

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

August 27, 1918

No. 35



HARDANGER FIORD, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS FIORDS OF NORWAY

From Here and There

The United States Food Administration issued from Washington June 1, 20,000 diplomas to college girls who had completed the food conservation courses.

The stars in the service flags may stand for lady nurses or others working in the hospitals of the battle fields of France, as well as for the boys in the trenches.

R. H. Windsor, a Negro preacher, claims to hold the record service flag in Louisiana. Of Windsor's nineteen sons, twelve are in the army, one of them a lieutenant and two others sergeants. Eight of the twelve volunteered.

Finland, now virtually under the control of Germany, voted to establish for itself a republican form of government; but Germany demands that a monarchy be declared, otherwise a German military governor will be appointed.

The first military road to be built in the United States is that connecting Camp Humphreys, Virginia, with the national capital. On the first trip, July 27, a thousand officers and men rolled out of the camp for Washington amid enthusiastic cheers of comrades.

Dr. William C. Woodward, who has been health officer for the District of Columbia for twenty-four years, recently accepted the position of Health Commissioner of the city of Boston. Dr. W. C. Fowler, who has been Dr. Woodward's assistant, succeeds his chief.

The "Ever-Warm Safety Suit" is said to be proving 100 per cent valuable as a preserver from drowning and exposure to the cold. It was in use on the "President Lincoln," and the chief electrician of that boat said that it kept him warm and dry and perfectly upright until his rescue.

The first accident of its kind, probably, was that of the killing of the widely known author and critic of music and the drama, Gustav Kobbé, by a naval seaplane, traveling sixty miles an hour, as it swooped down to the surface of the Great South Bay, and struck the little boat in which Mr. Kobbé was sitting.

Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, Jr., formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland, is secretary of the National Security League. She is at her office every day, working ardently to establish what are called "Teachers' Plattsburgs,"—intensive courses in patriotism of from one to six weeks each in the seven hundred summer schools throughout the country. Nearly three hundred of the schools have already established their "Plattsburg."

The United States Government has taken over the work of providing war factories in every part of the country with men. Private recruiting of labor ceased the first day of July. The bureau having this in charge will announce State quotas, the number of men a given State will be asked to furnish to keep the war factories running. Because of the shortage of unskilled labor, nonessential industries will be expected to sacrifice workers for war factories.

Mrs. Henry P. Davidson, wife of the chief of the Red Cross, has given her costly home on Fifty-first Street, New York City, to the Young Women's Christian Association for the period of the war as a hostess house, where women relatives and friends of soldiers and sailors may meet. The house is filled from morning till night because of the great number of soldiers and sailors passing through New York. Mrs. Davidson is treasurer of the war work council of the Y. W. C. A.

The United States Forest Products Laboratory is the largest and most elaborately equipped experimental laboratory in the world for making original investigations in the more economical use of woods. It opened for business June 4, 1910, and, in the words of one of its admirers, "has justified its existence at least once a day ever since." Its field of inquiry is every phase of wood utilization that is of practical commercial importance today, or that promises to become so in the immediate future. All its work is done without fee, and it will go to as much pains in teaching an enterprising farmer how to treat his fence posts or silo staves to prolong their service, as to instruct a great timber company in some new means of saving waste. In a word, it will, to the limit of its abilities, give to all reasonable demands the time and attention necessary to satisfy them.

Great Britain is preparing to celebrate, with befitting ceremonies, the one hundredth anniversary of the hoisting of the British flag on the island of Singapore, which has become one of the greatest military, naval, and, above all, commercial strongholds of the British Empire. Lying midway between India and China, it forms the principal halting place on the great trade route to the Far East, while, as far as the wealth of this colonial dependency is concerned, it is only necessary to say that on the neighboring island of Pulau Brani there are the largest tin smelting works in existence, which for a number of years past have produced more than 60 per cent of the total tin output of the entire world.

England has an air ministry independent of the army and navy ministries, with Lord Weir at its head. It is believed that the United States will be obliged by pressure of military necessity also to create a secretary of air forces, under whom fighting, airplane production, equipment, and personnel will function as a separate branch of combat, just as do the army and navy.

At some of the army camps, if not at all, the Y. M. C. A. not only conducts musical concerts, Bible classes, preaching services, and athletic exercises, but gives instruction in algebra, trigonometry, geometry, French, and arithmetic.

With 118 fully equipped yards in the United States and forty-four others partly completed, America's great chain of shipbuilding plants is approaching completion.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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LXVI AUGUST 27, 1918 No. 35

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.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 27, 1918

No. 35

THE THING THAT COUNTS

MAX HILL

POSITION counts so little
On the battle field of life,
'Tis not a name or title
That wins in moral strife;
But what we are, the Master
Can read in every heart,
And God himself shall judge us
As we have done our part.

The man who stands the proudest
May lack the forceful will;
The pygmy on the mountain
Is but a pygmy still;
While he who truly conquers
Has glory for his pains,
For Cheops in the valley
A pyramid remains.

Then let not station tempt you,
It may be but a show,
With only empty glory
And but a fleeting glow;
But do the part assigned you,
The future bravely face,
Nor ever doubt a moment
True worth will win a place.

SEVEN CHINESE PICTURES

O. B. KUHN

An Old Bell

IN America an object that dates back three or four hundred years is regarded with much interest and is considered old. I remember visiting an old graveyard in New England and reading the dates engraved on the stones that mark the resting place of the Pilgrim Fathers. Some of the dates were not far this side of sixteen hundred. There are the old historical buildings in Philadelphia that speak of the days of William Penn which interested me because of their age as well as of other things.



In China it is very common to see buildings, monuments, temples, and tombs which are from five hundred to two thousand years old.

And some objects are said to date from a thousand years before the Saviour's time. Recently while itinerating, we crossed the Tung-ting-hu, the largest lake in China. We stopped at an island and visited a famous old Buddhist temple. We were told that one of the bells was nearly two thousand years old. For centuries its deep musical tones have rolled across the waters of the lake in behalf of the spirits of the dead, and as an offering to the gods who control the destinies of the men and ships that sail the waters of the lake and rivers. The head priest very pleasantly stood beside the bell, and my little Henry sat on top while it was photographed.

At this temple the tea sold by the priests is said to possess great spiritual efficacy. Visitors pay thirty cents a cup for it. Our party drank no tea, and instead of giving the priests money, our canvassers sold them several small books and tracts. Occasionally Buddhist priests have accepted Christianity. As a rule they are kind, generous, mild, and courteous. At another temple a canvasser sold the chief priest a Bible. Later a worker visited the temple and found the priest reading the Bible. The priest said that he bought the book without examining it, and so did not know that it was the Christian's Bible. However, he said it was good doctrine, and he was glad that he had purchased it. And so from China's old temples some will accept the truth and enter the king-



dom to become priests unto God. Would there were more to carry this gospel to China's waiting millions!

An Old Tower

In the city of Yoh Djou, Hunan, situated on the shore of the Tung-ting-hu, is one of the largest and best preserved towers that I have seen in China. These towers are numerous in Hunan. The one at Yoh Djou is an object of much worship, as it is dedicated to the gods that control the waters of the lake and rivers. These gods have it in their power (so it is believed by thousands of boatmen) to send favorable winds and good weather. This worship of the tower gods is a part of the Buddhist religion. In each of the open places that in the picture look like windows is an image of Buddha. The tower here pictured is several hundred years old.

Ruins at Yoh Djou, Hunan

There has been a fierce civil war in Hunan the past ten months. Large prosperous cities have been looted and burned. The fighting was especially severe at Yoh Djou which was twice taken by the southerners and twice regained by the northerners. The greater portion of the business section is a pile of ruins. The storekeepers have built



themselves small rooms from the tumbled-down brick and tile. In these little buildings they live and sell a few odds and ends. One man broke brick into bits and cemented them onto the wall in the form of the character "fuh," meaning happiness or blessing. The fuh character is put on all the houses and shops in China. The resignation of the Chinese to conditions is most remarkable, and putting the fuh character on the ruins of one's house is a bit optimistic.

An Itinerating Trip

On a recent trip we walked several li on the narrow paths through the rice fields. In many places the path was only one and a half feet wide. It was raining, and the paths were very slippery. Every moment it seemed that we should slip into the pond three or four



feet below. At one end of the walk we passed through a canal and across a lake in small open boats in a rainstorm. Another canal was entered, but we had traveled only a few li when we were stopped by a large bank that had been thrown up across the canal because of the floods. We had to remove our baggage from the boats and put it on top of the bank. The boats were then pulled up and across the dike and let down into the water on the other side. In the evening we arrived at our station much the worse looking for the mud and the rain.



