

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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WALLA WALLA COLLEGE, COLLEGE PLACE, WASHINGTON

From Here and There

Women welders are making good in steel plants all over the country. Attired in overalls, they have invaded the realm of melting iron, flaming torches, and colored fire.

Firemen of the Cambridge station, near Boston, have taken up knitting, and are turning over quantities of socks to the Cambridge chapter of the Red Cross. Between alarms they purl and knit.

Military dogs render valuable service to the Italian forces in the Alps. The horse and the mule are practically useless when it comes to climbing narrow, snow-covered roads at dizzy heights, but the dog has shown its strength and power of enduring hardships. The dogs carry food and water to the outposts.

Owing to the prevalence of "Spanish grip," the municipality of Rome, Italy, has forbidden, under penalty of 5,000 francs or three months' imprisonment, performances in theaters, picture houses, and music halls, concerts, or meetings of any kind, including religious ceremonies, until further orders.

To curtail paper waste, new rules are being enforced by the British government as follows: Music on two pages instead of four; theater programs reduced in size by half; catalogues and circulars reduced; use of confetti prohibited; no more cigarette pictures; lighter wrappings for packages; street cars and auto busses to collect used tickets; no unsold newspapers to be returned.

Hostile airplanes in the fighting region are always on the hunt for villages in which soldiers may be bombed. A particular hamlet was within range of the enemy's big guns and no chances might be taken, so all street lights were out and the windows were curtained. An American writer, telling his experience on entering this town, says: "Only those who have been lost in the midst of a forest on a rainy night can properly appreciate the utter blackness of that street. I ran head-on into a soldier. 'Visibility low,' he remarked, in grimly humorous quotation from the report often made by the aerial observers."

A deep-sea diving machine designed for use in raising torpedoed vessels was tested recently in Long Island Sound. Its inventor, W. D. Sisson, has asked for a Government trial. The machine, propelled by an electric motor, went down ninety-eight feet, bored holes in a steel plate, inserted rivets, and brought the plate to the surface. It was manipulated by two men inside. The current was furnished from a barge. Magnets on the outside hold the machine against the ship into which rivet holes are bored. Small portholes permit the machine crew to see what they are doing. Strong electric lamps light the water for them.

Under an agreement between the Government and the International Harvester Company, Federal court decrees declaring the so-called harvester trust to be an unlawful combination, and ordering its dissolution, are to be carried into effect at once. The company's appeal pending in the Supreme Court since 1915 is to be dismissed and an order issued providing for the sale of certain machinery lines controlled by the company, together with its plants in Springfield, Ohio, and Auburn, New York. The harvester suit was instituted in Minnesota in 1912 by the Government, which, for the first time in the prosecution of alleged combination and restraint of trade, asked for the dissolution of a combination on the grounds mainly of size and inherent power.

Franking privileges which have been permitted by the various express companies have been revoked by the railroad administration. Orders were issued yesterday to the American Railway Express Company, the new company established recently, to withdraw all franks and issue no new ones. In the past such free service was given by the express companies to a large number of persons. The privilege was extended not only to express officers and employees, but also to officers and employees of railroad companies. As a result of this practice thousands of express franks were in existence and large quantities of goods were carried free of charge.

Haiti is the twenty-second nation now at war with Germany. More than a year ago Haiti severed diplomatic relations with Germany. The specific grievance of the government against Germany was the death of eight Haitians who were on the steamship "Montreal" when that vessel was torpedoed by a submarine. Of course Germany does not worry greatly over the military resources this new belligerent will bring against her; but she is concerned over certain economic conditions that may ensue. Haiti has been a good market for German products, and Germany has reaped considerable profits from the Haitian products that she has handled, as well as from her financial operations.

"An aeroplane pilot's usefulness in the air will last about a year; after that he begins to decline," says Lieut. D. A. Tasso, an Italian aviator. "I don't mean to say that a pilot's constitution is impaired, but his nervous system suffers from continual flights and the tension he undergoes until he is temporarily worn out. In other words, his nerves are gone for the time being and he cannot perform best service. Of course, there are men in all of the armies who have been flying for a longer time than a year, but it is notable that there are very few men who continue their successes after a year's service in the air."

"Airplanes, carrying a hundred men and equipped with engines equal in power to those in a medium-sized steamship, will be developed within three years," said Gianni Caproni, inventor of the Caproni bombing planes.

It is said that there were thirteen transports in the first contingent of United States troops sent to France; that thirteen days were covered in the voyage; and that they landed on the thirteenth day of the month, with but one sick man among them as they landed.

The Youth's Instructor

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AS UNTO ME

LEONA SUMMEY-BURMAN

"Be ye kind to one another,
Bear the burdens of the weak;
To the orphan be a mother,
To the outcast dare to speak.
Thus ye may fulfil my bidding,
Do to them as unto me;
I will recognize your service,
And my favor ye shall see.

"When I come mine own to gather,
This the question I shall ask,
'Are ye faithful daily, rather
Than in some great public task?
Do you always welcome strangers?
Do you give to them to drink?
Do you visit those in prison,
Or of comfort do you think?'

"Many will be disappointed
When they come to me and say,
'With thy power we've been anointed,
And we've taught to men thy way,'
When I say, 'I never knew you,
Go ye into darkest night;
But to those who've served me truly,
'Come, ye blessed, to my right.'"

Thus our Master bade us labor
While he builds for us a place;
As ourselves to love our neighbor
Though the poorest of the race.
If we keep this great commandment,
And likewise bestow our love
First upon our God, the Father,
We shall have a home above.

SENT INTO THE WILDERNESS

ELIZABETH TOLLMAN

WITH an expression divided between hope and fear playing across his countenance, the tired, worn-looking man in ministerial garb sitting in the office of Dr. Burroughs, awaited the verdict of the famous nerve specialist. The physician leaned back, his elbows on the arms of his chair, and carefully placed his finger tips together, while he looked keenly at his patient. Then in a tone of finality he announced, "Three months' complete rest, as far away from the routine of your daily work as you can get,—some place in the wilderness where you will see no one,—good, nourishing food, plenty of sleep, and I think you will be a new man; otherwise—" and an expressive shrug of the shoulders completed the sentence. Over the face of the minister a look of consternation spread, and he exclaimed,

"Doctor! what do you mean? Why, that is impossible, I am in the midst of a large city evangelistic effort. I—I—why, I—"

Dr. Burroughs measured him with a grave glance, and, though he spoke with the direct frankness of a man of medicine, a note of sympathy was in his voice.

"Belden, I'm sorry for you; but to be frank, brutally frank, if you choose to call it so, you are on the ragged edge of things, on the jumping-off place. I would not give much for your chance of pulling yourself together if you do not take my advice and get out right away. Consult a dozen others if you wish. I know they will all tell you the same thing."

The minister sat as if dazed for a moment before he rose to leave the office. It seemed to him as if he staggered when he walked. In his tired, worn-out condition, a feeling of discouragement and helplessness took possession of him, and conflicting thoughts played through his mind with bewildering rapidity. Go into the wilderness, leave his evangelistic effort when the interest was at its acme, turn over to other hands the work which was dearer to him than life,—how could he? His very soul writhed at the mere thought. Then like a ray of comfort, into the abyss of his despair the words flashed, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass:" and immediately a deep calm filled his soul, and enabled him to murmur, "Even so, dear Lord, just as thou wilt."

Far up in rugged mountains, shut in by towering walls on every side, and reached only by team from the railroad station, nestles a secluded spot called Wood's Lake, so named because of the beautiful lake on the timber claim owned by three brothers. Here, almost apart from the world, the brothers operated their sawmill, hauling the lumber down the mountain by team to the nearest railroad station. It was to this quiet place that the minister came to follow out his physician's orders. Mrs. Barker, the wife of the oldest brother, was a distant cousin of her guest, and welcomed the worn-out man with simple hospitality, doing everything for his comfort that kindness could devise.

Very soon, in the bracing mountain atmosphere, with the wealth of nature's blessings around him, the minister felt his taut nerves relaxing, and new life beginning to surge through his tired body. Quietly and easily he adjusted himself to the simple life of the mountain home.

"Really, Frank," remarked Mrs. Barker two or three weeks after her guest's arrival, "I dread to think of the time when you will leave us, for somehow you seem already to belong here." The minister made answer, "Well, I certainly do feel at home, thanks to your kindness." Only one member of the household seemed to avoid him, Mr. Barker's niece, a young girl who was spending the summer with them. The minister, trained to detect soul suffering, read in the girl's dark eyes a sorrow strangely at variance with her youth, but not until Mrs. Barker confided in him did he know the cause.

