap.

Our Government has published a black list, a list of financial and commercial concerns with which Americans are forbidden to deal. It contains the names of about seventeen hundred firms and corporations in Cuba, Mexico, and South America, suspected of having German connections and sympathies.

The Y. W. C. A. has set aside \$1,000,000 for use in other countries. Part of this fund is to be used for social service work among the Red Cross nurses at the base hospitals in France. Warm, comfortable buildings will be erected near the munitions plants and factories, to accommodate the tired women and girls who at the present time have not even a warm place in which to eat their midday lunch.

Railroad men say that when Secretary McAdoo took control of the railroads in this country, he assumed the management of the greatest transportation system in the world. The total length of the railroads of the United States is approximately equal to those of Europe and Asia combined. The tracks, if laid in a continuous line, would girdle the earth with steel eleven times at the equator, and the locomotives on those railroads would fill four tracks each 385 miles in length.

Browning's "Saul"

THE religion of Browning, as set forth in his poems, was based upon the belief in a God of love. Man's nature, whether he is conscious of it or not, is continually reaching out for understanding and sympathy; and it is in this seeking that his salvation lies. "'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do!" When the Christian realizes in its entirety the fact that God is love, he has gained the highest point in his soul's experience.

This imperative necessity for a God of love is set forth in "Saul." The poem is based on 1 Samuel 16: 14-23.

David, summoned from his flocks by the king, was greeted by Abner, who told him that for a space of three days no sound had escaped from Saul's tent. He gave David his blessing.

The scene is pictured in a few vivid words. The raging heat, the powder-burned sand, the dried and withered grass, in the midst of which rises the king's black pavilion, make a background in perfect harmony with the poem.

David "knelt to the God of his fathers," then groped his way through the darkness of the first and second inclosures, and entered the tent fearlessly, saying, "Here is David, thy servant!" There was no answer; and at first his sun-dazzled eyes could discern nothing in the gloom; but gradually he distinguished the main prop of the pavilion, and against it a figure, "gigantic and blackest of all." A sunbeam, bursting through the tent roof, revealed Saul.

Heavily he hung there, caught in the clutch of his deadly melancholia, tense, silent, unthinking. Here Browning finds opportunity for one of his vivid similes. He compares Saul to a king serpent, alone in his pine, waiting for his change and deliverance in the springtime.

David, trusting to the power of music where words were futile, unwound the lilies from his harp strings (placed there to keep the strings from snapping in the fearful heat), and began to play. Softly, sweetly he drew from the strings the placid melody which he played when the sheep returned one by one to the fold at night,

". . . as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far!"
Then he played the tunes with which he had learned to charm the wild things of the woods. Coming closer to human life, he played the song of the reapers; the weird wail of the mourners at the bier; the glad lilt of the marriage music; and the stately chant of the Levites as they ministered at the altar.

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VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 7, 1918

No. 19

Nature Speaks

G. S. LIVINGSTON

NATURE speaks a varied language
Through the birds and bees and flowers,
Whispering winds and laughing sunshine,
Come to cheer our sober hours.

There's a balm of sweet communion
In the woods and in the fields,
And the heart is cheered and brightened
As it this communion feels.

Nature, also, has a lesson,
Taught by spring's transforming hour,
Of the time when saints immortal
Feel the resurrection's power.

As the bursting buds of springtime
Gladly wake to view the sun,
So the sleeping saints of ages
Shall behold the coming One.

Courts of Justice in Peru

REID S. SHEPARD

MOHO is a border town between Peru and Bolivia. Like other border towns, it has its share of lawless people. The petty officials are in a position to take advantage of the unfortunate persons who come under their power, and this they do with impunity, because their salary is dependent upon their ability to abstract money from the public.

For some time our workers in this locality had complained that Indians who had become Christians were being put in prison on false charges. Finally we visited Moho. All the way from the dock,—the town is three miles distant,—Indians came to us with a tale of woe. We determined to interview the judge, and upon inquiry learned that he would be at his office in about an hour. We decided to wait, and returned to our horses, which we had left at one side of the plaza.

While we were talking, and eating a lunch, our attention was attracted by a commotion in the plaza. A very angry man was pointing to an Indian who was sitting quietly on a bench. Our local evangelist said: "That is one of our best Indian brothers. I wonder what they will do with him?" We watched until we saw the soldiers (policemen in Peru) lead him off to jail.

We were not only surprised, but a little anxious. It looked as if the authorities were going to show us what they could do. We immediately followed the soldiers to the jail, and to our surprise found four more of our brethren in confinement. Two of them were Indians who had followed us from the dock.

The president of our union mission, Elder E. L. Maxwell, was with us and acted as spokesman. He turned to the lieutenant governor,—who corresponds to our sheriff,—and asked: "Why was this man arrested?" "Because he was stirring up rebellion against the government among the Indians," replied the official. When we tried to explain to him that he was mistaken, he became the more angry, and turning his back upon us, hurried up the street, striking his boots with his riding whip. He stopped on the next

corner and was surrounded by a group of Spaniards. They laughed and joked at our expense, and showed clearly by their actions that they were our enemies.

We were at a loss to know what to do. It was very evident that we were in a hostile community. All the people had left us except the Indians, and the soldiers who were guarding the jail. What were we to do? Our brethren were in prison, falsely charged. They were held there by men who had no use for us or our work. At last we entered into conversation with the soldiers. Among them were several young men anx-

ious to become acquainted with Americans. All the young men of Peru have a great desire to learn to speak English. And while only half a block away there was a group of laughing, jesting enemies, we had a very pleasant visit. We told them interesting things about America, and made inquiries that soon won us friends.

Thus we waited, wondering why the judge did not arrive, as it was long past the hour for opening court. Finally we decided that he was purposely avoiding us, and determined to visit him at his home. In order to reach his house we must pass the group of men on the corner. As we started, the lieutenant governor walked down the street, and later we saw him in consultation with the priest. Not finding the judge, we returned to the jail and our soldier friends.

Elder Maxwell was inquiring the names of the lieutenant governor and the judge, in order that he might be able to make proper complaint on his return to Lima, when suddenly the *cabo* (sergeant) of the soldiers appeared and called out: "Turn those Indians loose, you beasts!" We were dumfounded. Just then we saw the judge walking across the plaza toward his office, and followed to make our complaint.

After asking us to be seated, he commanded the soldiers to bring the prisoners into court. First to appear was the Indian brother we had seen arrested. The lieutenant governor charged him with resisting an officer and being impudent. The judge, in our pres-



INDIAN BOATS ON LAKE TITICACA, PERU

ence, realized that he must be just, and although I thought he knew the man was innocent, he sentenced him to twenty-four hours' imprisonment. The next prisoners were two young believers. (When Indians attend our meetings regularly we call them believers.) They were charged with stealing some boards. They stated that their employer refused to pay them, and they had hidden the boards until he should give them the money they had earned. It afterward appeared that these boys were in company with another boy who was guilty of misdemeanor. When they saw the soldiers coming, the other boy ran away, and these boys were captured. The next day they returned to the mission, telling us that the guilty person had been captured and they had been released.

In the meantime we were wondering what had become of the other brethren we had seen in prison. Upon investigation we found they had been freed.

The next prisoner to appear was a little Indian girl about ten years old. She was accused of stealing fifty bolivians (\$20 gold). It was shown that another Indian had forced her to steal the money. The judge sent the girl back to prison, but told the guard to keep her in the open court until the right person was found. Then other prisoners were called, each charged with some minor offense, and received sentence accordingly.

To say that we were happy as the result of the day's happenings is to put it mildly. In two short hours we were ready to start for home, and our brethren had received justice. Who can doubt that an unseen Power put fear in the hearts of the officials?

Some may ask: "What is the result to our work of such unjust treatment at the hands of government officials?" We answer that in spite of persecution the work goes forward. As the result of less than a year's effort in this locality we have a church membership of one hundred twenty, and sixty other believers are awaiting baptism. About six miles from Moho, where we have only a native evangelist, a church of two hundred members will soon be organized. At present we could keep at least ten white workers busy, and find use for many more native helpers than are now employed.

Shall we not pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his vineyard?