A Seller of Tracts and Small Books

One of our canvassers fills two baskets with tracts and small books, and walks from village to village distributing literature. This brother's favorite expression is a quotation from Sister White's writings on the literature work, that tracts shall be scattered as the leaves of autumn. In the picture the canvasser is seen about to leave the chapel with his load of truth-filled pages. Sometimes he averages three or four dollars daily in sales. At present we have six or seven men in Hunan who are thus selling small books and papers. As they grow in experience and ability, they are allowed to take subscriptions for the magazine *Signs of the Times*. Later they may take book subscriptions. In this way chosen men from our church membership develop in the work.



Some of our most successful preachers canvassed for years before entering the evangelistic work.

These men with their baskets are sowing seed, and in all parts of this great province men and women are calling to us to send a preacher to them to open up the Scriptures of truth to their understanding, as a result of the sowing of the colporteurs. In the kingdom of God these faithful distributors of our mes-

sage-filled literature will see many whom they interested in the truth.

A Faithful Tithe Payer

A few months ago a fire swept over a large city and hundreds of persons lost their homes and all they owned in this world. An inquirer of our faith at Nan Hsien, Hunan, was one of the sufferers. She lost her house and everything in it. Although not a member of the mission, she had begun paying tithe and keeping the Sabbath. After her great loss she moved into a mud-and-reed hut, seen in the picture, and cultivated a little garden, continuing to pay tithe on its products. Recently I had the privilege of baptizing this woman. I have met other examples of faithfulness in this respect in the province, and know that they put to shame some in more favored lands and better conditions who are still robbing God by withholding the tithe.



Accepting Christianity at an Advanced Age

The sister on the right in the picture is nearly seventy years old. A few years ago her son accepted the truth and entered the canvassing

work. His mother bitterly opposed his faith, but the son prayed for his aged mother. Several months ago she ceased the worship of idols and accepted the Saviour. Last week I had the pleasure of baptizing this sister. Today she is a happy Christian, rejoicing in the salvation of God. The son is praising the Lord for the great deliverance wrought in behalf of his mother.

Changsha.

News Items

It is claimed that bituminous coal cannot be stored on a concrete floor. Anthracite coal does not affect the concrete in the least, but the softer coal causes it to decompose.

A vessel from the Orient brings word of the completion in Japan of nine big freighters built for use by the United States under the shipping agreement recently signed.

Naval officers and their families when dealing at commissary stores are expected to observe the same voluntary rationing of sugar as civilians,—that of two pounds a month.

Every doctor in the country who has not done so will be asked to apply for membership in the medical reserve corps of the army, naval reserve force, or the volunteer medical service corps.

Instead of the truant officer, a high-school principal in Massachusetts employs correspondence to keep his pupils in school. He has figured that each of the seven hundred and twenty days a pupil spends in high school is worth twenty-five dollars to him. So he sends word to the parents of an absentee of their financial loss.

The danger of valuable military information being communicated to the enemy, and the necessity of closing every possible gate against enemy propaganda, were the explanations given at the War Department for an order forbidding all officers and men from entering into correspondence with strangers in response to advertisements or other invitations.

Asheville, North Carolina, has a military hospital, Kenilworth Inn, recently completed at a cost of \$750,000, which was taken over by the Government, and there are at present more than 200 officers and men there. Six miles away a two-million-dollar sanitarium is under construction by the Government. It is about forty per cent completed.

La Verne W. Noyes, Chicago philanthropist, recently gave \$2,500,000 to the University of Chicago to be used in the education of soldiers and sailors and their descendants after the war. In addition to free tuition for war heroes and their children, the fund provides for the perpetuation of instruction in American history and the public duties of citizenship.

The blue triangle has now been officially adopted as the insignia of the American Y. W. C. A. This symbol has long been identified with the Y. W. C. A. in France. It is the natural emblem to express the organization which is a sister branch of the Y. M. C. A., whose red triangle is so well known over the entire world. The British Y. W. C. A. and the international committee of the Y. M. C. A. have indorsed the move.

SHORTHAND—NO. 1

B. P. FOOTE

Instructor in Shorthand in Washington Missionary College

SHORTHAND is often spoken of as "the art-science," for it is both an art and a science. It is also as much a profession as law or medicine. The professional shorthand reporter needs to know "a little of everything," and "all of one thing,"—a little of every subject upon which he takes notes, and all about writing and reading shorthand rapidly and accurately.

Unlike most other professions, it is possible for one to learn enough shorthand in a few months, or a year or two at the most, to begin to earn a good living. And if he gets the right kind of position, and has the right kind of material in his make-up, he can go right on up the ladder in ability to accomplish great good in the cause of God, or, if he prefers, in ability to earn money. Expert shorthand reporters often receive more pay than governors of States, from \$3,000 to \$6,000 being not an uncommon annual income, and some receive much more.

Shorthand as a Study

Shorthand is as fascinating as many popular games. It is one of the most interesting and fascinating of studies. It is also one of the most educational of studies, combining to an astonishing degree the three-fold education,—mental, moral, and manual.

As a mental drill I feel that shorthand has no equal, except Bible study. To properly master shorthand, requires a combination of concentration, perseverance, accuracy, and quickness of thought and action that is not found in any other one subject.

Those who really master stenography are thrown immediately among the men and women who have, through merit, risen to the higher ranks. He that is diligent in his shorthand and typewriting business stands before kings or leaders in various lines of the world's work.

The Value of a Shorthand Education

There is a great demand for stenographers in our denominational work at present; and this demand is likely to increase until the work closes. It is quite generally understood that a good stenographer—or private secretary, as many of them might be called—can more than double the amount of work which can be accomplished by men and women of far greater experience. And at the same time the stenographer is earning an excellent living, and getting a practical education that will fit him for higher responsibilities.

One who is an authority on the subject, has estimated that if all stenographers and private secretaries should die at the same time, the efficiency of some businesses would be decreased as much as ninety per cent, the percentage of loss varying in different lines of work from that down to fifty per cent.

A knowledge of shorthand and typewriting is of inestimable value to any one who has literary work to do. President Wilson has written shorthand and operated a typewriter for more than forty years. He is said to have made the statement that he would not take ten years of his life for his knowledge of stenography. He is able to write on the typewriter at the rate of about forty words a minute, which is nearly twice as fast (and several times as legible) as the average longhand.

There is hardly a day in the life of the college or university student, the teacher, preacher, editor, author, conference or departmental secretary—or, in fact, any other worker who has writing to do—that good use could not be made of the ability to write shorthand. In fact, it has been well said, "An education that does not embrace a knowledge of phonography must be regarded as incomplete and short of the wants of the age."

A Means to an End

Not only is the ability to write shorthand an excellent educational accomplishment in itself, but this ability can be used as one of the best means of earning further education. Many students have earned part or all of their way through school by stenographic work.

A man whose name is well known throughout the denomination recently wrote to me that he has more than once regretted not being able to write shorthand. "As a matter of fact," he says, "the regret has been so deep that I have fully decided to correct this neglect of the past. . . . There are many meetings I attend—meetings both among our own people and of other denominations—at which statements are made that, if I could get them on paper in the exact way they are made, would be of considerable value to me. Not knowing shorthand, I have been heretofore unable to do this, with the result that my work is made just that much less efficient."

The man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is called a "plant wizard." But almost any one can become a "word wizard" in a comparatively short time by learning shorthand and typewriting, and thus being able to make from two to seven words grow where only one grew before.

The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia offered three prizes for the best answers to the following question: "What do you consider the best field of work for a young woman?" The answer which won first prize was "Stenography." That was some time ago. It is even more true at the present time.

It is also worthy of note that young men who are good stenographers have no difficulty in getting non-combatant work when called into the service of their country.

Stenography is one of the best stepping-stones there is to positions of responsibility. I have in my possession scores of names of men and women who have come up through the stenographic ranks to positions of importance; and many of them are still using it in their daily work, to their great advantage. One goes so far as to say: "I would not trade all the benefit I have derived from the study and practice of shorthand for the benefit I have derived from the study and practice of any other one subject, God's Word excepted, either within or without the halls of education." He was a gray-haired man when he made that statement,—a prominent teacher in one of our best-known colleges.

Summary

The mastery of shorthand educates head, heart, and hand; and many use it as a means of earning a general education.

The student who knows shorthand has a great advantage over others in classes where there is much lecture work.

It enables a young person to more than double the amount of work accomplished by those in responsible positions.

Stenography is one of the best stepping-stones to positions of responsibility.

The efficiency of those in responsible positions is greatly increased by the ability to write shorthand.

A good stenographer is safer from poverty than a Greek scholar.

If any of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR have questions they would like to ask concerning shorthand, typewriting, or office methods for stenographers, I shall be pleased to answer them. Address me at 135 Carroll Ave., Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

The Social Hour

The Tricky Number

A PLEASANT and not altogether unprofitable half hour at a social gathering may be spent in the study of the number "nine." To those who have not regarded the curious nature of this unique number, the following points from the New York *Herald* may be of interest:

"Mr. W. Green, who died in 1749, is said to have first called attention to the fact that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by any figure you like, and the sum of the resultant digits will invariably add up as nine. Thus, twice 9 is 18; add the digits together and 1 and 8 makes 9. Three times 9 is 27, and 2 and 7 is 9. So it goes on up to 11 times 9, which gives 99. Add the digits together, 9 and 9 is 18, and 8 and 1 is 9.