"Really, Frank," she said one day as they sat on the porch, "what to do with Louise I do not know. It is true she has had terrible sorrow for one so young, but with her youth and her talent I cannot see why she should continue to grieve the way she does. I have always heard she has a wonderful voice, but I have never heard her sing. I think it is true though, for they have spent a fortune on her voice. She sang in all the big musical circles in Chicago before she came here, and has had several offers to train for grand opera, but her mother would not hear to that. Her father died when Louise was a baby. There were two children, Louise and Theodore. Their father left plenty of money, and I think their mother spoiled the

children in some ways. Louise fairly idolized her mother and brother. Well, Theodore enlisted as soon as the war broke out, and that nearly killed Louise. Then early last spring her mother took pneumonia and died, and about six weeks later word came that Theodore had been killed in France. We sent for her to come here, though I did not really expect she would, knowing that she has many relatives more comfortably circumstanced than we, and I had seen her only two or three times when we visited in Chicago. It seems the secluded way we live appealed to her in her trouble, and she has been here about seven weeks. As I said, what to do I do not know. I never saw any one take sorrow as she does; she won't talk about it, and she doesn't cry; she just wanders out over the mesa the whole day long. She has little to say to any one and will not let any one say anything to her about her sorrow. It is entirely unnatural. Her uncle asked her to sing one day, and she turned like a flash and said, 'I'll never sing again!' I wish I knew what to do, I surely do."

"Poor, poor child," exclaimed the minister after listening to the sad story. His great heart of sympathy was deeply touched, and he watched for an opportunity to talk to her, but the girl seemed to shun his every attempt to lead her into conversation. The days lengthened into weeks, and yet he had not been able to give her any help.

The opportunity finally came, however. It was at the close of a perfect day when he started over to the mesa for his evening stroll, alone with nature and God. Louise had not been home since noon. The sun was sinking, and the surrounding landscape was lighted up with all the splendor of a mountain sunset. Slowly he walked, deep in meditation, and did not see the girl sitting on a large bowlder till he was very close to her. Her elbows in her lap, her chin resting upon her hands, she sat gazing into space. Without speaking, he stopped for a moment and looked toward the mountains standing in all their beauty and splendor, then he gently said, "Doesn't a scene like this, Miss Byington, always make you think of that verse, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help'? Every time I see it that verse comes to my mind." The girl looked up, without apparent surprise, but made no answer.

"Do I intrude if I sit down and rest for a few moments?" he then asked. She did not change her position, and there was no warmth in her voice as she replied, "No."

The silence was unbroken until the minister at last said quietly, "Miss Byington, you are in trouble, I am sure; won't you let me help you?"

She shook her head. "No one can help me, no one."

"Perhaps you do not feel that any human being can give you help, but you know there is One who can always help, One whose heart bleeds with every dart of sorrow that pierces our hearts. You believe this, and believe that he can give you comfort, do you not?"

Her voice was cold as she replied, "Do I believe? No, I do not, for I do not even believe there is a God, if that is what you mean."

Concealing his surprise, the minister did not speak for a moment, then he continued, "Ah, child, your vision is just a bit clouded now, you cannot see clearly; for indeed there is a God, there has always been a God, there will always be a God, and —" but the girl interrupted him passionately.

"Don't! I won't hear it, I won't. If there is a God why is he so cruel? Why did he take my mother?"

why did he take my brother? why does he let this horrible war continue? You say there is a God; of course you think so, why shouldn't you? You are a minister and ministers have to believe. But has the God you believe in ever snatched your mother from you, has he let your brother be killed, murdered — has he? They say, 'Be brave, trust God, remember that life is beautiful and worth living!' Beautiful! It is cruel, cruel, that is what it is, and sometimes I think I *must*, I *will* end it, and, then — then — I'm afraid; oh, I'm afraid!"

She caught her breath suddenly, and with a little helpless gesture, like a child, reached forth her hands, moaning, "Oh, I want my mother, I want my mother!" The words ended in a torrent of sobs which shook her whole frame. For just a moment the minister's eyes grew dark with suffering as memory tore aside the veil of the past years and brought before him those hours of anguish in his own life when, bereft suddenly of wife and child, he, too, had doubted the existence of God. He did not try to check the girl's wild outburst, knowing that pent-up sorrow was at last finding an outlet. When finally the storm of her grief was past, he tried to talk to her, and she listened like a child spent with its crying, his voice, and the convulsive catch of her breath now and then, being the only sounds to break the evening stillness. Gently he presented words of comfort to her until she was quieted, and at last she walked home with him.

In the days that followed she allowed him to talk to her many times, passively listening; but he knew by her attitude that the healing spirit of the Great Comforter was doing its sure work. It was during the last week of his visit that, coming into the house one evening from his walk, he heard the sweet tones of a wonderfully beautiful contralto voice singing the words, "As One Whom His Mother Comforteth, So Will I Comfort You." Tears came to his eyes, and he whispered, "God be thanked."

It is two years later. A group of people are gathered on the pier to bid farewell to a number of missionaries who are leaving the homeland to go to the foreign field. One of the travelers, a dark-eyed girl whose face is beaming with happiness, is talking to Mr. Belden, and by her side stands her husband, a young man aglow with fervor and enthusiasm for service.

"Ah, Louise," the minister is saying, "little did I dream why the Lord changed my plans and sent me to the mountains that summer. I thought at first it was the thwarting work of Satan, but all the time God knew the outcome."

Her face smiling through tears, the girl takes his hand to bid him good-by, and her voice vibrates with feeling as she says,

"Oh, Mr. Belden, just suppose He hadn't sent you. I never would have gone to a Christian college that next winter, I am sure; and if I had not, I might never have received that vision which has changed my whole life. I would have just gone on in wicked rebellion instead of having this wonderful privilege of going out to a foreign land to tell poor lost souls of a Saviour's love. Oh, I'm so thankful, I'm so happy that he did send you and that you did come!"

"If you get into the habit of turning back when you come to Red Sea problems, you will always be in jeopardy, always in danger of being smothered by the waters."

Thoughts on Life

"So precious life is! Even to the old
The hours are as a miser's coins!"

DOST thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." These words from Franklin are wonderfully suggestive and replete with meaning. Time and life are lent to us from God—a loan we all prize, and one we should be loath to part with. Yet how many of us really appreciate it to the extent that we are willing to use it as the Giver has designed?

For each life he lends, God has a purpose, and it is his will, of course, that each one should so use that life as to insure the fulfilment of that purpose. And though he has for each an individual plan, yet he has one great purpose which applies to us all, that of being a blessing to our fellow men by being careful of the small things of life. "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." It is not so much the great deeds we do that make our lives worth while, as the little kindnesses day by day; for if we wait our opportunity to climb mountains, our lives may pass before the hills are surmounted.

We do not know when life may cease, but it is ours to employ it each day, moment by moment, in such a way that when the time comes that we are about to part with it, we may have the blessed peace of knowing we have not misused God's loan.

The first stanza of the little poem "What I Live For" has been a help to me, and though it is familiar to us all I believe it is worth repeating:

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And the good that I can do."

If we bear in mind that we should use these borrowed lives for others instead of ourselves, for heaven and for what good we can do, we shall have nothing to regret in the day of reckoning.

FERN LEAF ROW.

Forgetting

AT some time in his life, every person instinctively turns from the present scenes of life and reviews his past. Memory recalls his varied experiences of successes and failures, sorrows and joys, opportunities grasped or lost, and of duties neglected or fulfilled. However much there may be found of the beautiful, the joyful, and the good, yet there is also much cause for regret. Every one who is aiming at high ideals is easily made conscious of a large degree of failure as he compares his past achievements with these ideals. He sees precious time and strength squandered, he sees opportunities receding hopelessly in the distance. He remembers many instances of painful mistakes and

blunders. And with it all there comes the conviction and keen sense that all this is beyond the power of man to change. Our yesterday's record is unalterably and irrevocably fixed,—not a spoken word can be recalled, not the slightest deed undone,—and if one permits it, such a retrospect will sadden and discourage the heart, lessen our mental vigor, dampen inspiration, and seriously minimize all our resources of power for present responsibilities and opportunities.