April Fools' Day

EVERY one has heard of April Fools' Day and of the practices on that day, but not many know its origin. The name came into use from the custom of playing practical jokes on friends and neighbors on the first day of April. The origin of this custom is a much-disputed point. Some writers suggest that it is a "farical commemoration of Christ's being sent

from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate, the crucifixion having taken place about the first of April." It seems certain, however, that it is a relic of those "once universal festivities held at the vernal equinox, which, beginning on old New Year's Day, March 25, ended the first of April." This view gains support from the fact that the counterpart of April-fooling had been the custom of India from time immemorial. The Encyclopedia Britannica gives the following:

"It has been plausibly suggested that Europe derived its April-fooling from the French. They were the first nation to adopt the reformed calendar, Charles IX, in 1564, decreeing that the year should begin with the first of January. Thus the New Year's gifts and visits of felicitation which had been the feature of the first of April, became associated with the first day of January, and those who disliked the change were fair butts for those wits who amused themselves by sending mock presents and paying calls of pretended ceremony on April 1.

"Though the first of April appears to have been anciently observed in Great Britain as a general festival, it was apparently not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that

the making of April fools was a common custom.

"In Scotland the custom was known as 'hunting the gowk,' i. e., the cuckoo, and 'April fools' were 'April gowks,' the cuckoo being there, as it is in most lands, a term of contempt.

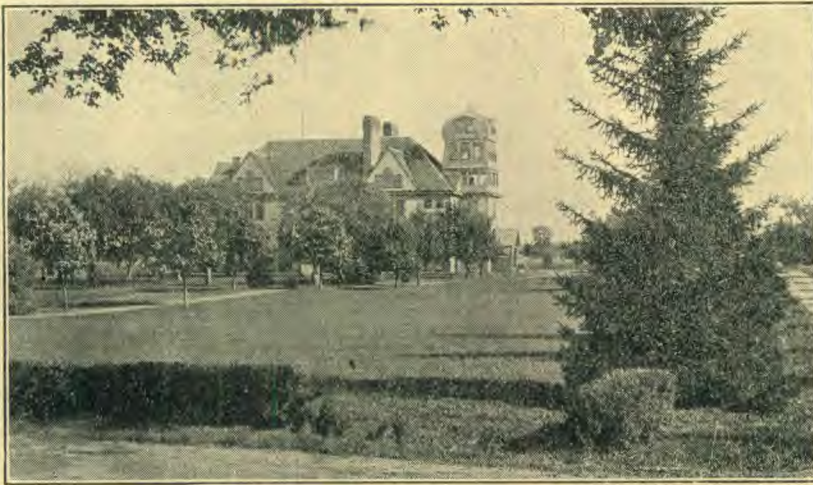
"In France the person befooled is known as *poisson d'avril*. This has been explained from the association of ideas arising from the fact that in April the sun quits the zodiacal sign of the fish. A far more natural explanation would seem to be that the April fish would be a young fish, and therefore easily caught."

GOLDA JAMES.

Uncle Sam's Chef

THE man who has been chosen to feed Uncle Sam, and teach him to eschew wastefulness, was born Aug. 10, 1874. He is a trifle under six feet in height, heavy set, of determined mien, and his name is Herbert Hoover.

He was an orphan sixteen years of age, with only money enough to carry him through one semester, when he entered Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, near San Francisco, California, and took up a course in mining engineering. He was bound to win, and worked as laundry agent and then as the assistant and helper of Professor Branner at the school. In spite of the fact that he worked his way, he was graduated with honors in 1895, and by the time he was twenty-seven was reckoned a millionaire. However, he has never been ambitious for wealth.



THE COLLEGE BUILDING FROM UNDER THE MAPLES

"Oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away."

Because of his marked ability as a business man and organizer, he was made chief engineer of a mining exploit in Yunnan, China, at the age of twenty-six. He was there with his wife when the Boxer uprising occurred, and they met with some harrowing experiences. After this Hoover had charge of the reconstruction of Chinese railroads. A little later he became a prominent member of the firm of Bewick, Moreing & Co., of London. In this capacity he had the oversight of mines in Burma, China, Bolivia, California, Australia, Peru, Mexico, Alaska, South Africa, and Belgium, with 125,000 men under his control.

It is said that for several years the translation of "*De re Metallica*," the work of Georg Agricola, published in 1556, which had defied translation, served Mr. Hoover as a means of recreation.

When the European war broke out, thousands of visitors on the Continent and in England were anxious to return to their homes. A leader was needed who could bring order out of chaos. Mr. Hoover, then living in London, proved to be the man of the hour. Through his clever management 92,000 people were transported, 42,000 of them passing under his direct supervision.

When Belgium was invaded and plundered, a chief was needed for a relief commission, and although Mr. Hoover had opportunity to increase his wealth by engaging in other lines of work, he chose the better part, and went to the succor of suffering, starving humanity. Before long the commission was organized on an efficient working basis. Although there was only \$500,000 on hand when Mr. Hoover took control, he placed orders immediately for \$2,000,000 worth of food every week.

When America entered the war, he was appointed to his present position as Food Administrator. He had been offered similar positions by England and Germany, but Herbert Hoover is a loyal American.

An executive, an organizer, a man who is ready to sacrifice personal ambition for the benefit of humanity, a man who really does things,— such a man is Uncle Sam's chef.

L. V. NICHOLS.

Courage Marks the Nobleman

COURAGE is the mark of nobility. All true noblemen are brave. The man without courage, moral and physical, is a slave no matter what his title or lineage. Hear the wise man on this point: "I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth." Among the ancients, particularly in armies, the horsemen were armed noblemen. The footmen were serfs. Through the streets and roads, on great occasions, the nobleman rode with a footman leading his horse. But the Hebrew philosopher divined that things are not always "what they seem." The man on the horse may be the real slave, the footman the true nobleman.

We have seen slaves in high-powered automobiles while noblemen have stood shivering on the streets, hawking their wares in the ears of the passers. Nobility attacks big tasks courageously; but big things are relative. Let me illustrate.

I sat in a depot near midnight, when a little prince came to me and wanted me to buy a paper. It was an unusual hour, so I asked him why he was not at home in bed. Gradually I drew from him his reluctant little story. He was the oldest of four children— just twelve—and since his father had been killed in a mine disaster he had been struggling to support an invalid mother and the three other children. He went to school half the day and then sold papers far into the night, because, as he put it, "I got to take care of ma and the kids." He was a prince. He was attempting a big task. I offered him more money than his paper was worth, but no, he would not have it.

He was earning, not begging. Ragged he was, to be sure, with the vocabulary of the alley and the manners of the street, but he was a prince.

The Bible is full of this doctrine. As a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he," not only morally, but also in what he has the courage to attempt. Notice the cowardly report of the ten slaves who

went over to spy out the land of Canaan for Israel. "There we saw giants, the sons of Anak, which came of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." Certainly! How frankly they stated the whole problem! They felt small; they were small. And God had to send the whole nation back into the wilderness until the race of slaves had died. But the two noblemen who had also spied out the land, reported, "We are well able to go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it;" and later we hear God exhorting Joshua, "Be strong and of good courage."

There is no man so utterly craven as to have no natural courage. A child grows into a brave man if he is taught to investigate things and thereby dispel his little fears. The child that is taught to fear the dark and the garret and the bogie man and the goblin, comes to maturity with the foundation for larger fears.

Wild animals cringe before the man who is fearless; weak men do his bidding; strong men desire his companionship; commerce beckons to him; science and nature court him; love smiles upon him; armies follow him; religion indorses him; and if he be a true nobleman, the oppressed bless him. Grief cannot overwhelm him, and dangers are but challenges.

The chances of success are all in favor of the courageous man. The doing of great things is largely dependent upon the courage to attempt them. The difference between noblemen and serfs is not so much in what they accomplish or what they possess, or even in the knowledge that they may gain; but it is fundamentally in what they have the courage to undertake.



A WINTER SCENE

The air is white as a nun, with the whirling, thistledown grace
Of midnight flakes, and every one a fret of fairy lace.

The average man never attempts more than average tasks, with average courage, and consequent average results.