"Go to any extent and you will find it impossible to get away from the figure 9. Take an example at random. Nine times 339 is 3,051; add the digits together and they make 9. Or, again, 9 times 2,127 is 19,143; add the digits together and they make 18, and 8 and 1 is 9. Or, still again, 9 times 5,071 is 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27, and 2 and 7 is 9.

"This seems startling enough, yet there are other queer examples of the same form of persistence. It was Mr. de Maivan who discovered that if you take any row of figures and, reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of obverse and reverse, the final result of adding up the digits of the answer will always be 9. As, for example:

$$\begin{array}{r} 2,941 \\ \text{Reverse } 1,492 \\ \hline 1,449 \end{array}$$

"Now, 1 plus 4 plus 4 plus 9 equals 18, and 1 plus 8 equals 9.

"The same result is obtained if you raise the numbers so changed to their squares or cubes. Start anew, for example, with 62; reversing it you get 26. Now, 62 less 26 equals 36, and 3 plus 6 equals 9. The squares of 26 and 62 are, respectively, 676 and 3,844. Subtract one from the other and you get 3,168; sum of digits equals 18, and 1 plus 8 equals 9.

"So with the cubes of 26 and 62, which are, respectively, 17,576 and 238,328. Subtracting, the result is 220,752, and 1 plus 8 equals 9.

Again, you are confronted with the same puzzling peculiarity in another form. Write down any number, as, for example, 7,549,132. Subtract therefrom the sum of its digits and, no matter what figures you start with, the digits of the products will always come to 9.

$$\begin{array}{r} 7,549,132; \text{ sum of digits equals } 31 \\ \hline 31 \end{array}$$

$$7,549,101$$

Sum of digits equals 27, and 2 plus 7 equals 9.

"Again, set the figure 9 down in multiplication, thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \times 9 = 9 \\ 2 \times 9 = 18 \\ 3 \times 9 = 27 \\ 4 \times 9 = 36 \\ 5 \times 9 = 45 \\ 6 \times 9 = 54 \\ 7 \times 9 = 63 \\ 8 \times 9 = 72 \\ 9 \times 9 = 81 \\ 10 \times 9 = 90 \end{array}$$

"Now, you will see that the tens column reads down 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the units column up 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

"Here is a different property of the same number. If you arrange in a row the cardinal numbers from 1 to 9 with the single omission of 8, and multiply the sum so represented by any one of the figures multiplied by 9, the result will present a succession of figures identical with that which was multiplied by 9. Thus, if you wish a series of fives you take $5 \times 9 = 45$ for a multiplier, with this result:

$$\begin{array}{r} 12,345,679 \\ 45 \\ \hline 61,728,395 \\ 49,382,716 \\ \hline 555,555,555 \end{array}$$

"A well-known professor has drawn attention to the following series of numbers:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \times 9 + 2 = 11 \\ 12 \times 9 + 3 = 111 \\ 123 \times 9 + 4 = 1,111 \\ 1,234 \times 9 + 5 = 11,111 \\ 12,345 \times 9 + 6 = 111,111 \\ 123,456 \times 9 + 7 = 1,111,111 \\ 1,234,567 \times 9 + 8 = 11,111,111 \\ 12,345,678 \times 9 + 9 = 111,111,111 \end{array}$$

Organizing a Girls' Club

AN interesting young people's society has recently been organized in Fresno, California, under the name, "The Fresno Seventh-Day Adventist Girls' Club," and is designed particularly to plan, arrange, and promote the social activities of the members. Red Cross work, visiting the sick, helping the poor, ushering, holding Bible readings, and other charitable and missionary enterprises are prominent features, although exercises, programs, entertainments, and special occasions have not been forgotten.

In this organization, the young people have taken particular pains to secure the approval and co-operation of the older members of the church. The leader and assistant leader are both adult Bible workers of broad experience, and the secretaries of the various departments of the club,—music, Red Cross, literary, plans and means, and charity and courtesy,—although young people themselves, have a number of older persons associated with them for counsel and advice. The club has seen fit to make its leader its real head, and no money shall be paid out and no plan furthered without her counsel and consent.

The club treasury is supplied with funds by the membership entrance fee of ten cents a member, and a further fee of two cents a member each regular meeting. Plans are also under way to make and sell useful articles, and to hold entertainments of a refined order and in accordance with our faith, to raise money to support the activities and expenses of the club. Just now an entertainment on the "Life of Christ" is in preparation, covering in song and story the varied scenes in the life of our Saviour while on earth. Entrance tickets will be sold by the club members.

The club's place of meeting is the prayer-room of the church. Its badge is the Red Cross pin. Those between the ages of twelve and forty are eligible to membership.

We are very much interested in the report of this new organization. We believe there are highly commendable features comprised in it, and we recommend it as a suggestion to our young people's leaders in other places.

The Fresno Seventh-day Adventist Girls' Club

Leader: Mrs. B. Boger.

Assistant Leader: Mrs. F. Rodman.

Secretary-Treasurer: Helen Hare.

Corresponding Secretary: Marguerite Harkness.

Departmental Secretaries:

Music: Miss Laura Dart, Mrs. M. Hackney.

Red Cross: Mrs. Esther Bussy, Mrs. Peters.

Literary: Miss Genevieve Maxon, Mrs. Eichhorn.

Plans and Means: Opal Stone, Mrs. J. Powers.

Love and Courtesy: Miss Myrtle Church, Mrs.

Mina Mann, Mrs. Ira Wheeler, Mrs. Adams.

Leader: The duties of the leader shall be to "lead out" as far as possible in all the work of the club, and to keep in touch with all members of the committee, giving counsel freely and instruction; presiding at each regular meeting unless sickness or duty hinders, then the assistant leader may be asked to take the chair.

Assistant Leader: The duties of the assistant leader are to assist the leader in all ways possible, thereby receiving training in the office.

Secretary-Treasurer: The duties of the secretary-treasurer are to take reports of all regular meetings, reading same before the club assembled in regular meeting, keeping lists of membership and fees, and all funds and disbursements; the disbursement of funds to be made only on order of the leader.

Corresponding Secretary: The duties of the corresponding secretary are to assist the secretary in her duties when necessary, and to look after the correspondence work of whatever nature, and whenever requested by secretaries of the committee.

Music: The secretary of music shall be responsible for music, both vocal and instrumental, used at entertainments and special occasions, when the same are under the auspices of the club.

Red Cross: The secretary of the Red Cross shall be responsible for the Red Cross activities, laying out work for members to perform, keeping strict account of such work, keeping in touch with the city leader of the Red Cross work, and getting therefrom proper instructions.

Literary: The literary secretary shall be responsible for all literary productions to be used or rendered at entertainments and special occasions, when the same are under the auspices of the club.

Plans and Means: The plans and means secretary shall seek in every lawful manner to promote the activities of the club by devising ways and means whereby more work and better work may be accomplished along every and any line pursued by the club, suggesting such plans and means *first* to the leader, and if approved, then to the secretary whom it may concern.

Love and Courtesy: The secretary of this department shall seek to lead out and direct in the visiting of sick, visiting and helping of poor, ushering, hospital and jail work, floral work, and giving Bible readings.

Leader, assistant leader, secretary, and corresponding secretary change their office once each year unless unusual circumstances prevailing make it necessary that they should remain.

Departmental secretaries change their office once each half year unless unusual circumstances prevailing make it necessary that they remain.

Entrance fee shall be rated at ten cents a member, and each member shall bring with her two pennies at each regular meeting, this to form the regular base-supply fund for the society.

Useful articles made and sold, entertainments of a refined order, and in accordance with our faith, and other rightful means may be resorted to for raising money.

The leader shall be the head of the society, and each secretary or member shall forward no plan without her counsel and consent.

Suggestions: 1. That we give a public entertainment on the life of Christ, covering in song and story the varied scenes in the life of our dear Saviour while on earth, this entertainment to be rendered about June 15, and entrance tickets to be sold by the club members at twenty-five or fifty cents each.

2. That the time of regular meeting be twice monthly.

3. That the place of meeting be the church prayer-room, unless arranged for otherwise by the leader.

4. That the age of persons amenable to membership be not younger than twelve years nor above forty, unless in the case of the leader, and then by common consent.

5. That the Red Cross pin be the club badge, unless otherwise arranged by the committee, these pins to be purchased from the common fund.

KATHERINE BLOSSOM WILCOX.

Our Words

WHO knows all about our words?

"For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." Ps. 139:4.

For what must we give account?

"I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Matt. 12:36.

Who witnesses the record of these words in the judgment?

"I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit. . . . Thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened. Dan. 7:9, 10.

What is said of those who whet their tongues like swords?