But there is a better way; for an all-wise and sympathetic Creator has endowed man with the faculty of forgetting. To forget is a function of the normal, healthy mind as truly as is remembering. In fact we could not remember anything, were it not also possible for us to forget some things. Without this power, our minds would be an unwieldy mass of ideas. Moreover it is for us to choose what things memory shall retain and what things forget. If we will, we can banish from our consciousness all the evils that might seek a lodgment there. We may draw a heavy curtain

that forever shuts from our view all the mistakes, the failures, and sorrows of the past; and our eyes shall catch only the bright beams of light reflected by the things that are lovely and true and good. Every experience of suffering and disappointment may be buried in the past, and its tomb sealed with the divine assurance that it has been for our own good. Suffering does purify and

make better; therefore gather up the pure gold as it comes from the furnace, and cultivate so deep a sense of its preciousness that you will have no care for the dross. This will turn your mourning into laughter, give you beauty for ashes, and the joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

But it may be asked, How is this done? One who has been eminently successful in this, tells us the secret in these words: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark." The way to leave things behind, is to go forward; and to forget the past, we must fix our minds on the ideals before us and be intensely in earnest in our efforts to reach them. To brood over the past is to live in the past. To remember the injury, or to cherish a grudge for a day, a month, or a year, is to be that far behind in the program for life. One reason why people cannot forget is because they so frequently tell their troubles to their friends, and so darken their lives too. Be kind to your friends; monopolize your sorrows, but radiate your joys. Learn to begin life anew each day, retaining in your memories of yesterday only the things which are beautiful, which, like the fragrance of the roses, will sweeten and gladden every hour and every day.

TITUS KURTICHANOV.

It is a poor heart that never rejoices.—*Dickens.*



NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL OF WALLA WALLA COLLEGE

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

LEONA SUMMEY-BURMAN

BARE hands grip success better than kid gloves." These words express the ideal and explain the remarkable career of Charles M. Schwab, the new director general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Perhaps the fact that there has been no adverse criticism of his appointment, and that capitalists and socialists alike enthusiastically praise him, is the greatest compliment he could receive.

He was born in Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1862. While his early education was limited, he "always had a book with him" and improved every spare moment.

Of the advantage of a broad education to the business man, Mr. Schwab says: "Whatever may have been true in the past, there is no doubt that today industrial conditions favor the college man. Business is conducted on so large a scale that the broadening effects of higher education, gained through proper application, write a large figure. But the college man who thinks that his greater learning gives him the privilege of working less hard than the man without such an education, is going to wake up in disaster."

At the age of eighteen, young Schwab began his life career by driving stakes and dragging chains for the engineers in a steel mill, at a salary of one dollar a day. Faithful in his work during the day, and earnest in his study of engineering at night, he soon attracted the attention of the superintendent, and six months later was made assistant engineer. Three years passed by and he was appointed to the head of the engineering corps, with a salary of two hundred fifty dollars a month.

In the meantime he married the daughter of the first steel works chemist in the United States, and then his evenings were devoted to the chemistry of iron and its compounds.

Seven years after he began as stake driver, he had designed, built, and become manager of Carnegie's great Homestead plant. At this time he became a partner in the business, receiving as his share of the profits one third of one per cent. During the next few years he became more and more valuable to his employers, and advanced till he was made president of the United States Steel Corporation, the biggest financial concern in all the United States.

But he wanted a big industrial plant of his own. The Bethlehem steel plant was a physical wreck and a financial failure, running behind more than a million dollars a year. In 1903 Mr. Schwab purchased this for \$15,000,000; business men shook their heads and said, "Schwab is through now." But in thirteen years he had converted this wreck into the greatest manufacturing establishment in the world, covering 1,360 acres of land on the banks of the Lehigh, and employing 60,000 men. He had become the largest individual employer in the world, and had made Bethlehem a world word in industry.

Today he has the reputation of being the world's greatest salesman. At the opening of the war, while other great manufacturers were planning how they might secure orders, Schwab quietly crossed the Atlantic, secured more orders than he could fill, gave the surplus to his competitors, and delivered his part earlier than the contract required. This illustrates his business initiative.

Another great factor in his success is his ability to

work with men in such a way as to win their love and admiration. He gets the best the men have to give. Illustrative of this is an incident that took place while he was manager of the Homestead plant.

There was one mill that was not turning out as much work as he thought it should. The superintendent was a man of great ability, and Schwab was at a loss to understand the matter. He questioned the man, who replied that he had coaxed, pushed, and sworn at the men, but he could not get results. One day while passing through the mill, Schwab paused before one of the large furnaces, and asked the foreman how many heats they had made that day.

"Six," was the reply.

Schwab quietly chalked a large "6" on the floor and passed on.

When the night shift came on, they asked the meaning of the figure on the floor. "Oh, the big boss was in here today. He asked us about the number of heats we had made, and chalked it down."

The next morning the "6" had been erased and in its place was a "7."

The day force refused to acknowledge the superiority of the night workers, and that evening Schwab saw a large "10" on the floor. In a few days that mill had doubled its output.

Personally, Mr. Schwab is described as "tall, solid, but tinglingly alive," with honest brown eyes, and a pleasant voice, and a smile that has the interested, intimate look that has always made his men tell "Charlie" all their troubles. One of his friends has said: "Whenever I talk with Charlie Schwab for five minutes, I have an irresistible impulse to grab my hat, rush out, and do something. His enthusiasm electrifies one."

Perhaps the following words from the man himself will help us to know him better:

"When I want to find fault with my men, I say nothing when I go through their departments. If I were satisfied, I should praise them. My silence hurts them more than anything else in the whole world, and it doesn't give offense. It makes them think and work harder."

"Men fail because they do not see the importance of being kind and courteous to the men under them. Kindness to everybody always pays for itself, and besides it is a pleasure to be kind."

"Most talk about supergeniuses is nonsense. I have found that when 'stars' drop out, their departments seldom suffer. And their successors are merely men who have learned by application and self-discipline to get full production from an average normal brain. I have always felt that the surest way to qualify for the job just ahead is to work a little harder than any one else on the job one is holding down."

"Recently we have heard much about investments. To my mind, the best investment a young man starting out in business can possibly make is to give all his time, all his energies to work — just plain, hard work."

"The man who has done his best has done everything. The man who has done less than his best has done nothing."

Surely our President has made no mistake in placing a man with such convictions of life at the head of our shipbuilding work, and we shall confidently expect results.

THE PRICE

RACHEL HOPE HALL

THE last rays of an early April sunset were coloring the western sky. Another spring twilight was settling over the little village of Hampton. Nature always has her admirers, and upon this evening there was one lonely heart who heard, in the soft sea breezes, the inspiring, hopeful cheer of the voice of God.

Mrs. Conley sits upon her veranda alone. Upon her face is a happy expression of expectancy, and, seeing her glance repeatedly toward the car line, we judge that she is watching for some one. Yes, supper waits upon the fresh linen in the kitchen, and she is waiting for Clarence. An odor from the kitchen calls the woman to the baking loaves in the oven. As she later retraces her steps to the porch, she turns to Mr. Conley resting in the large chair in the dining-room. "John, it's almost time for him to come. Why, you've fallen asleep in the rocker! Well, I'll not waken you." And she quietly passed on to the porch.

Once again comfortably seated in the old wicker rocker, Mrs. Conley's mind lingered a few moments upon the image of her husband. Too well she knew, as she recalled his drooping shoulders and faltering steps, that his race in life was nearing its finish: She realized the change which time had made in her own figure. Then she thought of their youthful school days together, and finally of their courtship and marriage. She lived again the moments when she and her husband had knelt beside the deathbed of little Ruth, and promised God that if he would only intrust them with another child, they would dedicate it to him even as did the mother of Samuel in days of old. Yes, and she remembered those happy days when she had held so close to her breast little Elmer and Elise, and she smiled as she thought of the days in which these two had played in childish glee. Then, there was Clarence, their baby boy. How they had worked and struggled to send him to college, and now that he had received his degree he was coming home to care for them in their feeble age. And that was not all, for he was to bring with him a sweet child wife who would fill the shadowy rooms with sunshine.

"And maybe," she murmured, "maybe, some day there will be little ones again. How fortunate that Clarence can stay at home and still have charge of the tent work in this vicinity! I am very anxious to hear what he'll have to tell us about General Conference. I am so glad they could go."

"John," she called, "wake up, here they come," and she sprang excitedly down the steps.

The moments which followed are too sacred for the public eye, so we leave them alone until greetings are exchanged. The evening dinner past, all are comfortably seated before the cheerful fireplace. Clarence and his bride have just returned from the General Conference. The elderly parents have cherished the thought of now having their son and daughter-in-law with them in their declining years. The hours sped rapidly away. All were happy; but the mother detected an expression upon her son's face which she could not understand. She had been watching him all evening. What could it be? "Something is wrong," pondered the observing mother.

Finally, after several moments of silence and careful scrutiny of the boy's countenance, she said, "Clarence, there is something you have not told us. Come, what is it?"

"Something gone wrong?" suggested the father.

"Tell mother, son," pleaded Mrs. Conley when the boy did not answer; and she drew her chair a little closer to his.

"It is the same old story, mother; I might have known I could not hide any-



WALLA WALLA SANITARIUM

thing from you," said the boy. Then his voice became a little pathetic as he continued, "Yes, I have news to tell you, but I hardly know how to tell it." Rising, he approached his parents, took his mother's thin white hand in one of his large ruddy ones, and in the other clasped the hard, wrinkled hand of his father. "Forgive me for not telling you sooner, but I could not for I feared you would be disappointed. It is this: We are going to China. The General Conference has asked us to go. China needs us. I thought of you both, mother and father, but we feel it is our duty to go,—we want to go. So we have come to pay a parting visit to the old home. We leave from San Francisco three weeks from tomorrow."