He who aspires to be a nobleman must each day attempt some task that taxes his courage. Do you fear something? Analyze and conquer that fear. Study to be courageous, and God and man will accord you a place among the nobility. You will be ranked among the men of deeds. P. L. THOMPSON.

Meeting the Test

IN my boyhood days there was an intense longing in my heart for a better understanding of the Bible, but it faced me like a stone wall which I could not seem to find a way to scale.

In the summer of my fifteenth year I returned to the city after working for some time on a farm. There I met a Bible worker who had been giving readings at our home for several weeks. I became intensely interested in the studies. It seemed at last that I was to understand those things which I had always longed to fathom. In the fall of 1911, I went to work in a grocery store. Father being dead, my wages were about our only means of family support.

As the Bible lessons progressed, the conviction began to grow in my mind that the Adventists were right. Immediately there came a fierce struggle. If the Adventists were right, why were there so few of them? They were not popular anyway, I argued; and besides how could it matter which day one kept, since Christ nailed the law to the cross? Thus I reasoned in my attempt to drive out of my mind the thought of becoming an Adventist. But the harder I fought the stronger the conviction as to what I should do was pressed upon me, and I could not get away from it. It is hard for human nature to surrender when doing right involves a sacrifice. I always met every inquiry of the Bible worker with the statement, "I want to get a little more light." It was not more light I needed, for I knew what was right, and this fact gradually dawned upon my mind. At last I became almost frantic, and reached the conclusion that I must either accept the Bible truth or give up everything.

On my way to work one Friday morning, my heart was as heavy as lead. The earth seemed iron under my feet and the heavens brass over my head.

"What are you so gloomy about?" asked the proprietor of the store, after I had been at work for some time.

"Well, Mr. Hanna, I have been thinking some sober thoughts of late," I replied.

"What seems to be the trouble, my boy?"

"I have been wondering if you would let me off Saturday," I answered.

"I don't see how I can possibly do it," he said, thoughtfully; "Saturday is my busiest day."

My heart sank within me at these words.

"Why do you want to get off Saturday?" he questioned.

"Mr. Hanna, I have been studying the Bible of late, and have come to the conclusion that Saturday, the seventh day of the week, is the Sabbath of God, and the day we should keep holy."

"Oh! that is all foolishness," he cried; "Saturday, the old Jewish Sabbath, was given only to the Jews. It is not to be observed by the followers of Christ."

"That isn't the way Christ talked when he was on earth. He said, 'The Sabbath was made for man,'"

I answered quietly. "I don't possibly see how you can limit that to the Jews. You and I are both men. If the Sabbath was made for man, it was therefore made for you and me. There is no way of reasoning around it that I can see."

"Well, I can't let you off Saturday. I can't be bothered in that way," and I saw by the expression of his face there was no mercy there.

"You will have to get some one else," I replied quietly, "for my mind is made up."

"Hosford, are you going to let a good job go that easily?" he warned. "All I have to do is to step onto the streets to see men walking up and down looking for work. There is no work—not even for a man who works six days in a week. How will you come out by working only five? Here it is the middle of the winter; how do you think you will live?"

"The Lord will provide," was all I could say, because of the lump in my throat. I knew that what he said was true, and that made it doubly hard. It was the dead of winter. Factories were closed, and a large number of men were out of employment. I could see no way out of the difficulty, but I knew there was power to make a way with One who had said, "Be still, and know that I am God."

I walked to the back of the store, and when I came to the front again, Mr. Hanna turned to me and said, "I am going to open the store next door also, soon, and if you will stay with me I will put you in charge of it with a good substantial increase of salary. You can go to night school, and by studying evenings you will soon be ready for college."

"And work Saturdays?" I asked cautiously.

"Yes," he replied.

"It is impossible, Mr. Hanna. Eternal life is of far greater importance to me than all the jobs in town. So far as a living is concerned, my Father took care of me when I didn't serve him, and now when I begin to serve him he won't let me starve to death," I replied simply.

"Well, you are a fool! I thought you had a lot of common sense, but I guess I was mistaken," was all he said.

As I did not think it would be fair to leave him in the middle of the week, I consented to stay until my week ended, which was Tuesday night. My heart was heavy, but I determined not to worry, and so tried to go whistling about my work.

When Tuesday night came, Mr. Hanna said to me, "Can you get some one to come in your place Saturday?"

"Yes," I replied.

"All right. Speak to him about coming next Saturday and come back to work tomorrow morning."

My heart was much lighter that night as I went whistling home. The Lord had opened the way. He had verified his promise to me, and it made my heart rejoice.

I have since learned the joy of casting every burden and every care at the Master's feet. There is a great joy and rest in depending upon Divine Power, which brings peace. I am glad he says, "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee; . . . thou art mine," "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

GRANT HOSFORD.

BEAUTY, without kindness, dies unenjoyed and undelighting.—*Johnson.*

The Russian Wonder

JASCHA HEIFETZ, Russia's famous violinist, was born in 1901, three years before the Russo-Japanese War. At the age of three the little fellow stood in a chair while his father gave him music lessons on a box supplied with strings. The boy's talent soon outdistanced the father, and he was sent to the Royal School of Music at Vilna. He made his first public appearance at the age of five, before a large and representative audience. Two years later he was graduated from the School of Music, and immediately taken to Petrograd, where the distinguished master, Prof. Leopold von Auer, pronounced him one of the most astonishing geniuses he had ever heard. At the tender age of nine he was engaged for a solo appearance with the symphony orchestra at Pavlovsk and Odessa. These concerts drew audiences of five thousand people. Now, at the age of seventeen, he has taken the musical world by storm.

Heifetz gave recitals in many of the different countries of Europe, and then came to America shortly after the beginning of the European war. This year he is making a tour of the country. When he played in Vienna the seats in the music hall were sold out long before the time for the concert. American audiences are no less appreciative. He has played several times at the Carnegie Hall, the Waldorf-Astoria, and the Biltmore Hotel in New York City, and to capacity audiences in large halls in other cities, seats selling from fifteen to twenty dollars apiece.

What a pity it would have been if Jascha's father had not recognized the dormant abilities of his small son! What a blessing would have been lost to the world! His music has inspired many a heart with a desire for higher and nobler living.

The world is casting its laurels at the feet of this talented young musician. But in spite of the honors showered upon him, he is humble and unaffected, not in the least proud of his attainments. Only a truly great character can stand on the pinnacle of fame and not become dizzy.

BERNARD THOMPSON.

Helping the Other Fellow

TRYING to get everything good for yourself hurts you in the end," says Henry Ford. He has demonstrated that the business of making others happy pays commercially. But the fact that it pays is not his first consideration. To make other people happy is his greatest desire.

"Mr. Ford is not in the automobile business," asserts Samuel Marquis, of the sociological department of the Ford Motor Company. "Mr. Ford shoots about fifteen hundred cars out of the back door of his factory every day just to get rid of them. They are but the

by-products of his real business, which is the making of men."

William Carey said, "My business is to preach Christ, but I cobble shoes to pay expenses." So Mr. Ford's business is the training of men, but he manufactures automobiles on the side to pay the expenses of his main business.

The Ford idea is to develop in a man the capacity for happiness and at the same time increase his efficiency, or earning capacity, so that he may have what he has been taught to enjoy. This capacity for happiness is developed by cultural training, and his earning capacity by vocational training. But the two are combined. Cultural possibilities are found in vocational training. Education does not consist in developing the human intellect alone. That is not enough. Will, thoroughness, accuracy, honesty, and a sense of the dignity of labor need to be developed to increase human happiness.

Mr. Ford sees the possibility of developing a man's mind and soul in the training of his hand.

A man cannot be happy unless he is right in his relation to his employer, his family, and his community; you cannot add to a man's happiness unless you increase his usefulness. This is the Ford idea. One must be able to give more in order

to get more. "Help the other fellow" is the motto and spirit of the Ford institution. Henry Ford has done this in a way that other manufacturers and employers affirmed was impossible. It is refreshing to occasionally find a man who has the courage of his convictions with no fear of "impossibles."