"God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded. So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves: all that see them shall flee away." Ps. 64:7, 8.

To what is the tongue compared by the psalmist?

"Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs; like a sharp razor, working deceitfully." Ps. 52:2.

Who will dwell in God's holy hill?

"He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. . . . He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." Ps. 15:3, 4.

What does the Scripture say of a word spoken in due season?

"A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth: and a word spoken in due season, how good is it!" Prov. 15:23.

How may we be prepared to speak words in season?

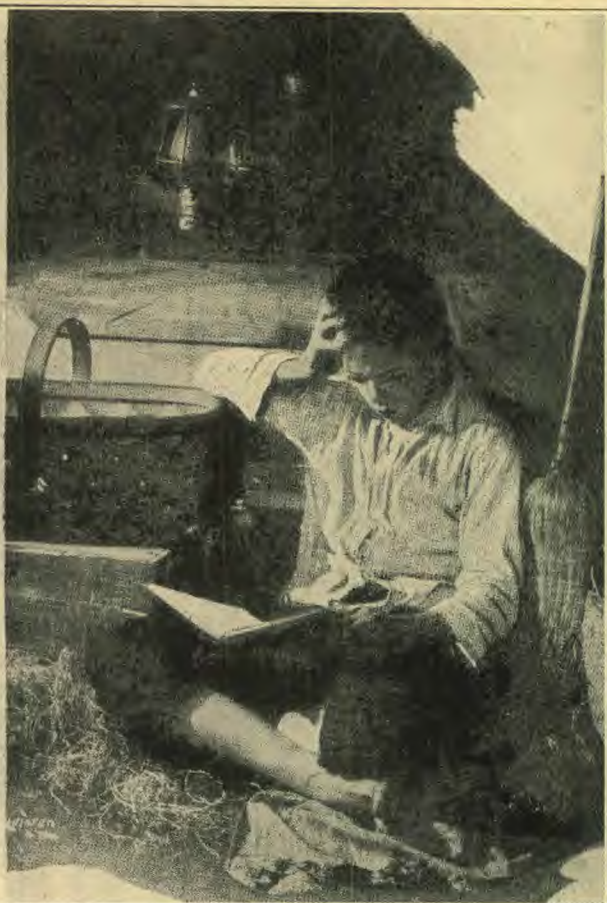
"The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned." Isa. 50:4.

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Mark 1:35.

(Concluded on page fifteen)



"I am the water boy," I said, not knowing what else to say. "Who put you on the job?" "No one, sir, I put myself on."



From that time every spare moment at my command was given over to mastering the contents of these, my first books.

WHAT WILL-POWER DID FOR ME

How, Starting as a Boy in the Poorhouse, I Have Found a Good Place in the World

I DO not remember my father and mother. My earliest recollection is that I was one of a number of children in the care of an old woman who, later on, I learned was half-witted.

We were dirty, ragged, and poorly fed. As I grew older, I learned that I was a pauper in the county poorhouse, and that my parents were dead. This is all I have ever known about them.

We were huddled together—children and mumbly old men and women, many of them crippled, blind, and weak-brained. To the few who were passably intelligent was given the care of the others. Those who were able to do a little work, including the children, had to cultivate the farm for the benefit of the overseer, who had the farm because he bid lower than any one else, and thus was interested only in making all he could out of the job. I think I could not have been more than four years old when I was put to work picking up chips in the wood yard. As I grew older I was set to other tasks, and many a beating I got when my work did not satisfy the overseer.

This life went on until I was thirteen or fourteen years old.

One evening, just as I had finished milking, a cow kicked over the bucket, and half of the milk was lost. I told the overseer, and he gave me the worst beating I had ever had and sent me to bed without supper. That night, when all the others were sleeping, I left the house and made my way to the railroad. A freight train was standing there, and I crept into an empty box car and went to sleep.

I was awakened in the morning by a train man shouting, "Out of that, you little bum!" The train

had stopped to put off supplies for a gang of men who were doing the grading for a new railroad that was to cross the one I was on. The gang were working near by. Child-curious, I walked over to look around.

As I got up close one of the men yelled, "Where's that water boy? We can't dig without drinkin'!"

"I'll get you water; where do I get it?" I said, stepping forward. He told me, and I soon had the gang drinking like camels. While I was dispensing the second bucket a big rough-looking man came up, and asked, "Who are you?" "I am the water boy," I said, not knowing what else to say. "Who put you on the job?" "No one, sir, I put myself on." "Where is the water boy who was here yesterday?" "Left last night," put in one of the men.

At noon when they knocked off for dinner I was about used up. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours and was getting faint. As I sat on the bank while the men were eating, one of them, called Tom, said to me, "It's lunch time, kid." I did not answer. "Where is your lunch?" "Left it behind," I said. "Left it where?" "About a hundred miles back, I guess." He looked at me sharply. "Come here," he said kindly. "What's this you are giving us?"

So I told them all about myself, showed them my body, which was covered with black and blue marks, and added, "Those bruises are why I ran away." "Good boy," said one of the men; "you will do." These were the first kind words I remember ever having been spoken to me, and they helped me a lot. The men shared their dinner with me. It was the best meal I had ever eaten.

When the gang quit work for the day, Tom said, "Come with me," and he took me to the wooden shack

where the gang slept and had their breakfast and supper. A German boarded them by the week. After supper Tom took me to the cook. "Mike," he said (and I thought this was an odd name for a Dutchman), "here is a kid who is down and out. He is our new water boy. Don't you think that he could help you enough morning and night to pay for his grub?" "How vos you down and outs, son?" asked Mike. I told my story over again and showed him my bruised body. "Dot oferseer vos a devil — a devil!" he said. "Now you vill gets up at four o'clock and helps me mit the breakfast, and at night helps me to vash de dishes and cleans tings up, and vot you eats you vill enough haf paid for."

I was given a bunk, a straw tick, and a blanket, and before turning in Mike gave me a hot water bath and rubbed me all over with arnica. When I got into my bunk there was never a happier boy in the world.

When I was in the poorhouse I was called George Black; whether it was my right name I never knew. One evening I was sitting, thinking over my past, when this good man, the best friend I ever had, put his hand on my head. "Son," he said, "it vos not goot to look at dot blackness. Puts him behind you, and looks at dot brightness in front of you; it vos better always so!"

This struck me as good advice, and the first thing I did was to drop George Black for the cheerier name I bear today.

Regular hours and plenty of wholesome food soon made a big change in me. I had always been strong for my age, and in a short time I was able to carry two buckets of water at a time.

While in the poorhouse I had been taught my letters by a man who had lost both legs, and for whom I often did little favors, and when I ran away from there I could read a little and write my name.

I had often wondered why it was that some men were better off than others. I had not been a water boy long before my association with men broadened observation, and these childish thoughts came back with renewed force. *Why is it, I wondered, that Mr. Mullen is a boss, instead of working in the gang?* My solution was: He knows more than they do, and when the contractor gives orders to the boss it is because he knows still more; and so I found it to be all the way up the line. "I will some day be a boss!" I assured myself.

We were paid twice a month. The evening of the day that I received my first pay I went to a little town two miles away and bought a pair of shoes, the first new pair I had ever had. I told the storekeeper that I wanted some books for a beginner. He questioned me, and selected an elementary arithmetic, a spelling book, a geography, and a copy book. When I asked if I ought not to have a reader, he said, "No; let your reader be the newspaper! Here, I will give you something better to start with!" and he gave me a dozen illustrated books. He also gave me a small dictionary and showed me how to use it. From that time every spare moment at my command was given over to mastering the contents of these, my first books.

In a town some fifty miles away Mike, our boarding boss, kept a workingmen's boarding house, which his wife looked after during the summer while he was running the shack boarding house. When cold weather and snow tied up work on the road until the following spring he went home, and took me with him. His wife took me right to her heart. They called me "son." At the shack I had been just "kid."

Had I indeed been the son of this dear couple I don't think they could have shown me more kindness and affection. They insisted that I should spend not less than four hours a day with my lessons, and they heard me recite.

I soon mastered my elementary books and got more advanced ones. Grammar and history were added to the list, and I spent much time improving my penmanship. One day I said I wished I could speak German, and straightway they commenced to teach me. By spring I had a good understanding of German, and a fair ability to express myself in it.

After the snow was off the ground, we went back to the railroad. The new gang was much larger than the old one, and my friend had to have a steady helper. I gave up the job of water boy and became his assistant. He paid me five dollars a week.

I found more or less time each day to study, and at night I went on with my German, reading and talking with Mike.

About the middle of October I happened to see in a newspaper that the night schools in a city about two hundred miles away would reopen for the winter in November. I made up my mind at once that I would enter those schools. How I would live during the winter did not trouble me. I knew that I would make out somehow; my wants consisted only of plenty of plain food and a dry place to sleep.

When I told my plan to the boss he heartily approved of it, and gave me a good letter of recommendation. The gang made up a small purse for me, which with my wages, the most of which I had saved, gave me a feeling of real independence.