There was silence. The very atmosphere which had breathed of rest and comfort seemed laden with tenseness and unrest. The young man, wishing to break the unbearable silence, paced the floor. Finally, recovering the zest and buoyancy of his step, his countenance lightened, and stepping before his parents, he said in a calm, victorious voice:

"Mother, father, it is only a short time until we all shall meet again, until we can all meet in a happier world than this, gather where little Ruth can join us. Shall we not sacrifice the present for the future? We are merely going across the waters to a sunnier clime, out where the sky is a trifle bluer. Come, tell us you

are glad, tell us you will go with us with your prayers. We shall often think of our happy home; we shall think of our gray-haired parents, and I shall often see you, mother, as you pass in and out among the colored hollyhocks. Come, what do you say?"

"Son, replied the old man, rising and extending a trembling hand, "this seemed a bitter disappointment at first, but not so now. The blow crushed me for a moment, but I can now see that it is His will. Go, my son, and God be with you." There was an involuntary tremor in his voice, and a tenderness of accent which perhaps betrayed more than he would willingly have admitted.

"There is nothing," said Mrs. Conley, as higher emotions mastered her beautiful features, "in this world that is ours. Even you, my son, were lent to us, and now we return to Him what is his. We shall not say many more farewells, for we are growing old and know that soon we must rest, but we believe only for a short time."

She stopped short, her eyes filled with tears. Hastily wiping them away, she answered to the anxious glances from her children, "My heart swells, but I am happy. I have a little verse here in my Bible that means much to me now," and she read in a faltering voice:

"Better than earthly presence, e'en the dearest,
Is the great blessing that our partings bring;
For in the loneliest moments, God is nearest,
And from our sorrows heavenly comforts spring,
If God be with us!

"Good-by, good-by — with latest breath we say it,
A legacy of hope, and faith, and love.
Parting must come, we cannot long delay it;
But, one in Him, we hope to meet above,
If God be with us!"

The Hungry Millionaire

YOU certainly have had some delightful experiences and met many interesting people in your twenty years on the farm," I said as Aunt Sarah finished telling a story of country hospitality in the days before hotels and inns had sprung up in this wild, picturesque spot in the West.

"Yes, indeed. However, some of them have been more strenuous than delightful," she continued with a whimsical smile. "I must tell you of one amusing experience.

One day just after the dinner work was done and I was ready to take my afternoon rest, several men drove up to the door and asked for dinner. I was very tired, but there was then no Lakeside Inn a mile and a half up the road as there is today, so I could not send them away. I told them I was weary, but if they were willing to help I would get dinner. They readily agreed; one man prepared the chicken, another shelled peas, while the third pared potatoes. Of course, I had plenty of bread, butter, and jelly on hand, and in a short time dinner was on the table.

The men certainly did justice to the meal. It is not my habit to watch how much people eat, but really I could not help noticing the extraordinary amount of bread one of the men was eating. Finally he turned to me and said apologetically that he hoped I would excuse the way he was eating up the bread, but that this was the first homemade bread he had tasted for seventeen years, and that it seemed to him the best thing he had ever eaten. Really, Samantha, you would not believe how many of my big slices that man ate. A few days afterward I learned that he was a mil-

lionaire, and had traveled all over the world. Now, what puzzles me is why he did not buy homemade bread if he was hungry for it. He had money enough to buy any amount of it."

"The man probably never realized that he was hungry for it," I answered. "No doubt during those seventeen years he had eaten at the best hotels in the world, and tasted of pastries and delicacies concocted by famous chefs. He had everything that money could buy, and yet was hungry for simple homemade bread, and did not realize it."

"Yes, I suppose that is the reason," she thoughtfully agreed, gathering up the pea shells and peas which we had been shelling, and hastening into the house to prepare dinner.

The story of the man and the bread impressed me, and I thought, There are many soul-hungry people in the world. They are satiated with the things of the world and are hungry for something they know not what. Does not this fact account for the eagerness with which people take hold of the gospel message for this time? It is the simple word of God, and it satisfies that vague yet insistent hunger.

Many churches are wailing over empty pews. Is it not because the gospel ministers are trying to feed the world with its own food? Many of the so-called sermons are mere social or political lectures. There are ministers who are trying to appease the soul hunger of the multitudes with metaphorical bonbons from Shakespeare, or condensed transcendentalism from Emerson, or delicate musical nothings from less famous writers. Why not give to the hungry the bread of life which if a man eat, said Jesus, he will never hunger?

Our own young people may get the idea that eloquence and fluency of speech count for more than their real worth in giving this message. A young man asked a returned missionary if a degree would not help him in winning souls in a foreign field. Often questions like this one are asked in a way that reveals that the questioner has a wrong idea of the true relation of education and soul-saving. While it is true that the training and culture which a degree represents may greatly help in reaching people, no soul has ever been saved by a degree. In general it is safe to say that a consecrated man with an education can do much more than one who has not this culture and training, yet it is consecration which counts. While preparing for a place in the message, while studying science, literature, or languages, we must not lose sight of the fact that education is only a means to help us to be more skilful in giving the message, and that the world's cry of hunger is not satisfied with a scientific or literary dissertation, but with the simple, wholesome, saving word of God.

MARY E. LITTLE.

MURILLO, one of the great painters of the Middle Ages, has told us in one fine picture the beautiful story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. In his painting she is represented at the gate of her castle bathing the head of a leper, while her ladies, horrified, are running away from the disgusting sight of the man's wounds. This was Elizabeth's way of giving thanks to God for his mercies and blessings. It is a good way, and it should be ours, too. *Thanksgiving* is *thanksgiving*. The tender heart is always singing God's praise while doing deeds of kindness.

Did you do a kindness to some one today?

WHERE DO YOU BELONG?

HENRIETTA HELEN GOULARD

HOW does Jim get such high grades in his examinations? He never seems to study."

"Just wait until our next test comes in chemistry or Greek, then watch Jim and you will see."

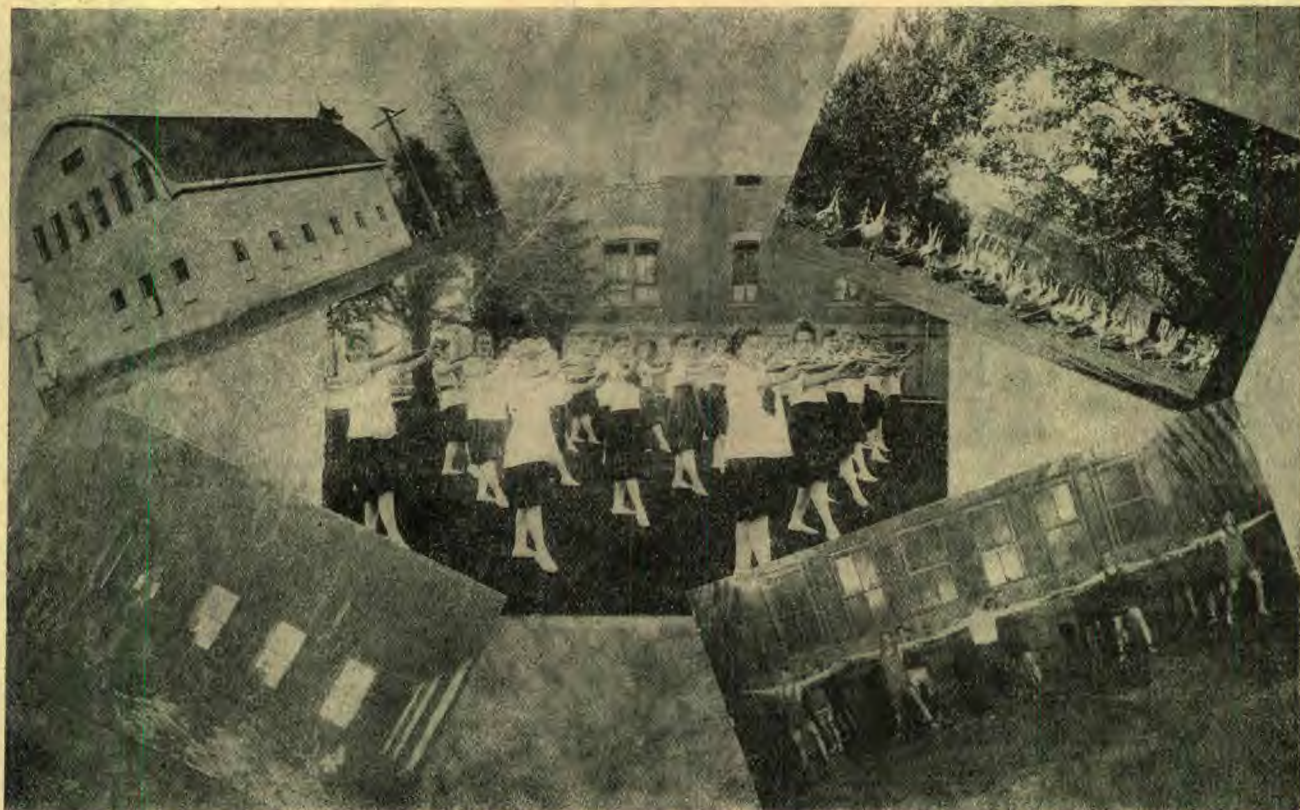
I came, and I saw, and Jim thought he had conquered, but he had not, even though his grade was ninety-nine per cent. He had cheated to get it. This set me to thinking of many things.