Mr. Ford is a self-made man. A graduate from a university once said of him: "If Henry Ford had had a technical training, he would have known better than to have attempted some of the things he has accomplished." He is also a manufacturer and a philanthropist. Mr. Ford is a lover of peace, but a true American as well, and today is making a great sacrifice of personal interests in order to help make the world "safe for democracy."

GLADYS KING.



UP THE ST. JOE, NEAR BEAR CAVE
"Meadows trim, with daisies pied."—Milton.

The Pilgrim

So prone was he to find
Some good in all mankind,

So quick to stop and heed
The cry of those in need,

And so disposed to say
Nothing to mar one's day,

That heaven, with love abrim,
Did not seem strange to him.

—Ralph M. Thomson, in the *Christian Herald*.

By love serve one another.—Paul.

The Y. M. C. A. and the War

GLADYS ADAMS

IF physicians, surgeons, and Red Cross nurses are needed to conserve the physical welfare of the army and navy, much more are spiritual workers needed to minister to the moral and spiritual welfare of the men and so protect both body and soul. Dr. John R. Mott, general secretary of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., says: "The Y. M. C. A. is on the threshold of one of the greatest opportunities that has come to it in all its history—that of serving a million or more of the flower of the manhood of our country who are being called to the colors."

The task is truly an enormous one when you consider that the association members do not number more than three quarters of a million, and they are suddenly called upon for service.

However, the association is not without experience in caring for the needs of soldiers. It accomplished much among the American troops during the Spanish-American War. It was also given the responsibility of ministering to the hundreds of thousands of Japanese soldiers on the plains of Manchuria in the Japanese-Russian War. Then came the more recent experience on the Mexican border.

Here more than forty buildings were erected by the Y. M. C. A. The following extract from a letter written from Camp Pershing, El Paso, Texas, shows how the work being done is appreciated by the soldiers:

"DEAR PAL: You ought to know something about the work of this life-saver, the Young Men's Christian Association. . . . The 'Y' here is good and strong, with a big comfortable shack for every brigade. Since our shack opened, the Mesa bar and Bill's place are pretty well deserted. Mother gets more letters and the United States Government gets more efficiency. If you have loved ones at home, you cannot resist the open ink bottles and the pens and the paper. It makes you ashamed to think that the 'Y' is more interested in your loved ones than you are. It hands you out religion in doses a man can take. It tightens up the halter that gets loose when a man is away from home. It assures you that some one is interested in you, no matter who or where you are. Who pays? I don't know, but whoever it is, God bless them!"

International and world-wide in its outreach though the association movement has been, never before has it been called to such heroic and daring service as is now being rendered in Europe. In the 1,600 "huts" in the military camps of England, France, Egypt, and elsewhere, and in dugouts in the forward trenches

along the fighting line, the association is now serving humanity. In order to meet the new demands created by the entry of the United States into the war a National War Work Council has been organized under the chairmanship of Mr. William Sloane, with Dr. John R. Mott as general secretary.

It is the aim of this council to put the work of the association on an efficient, well-organized basis. Plans for the coming year estimate that \$35,000,000 is needed in order to care efficiently for the United States troops at home and abroad, for the Russian, French, and Italian army work, and to place the red triangle banner in the prison camps of the warring nations. That the nation at large appreciates the Christian service rendered by the association was shown by its prompt response of \$5,000,000 when the call was made last year to provide \$3,000,000 for the support of the service. If the same co-operation is given in raising the present

subscription goal of \$35,000,000, the plans can be successfully carried out.

At least two hundred buildings must be erected, and a staff of five secretaries selected for each one. These buildings will provide large meeting-rooms for religious services, en-

tertainments, and concerts. In them are found correspondence facilities, rooms for Bible and other educational classes, as well as games, pianos, and phonographs.

As an evidence of what will be involved in supplying correspondence paper alone, it may be said that in a single association building in England, soldiers have written 3,000 letters in twenty-four hours. It is costing the Canadian association this year \$60,000 to supply correspondence paper for the "huts" with their forces overseas. Yet, as one Canadian secretary says: "I challenge any one to set a money value on what these millions of letters home have meant and will yet mean to the life of Canada."

Religious services are held on Sunday, beginning at 6:30 A. M. The buildings are used for services by Roman Catholic and Hebrew chaplains as well as by those representing Protestant denominations. It is a recognized fact that it is difficult to interest the average man in religion in his home environment; but on the battle field a great difference is seen. Many times the speaker has hard work to find standing room on the platform in the crowded building. The sermon is generally brief. Several songs are sung, and then an invitation is given for the men to sign "Forward Step" cards, which contain pledges on abstinence from



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UNITED STATES ARMY Y. M. C. A. TENT

liquor, tobacco, profanity, obscene language, or unclean living. There are also pledges on Bible reading, attendance at religious services each week, and consecration of their lives to Christ. The cards are passed along the row and no one is ashamed to take one. The remark is often heard, "Turn around, Bill, and let me use your back," and men are seen all through the audience signing their cards in this fashion. The chaplain, secretary, or any of the workers are ready at any time to have personal talks with the boys, and advantage is often taken of this opportunity.

The cordial welcome extended to every man in the service has been so much appreciated that to many the well-known letters "Y. M. C. A." mean "You May Come Again."

John R. Mott

AS a leader in the religious and missionary activity of university and college students of the world, John R. Mott is without a peer. Mr. Mott has now passed middle life, being born at Livingston Manor, New York, during the Civil War.

In 1888 he was graduated from Cornell University, and since that time has been a religious leader of students. He founded the Student Volunteer Movement, an organization of college students who pledge themselves to prepare for work in the mission fields, and as a result of its influence thousands of young men and women have already joined the forces in the fields beyond.

To make the work more far-reaching, he later organized the World's Christian Federation, which is world-wide in scope and seeks to promote the spiritual life, as well as lead students to undertake definite Christian service.

During Taft's administration, Mr. Mott at one time was anxious to raise one million dollars for some buildings in the Far East. President Taft opened the White House for a conference. The amount was quickly subscribed, and later doubled.

The high standing of Mr. Mott among the leading men of America is further shown by the fact that he was asked by President Wilson to represent the United States as minister to China. This office, however, he declined, realizing the greatness of his present work, and the possibilities for result-getting service in unifying the efforts of the churches and directing the Christian activity of the college and university students.

Mr. Mott is the author of several books on the subjects to which he has devoted his life. "Strategic Points in the World's Conquest" was his first production. Later he wrote, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation" and "Pastor and Modern Missions."

ANDREW P. PETERSEN.

THE Chinese believe that a loud noise will kill the evil and malicious spirits. Consequently when a Chinese boat crew makes ready to hoist anchor, the first ceremony is to unpack the firecrackers and slaughter the evil spirits.

Statue of Liberty

FRANCE and America have been bound together by golden ties of sympathy since the time Lafayette so nobly fostered the cause of the American Revolution. The noble sentiment between these two peoples is often referred to in literature; sometimes it finds an outlet in oratory; and again it is expressed in sculpture. American armed forces are now on French soil, fighting for democracy; paying in part our debt to France and her people.

In the harbor of the metropolis of the world, New York, on Bedloes Island, stands the Statue of Liberty given us by France on the one hundredth anniversary of American independence. The work was not entirely completed until 1886. It was designed and executed by M. Bartholdi, a French sculptor. The appropriateness of the subject, Liberty, cannot be questioned. Liberty guards the gateway of the greatest of nations, that has clung to principles of freedom from its earliest history, affirming that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The statue itself is one hundred eleven feet high. From the water level to the top of the pedestal is one hundred fifty feet. The Goddess of Liberty stands erect, with a torch which is large enough to hold twelve persons. In the head forty persons may stand comfortably. The right arm that is raised is forty-two feet long; the hand measures sixteen feet, while Liberty's index finger is eight feet in length; the nail on that finger is thirteen by ten inches. The nose measures four feet, the head more than seventeen feet. Each eye measures two feet, the mouth is three feet wide, and the distance from ear to ear is ten feet.

The bronze statue was donated by France, but the pedestal on which it stands was built with a fund raised by subscription in the United States, the total cost being about \$600,000.