I reached the city about six o'clock in the morning, and was quite dumfounded when I saw the crowds of people going in all directions to their work. I had not supposed there were so many people in the world. I don't know how long I had been standing on the corner, watching the people, when a policeman came up and asked me if I was looking for any one. I told him that I had never been in a city before and everything was very strange to me, and I asked him where I could get breakfast. "Have you got any money?" he asked. I told him that I had seventy-eight dollars.

This statement and my shabby clothes seemed to make him a little suspicious, so I told him all about myself and let him read my letter of recommendation. "That's a good letter," he said. "Come with me, and I will take you to a reasonable restaurant." I got a very good meal for twenty-five cents, which I thought was an awful price to pay for just something to eat. It was the first meal that I had ever bought.

Before leaving me, the policeman asked me what I intended to do, and I replied, "Look for a job at once." "What kind of job do you want?" "Anything," I said, "will do for a starter."

He pointed to my shabby clothes, and told me that my appearance would be against me. He offered to go with me to a secondhand store where I could get a good suit. The suit, with shirt, shoes, and hat, cost nine dollars.

After telling me how to find a lodging house where I could get a good clean bed for twenty cents a night, the officer shook hands with me and wished me good luck. Let me say in passing that until his death, many years later, we remained very close friends. It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life that I was able to have him placed in a much better position.

I don't know how many times I was turned down that day. The nearest I came to landing a job was

as a messenger boy for the telegraph company, but my ignorance of the city's streets was against me. Toward evening I wandered over to the station. Trains were more familiar to me than anything else in this big city. The station was at the foot of a steep hill, on the top of which ran horse cars. Soon a train came in. A gang of rough-looking, shabby boys, whom I had noticed loafing around, made a rush for the passengers' bags.

It struck me that right here was a chance for me to earn enough to pay for my night's lodging. I went up to a lady who had a large carpetbag and, lifting my hat, asked to carry her bag. Among other things taught me by my kind friends was that politeness costs nothing and is often very valuable. When I had placed her bag on the car at the top of the hill she gave me a quarter. Ten cents was as much as I had hoped for. I returned to the station, and soon after another train came in. Two men who were together handed me their luggage to carry, and one of them gave me twenty-five cents to pay for both. I had now more than enough to pay for my bed and supper.

The next morning I went back to the station, and by evening had made ninety cents. The next day the hoodlums tried to run me away from the station, but the station policeman threatened to arrest them if they interfered with me again. He was much interested in my story and in my determination to get an education. It was through him that the station agent let me sit in the waiting-room where it was warm, a privilege not granted any of the other boys.

About two weeks before the night schools were to reopen, the officer I had met the morning I arrived in the city advised me to go and see the superintendent of education. The superintendent gave me some good advice and a note to the principal of one of the schools. I called on him a day or two later.

About two weeks after school opened my hair needed cutting. So I went across the street from the station to a barber shop. The barber was a German, and he was greatly pleased when I spoke to him in that language. I told him about myself, and some three or four weeks later he sent word he would like to see me. I went over. "Would you like to earn some money between trains? Are you too proud to polish shoes?" he asked. I smiled at the idea that I was. Inside of an hour I went to work polishing, and I seldom made less than seventy-five cents a day.

Aside from buying a little new clothing my expenses mainly were for food, lodging, and laundry. I had found a place where very good table board could be had for twenty cents a meal. A young man whom I met at the barber's went halves with me in renting a small furnished room at two dollars a week.

My earnings now were considerably more than my expenses. Soon I found that I had nearly one hundred dollars. I spoke to the barber about this one day, and he advised me to put the money in a savings bank. One remark that he made greatly impressed me — that it would be working for me day and night.

One day while walking through the better part of the city I saw a man trying to put a box of ashes out of a cellar window. He was having trouble, and I pulled it out for him. He came out to thank me. He told me that he had fourteen houses where he attended to the heaters during the winter at one dollar each a week. "I wish that I had a job like yours," I said. He replied, "There were two places offered to me that I had to turn down. Meet me at the engine house in an hour, and I'll go with you and vouch for you."

I got those jobs. By the end of the week, with his help, I had nine places. The work took me about four hours a day.

Having now an assured income for the winter, I gave up luggage carrying and shoe polishing. On the advice of the barber I went to a workingmen's boarding house, where I got a small room to myself with board and washing at four dollars and a half a week. My new employment gave me several hours a day for study, and on the advice of my night-school teacher I began to learn stenography. I took six lessons, and then I saw that I did not need him any more; all I needed was practice. In a year I had no trouble in taking down ordinary conversation, and at the end of the second year I could rapidly and correctly report lectures and political speeches.

The night schools closed at the end of March, but I kept up my studies under the guidance of my teacher, who kindly allowed me to come to her twice a week to recite. Here was another instance of kindness which I was later able to repay. Many years afterward, when on account of advanced age and ill health, she could no longer teach, I was able to give her an annuity without which she would have been dependent on relatives who were ill able to care for her.

I was born with a mathematical turn of mind. Arithmetic was my favorite study, and I soon outstripped the rest of the class. My teacher advised me to take up algebra. This opened a new world for me — one that I fear I pursued at times to the neglect of my other studies.

By the end of April the weather had become so mild that heaters were no longer necessary, and I again took up my work at the station, and polishing shoes. By this time I had become known to many people who used the railroad frequently, and they always gave me their luggage to carry.

When night schools opened again, I was placed in a class under a man teacher. When the term was about half over, he advised me to take up the study of geometry, and I learned quickly under his guidance. A few days after the schools had closed he sent for me.

"How old are you?" he asked. "I said that I thought I must be about seventeen years old. 'I have heard you say several times,' he went on, 'that you want a college education. There is a small college in a town about one hundred fifty miles from here. The president is an old friend of mine. The requirements for entrance are not severe, and your acquaintance with mathematics and history exceed the requirements in those branches. You will have six months in which to get ready for your examination in two or three other requirements. And I will help you. How much money have you?'"

"About \$100 in the savings bank," I replied.

"That is more than enough for your first year," he said.

I broke in to tell him I did not intend to touch a dollar of it except for actual necessities. "I have more than earned my way here for the past two years," I explained, "and I shall be much mistaken if I can't find something to do in college at least partly to pay my way."

The college was then in session and would remain so until the middle of June, and I concluded that I had better not wait until the fall term opened before looking over the ground. I was most kindly received by the president, who advised me about my preparations for entrance. I stayed in the town a week and

got acquainted with most of the professors and many of the students. Some two hundred of them boarded in common, paying a flat rate per week to a man who was under contract. He told me that when the fall term opened if I would help wait on the table he would give me my board. I jumped at the offer.

About a week before the fall term opened I left for the college. The day after my arrival the president sent for me and told me that if I would sweep out the halls once a day, the chapel and classrooms, and attend to the fires in the classrooms during the winter, it would be considered full payment for my tuition. This meant that my college expenses would be very little.

I passed my entrance examination with a percentage of 92; there were only two students who exceeded this mark.

Up to this time I had never decided what I would like to be after I was graduated. One day I read in a magazine an article on great civil engineering feats and the men who had accomplished them. That article decided me to become a civil engineer, and I told the president of my determination. He approved of it heartily and gave me two or three elementary books on engineering. These I studied at leisure moments.

Shortly before the summer vacation I learned of a survey that was being made for a new railroad about seventy miles away. I wrote to the engineer in charge, and the president inclosed a letter of recommendation. An answer came in a few days to report at the close of the term. This I did, and my first job was that of chain bearer.

Two weeks later, in the course of a conversation, the engineer learned something of my mathematical attainments; whereupon he took me into his office as an assistant to figure up results of surveys. Once in his office he gave me many opportunities to learn surveying and a great deal of valuable information on different phases of the business. By the time the fall term opened I had acquired much useful knowledge.

Before the close of my second year in college I had made up my mind that I had received all the help it had to give me, and at the end of the college year I went back to the engineer for whom I had worked the summer before. I stayed with him until late in the fall, when the snow in the mountains forced us to lay off until the following spring. My employer took me into his office during the winter and gave me great help in mastering many of the details of his profession.

In the spring, operations were resumed on the road, which we completed by fall. Before this, however, he had advised me to take a three-year course in a celebrated school of technology. I applied for admission, and after an examination was enrolled. It was now that my skill in stenography gave me the means to almost entirely pay my way. With a letter of introduction from the engineer to the editor of a large daily newspaper, I was, after he had tested my proficiency, promised assignments when extra help was needed to report lectures, sermons, and political speeches. The work that I turned in for my first assignment was so satisfactory that I was employed at least four evenings a week and sometimes every evening.

My three summer vacations were spent in the employ of my friend the engineer, who during this time was engaged on a harbor improvement. Shortly after my graduation he sent for me and told me he was about to make the survey for a railroad in Chile. He offered to take me along, and I accepted at once.