You can very nearly determine the character of a person by watching his actions in the examination-room. Do you notice that thoughtful student whose mind is wholly on the subject in hand? He is neither rushing nor poking. His grades are high and his store of general knowledge is generous. He is the sort who

or Bible work. Perhaps they forget the statement which says something about being "faithful in that which is least."

But the worst kind of "cheater" is the one who is too cowardly to do any of these things, but gets information not his own by asking others. He is not only practicing dishonesty himself, but is causing some one else to be dishonest too. Most students feel that they are stingy or snobbish if they fail to give such information when it is asked for. He will be the kind of man who will do little, sneaky things on week days and take "an upper seat" on the Sabbath day.

And then, last of all are those that know not,—at least not very much,—and yet are honest. These are,



Gymnasium (Rear View)
Swimming Pool

Women's Gymnasium Class

Drill on Lawn
Men's Gymnasium Class

will be called a "steady" young person later. He will also be successful.

The one who rushes through may be either one of two classes. The first is the brainy, nervous student who has so many bright thoughts on each question that his pen seems unable to write them all down quickly enough. This one may be very successful in his career; but take comfort, ye of ordinary talents, he very often is the sort that nobody likes, because of his egotism. The other "rusher" knows only a few things, and so decides to write them down in a hurry and get out of the room. He seldom studies for regular recitations, never worries, and does not think during examinations.

But how about those who peep into the book when the instructor's back is turned, or when the students are left alone on their honor? Or perhaps these have something written down in some convenient place. The inconsistency of this class often puzzles me. They may secure a prominent place in religious circles, or be looking forward to taking a place in ministerial

in some respects, the most admirable of all. Yet they are seldom praised for their practical honesty, which may almost be called "everyday Christianity." Perhaps they have more work to do than others, and so do not have so much time to study; perhaps the questions asked happen to cover work they do not know; perhaps, too, they are not very brainy students. Who knows? At any rate they are honest and uncomplaining, and perhaps when the next examination comes, they do not belong in this class at all, but in the most brilliant I have mentioned.

To which class do you belong?

The Song of a Humming Bird

HERE in California there are many species of birds. We tried to list the names of those around us,—the ones we knew. After we listed sixteen families we lost count—too many for us; and there have been at least a dozen we have not been able to name. We have a bird chorus about us from morning until night.

There are a great many sweet songsters among them. A thicket of willows,—just across the road,—with plenty of sand and water and the quiet about here, seems to make it a favorite resort for them.

Mother said she heard a humming bird sing this morning. I did not know humming birds sang. She said it was a funny piping warble. The bird sat on the clothesline, and cocked its head first to one side then the other like a real big bird as it sang.

MRS. RUTH OBERG.

Vacation

VACATION'S here!

What joy and cheer

Doth fill the hearts of lad and lass,

For burdens great from every class

They lay aside.

Naught doth betide

But happy days so free from care

When merriment's in the very air.

Vacation's here!

What joy and cheer

Is floating, floating everywhere.

The leaves are whispering over there,

The sweet birds sing,

The echoes ring

From hill to hill their sweet refrain

And sound again their melodious strain.

Vacation's here!

What joy and cheer

Is seen in yonder nodding flower,

The sunshine bright, the gentle shower,

The sweet spring breeze,

The new-leaved trees,

We welcome all with hearts atune,

For nature calls to us in June.

FEKN LEAF ROW.

The Best System of Shorthand — No. 2

B. P. FOOTE

Instructor in Shorthand in Washington Missionary College

THERE are scores of different shorthand systems in the world, and a dozen or so that may be considered among the good or better systems; but "only the best is good enough" for the person who wants to reach the heights of the profession. And the individual who has low aims is not the one who should take up the study of shorthand. Many in the past have either knowingly taken an inferior system, thinking they would not need anything better, or have been talked into thinking it was the best in the world, and have later either changed to a better system or passed through their shorthand career *wishing* they had been wiser in their choice.

There are a great many ways in which shorthand resembles religion. For instance, there is only one best religion, and there is only one best system of shorthand. If you do not get the best one to begin with, you will have a hard time changing to the best one later. Then, too, when one really masters a system of shorthand, it is about as much a part of him as his religion is,—or as it ought to be. The one who has the best religion, or thinks he has, will talk for it, and try to win others to it; the one who has the best system of shorthand, or thinks he has, will argue as earnestly over it as he would over a vital religious doctrine. If a writer of one system changes to another, he is branded as a heretic by the writers of the former and welcomed as a brother by the writers of the latter.

Seventh-day Adventists claim not to be anti-Catholic, but anti-sin; in the matter of shorthand, I claim not to be anti-system, but anti-inferiority. I am not prejudiced against any system, for "prejudice is adverse decision prior to investigation." I have been

investigating various systems ever since I first began teaching in 1909, becoming familiar with the strong points of the good ones and the weak points of the others. Had I not done this, I would not now feel so confident as to which is the best system.

Many people seem to think that the best system is the one that can be learned in the shortest possible time; but the opposite is far more likely to be the case. It is impossible to get something for nothing in this world. A mushroom will grow in one night; some more valuable things will grow in thirty days,—and so will some shorthand systems (but those who learn in thirty days or less do not generally last more than thirty minutes in a good position); a squash will reach full maturity in a few months, but an oak requires years. There are some shorthand systems which can be mastered in a few days or weeks; but they are not worth even the little time that is spent on them. There are others which can be used in actual work after a few months, and still have great possibilities for development from easy office work up to difficult reporting if one continues to study and practice.

Undebatable Ground

Taking the undebatable ground that only the best system is good enough for the student who is worthy of the name, the next thing is to locate that system. Other things being equal, the system which develops the largest number of experts compared with the number who take up its study must stand a good chance of proving to be the best system.

The National Shorthand Reporters' Association is the largest body of expert shorthand writers in the world, with members representing at least a dozen different systems. The order of the systems represented, according to the number of writers of each, stands like this:

Graham heads the list, with nearly twice as many writers as either of its nearest competitors, both of which are so much like Graham that the novice could not tell them apart if he found the same letter written in the three different systems.

Benn Pitman stands second.

The Success System, which is really a branch of the Graham, is a close third, although it has been taught only a few years.

Isaac Pitman is fourth.

Munson, another Pitmanic system, takes fifth place.

Gregg, the only no-shading, no-position system which has attained any degree of popularity, is down in sixth place. Its writers are outnumbered about twelve to one by those who write Graham either in full or in part, while if we take the whole Pitmanic family, in all of which shading and position writing are special features, Gregg writers are outnumbered nineteen to one.

I will not mention the other systems, as their numbers are insignificant.

The Graham System

After four years of careful study by a competent committee appointed by the National Shorthand Reporters' Association, Graham shorthand was chosen as the best system to use in the standardization of reporting shorthand, a work which is now going on.

The Graham system is the one used by almost all of the expert reporters among Seventh-day Adventists, special contractions having been prepared for all the frequent words and phrases peculiar to our denominational work.

The Graham system, either in Success Lessons, Rogers' Compendium, or some other Graham textbook, is the system recommended by our best educators,—the one used in our larger schools and colleges.

The Dictaphone and Stenotype

What about the dictaphone? It will never displace shorthand.

But what about the stenotype? It has many disadvantages, and is doomed to a limited use.

Shorthand—standardized Graham shorthand—has absolutely no equal as a method of recording human speech under trying and varied circumstances!

Have you any questions? Address me at 135 Carroll Ave., Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Shoes for Soldiers

THE importance of an easy-fitting shoe for soldiers on the march is evident when one considers Colonel Munson's estimate that "the soldier takes an average step of thirty inches, and that in traveling one mile each foot strikes the ground 1,000 times. This means that in an eighteen-mile march the soldier's foot strikes the ground 18,000 times, and if he has a rough place in his shoe that place gives his foot 18,000 individual rubs or throws him out of action during the march."