In 1916 the New York *World* raised by popular subscription a fund for the installation of a permanent lighting system. On December 3, President Wilson gave the wireless signal which set the system in motion; the torch flamed and the whole statue was bathed in a soft light.

WALTER MURRAY.

The Steady Worker

WHENE'ER the sun was shining out, Squire Pettigrew would say:

"Now, hurrah, boys! it's just the time to be a-making hay, Because, you see, the sun's so hot 'twill cure it right away!"

Then all the mowers kept right on a-mowing. But when a cloud obscured the sun, Squire Pettigrew would shout:

"Oh, now's the time for working while the sun is blotted out; A cooling cloud like that will make our muscles twice as stout!"

And that's the way he kept his men a-going.

Hence, little did it matter were the weather wet or dry,— If sunshine filled the valleys or if clouds o'erspread the sky,— He'd always think of something which he deemed a reason why

'Twas just the time for him to keep a-working. But, now and then, or so it seemed, the reasons he would seek For working on, were quite far-fetched and faulty, so to speak. But, oh, they were not half so thin as are the many weak Excuses lazy people find for shirking.

—Nixon Waterman.



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JOHN R. MOTT

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



Biblical Alphabet

BESSIE R. PARKER

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath.
Be ye kindly affectioned one to another.
Consider the work of God.
Depart from evil, and do good.
Enter not into temptation.
Fear God and keep his commandments.
God is love.
Honor thy father and thy mother.
In everything give thanks.
Judge not, that ye be not judged.
Keep thy heart with all diligence.
Love of money is the root of all evil.
Man looketh on the outward appearance.
No man can serve two masters.

Owe no man anything.
Pay thy debt.
Quit yourselves like men.
Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
Swear not at all.
Touch not, taste not.
Understanding shall keep thee.
Vain is the help of man.
Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you,
do ye even so to them.
Except a man be born again, he cannot see the
kingdom of God.
Ye younger submit yourselves to the elder.
Zealous of good work.

A Newsboy's Experience

GENEVIEVE APLIN

UNDERNEATH the ragged little coat of the small red-headed newsboy beat a warm and generous heart. Joe knew all about hunger, cold, privation, and blows. His freckled face looked pinched and sad. He had a quick temper, too, but somehow he had learned to control it.

One cold afternoon late in January, Joe and one of his newsboy chums, Pink, came hurrying along the street crying out their papers, "Ree-pub-li-can Register-r! Only two cents!" Joe, in his quick, nervous way, pushed along ahead of Pink and seemed to be making the most sales. Several customers, not caring to wait for their three pennies change, left a whole nickel in Joe's eager hands. His eyes grew very bright and a faint smile curved the grim, blue little lips as he felt the weight of money in his pocket. Visions of a certain wonderful twenty-fifth of January began to dance in his head.

"Here, boy, give me a paper!" A tall man seized a paper from Joe's bundle, and reaching his hand in his pocket, tossed a quarter after him and was gone.

"Oh!" gasped Joe, "look what he give me! A whole quarter! A whole quarter! Hey, Pink! A guy give me a quarter, a whole quarter!"

Pink's eyes narrowed. He was larger than Joe.

"Give it to me," he demanded.

"No, sir."

"I'll get it."

So saying, Pink seized the hand that still held the quarter. Joe frantically pulled away, but in doing so the quarter slipped away from his fingers and rolled along the sidewalk. He reached for it too late. Pink's foot was firmly planted upon the precious coin.

For a moment Joe trembled with anger as he raised his small clenched fist and shook it at Pink.

"You give that back to me, Pink Saunders," he choked, "or I'll tell the policeman on you."

Just then the big policeman, who had been watching the scene with interest, came up and took Pink by the shoulder.

"See here, young man," he said. "I saw what you did. You hand that money back to this boy."

The quarter sparkled in Pink's grimy hand as he held it out sullenly to Joe. Joe looked longingly at it, but his own hand remained in his pocket. Another impulse had seized him.

"Let him have it," he said to the policeman, "but make him give it to his mother. She's sick. I guess—maybe I can get another one some day."

He turned quickly and hurried down the street, hot tears streaming down his cheeks, sobs tearing at his throat. No one should see him cry.

He had gone quite a distance before he realized that some one was following him. As soon as he became aware of this, he hurried faster. But the stranger, whoever he was, seemed to be after him in dead earnest, for he was gaining at every step. Joe turned, half hoping it was the policeman coming to make him take the money after all. But it was not the policeman. A tall man, a very tall man, with the kindest gray eyes and the jolliest smile Joe had ever seen, stood looking down at him. He kept looking and looking, and it seemed to Joe that he could see right down into his heart. It was the first time the boy remembered ever having any one look at him like that. Joe was embarrassed. He wiped off the tears with his coat sleeve, leaving long dirty streaks in their places. But the man still looked and smiled.

At last he said in such a very kind voice, "What is your name, sonny?"

"Joe," whispered the child.

"Joe," said the man, "come back to my office with me where it is warm, and talk with me awhile, will you?"

Joe turned and walked back along the street with him. They came to a large, beautiful building. Once inside his office, the tall man sat down in a big arm-chair and lifted Joe to a place on his knee.

"Joe," he said, "I watched you and Pink and the policeman. Now, tell me why you didn't keep the money. Was it because you were afraid Pink would catch you later?"

"No, sir," answered Joe, quickly; "'cause I kin lick Pink, if he is bigger'n me. But," he continued bravely, "Pink's got a mother and she's sick. I ain't got any mother—just my sister, and she ain't sick, and maybe I can get enough before the twenty-fifth of January, anyway."

"What is the twenty-fifth of January?"

"Why, haven't you heard?" exclaimed Joe. "That's the day all the newsies are going to a great big dinner just for them, and there's going to be a man there to talk to them who doesn't do a thing but look out for newsboys, and maybe, if he likes you, he'll take you back to New York with him to his school where no one but newsies are. And my sister said, if I make ten dollars first I can go. Say, mister, I'd better go now. I ain't sold all my papers yet."

"Did you say you'd no one but your sister, Joe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think she'd miss you very much if you shouldn't go back any more?"

"No, sir. She'd be glad, sir, 'cause she's married and got three children of her own, and she always says I'm just in the way. Her husband, he drinks, and he don't like me around much."

"Very well then, Joe. You take me to see her tomorrow and we'll arrange about the ten dollars and the twenty-fifth of January. You see it's like this, Joe. I know this newsboy man pretty well, and I believe I can persuade him to take you back to New York with him, and maybe, Joe, if you don't object he'll make you his private secretary or something of the sort. I rather think he'll like you well enough. In fact, I think he has become very fond of you in the last few minutes."

A Turning Point

NO, mother, it is asking too much. My mind is fully made up for high school." Thus the matter was settled so far as I was concerned. I had no desire whatever to follow my mother's suggestion that I attend school at the academy. I had already planned a very enjoyable freshman year, and furthermore looked with disfavor upon a Christian school, even though I was a professed follower of Christ.

This was in the early part of July. During the rest of that month and nearly all of August, I remained obdurate. Finally, simply to please my mother, I consented to "try" the academy. I mentally resolved that the said "trial" should not extend longer than the Christmas vacation.

It was with a heavy heart that I gave up my cherished plans and bade farewell to home and high school, and with a still heavier heart that I entered upon the first week of boarding-school life and entirely new surroundings. Of the first month in that academy, I have a very vivid recollection. Harboring a spirit of discontent from the very first, it is no wonder that I failed to "line up." And, thus failing, I turned to criticizing things in general and my teachers in particular. They were, I declared, far inferior to the instructors in my beloved high school. I cultivated a positive dislike for the preceptor; some of the students I studiously avoided, and nearly everything about the school came under my disfavor. The letters which I wrote home were full of this criticism; in fact, mother has since told me that she dreaded to open them. Add to this the fact that my chums at home kept me regularly posted on high-school activities and always took opportunity to remind me of what I was "missing," and the reader will have some idea of my state of mind. Not content with burdening mother and father with my troubles, I began very freely to express my opinion of things to my associates. But here I indeed found "stony ground." I discovered that the majority had no use for "kickers." There were, however, three or four first-year students who, like myself, were there against their wishes. Hence, we were drawn together by mutual bonds of sympathy. This combination, however, proved disastrous, for it only served to fan the flame of discontent in our hearts.