While at the school I had become chummy with a young Spanish student, and at the end of my three years' course I could speak Spanish almost as well as English. This facility helped me in Chile. We remained there three years, and then went to Brazil, where we stayed two years more.

It has been my good fortune to be concerned in a directive capacity with many big engineering jobs at home and abroad. Among other contracts, my engineer friend and I spent two years in Russia in the employ of that government. I have always been interested in politics, and although I have never run for office I have held several positions by appointment. Among them are president of a city board of education, commissioner of charities and corrections, commissioner of water and gas, private secretary to a governor, and my present position of supervising engineer of municipal improvements.

I mention these things, not in a spirit of boasting, but merely to show once more that a lowly beginning need not prove a handicap, that hardships may be made the bond servant of determination. I have been assured that my simple story may give new hope to many discouraged ones. I hope so. That is why I have written it.—*American Magazine*.

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

GUESS the American cities indicated in the following descriptions:

1. Uncooked, to tilt the scales.
2. A festive gathering, part of man's attire, Oliver's desire.
3. Monday's occupation, a weight.
4. Opposite of belle, a defense.
5. Part of a head covering, a relation.
6. A tumultuous crowd, water all around.
7. Not old, a royal house of France.
8. A royal weight.
9. A place for loiterers.
10. An opera encore.

Part II

[Answers are found in the *names* of the books.]

1. What book presides in our courts of justice?
2. What book constitutes the vocal exercises of a severely punished small boy?
3. Which book is the illiterate man's signature?
4. Which book caused the defeat of the Spartans at Thermopylæ?
5. Which book would bring the highest price in a hay market?

Members of the 1918 Finding-Out Club

Stanley R. Altman	Anna Nightingale
Richard Anthony	Leona Laird
Mrs. E. Maude Bostwick ²	Luella Nelson
Della M. Burdick	Marian Nelson
Eva Cardin ¹	Jennie Normansell
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Alva Downs	Barbara Osborne
Laura Downs	Grace Pickard
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Iram Halladay
 Gracie Harrison
 Mrs. Grace Hoover ¹⁵
 Orie A. Johnson
 Modette Hunt

Rose M. Smith
 Elsa P. Thompson ²
 Susan A. Walde ⁴
 W. C. Van Gorder
 George F. Webb

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of July 16

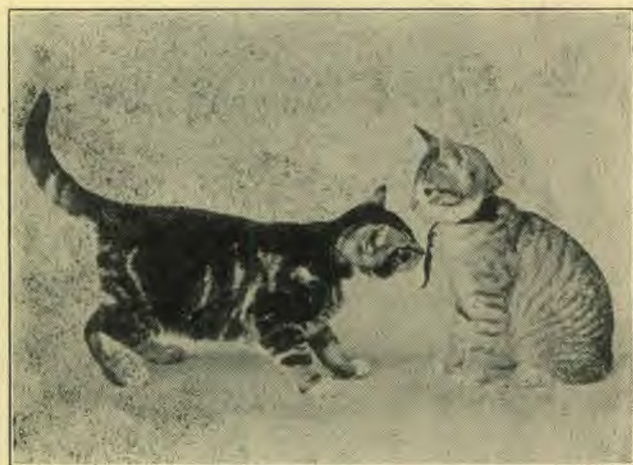
As the pictures to be named in this assignment permitted varied answers, we have given all the credit of a perfect list who sent in answers. Here are the words submitted. The pictures are given again that you may see which fit the best:

Contention
 Affection
 Attention

Gratification
 Inquisition
 Attention

Inquisition
 Investigation
 Meditation

Salutation
 Observation
 Conversation



Incidents from Porto Rico

SINCE I do not understand the Spanish language it will be difficult for me to gain information from Spanish literature. To simply call over the words will be of no benefit. So if one does not understand the language of faith there is little to be gained by simply calling over the words of Scripture. First, get a knowledge of Spanish, and then literature in that language will be of use. Obtain a knowledge of the language in which God speaks to his people, and then the Bible will become a mine of wealth to you.

As the rainbow is the token of God's promise never to drown the earth again, and as the bow is composed of the component parts of "white light," can it not be properly said that each recurring day has in its light the token of his promise to preserve his handiwork? His love is seen in all his works.

"I do not expect to be lost because of my petulance and impatience." Perhaps you will not, but may it not be that some associate will fail to accept the faith you profess and be lost because of the petulance and impatience you so often manifest? "Here is the patience of the saints," and the saints are those who are saved in the kingdom of God, redeemed from earth and earthly things.

THERE were soiled streaks on the father's white shoes. Why?—Because the children were not afraid to come near him, and their soiled shoe soles had come in contact with his recently cleaned footgear. Were those marks an honor or were they a sign of carelessness? If allowed to remain they might be counted as the latter, but in the beginning they testified to his fatherly love and kindness.

OFTEN in this country we see a man wearing on his arm the emblem of mourning and at the same time having a cigar in the mouth. Perhaps the occasion for wearing the symbol of sorrow is the fruit of his own doings. It may have been the fumes of tobacco that indirectly caused the death of the wife whose loss he mourns. Possibly it was a child who had departed the family circle through having inherited a faulty constitution from the smoking father. So we reap what we sow, and gather the fruit of our own doings.

WE have a pretty vine growing in Porto Rico that makes an ornamental shade if it can only be kept trellised, but it seems more natural for it to run along the ground. When once started on latticework it will run quite well until some obstacle is met, and then down to the ground it goes. It seems to have no power to shoot upward nor even a wish to do so. It has no blossoms or fruit that we have discovered. This vine is much like many humans. They seem to prefer being close to earth, and if once lifted from this planetary environment they permit the most trifling provocation to loosen their tendrils and down they go, there to remain unless raised and supported by some force outside of self.

As the beautiful doctrine of this earth's finally becoming the eternal home of the saints was presented to a neighbor, she said, "I had always thought it

strange that there would be no use for this earth after Christ's second coming." Truly it is an idea of importance, and to the thoughtful person must commend itself in an impressive manner. Then to remember that the most beautiful part of this world has been marred by sin, and when restored to its Edenic state will little resemble what it is now, only adds emphasis to the prospect of a home in the earth made new.

A NATIVE girl of rather more than ordinary prepossessing appearance whom we had never seen in the congregation before, took her seat near me before the service began. She was well in her teens and spoke English quite distinctly. She said, "I want to be a missionary." After commending her laudable aspirations I asked, "To what church do you belong?" "To this one," was her reply. It seems quite the sentiment here that if one attends a certain church that constitutes belonging.

A FEW months previous it was thought a certain woman would soon be a victim of tuberculosis, but by better observance of the laws of life she had been restored to a good degree of health. When asked as to her physical condition, force of habit caused her to say, "I can't complain." "No," said her interrogator, "We should not complain, but give God the praise that we have any health at all." With brightening countenance the woman burst into expressions of praise for all the things God had done for her. Was not that much better?

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

High Cost of Living

A REPATRIATED French woman who had been a prisoner in Germany since the beginning of the war, says that potatoes in Germany sell for fifty cents a pound; coffee, \$1 a pound; eggs, thirty cents each; butterine, \$2.85 a pound, and meat \$1.60 a pound.

Bread Kept Under Lock and Key

A correspondent of the Associated Press says of conditions in Petrograd, Russia:

"Formerly an income of 200 rubles a month was comparative opulence. Now, according to the best estimates available, it costs from 2,500 to 3,000 rubles a month to maintain a family of three in anything like comfort. Most of the families in Petrograd, even with wages soaring, have less than 1,000 rubles a month.

"But even the wealthy suffer hunger pangs because transportation is crippled and the city is cut off from the Ukraine, its principal flour- and sugar-producing territory, and from the near-by Finnish and Baltic communities that once supplied it with butter, milk, eggs, and vegetables.

"In the city's largest hotels, some formerly among the show places of Europe, there is no electric light, no elevators, no hot water, and generally no food. One provides always his own bread, and must keep it under lock and key. A dinner in one of the better-class restaurants today costs 40 rubles.

"But the city struggles on. Now desperately and now nonchalantly it strives to adapt itself to the topsyturviness of its present life."

God never foreannounces his examinations. What you are flashes out when you do not know any one is watching you.—G. Campbell Morgan.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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MATILDA ERICKSON {	Assistant Secretaries
ELLA IDEN	
MRS. I. H. EVANS	Office Secretary
MEADE MAC GUIRE	Field Secretary

The Purpose of a True Missionary Volunteer

WHAT is a volunteer? In reading of the present war in Europe the thing that seems almost incredible to us is the spontaneous answer to the call for volunteers to enlist for service. Men do not have to be compelled to serve; when the call comes, they readily respond. Such are true volunteers.