In the Franco-Prussian War, it is said that no "less than 30,000 German soldiers were at one time incapacitated for field service on account of bad feet, and before this war began seven per cent of the German army was found unfit for military service through sore feet, due to bad shoes. In our Civil War whole brigades were temporarily disabled by bad shoes, and after several days' marching one fourth of the infantry would have sore feet. It was the quick step of Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry that gave the South its victory at the second battle of Bull Run; and Waterloo was lost because the French re-enforcements failed to arrive. Both Napoleon and Wellington, the leaders of that battle, realized the value of good foot-gear. Napoleon said he made war not so much with the arms as with the legs of his troops, and Wellington designed a boot which was worn by the British army for years.

"Prior to the present war our army shoe board spent several years studying the feet of the soldiers and designing the service shoe, which was used up to the time we sent men to France. The head of that board was Edward Lyman Munson, lieutenant colonel of the Medical Corps, who has written a book on the soldier's foot and the military shoe. In this he gives the results of experiments made upon the feet of our army. In 1908 a battalion of infantry marched eight miles and then camped for twenty-four hours. The next day it returned. The army shoe board found that 30 per cent of the men had severe foot injuries after their eight-mile tramp, and that many of them required hospital treatment. In later marches in shoes designed and fitted by the board the most of the men got through without injury."

Amount of Leather Used for Army Shoes

Mr. Frank Carpenter gives a graphic picture of the enormous amount of leather now required to furnish footwear to our large army. He says:

"The number of shoes made for the soldiers approximates 30,000,000 pairs, and the factories are turning out additional pairs at the rate of 1,500,000 a month. They make 50,000 pairs a day or about 5,000 an hour for each hour of the working day all the year through.

The leather for these shoes comes only from the firmest and best part of the hide. It is from a wide strip above the belly and behind the shoulders extending over the back to the root of the tail. It is known as the bend. The strip is so small that only five pairs of shoes can be made from one skin, so that the animals required for each day's output number 10,000. Every pair of army shoes requires at least four square feet of such leather, so that at a rough calculation the product of one day would be enough to make a leather belt a foot wide and forty miles long. The shoes for one month would take enough leather to make a belt reaching from Chicago to Boston. The leather so far consumed since the war began, if patched together into a crazy quilt, would cover 3,000 acres, or if cut into strips it would carpet a roadway wide enough for the largest motor car as long as from Philadelphia to the battle fields."

One factory cannot provide shoes for the men in service. There are in this country "altogether about 1,300 shoe factories, and of these more than seventy-five of the largest are engaged in making shoes for the soldiers."

One company having twenty-two plants averages 40,000 pairs a day. This company is said to have made a million pairs of shoes for the Allies before this nation declared war.

What One Shoe Requires

"The army shoe of today takes the labor of over 200 men and women on its way from the skin to the soldier, and it takes seventy-five different machines to make it. In all more than 100 machine operations are performed, and the work of the shoemaker, to a large extent, is pressing the button and allowing the machine to do the rest."

General Pershing has not found the present army shoe entirely satisfactory. He has therefore sent over specifications for a new shoe, which weighs about five pounds, while the old shoe weighed about three. It has a steel horseshoe heel, hobnails in the sole, and a steel tip for the toe. It is made of the best of leather, and Government inspectors in the factories see that no imperfection exists in any shoe.

Bootlegging in Washington, D. C.

RECENTLY a convicted bootlegger was given a minimum sentence of two months' imprisonment on the ground that he was ignorant of the law. The editor of the *Washington Star*, in commenting on this, makes the praiseworthy and comforting statement:

"The plea of ignorance of the law is not regarded in court as valid. It cannot safely be accepted. It is to be hoped that it will not serve again to lighten the penalty in a case of proved violation. The local situation, indeed, demands that no penalty less than the maximum be imposed in any case. There can be no extenuating circumstances."

For the Finding-Out Club

A Queer World

A PIN has a head, but has no —;
A clock has a —, but no mouth is there.
Needles have —, but they cannot see;
A fly has a — without lock or —.
A watch has —, but no thumb or finger;
A shoe has a tongue, but is no —.
Rivers run, though they have no —;
A saw has teeth, but it does not —.

—Christina G. Rossetti.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

INNOCENT LITTLE BEE

RACHEL HOPE HALL

CAME a buzzing bumblebee,
Upon a morning fair;
Settled down with greatest glee,
Upon a color rare.

Little did this idle bee
Know what he had done;
For consternation, great to see,
He'd caused in playful fun.

"What can all the matter be?
I surely have a right,—
Who should care if I sit," thought he,
"Upon this ribbon bright?"

Soon the little bee grew wise,
By means of buff and whirl;
Ribbon bright, he did realize,
Was worn by a little girl.

The Big Ball in the Apple Tree

MARY E. LITTLE

SARAH JANE asked herself the question over and over again, Why did Uncle Owen tell her not to go to the far corner of the orchard? Did he have a secret treasure by the old apple tree?

It is true Uncle Owen's eyes twinkled even though his voice was solemn when he said to her, "Sarah Jane, you must not go near the apple tree in the far corner of the orchard." That was all Uncle Owen had said, for he was a man of few words; but those few words seemed to burn in Sarah Jane's brain.

She pondered them all morning long. What could Uncle Owen mean? She had always been free to go and come as she pleased. That was the reason Sarah Jane always looked forward during the long winter in the city to summer time when she could go to Aunt Peggy and Uncle Owen on the farm.

It was such fun to feed the chickens and turkeys, to search the big rambling barn for hen's nests, to hold the reins as she sat on top of the hay load, to ride old Nell to the pasture for the cows, and, best of all, to play housekeeping in the gnarled limbs of the old trees in the orchard. Besides, there were such good things to eat in the country. Everything tasted so much better on the farm than in town. Even the pink lemonade at the candy store was not half so good as ice-cold milk from Aunt Peggy's spring-house.

However, the good times were all forgotten as Sarah Jane thought of the apple tree. Uncle Owen had not said that she could not look at the tree. Of course she would not go near it. O dear no, Sarah Jane would not disobey Uncle Owen. She told herself that Uncle Owen would not care if she just took a peep. But there was something in Sarah Jane's heart which kept telling her not to go even to peek, but she would not listen to the little voice and walked slowly toward the tree.

When she saw the tree she was much disappointed, for everything appeared as usual. Sarah Jane decided that Uncle Owen was mistaken. There was not anything by the tree after all. She went a little nearer. There, that must be it! A big, grayish paper ball out on a limb. What could it be? She became so interested that she forgot all about Uncle Owen's command. "I wonder if I could reach it with a stick," said Sarah Jane to herself.

There seemed to be a hole in the bottom of the ball, and she poked at that. Suddenly, it seemed to her

that something fell out of the ball and hit her squarely on the forehead. The blow was so sudden and violent that she toppled over on the grass. O, how her forehead pained and burned!

Aunt Peggy looked very sad and surprised when Sarah Jane came crying to the house. Though the medicine she put on Sarah Jane's forehead soothed the pain, it did not keep down the big blue lump that raised just above her eye.

"What was in the big ball, Aunt Peggy?" sobbed Sarah Jane.

"It is not a ball, dear. It is a big hornet's nest," answered her aunt.

When Uncle Owen came from the hayfield he noticed the lump on Sarah Jane's forehead the very first thing, so it seemed to her, and he exclaimed, "Why, Sarah Jane, you have been down to the old apple tree!"

But Sarah Jane only hung her head without answering, and winked hard to keep back the tears. Deep in her heart she resolved that never again would she go any place, even to peek, where she was forbidden.

Bobby's Bird Lesson

BOBBY, come see what I have found," called Aunt Evelyn. She was pulling down the branch of a low tree in the big woods where they had gone for a picnic, when she called to him. Bobby left the big ugly worm he was playing with, and ran as fast as his little fat legs could carry him to see what had been discovered.

Aunt Evelyn pulled the limb still lower, and by standing on tiptoe Bobby could look into a bird's nest, where four baby birds were holding up four tiny heads and opening four great big mouths to be fed. Bobby clapped his hands for joy, and then begged to hold one of the little hungry fellows in his hand for just a minute.

"No, no, Bobby, you must not touch the baby birds, for mother birds are very particular, and if any one touches their babies they often leave the nest, and then the birdies have to die, for no one can feed them like the mother bird."

"But the mother bird isn't anywhere around," objected Bobby, searching in all directions with his big blue eyes.

"Yes, but she can tell that her children have been disturbed, and I know she will not like it. Listen, Bobby, while I tell you a story, a really true story of something that happened when I was a little girl, just a wee bit bigger than you are now.