Then, about two months after school opened, mother visited me. How well I remember the day that we walked from the station to the school!

"Well," she said, "just what is the matter?"

"Everything," I replied, and

again I went over my long list of woes with which she was already too well acquainted. When I had finished, she said, quietly, "In my opinion, about ninety-five per cent of this is just you."

"I expected you to say that," I replied with some warmth. "You can't see my side of the matter." She hastened to assure me that she would not insist upon my staying another hour if I desired to leave. By this time we had reached the school. This conversation took place on Friday. Between that time and Sunday, mother had several talks with the principal, preceptor, and one or two of the other teachers. Sunday forenoon I went to my room for a moment, and what was my astonishment to see my suitcase on the floor, nearly full of my things, and mother over in one corner of the room busily packing my trunk.

"What in the world are you doing?" I demanded. Mother turned and quietly replied, "Simply getting your things ready."

"Ready!" I repeated anxiously. "You don't mean to say for one moment that I am going home, do you?"

"That's just what I do mean," she replied, gravely.

Then something strange happened. With a start, I seemed to awaken from an unpleasant dream, and suddenly I realized that I did not want to go home. Like an avalanche came the memory of the experiences of the past eight weeks. The petty things which I



had so harshly criticized shrank to nothingness, and the things which I had stubbornly resisted now came before me with tremendous force,—the Spirit of Christ which I had seen manifested on many occasions in our student gatherings, the unity of students and teachers, the unselfish spirit of service, and the kindnesses and patience of my instructors. I saw it all now.

But during those brief moments of retrospection and introspection, the packing of the trunk continued. And, furthermore, I knew the uselessness of argument. I knew that mother meant what she said. I was going home, and I was *actually miserable*. I wandered aimlessly about the place, ate very little dinner, and finally, in desperation, decided to go to mother and try to change her decision. I did not know that she was longing to do that very thing.

Did I go home?—No. The experience had proved a valuable lesson, and mother was convinced of my newborn sincerity. It was indeed a turning point in my life, for I dread to think what might have been the result had I gone home to my old associations, away from the protection of a Christian school.

CLAYTON PALMER.

Growing Medicinal Herbs

THE enormous increase in the demand for various drugs, caused by the needs of wounded soldiers, and the fact that large quantities of medicaments formerly exported by Germany cannot be secured, has caused the price of medicines to soar.

This has stimulated interest in the growing and gathering of medicinal herbs. Many men and women in the country are thus doing their "bit" to relieve pain and lessen fatalities among our soldiers.

The University of Nebraska has introduced a course in such work in connection with its College of Pharmacy, and last year a garden of "simples," as our forefathers called them, was planted on the campus.

Other countries besides our own are recognizing this need. The Dutch minister of the interior has allotted the Society for Promoting Medicinal Plant Gardens, a portion of the experimental garden of technical plants for the promotion of its aims.

Work in this line is also being done in France. The French have printed a bulletin in which is given a list of herbs which are marketable and can be readily grown.

MARGUERITE TOWS.

Old-Time Postal Rates

THE first law of Congress fixing rates of postage was passed Feb. 20, 1792, and went into effect June 1 of the same year. The charge established for transmitting letters was as follows:

- 1. Not exceeding 30 miles, 6 cents.
 - 2. Over 30 miles and not exceeding 60 miles, 8 cents.
 - 3. Over 60 and not exceeding 100 miles, 10 cents.
 - Over 100 miles and not exceeding 150 miles, 12½ cents.
 - Over 150 miles and not exceeding 250 miles, 17 cents.
 - Over 250 miles and not exceeding 350 miles, 20 cents.
 - Over 350 miles and not exceeding 450 miles, 22 cents.
 - Over 450 miles, 25 cents.
- The person who received the letter paid the postage.

"NEGLECT will sooner kill an injury than revenge."

For the Finding-Out Club

Missing Mountains

THE name of some mountain or chain of mountains, in Europe, will be found in rhyme with the word of the first line of each couplet.

1. If ever I visit foreign parts,
I should like to see the famous —.
2. If I wished for scenery wild and rural,
Of course I should seek it in the —.
3. Or in sultry weather I'd take my ease
On the snowy tops of the —.
4. Then if I'd go where the grapevine twines,
I'd wander about the —.
5. But if the weather were cold and pluvius,
'Twould be best to winter at Mount —;
6. And then, in search of air still purer,
I'll hie me to green Swiss —;
7. And take a look at landscapes Swiss,
While traversing the Mount —;
8. And, as an Indian counts his scalps,
Carve on my stick the name of —;
9. Gazing upon the eternal snows
Far from the summit of Mount —;
10. Not being ready with our pens,
We can't describe the French —;
11. I'll set myself a task still harder,
And climb the Sierra —;
12. None being so fond of talk as us,
We'll learn Circassian on the —;
13. Too tired, though, to have a talk on
The summit of the lofty —.

— Schoolroom Games.

Hoarding

BEFORE the war very little was said about hoarding. In fact, the word was seldom used, except in connection with the hoarding of money, and had little of the meaning now attached to it. The individual who looked beyond his present needs and bought supplies was merely considered a thoughtful business man and a good provider. He was not looked upon as one who might bring hardship to his neighbors who, because of necessity, must live "from hand to mouth."

Today there is a demand to ship certain foods abroad, and therefore a scarcity at home, and the man who buys in advance of present needs is called a hoarder. Laws recently enacted have made hoarding an offense. The Government is making every effort to supply the needs of its citizens, and also to help our allies.

While the hoarding of food and fuel has but recently come to be looked upon as wrong, in another sense hoarding has always been a violation of Christian principles. Those who know Christ owe a debt to their fellow men. Christ said: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." In amplifying this Christian duty Jesus said: "Ye are the light of the world. . . . Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick." The Christian who fails to impart truth is a hoarder; he who gives freely will be enriched by the giving.

ANDREW P. PETERSEN.

Tributes to Personal Work

WHEN a young person reaches some crisis in life,—and we all meet crises which stand as dubious guideposts to the future and certain milestones marking the past,—his heart naturally reaches out for a solution of the soul-perplexing problem. Cool common sense must come to his aid, or some overwhelming emotion—perhaps wild recklessness, black discouragement, stubbornness, or utter indifference—will mold or fashion his life.

That a deciding time has come can be easily seen. Friends perceive the inward struggle and long to help, but there must be assurance of mutual regard, and a tender tactfulness on the part of the friend in order to restore peace and win the day. A plain argument may not do it, and a very pressing interest, though well meant, may not do it. It requires inspiration.

Through various agencies this personal work has been accomplished. Sometimes the interest of relatives, friends, or church officers; a letter or a friendly visit; or a combination of certain circumstances has influenced one to decide for the right. The members of a college class in the English department at Emmanuel Missionary College were asked to relate the experiences they had had in which personal work was a help to them. The result was interesting as well as helpful, and should encourage us to do more personal work. Extracts from these talks are given here:

Personal Work of Relatives

"My mother has always been my dearest friend. Once, when I decided that the reward of effort offered by the world, the pleasures that go with it, and a life for self were worth more than a life spent in the service of God, a letter was written to her telling of my decision. She must have wept bitterly when she read of how I planned to desert the sacred purpose she had always held before me. With the love that rings true in the crisis, a love that comes by sacrificing for another, mother replied to the letter. Advice that bore the impression of true charity for my soul, burned an everlasting imprint on my heart, and I turned to serve my God with a renewed purpose."

"When I was ten years old my aunt, while visiting at our home, asked me when I was going to be baptized. This was a step which I had thought of as inevitable but far in the future, and looked forward to it with dread. We had always been Adventists, but to me the thought of making a public acknowledgment of Christ was something to be dreaded rather than desired. Replying to my aunt's question, I said I did not know.

"She then told me that when she was baptized it seemed as she came up out of the water that she was as white as snow. She told me of the wonderful feeling it gave her and the vision she then had of her Saviour's love. This impressed me deeply, and after she had gone I could not shake off the feeling of how black my sins had made me, and to my heart there came the great desire to receive this outward token of sins washed away. As soon as possible I united with my Lord in baptism, and I have never regretted that I took the step so young."