But what can be the significance of the expression "Missionary Volunteer"? We have found what a volunteer is. Now, the next thing to ascertain is the meaning of the word "missionary." This word is derived from a Latin verb, *mitto*, meaning "to send." The Christian who is called to volunteer his service for his King by the invitation, "Come unto me," is also given the command "Go ye," from the great Leader, who is captain of the battle. Could there be a worthier cause to serve? Prince Immanuel is an able general, and those who enlist under his blood-stained banner will surely triumph at last.

In the truest sense of the word, Christ was a missionary volunteer. He offered his services, volunteered to come to earth and be "in all points tempted like as we are," because he had a true missionary spirit. And his life of service and sacrifice is set before us as an example. Christ says to his followers, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." John 20:20.

God has intrusted us with a work which even angels cannot do, for the reason that only a sinner saved by grace can preach the gospel of grace to a lost world. The angels of heaven can never fully share with us the joy of redemption. The word "missionary" is defined in its fullest sense in the words, "Go ye into all the world." Mark 16:15.

Those of us who have volunteered for Christian service are debtors to the world at large. We may discharge this debt by following our Leader in waging a constant warfare against the powers of evil, and improving every opportunity for telling others of the joy to be found in the service of the King of kings.

We read in "Counsels to Teachers," pages 166-176: "In the closing scenes of this earth's history, many of these children and youth will astonish people by their witness to the truth, which will be borne in simplicity, yet with spirit and power. . . . When heavenly intelligences see that men are no longer permitted to present the truth, the Spirit of God will come upon the children, and they will do a work in the proclamation of the truth which the older workers cannot do, because their way will be hedged up."

Each one of us must stand in the battle line of duty now, as willing volunteers for missionary service, if we would be true to our Missionary Volunteer Pledge, and to our Leader.

BERGER JOHNSON.

KNOWING this, that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands will sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvest yellow.

—Whittier.

Our Counsel Corner

[This corner is for our Missionary Volunteers. We shall be glad to receive questions, reports, and letters from you, and promise they shall be given careful attention. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.]

IS it permissible for girls to wear low-necked dresses, now that the custom has become so common? And what do you consider low-necked? B. B.

Probably the chief reason why so many of our people wear such dresses is plainly implied in the question. It is the custom, or fashion. If plain, emphatic instruction was ever given this people on any subject, it certainly has been on this one. Careful thought should be given the following and many similar quotations:

"Do not, my sisters, trifle longer with your own souls and with God. I have been shown that the main reason of your backsliding is your love of dress. This leads to the neglect of grave responsibilities, and you find yourself with scarcely a spark of the love of God in your hearts. Without delay renounce the cause of your backslidings, because it is sin against your own soul and against God. Be not hardened to the deceitfulness of sin. Fashion is deteriorating the intellect and eating out the spirituality of our people. Obedience to fashion is pervading our Seventh-day Adventist churches, and is doing more than any other power to separate our people from God. I have been shown that our church rules are very deficient. All exhibitions of pride in dress, which is forbidden in the Word of God, should be sufficient reason for church discipline. If there is a continuance in the face of warnings and appeals and entreaties, to still follow the perverse will, it may be regarded as proof that the heart is in no way assimilated to Christ. Self, and only self, is the object of adoration, and one such professed Christian will lead many away from God."

"While you are devoting precious time to the study of dress, the inward adorning is neglected; there is no growth in grace. Instead of becoming more heavenly minded, you are becoming more and more earthly minded. Foolish and hurtful lusts, groveling appetites, becloud your sense of sacred things. Why will not every one who professes to love Jesus flee from these soul-destroying indulgences? The world is crazy after show and fashion and pleasure. Licentiousness is steadily and fearfully on the increase. Why will not Christians be true to their high profession?"—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IV, p. 647.*

Are there no study questions for the Reading Courses this year? W. F.

No; from information coming to us from the field, it seemed that the majority did not make enough use of these questions to justify their publication. But though we no longer print study questions, let us do careful reading. "Not how much, but how well" is a good motto for readers. It is positive injury to read even good literature so hastily or carelessly as not to appreciate the full meaning. It also begets the habit of doing other things thoughtlessly.

M. E. K.

The Boy Who Came Out of a Missionary Box

THERE was going to be a big parade in the village. Every one was expecting to go, of course. All the boys were looking forward to seeing the regiment of

soldiers pass in their fine uniforms, and then later engage in a sham battle with the Indians, who would be decorated with paint and feathers. It would all be intensely exciting, and not for anything would one of the boys have missed being there.

Cyrus had the chores to do alone that morning, for his brother was ill. This delayed the work so much that the other boys had gone before he was ready to start; but he did not care for that.

When he had combed his hair and put on his necktie, he ran to bid his mother good-by. As she went to the door to see her little lad trudge away, she slipped seven cents into his hand, so that he could buy some buns and gingerbread for his lunch.

"Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution box," she said softly as she looked into his eyes.

Some time before this the people of the village church had decided to raise money to educate a heathen boy in one of the Christian schools of India. It would take twelve dollars a year to do this. A penny contribution box was placed by the church door, and as the members of the church passed out each week they were to drop a penny into it. Of course they could give more if they liked; but there must be at least one dollar raised every month.

All the boys and girls were invited to try for a cent a week. Money was very scarce in those days. It was more difficult for a boy to earn a penny than to earn a quarter now. Why, good potatoes sold then for ten cents a bushel! and you know now you have to pay about two dollars. But in spite of the difficulty of raising money, the boys went to work in their gardens with enthusiasm, while the girls braided straw or knit woolen underwear. By "hook and by crook," the missionary box managed to collect a dollar a month, and all felt that they were doing something "great."

Well, after Cyrus had walked along for some time with his seven cents in his pocket, he began to question himself.

"Shall I drop one cent or two cents into the missionary box? I wish mother had not said one or two, then I could drop in one and be satisfied."

Finally he decided that two cents was not any too much for the mission work, so he made up his mind to drop that amount into the box. "Five cents will furnish all I can eat," he said to himself.

But it was not long before a little voice inside of him said, "Five cents for yourself and two for the heathen! Five cents for gingerbread, and two for souls!" Oh dear, how uncomfortable he felt! He did wish that conscience would stop talking that way.

"Well, I'll give four cents for gingerbread and three for souls," he said at last. But he could not take a firm stand there very long, so at length the decision was, "Three for gingerbread and four for the souls of the heathen."

He would have drawn the line there but he was reminded just then that the boys would find out that he had only three cents, and would laugh at him! As this thought came to him, he looked up and found himself just a few steps from where the contribution box had been placed. He still had his seven cents in his hand.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed. "I'll dump them all in and have no more bother about it." So in went the whole seven pennies, rattling merrily as they fell into the box. After that Cyrus went away contented. He felt very happy, somehow.

All day he kept away from the refreshment stands, and by four o'clock he was getting pretty hungry. He had seen about everything there was to see, and after being on his feet since early dawn with nothing to eat since breakfast time, he was about as tired as a little boy could be who had never fasted that way before. So he left the grounds and started for home. When he reached the house he burst into the room where his mother was sitting, exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, I'm as hungry as a bear! I haven't had a mouthful to eat today.'

"Why, Cyrus, did you lose your money?"

"No, mother; but you didn't give it to me right. If you had given me eight cents or six cents, I would have divided it half and half. But you gave me seven. I couldn't divide it, so I dropped it all into the missionary box."

"You poor boy," she said, smiling through her tears. And she gave him a big bowl of bread and milk. Nothing had ever tasted so good before. Why, it was food fit for a king.

"I wonder why mother is crying," thought Cyrus. Can you guess why? It was because her little boy was willing to deny himself for Jesus' sake.

Years afterward Cyrus Hamlin became a devoted foreign missionary and went to work among the Mohammedans of Turkey. He always said that he decided to give his life to the service of Christ through the influence of that missionary box. Five other missionaries besides himself "came out of the same box," he tells us, for it was learning to give to the Lord, and denying self for the sake of the heathen boy whom they were trying to educate, that led them to dedicate their lives to foreign missions. ELLA IDEN.

The Sabbath School

X — Through the Red Sea

(September 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ex. 12: 37-51; 13: 17-22; 14.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 281-290; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 167-172.

MEMORY VERSE: "He led them on safely, so that they feared not: but the sea overwhelmed their enemies." Ps. 78: 53.

"Each man is captain of his soul,
And each man his own crew,
But the Pilot knows the unknown seas,
And he will bring us through."

Questions

1. From what place did the Israelites start when they left Egypt? About how large was the company? Ex. 12: 37, 38. Note 1.
2. In what order did they march? Ex. 13: 18, margin. Note 2.
3. What did the people eat as they journeyed? Ex. 12: 34, 39.
4. What promise made to Joseph years before did Moses now fulfil? Ex. 13: 19; Gen. 50: 25.
5. What route were the Israelites led to take? Ex. 13: 17, 18. Note 3.
6. How were they led on their journey? Verses 21, 22. Note 4.
7. Name the first three camping places. Verse 20; Ex. 14: 1, 2.
8. What was told to the king of Egypt? What effect did this have upon Pharaoh? What did he and his servants say? Verse 5. Note 5.
9. What did Pharaoh do? Where did he overtake the Israelites? Verses 6-9.
10. How did the Israelites feel when they saw their pursuers? To whom did they cry? What did they say to Moses? Verses 10-12. Note 6.
11. How did Moses show his faith in answering the people? Verses 13, 14.
12. What command did the Lord give? What was Moses to do? What would be the result? Verses 15, 16.