"Grandpa and grandma lived on a farm then, a long way from the city. A big gurgling river bordered one side of the place, and my cousin and I loved to play in the sand along the bank. One day we discovered a tiny bird's nest in a bush that hung over the water. It was very low, and even though we were not tall we could easily reach the branch.

"They were cunning little birds, and we loved to watch them, but grandma had told me that I must not touch them or even look in the nest very often, for the mother bird would know it and run away.

"For a while we obeyed, but one day we petted them just a little bit in the nest. The next day the bird was back and feeding them as usual, so we decided that maybe grandma did not know about birds after all, since she had told us that the mother bird could tell if we touched her babies, and she had not known about it this time.

"The next day we took two of them out of the nest and played with them on the sand. Again the mother bird came back and fed them. After that we were very sure she did not know a thing about it, so we took them out of the nest every day and played with them on the sand.

"Then I was ill for a few days and could not play as usual. One morning Cousin Mary came to see me, and, O Bobby, you can't guess what she had come to tell me! The mother bird had left the nest and those dear little fluffy babies were starving, all because we had disobeyed and had not believed what grandma had told us.

"Mary had told her mother about it, and her mother had said that she could raise two of the baby birds if I could raise the other two.

"My hope sprang up. What fun it would be to raise two little birds and have them tame so they would never fly away from me. I think I was almost glad the mother bird had gone.

"But when I told grandma what I had done, and asked if I might adopt the little orphans, she shook her head.

"'No, Evelyn,' she said, 'you could not raise the little birds because you do not know how to feed them, and I am afraid the poor things will have to die.'

"I went down to the river and looked into the nest again. How those little birds were crying! I can almost hear them yet. And I'll tell you, Bobby, I cried, too. I cried and begged grandma to let me take them, but she was firm, and only said that she hoped after this I would always remember to obey.

"Well, the little birds died, and the nest fell out of the tree and floated down the river, but I never cared to play down there on the sand again. In fact, I disliked to go to the garden which was so near the spot, for I always imagined I could hear those baby birds crying."

Bobby shut his chubby fingers tight, and smiling up at Aunt Evelyn, said, "We'll just peek into the nest once, won't we? And then the mother bird won't care."

MAUD LEADSWORTH.

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow men sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely."

Missionary Volunteer Department

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MEADE MAC GUIRE	Field Secretary

Are You Sure?

AT the General Conference Mrs. C. B. Zelinsky, then leader of the Missionary Volunteer Society in the Carr Street church (Los Angeles, California), told how they paid the freight and express on some clothing they sent away last winter. "We sent the South 700 pounds of clothing," she explained. "The freight and express amounted to \$27.50, and this is how we paid it: We collected jewelry from Missionary Volunteers and other church members. This we sold to a jewelry store down town. When the bill was paid, we had \$6.40 left for foreign missions."

Are you sure that you do not have some jewelry around that might better be passed on to help the needy? Every heathen land is calling us to self-denial. The war-stricken countries are pleading with us to share our abundance with them! Shall we turn deaf ears to our brother's need? O, no. We are all eager to help. Many are very generous. But when we read of the dire needs of others, when we learn that hundreds of Armenian and Syrian children are starving to death, are we sure we have done what we could?

M. E.

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.]

MY dearest earthly friend has gone to the front. I have asked God to make me resigned,—asked him with all my heart; but somehow I don't feel that way, though I want to. What can one do? B. T.

A noble girl told me about her experience. She married a fine Christian young man and both were engaged in work for the Lord. Only those who have had the experience can know how complete was their happiness; but within a few weeks they were torn apart by the cruel hand of war. It seemed unendurable, and at first they could hardly be reconciled, but they both pressed near to the loving, sympathetic Saviour, and he comforted them. She worked on at home, and in a few weeks he wrote of several young men who had accepted Christ and this message through his efforts. She said to me with a smile, though tears were flowing freely, "I told the Lord he could have my husband anywhere he chooses if he can use him to save souls."

Don't you think, dear friend, that you can sympathize with your heavenly Father a little better, and so love him more, when you think how he must have felt when his dearest Friend—his only begotten Son—"went to the front"?

Your friend is in God's hands. Cannot you forget yourself and your grief in thinking of others and their greater sorrow?

M. M.

What is meant by "observing the Morning Watch"? Can I observe it without the Morning Watch Calendar?

T. J.

It is spending some time each morning in prayer, Bible study, and quiet meditation. It is a morning visit with your best Friend. It is talking over with the Master your plans for the day, laying them all at his feet to be carried out or given up as he shall indicate. It is looking into the face of the Master before you look into the faces of others. It is putting your hand in his, that he may lead you through the day. That is what the Morning Watch that revolutionizes lives means.

Of course, you may observe it without the help of the Morning Watch Calendar, but you will find the little Calendar a splendid guide in your study of the Master's Book, and that Book must have a place in your Morning Watch. Then, too, the calendar binds the young people around the world together into one great Morning Watch circle. Just think what their united prayer may accomplish!

M. E.

The Missionary Letter

SINCE we have been working our new plan, we have received more replies to our letters for a given length of time than we ever did before," was the cheering news voiced by a Missionary Volunteer Society leader a short time ago, as he made a cordial announcement to all society members to attend the Correspondence Band.

"We received six letters just this week," he continued, "and good ones, too. More of you ought to come and join us, and have a part in this blessed work."

Have you ever had an encouraging reply to a missionary letter sent out to a stranger together with one of our good papers? If not, you have missed one of the most joyful experiences that can come to a Missionary Volunteer. There is a happiness that fills the heart which spurs one on to greater endeavor, and gives him a desire to enter with more zeal and earnestness than ever before into the greatest work that God gives to us—that of laboring to bring a knowledge of this blessed truth to those who have not yet heard it.

The plan used by the society just referred to is a very good one. A copy of *Present Truth* is sent out

to each name on the Correspondence Band list, for three consecutive weeks. Then a letter is written to each individual stating that the paper *Present Truth* is being sent, and asking if its continuance is desired. If no response is received to this letter, a second one is written the week following. Still failing to receive a reply, a third and last letter is written. Usually, after such a systematic correspondence, a reply will either be received, or one may conclude that the individual is not interested, in which case the name is dropped from the list.

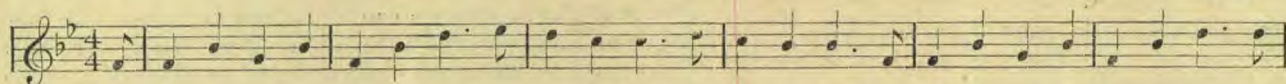
The three letters to be used may be prepared by a committee, who will give time and thought and prayer to their composition. Duplicates of these letters may then be used by the Correspondence Band members as samples. Each letter sent out should be carefully copied, and made personal by inserting the name of the individual to whom it is sent.

The following rules for writing missionary letters were sent in by Miss Florence Bascom, a student at Oak Park Academy, and the secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Society. They are so good that we pass them on to you.

1. Before writing the first letter, pray for the guidance of the Spirit.
2. Study the circumstances forming the environment of each individual to whom you write.
3. If you are given the name of a stranger to whom you are to write, jot down everything you can find out concerning him.
4. Where possible, write a letter suited to the individual.
5. Enjoy your letter writing, and expect an answer.
6. Make the person to whom you write know that you expect an answer.
7. Make him feel your personal interest.
8. Put each person's name and address in the top of your writing box, in an address book, or in some convenient place; do not trust to your memory.
9. Use special care, especially in the first letter, to write everything correctly; first impressions are lasting.

REAL TEMPERANCE BOYS AND GIRLS

Selected



1. Real "An - ti" boys and girls are we, In sun - ny youth from care we're free, Come join us now in "bands of hope," A -
2. We know our bod - ies must be clean, And not filled up with nic - o - tine; So we'll put on our but - tons bright, And
3. And when we're old and grown so tall, We'll have good bod - ies one and all, So we can work and fight the wrong, And



gainst the e - vil pow'rs to cope. We join our hearts and join our hands, And stand a true and loy - al band; From wear them therefrom morn till night. And when we have to go to school, To stud - y hard, o - bey the rule, We'll help some weak ones to be strong. So here we take our An - ti pledge, Which shall be like a - shelt'ring hedge; And

CHORUS.



cig - a - rettes we'll al - ways flee, Till all our land from them is free. } "An - ti" boys and girls are we,
have clear minds to get our tasks, And do the thing the teach - er asks. }
we can say we'll not for - get, We'll nev - er smoke a cig - a - rette.



"An - ti" boys, "An - ti" girls; "An - ti" boys and girls are we, Al - ways true we mean to be.

10. Count each individual to whom you write, a prospective friend: "If you would have friends, you must show yourself friendly."