A Christian Friend

"The summer before I was graduated from the high school, I met a young lady at camp-meeting who talked to me about a Christian education. I was impressed with the fact that she believed absolutely in the necessity of such an education, and I then deter-

mined that I would work for Christ, and as soon as possible enter one of our schools to receive the necessary training."

A Missionary at Home

"I plainly remember the first time I ever stated my intentions of becoming a missionary. I was but five years old, attending a Methodist Sunday school, when a returned missionary spoke to the primary department about giving oneself to Jesus. When she finished speaking, she took a seat next to me, took my hands in hers, and said, "You're going to be a missionary for Jesus some day, aren't you?" I said, "Yes;" and I really meant it. When I attended high school, and at times thought of what I would do when I finished my school days, I could never definitely decide, for invariably that promise to my Saviour would come to me. When I became an Adventist and dedicated my life to him and to his service, great joy came to me as I remembered the words of that dear missionary who was the first to put a desire into my heart to work for One who gave his life for me."

Interest of a Sabbath School Superintendent

"A new Sabbath school had been organized with a membership of forty, and I was asked to serve as its secretary. After almost three years of service in this capacity, at an election of officers, it was suggested that I had been re-elected often enough and that some one else ought to fill the place. This change was made during an extended absence of the superintendent, and upon his return he said to me, 'Well, Gladys, I understand that I have a new assistant. I am sorry to lose you. I'd like to ask you if you felt any resentment or hardness toward the church members on account of the election?'

"I do not remember my answer, only that it was in the negative, and that I was very much surprised at such a question; for, though it would have been natural, such a thought had not even suggested itself to me.

"'I am glad to hear it,' he replied, 'for I have been asking the Lord to sustain you.'

"That remark surprised me still more. I was only fifteen, and I do not know that I comprehended then all the lesson those words have since been to me. They meant then that the superintendent had a personal interest in me, and his faith to ask God for seemingly such a simple thing gave me great confidence in him and greater faith in God."

The Influence of Letters

"Great diligence should be shown in writing good, cheery, interesting letters to our friends. From personal experience I can testify as to their value, believing as I do that letters, especially those of one faithful friend, were a large factor in influencing me to give up public school work and return to Emmanuel Missionary College to receive special preparation for the Master's service. I was interested in my work, and had entered into it so heartily that as time passed I found myself losing interest in the great work which we as a people feel that we are commissioned to do. But I could not entirely forget, because this friend persisted in writing to me of the many interesting things which happened in her work, together with the College news. She never closed her letter without emphasizing the need of workers and referring to the time when I would be back in the work, usually ending with an appeal to come soon. At last the decision was

made, and I am sure these letters had much to do with bringing it about."

A Note in a Crisis

"I knew what I ought to do, during the week of prayer, but a queer indifference, half discouragement, possessed me. I did not speak of it to any one, but sat through each meeting, miserably tormented by my accusing conscience. I could not, and would not, give up my will entirely to the Master.

"Toward the end of the week a friend said to me, very quietly, 'You are not so happy as I am.' Then, 'Will you go to the meeting with me tonight?'

"I went, not very eagerly, however. While many were answering the call for consecration, a little note was slipped upon the arm of my chair.

"It is so little to do, and means so much for you. Can you not do it? Just stand up."

"That little word tipped the balance. I have never regretted the step I took that night."

A Friendly Greeting

"We generally consider personal work specific. We think of it as the speaking to another of his soul's salvation; but that is not the kind of personal work that has done me the most good. I refer to speaking to our fellows on the street. It seems so common, yet is it? I have been totally ignored by an acquaintance when meeting him upon the walk. And as I passed on I thought it over and began to feel pessimistic and sour. Then again I have met a friend on the street who greeted me with a cordial word, set in smiles, that brought cheer to my heart and scattered the clouds. I believe it brought me nearer heaven than much of the so-called personal work."

The Advice of a Teacher

"It so happened that things did not go my way in the school here, and I hastily decided to go away. I packed my trunk, boxed my books, and secured a drop voucher from all my classes. But right here an unforeseen something came in the way. The president of the school talked with me an hour and a half. He thought I ought not to go. A teacher spent the evening study hour in my room. The next day I had two or three long conferences with another teacher. However, I decided not to stay.

That afternoon, on the way out from dinner, a third teacher spoke to me. He did not talk like the rest. He showed me from his own long experience, the emptiness of the things of the world. I wavered in my decision, and finally stayed in school. I have never regretted this step." CLARENCE M. ELLIOTT.

History of the Stamp

BRAZIL was the first country to take up the new invention, which Sir Rowland Hill induced the English government to adopt, in its present form, in 1840. In 1845 Russia adopted the postage stamp; in 1846, Switzerland; and on March 3, 1847, the Congress of the United States authorized the issue of postage stamps in the form with which we are now familiar.

Stamped envelopes were common in the early days of postage. M. de Valayer, who owned a private post line in the city of Paris, was first to use them. In 1758, M. de Chamousset issued printed postage slips to be attached to letters.

Stamped covers for mail matter were used in Spain and Italy in 1716, but not until 1840 were stamps, as we now know them, introduced. In the United States

the first denominations issued were five- and ten-cent stamps, but a reduction of postage rates in 1851 gave a new set of stamps valued at one, three, five, ten, and twelve cents respectively. Reductions in both foreign and domestic postage frequently took place.

Postage in this country was based first on the zone system. Before 1845 the rate on letters varied from six cents to twenty-five cents for a distance of thirty to more than four hundred miles. At this time postage was reduced to five cents for three hundred miles or less, and ten cents for any longer distance. In 1863 a uniform rate of postage without regard to distance was fixed at three cents, provided it did not exceed three thousand miles. Oct. 1, 1883, the rate was further reduced to two cents, the equivalent of the British penny postage. This was for letters weighing one-half ounce or less. In 1885 Congress decided that two cents was sufficient to carry a letter weighing an ounce or less to all parts of the United States and Canada. Eight changes have been made during the past seventy years, which is the time in which we have had the general form of postage used today. The last change was a raise of rate from two to three cents, Nov. 2, 1917. GOLDA JAMES.

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Our Counsel Corner

CAN you give any advice as to how to reach a student who has been in one of our schools several years, and who, though of excellent moral character and interested in sensible, girlish pursuits, has never responded to appeals to become a Christian?

E. M. L.

In answering your question please permit me to refer you to the words of our blessed Master, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Follow Jesus! To really follow him means everything to the one who bears a burden for lost souls.

Of course it is impossible for you and me to fathom the depths of yearning and love for the lost which our Saviour experienced while here upon earth, yet we may know when, and where, and how he received his strength for saving the lost. The secret is disclosed in these words, "Rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Follow Jesus! Where? Into "a solitary place"—your closet; and there do what?—pray!

Another has well said: "Talking to men for God is a great thing, but talking to God for men is greater still. He will never talk well and with real success to men for God who has not learned well how to talk to God for men."

Let us follow Jesus in every way, but if one way is of more importance than another, I believe that way is secret prayer. Then we shall be "fishers of men."

E. B. J.

Can young people who have read back Senior Reading Courses but have not written reviews, receive certificates?

E. B.

Yes, by making out a certifying card for each book read.

The Sabbath School

VII — Joseph in Egypt

(May 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 39: 1-6, 17-23; 40.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper." Gen. 39: 23.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 214-219; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 112, 113.

"By my tasks of every day,
By the little words I say,
By the friendships which I make,
By the roads my footsteps take,
My allegiance I proclaim,—
My allegiance to a name,—
Prove my right His cross to wear,
Cross and name of Christ to bear."

—George Klinge.