13. What strange thing now came to pass? How did this help the Israelites? Verses 19, 20.

14. What did the Lord cause the sea to do? What did the Israelites then do? What were the waters to them as they passed over? Verses 21, 22. Note 7.

15. As the Egyptians attempted to use this miracle-made path through the sea, what was the result to them?

16. What effect did this great deliverance have upon the Israelites? Verse 31.

Map Study

Trace on the map the three possible routes from the land of Goshen to Palestine.

Locate the camping places mentioned.

Notes

1. "In this multitude were not only those who were actuated by faith in the God of Israel, but also a far greater number who desired only to escape from the plagues, or who followed in the wake of the moving multitudes, merely from excitement and curiosity. This class were ever a hindrance and a snare to Israel."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 281.

2. Moses was trained as a warrior in the court of Pharaoh, and he led the children of Israel to march in order. The great number doubtless necessitated the dividing of the people into companies with leaders or captains over each company.

3. "From the earliest historic days there seems to have been three great highways out of lower Egypt eastward:"

a. The way of the land of the Philistines was the most northern. It was the shortest, easiest, and best watered route. But the Philistines were a warlike people and would undoubtedly have resisted the Israelites had they attempted to pass through their country.

b. The way of Shur, the Wall Road, was the central route. But it went straight into a long stretch of desert.

c. The route by way of the Red Sea was the southern route. It went for some distance along the sea, and then into a mountainous region. This area was familiar to Moses through his living in Midian for forty years.

4. "At the present day, in great caravans such as that of the annual pilgrimage of the Mohammedans to Mecca, a large cresset containing fire is borne aloft, before the moving host, the smoke of which by day, and the fire by night, forms an ensign, or waymark, for the people, the most conspicuous, and therefore, the most useful, that can be devised."—John Kitto.

5. "Several days had passed since Pharaoh let the Israelites go. The excitement had passed. The laborers were needed. Public works were stopped. When, therefore, Pharaoh learned that the Israelites were still in Egypt, seemingly under poor leadership, and now caught in a trap, this poor, unarmed, defenseless multitude, he summoned his generals and the army, he dispatches his six hundred chosen chariots, he forbids the garrison on the wall to open the gates. They all rush down swiftly toward the cornered captives."—Peloubet.

6. "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." Go forward? Where? Which way? High, rugged mountains were before them, and on one side the Red Sea; on the other, and coming in behind them, the great Egyptian host. Truly they were "entangled in the land."

7. The Red Sea which the Israelites crossed, was the arm of the sea now called the Gulf of Suez. Authorities say that it probably reached at least thirty miles farther north than now, and that the sea must have been twelve miles wide where they crossed.

Our Words

(Concluded from page seven)

What will discord at home prevent?

"Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered." 1 Peter 3: 7.

What kind of words should we speak now when Christ's coming is near?

2 Peter 3: 11; Eph. 4: 29; 5: 19; 1 Thess. 4: 16-18; Ps. 145: 6-11; Eph. 5: 3, 4. NELLIE M. BUTLER.

"CHRIST has given us his life as a pattern, and we dishonor him when we become jealous of every slight, and are ready to resent every injury, supposed or real. It is not an evidence of a noble mind to be prepared to defend self, to preserve our own dignity."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. II, p. 426.

An International Apology

THE allied diplomatic colony in Rumania was greatly elated over the arrival of a large shipment of hospital and medical supplies from the United States. The supplies were seriously needed, and had been long delayed, so it was thought fitting to celebrate their arrival by a dinner, given to twenty-five or more prominent men. The man who was to act as host found himself without the much-needed olive oil. He finally secured a quart bottle from the Red Cross warehouse, and expressed his pleasure in securing the real olive oil by arranging a menu every dish of which contained some oil.

But alas! The guests could partake of not more than a mouthful from any dish, each viand having a fish-glue taste.

The humiliated host began investigations, which resulted in the discovery that the Red Cross superintendent had given him a quart of "full-flavored Norwegian cod-liver oil" instead of olive oil.

International complications were avoided by an apology in seven languages.

The Borrower

AN elderly minister said in public recently that he had lost all but one of a set of books that he greatly prized,—lost them to borrowers. He had therefore determined to cling to the lone volume left him, despite all invitations of friend or foe to part with it.

Not all persons are careless in returning borrowed property; but so many have been, so many are, that their unsavory reputation has come to rest upon the just and unjust alike; so that owners of libraries unconsciously shrink from the first approach of an habitual borrower, and even the unusual or reputable borrower's request starts a chill down the spine.

To refuse one the loan of a book seems niggardly, and to remonstrate with borrowers is embarrassing; so most persons submit to the annoyance and lose their books, though the unpleasant remembrance of the loss persists.

Perhaps it is the delicacy of the situation that has allowed the habit to live for so many centuries without book owners finding a way to extricate themselves from the unhappy situation. The following incident from the *Youth's Companion* gives a unique suggestion for retaining possession of one's property, though it entails considerable expenditure of energy on the part of the owner. The satisfactory results that ensue may make the effort worth while.

"Mrs. Reynolds and the Borrowers"

"Mrs. Hayes had finished her call and risen to go, and yet, very clearly, there was something on her mind. At the door she turned impulsively.

"I don't know what you will think of me, Mrs. Reynolds, but I feel as if I must warn you—as if it wouldn't be right not to. Have the Carletons been over yet?"

"No one has been here to call, but Mrs. Carleton has stopped at the gate once or twice."

"Mrs. Hayes hesitated. She was no lover of idle gossip, that was clear.

"It's just—the way they borrow," she said. "And you never get things back—or, if you do, nine times out of ten they are spoiled. They borrow *everything*—almost the shoes off your feet."

"Thank you, very much," Mrs. Reynolds responded cordially. "I appreciate it. I have several things I should not care to lose." She was laughing a little, and her warm handshake sent her caller away comforted.

Half an hour later Mrs. Reynolds had another caller, the oldest Carleton girl. She made her errand known without any embarrassment.

"Mother's broke her carpet sweeper, and she wanted to know if she could borrow yours, 'cause company's coming."

"Won't you sit down?" Mrs. Reynolds asked pleasantly. "When is your company coming?"

"No'm, I guess I can't. She's coming tonight."

"So you want the sweeper for today. That is very convenient for me since my sweeping day is tomorrow. I know you will be busy with company, so tell your mother not to bother to return it; I'll come for it myself in the morning."

"The Carleton girl gave her a puzzled look.

"I dunno as we'll be through with it," she ventured. This was clearly an experience for which she had no orders.

"A glint of laughter lighted Mrs. Reynolds's eyes.

"If you are not through with it you can send for it again," she said.

"She was as good as her word. The next morning she went over to the Carletons' for her sweeper. Mrs. Carleton received her somewhat stiffly, but Mrs. Reynolds chatted so pleasantly that she soon 'thawed.' She even gave evidence of her good feeling by sending over in the afternoon for the ice-cream freezer.

"Mrs. Reynolds was glad to lend it. She herself, it appeared, was to make ice cream the following day. Mrs. Carleton need not bother; she would send for the freezer.

"In the next week the Carletons borrowed a lawn mower, cake tins, curtain stretchers, a ladder, and a pair of scales. Mrs. Reynolds lent each thing cheerfully, and went for it within two days. The second week they borrowed only garden shears and a cutting table. The third week Mrs. Carleton came, but only to call.

"I've wanted to ask you," Mrs. Hayes said, hesitatingly, one day when she met Mrs. Reynolds, 'how you get on with the Carletons.'

"Oh, very pleasantly. They haven't borrowed anything for a month."

"Mrs. Hayes's eyes widened. 'I don't see how you do it!' she exclaimed."

A Bible Written by Hand

VISITORS to the Congressional Library at Washington are shown a Bible which could not be matched today by the best printing office in the world. It was written by a monk in the sixteenth century, and was the work of a lifetime. Even under the microscope not a single flaw can be found in all its thousand pages.

The general lettering is arranged in two columns on each page, and nowhere is there the slightest irregularity of line or space. At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in red and blue ink. Within each of these capitals is drawn the figure of a character of whom the chapter treats.

A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk, and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible that he might learn every letter of the divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years he patiently pursued his task. Each letter was wrought with reverence and love, and when the last touch was given to the last letter, the artificer, then an old man, reverently kissed the page and folded the sheets together.

The parchment still is in a perfect state of preservation. The volume is kept under a glass case, which sometimes is lifted to show the visitor that all the pages of the book are as perfect as the two which lie open.—*Selected.*

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