Questions

1. Relate briefly how Joseph came to be in Egypt. To whom did the Ishmaelites sell Joseph? Gen. 39: 1.
2. How is Joseph's faithfulness in all his duties clearly shown? Verses 2, 3. Note 1.
3. How did Potiphar show his confidence in Joseph's ability and fidelity? What good came to his home because of this? Verses 4-6.
4. For how many years did Joseph serve Potiphar? Note 2.
5. What was done with Joseph because of a false accusation against him? Verse 20.
6. How was he at first treated? Ps. 105: 17-19.
7. Whose favor did he gain? What authority was given to him? What was the secret of his success? Verses 21-23.
8. After a time who were placed in the same prison? Gen. 40: 1-4.
9. What called Joseph's special attention to these men? Who did he say could interpret dreams? Verses 5-8. Note 3.
10. What was the dream of the chief butler? How did Joseph interpret it? Verses 9-13.
11. What request did Joseph make of the chief butler? Verses 14, 15.
12. What was the chief baker's dream? What was the interpretation? Verses 16-19.
13. How was the interpretation of the dream fulfilled? Verses 20-22.
14. How did the chief butler repay Joseph's kindness? Verse 23. Note 4.

Notes

1. A brief journey and Joseph was transplanted from the simple life of his father's encampment to a city far advanced in civilization. He was probably the only believer in the true God in the midst of a nation where the worship of false gods was surrounded by the splendor of royalty and supported by great wealth. As servant of one of the king's officers he no doubt lived in a beautiful palace. "The young captive, accustomed to the tendernesses of his simple and beloved home, must have trembled as he passed up the pillared avenue, through sphinx-guarded gates, into the recesses of that strange, vast Egyptian palace, where they spoke a language of which he could not understand a word, and where all was so new and strange."

2. Joseph was seventeen years old when he was taken to Egypt. It is supposed that he spent ten years in the service of Potiphar and three in the king's prison.

3. "Adversity seems to have made a man of the youth who was in danger of being spoiled in his father's home. He never repined nor bewailed his hard lot. Stout-hearted and philosophically he resolved to make the best of his position, and he devoted his powers to his master's interest, gaining completely his confidence and becoming his trusted agent. It was our hero's spirit of serviceableness, and his faithfulness to the duty intrusted to him, that won for him favor with Potiphar, and then with the keeper of the prison. He made himself indispensable in whatever position it was his lot to fill. He was sympathetic, too, or he would not have noted the sadness of the two courtiers, or noting it he would have passed on, unwilling to burden himself with their troubles. But here was an opportunity to help, and eagerly he seized it." —Tarbell.

4. "Ingratitude is the most popular sin in the world, perhaps because it is so easy. Usually it only consists in doing nothing. Anybody can accomplish so much. A child can let the fire go out. But the offense of doing nothing is one of the deadliest of the seven deadly sins. It is one of the worst crimes in the big black catalogue of wrong-doing. And the sin of ingratitude is the broad highway to envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, to the cowardly denials of Peter and the bloody treachery of Judas. Guard yourself against it." —Dr. Charles F. Aked.

Browning's "Saul"

(Continued from page two)

He stopped, for the jewels in Saul's turban sparkled with a sudden movement. His body was still motionless, but taking courage from even so faint a sign of life, David sang. Into his song Browning has put his own abounding vigor and love of life, the vitality and eager energy which was so great a part of him.

"How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

He ended in a burst of enthusiasm for Saul's abundant opportunities for the future, and his mighty achievements in the past,

"And all gifts, which the world offers singly, on one head combine!
On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and rage (like the throe

That, a work in the rock, helps its labor and lets the gold go), High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them,—all

Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!"

In an ecstasy of admiration, the young singer's voice rang out on the king's name. Its sound struck through to Saul's consciousness; he shuddered, awoke from his trancelike lethargy. His body was released from the spell, but still his eyes gazed unseeingly before him, without desire for life.

David had sung of material benefits; now he was inspired to sing of the higher existence, the life beyond death. "In our soul is the fruit of this life's branch. Look beyond to the things of the spirit; see that the soul wine flows only with the crushing of this life, like the oil from the palm fruit. For ages to come Saul's name will be revered and extolled among countless generations."

At last the soul of Saul awakened, and he again stood the king. He looked at David with his old grave, kind gaze, and, laying his hand on David's forehead, pushed "all his face back, intent to peruse it as men do a flower." A great wave of filial love and tenderness swept over David, and with all his heart he longed to help his king. With his yearning came a flood of revelation. What he felt in himself, in infinitely greater proportion God felt also. Where David had knowledge, God had omniscient wisdom; where David imagined success, he was confronted by God's perfection; and where David loved, God's love is past understanding; what David would suffer for Saul, God would suffer, and much more, else human love would surpass the divine.

"As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being beloved!"

As David pleaded for the manifestation of divine love to human, he saw that it would be made known through the Saviour, and he pointed Saul forward to the time when it would be—

"A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

The universe thrills with the rapture and awe of David's revelation, and seems in tumult around him as he makes his way home in the night. A. J. George says of the last scene:

"The severity, sweetness, and beauty of the closing scene where David returns to his simple task of tending his flocks, when all nature is alive with the new impulse and pronounces the benediction on his efforts, is not surpassed by anything in our literature."

GERALDINE YOUNG.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued Tuesdays by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - Associate Editor

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription	\$1.75
Six months	1.00

Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	Each	\$1.25
Six months		.75
Three months		.40

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

An Explanatory Note

IN submitting the material for this issue of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, the English department of Emmanuel Missionary College wishes to thank the editor, Mrs. Chase, for the privilege accorded the journalism class, and also for the encouragement her friendly interest in the English work of our schools has been to us.

Each of the thirteen members of the class in journalism for 1917-18 is represented in this issue by a signed article, selected from the last month's work and arranged by the class editors, Clarence Elliott and A. P. Petersen. The missions article is from an alumnus, the remaining original articles and poems are from other classes in the department, and the pictures for the cover and children's pages were taken by F. O. Rathbun. LAURA F. RATHBUN.

A Treacherous Foe

WAR is the current topic of international interest today, and this present war is known as the greatest struggle the world has ever known. But in Revelation 12:7 we learn that the first and mightiest war has been raging since Lucifer fell from heaven, even before our world was spoken into existence.

This war with the evil one is not only world-wide as concerns nations, but is waged against every individual. So mighty a general as Satan, who can carry on continuous combat for more than six thousand years, not only with every individual born into the world but also with the heavenly beings, has methods far beyond human comprehension.

Let us notice his three great methods of attack. First, he makes a bold charge. Unexpectedly he throws his whole power upon us at our weakest point. He watches us, and when he finds that we have neglected our means of communion with Christ, and have failed to put on the "whole armor of God," he succeeds in diverting our gaze from the Saviour, who alone is our source of power, and draws our attention from our purpose.

The second method of attack is a long-continued siege to discourage us. The effort is "to wear out the saints," to break down our patience. We are harassed by evil suggestions, and are made to believe that it is no use to hold out, that we have been mastered before, and that we shall fall again. Discouragement is a chief cause of defeat.

The third method is by subtle strategy. Sin is made to seem attractive and innocent, and its consequences of small importance. The temptation is suggested as

"good for food," as "pleasant to the eyes," and "to be desired to make one wise;" but after the fall, how hideous the lie stands out in its true color!

Is it not important, then, that we keep our eyes riveted upon our purpose, so that the evil one, who is always alert, may not catch us off our guard and we become the victims of his power? INIS MOREY.

Sermon in Rhyme

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own our kinship in the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

— Anonymous.

Extermination Campaign

ON the eighth of last September, when the Federal inspector discovered the larva of a pink bollworm at Hearne, Texas, a campaign of extermination was begun, on the outcome of which depends the future of the cotton industry of the South, if not, indeed, the winning of the war, since cotton holds such an important place in the manufacture of munitions and clothing. Twenty-five entomologists rushed to the point of infestation. Four hundred thirty-eight Negroes from adjacent counties were brought in, one squad being assigned to pulling plants, the other to burning them. Sixty gallons of kerosene were applied to each heap to aid in reducing to ashes.

If we as Christians would use the same energy in ridding our lives of sin, how different we should appear to the world, and what a wholesome influence we should be able to exert. When we realize that one sin will keep us from passing through the gates of heaven, it behooves us to be as faithful in eliminating all defects as the Federal inspector was in trying to exterminate the pink bollworm in the South.

NORA WILLIMAN.