After You Receive a Reply

1. Feel that it is a pleasant privilege — not duty alone — to write to your correspondent.

2. Answer your correspondent's letter; do not send him a religious essay.

3. Be sure to answer all questions asked by your correspondent, whether you think them important or not; they are important to him or he would not have asked them.

4. Follow the line of thought of your correspondent, either in order, or in regard to importance, making suitable comments on what has been said and weaving Christ in wherever there is an opportunity.

5. Be bright; be cheerful; let the joy of Christianity ring from every page.

6. Never try to force your correspondent to see things your way; try to lead him to see them God's way by a "Thus saith the Lord."

7. Be charitable; give him credit for being honest, even honestly wrong.

8. Be patient; habits of thought are not changed in a day.

9. Reread your letter before sending it, correcting all mistakes.

10. If there are any mistakes, rewrite it.

ELLA IDEN.

Better Late Than Never

PRAYER is the key in the hand of faith that unlocks heaven's storehouse."

Let the dainty, helpful Morning Watch Calendar bring to you the quiet morning communion of prayer and Bible study, and help you to form the prayer habit, which is so essential to the Christian life.

The fact that nearly 60,000 people have purchased this little calendar during the past year, is a clear indication that it is appreciated.

If you have never used it, begin now. If you have a friend who does not own one, is not that an opportunity for you to give one away? We have only a few copies left, but so long as they last, you can secure what you may need for yourself and your friends at the small price of five cents a copy, and the results may be inestimable.

J. W. MACE.

The Sabbath School

XI — Water Made Sweet; the Manna

(September 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ex. 15: 22-27; 16.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 291-297; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 174-176.

MEMORY VERSE: "Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat." John 6: 31.

"Traveling to the better land
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father, let me grasp thy hand,
Lead me on, lead me on.

"When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet,
Lead me on, lead me on."

Questions

1. Where did Moses lead Israel from the Red Sea? How many days did they go before they found water? Ex. 15: 22.

2. To what springs did they come? Why could they not drink the water? Verse 23. Note 1.

3. What did the people immediately do? How did the Lord help in answer to the prayer of Moses? Verses 24, 25.

4. What did the Lord now ask the people to do? If they heeded these things what did he say he would do? Verse 26.

5. What was the next camping place? What made it an especially pleasant one? Verse 27.

6. Of what did the people now complain? For what did they long? Ex. 16: 1-3. Note 2.

7. What plan did the Lord have for feeding the people? Verses 4, 5.

8. What did the Lord say he had heard? What came up at even? With what were the people to be supplied in the morning? What should they then know? Verses 11-13.

9. In the morning when the dew was dried up, what appeared? What did the people say to one another? What did Moses say? Verses 14, 15.

10. What instruction was given about the quantity of manna each should gather? When it was measured how did each one fare? Verses 16-18.

11. What instruction was given about keeping the manna overnight? What was the experience of some? Verses 19-21.

12. How much manna was to be gathered on the sixth day? How were they to prepare for the Sabbath? Verses 22, 23.

13. How was the manna prepared before being served as bread? Num. 11: 7, 8; Ex. 16: 31.

14. What experience did they have in keeping it for the Sabbath? What did Moses say the people should do? Verses 24-26.

15. How did some disobey? How did the Lord reprove them? Verses 27-30.

16. What command did the Lord give concerning one measure of manna? Why was this to be kept? How long did they eat of the manna? Verses 32-35. Note 3.

Questions for Diligent Students

What did the psalmist call the manna? Ps. 78: 24, 25.

When Jesus was on earth, how did he refer to the manna? John 6: 31, 32.

What did he mean by "the true bread from heaven"? Verses 33, 35.

Notes

1. "Moses, who was familiar with this region, knew what the others did not, that at Marah, the nearest station where the springs were to be found, the water was unfit for use. With intense anxiety he watched the guiding cloud. With a sinking heart he heard the glad shout, 'Water! water!' echoed along the line. Men, women, and children in joyous haste crowded to the fountain, when, lo, a cry of anguish burst forth from the host,—the water was bitter."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 291.

2. It had now been a month since the Israelites left Egypt, and up to this time they had eaten of the food they carried with them. They still had some of this food, but they had now entered the wilderness, and as they looked at the stretch of desert before them, they could not see how such a company could be fed. As they thought of this, they lost their trust in God and thought only of the hardships by the way.

The "flesh pots" were the three-legged bronze vessels in which the food was boiled. "It was the habit of the Egyptians to feed well those whom they employed in forced labors."

3. How many miracles did the Lord perform each week for forty years, to teach the people that his Sabbath was holy and that it should be kept so?

"Every week during their long sojourn in the wilderness, the Israelites witnessed a threefold miracle, designed to impress their minds with the sacredness of the Sabbath: a double quantity of manna fell on the sixth day, none on the seventh, and the portion needed for the Sabbath was preserved sweet and pure, when if any were kept over at any other time it became unfit for use."—*Id.*, p. 296.

God's Way Is Best

"JUST where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face!
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think you, he's chosen you for it:
Work loyally.

"Gird on your armor! Be faithful
At toil or rest,
Whic'ever it be, never doubting
God's way is best.
Out in the fight, or on picket,
Stand firm and true;
This is the work which your Master
Gives you to do."

Explanatory Note

THE matter for this number has been largely provided by the class in journalism at Walla Walla College, College Place, Washington. Not all of the class, however, are represented, as five members were called into the service of their country before the plan to prepare copy for a number of the INSTRUCTOR was made. Though contributions were solicited from these, they could not command the time necessary for the preparation of articles.

Prof. George W. Rine is the instructor in journalism at Walla Walla College.

The Happiness of Work

AS you go about your daily tasks is your step made buoyant by the "joy of doing"? Or, are you ever complaining, envious of him who has nothing to do? Do you class yourself among the workers or the drudges?

Perhaps you have never stopped to think what is the dividing line between work and drudgery. Webster defines the former as "continued application of mental or physical energy directed to some purpose." Drudgery is plodding, irksome labor; service that is marked by weariness and spiritless routine. Then the choice lies with you as to which class you belong, for the most menial labor may be raised to ennobling work by the happiness pulley. Beecher has said, "Work is not a curse, but drudgery is."

"God appointed labor as a blessing to man, to occupy his mind, to strengthen his body, and to develop his faculties." Then it was part of the divine plan that man should work and do his work joyfully.

Are you going to be a worker or a drudge?

MARGARET E. HOLDEN.

Is the Master Kind?

THE boy had an ungainly appearance; his clothes were dirty and ragged, and from time to time he would clutch at one or another of his garments to save them from being blown away, it appeared, for there was a keen east wind that day. As I passed, I murmured to myself, "A child of the streets, a child of the slums!"

The face was pretty, reminding one of the Italian children, with the soft dark eyes.

"Where do you live, my lad?"

"Most nights under an archway, or on some doorstep, till I'm caught by the police, then I have to move on sharp!"

I never knew what prompted me, but I took that little waif home with me.

I was an old bachelor, with a comfortable income. I had a hard battle to fight with my housekeeper. She thought, not without reason, perhaps, that I had taken leave of my senses; and she foretold there would be no peace in the house.

I am very happy to say her words did not come true, for Jack soon became a very respectable member of society.

He had been with me a few weeks, when, one Sunday, on his return from school, he told me how the teacher had been telling the children about God, and that he was the Master all must love and serve; "but," questioned Jack, "what I wants to know, sir, is, Is the Master kind?"

"Yes, my lad, very kind."

"Then, sir, I'll love and serve him; for I knows since you took me out of the streets what it is to have a master who is kind, and it will be grand to have one up in heaven who is kind, too. But if I had been told about him before you took me into this beautiful home, I would never have believed a word, for all masters I've worked for before have been cruel."

Years have passed, and I am now a very old man, feeble, and my eyes dim, but I do not feel my growing infirmities, for there is ever by my side a strong young arm to guide my tottering steps, and a clear, musical voice to read me my favorite books. Jack and I both know that the Master is kind, and this knowledge makes our lives happy.—*Colporteurs' Messenger, London.*

The World's Simplest Post Office

I WONDER how many people know that South America can boast of the simplest post office in the world. It would take considerable guessing on the part of the reader to locate this post office, for he would find it at the very end of the continent. Even then he might not recognize it.

Opposite Tierra del Fuego is a very high rocky cliff overhanging the Strait of Magellan, and from one of the rocks is suspended, by a long chain, a barrel which receives mail. To be sure, there is no postmaster nor is there any regular letter carrier or collector, but every ship that goes through the strait stops and sends a boat to this curious little post office, looks over the letters that are in it to see if there are any for the men on board that particular ship, and places therein letters for seamen on board ships that are known to be headed for the strait.

Who was the person that first thought of such a scheme we are not told, but the sailors think a great deal of their unique post office, and there has never yet, to anybody's knowledge, been any violation of the confidence reposed in it. When a sailor sends a letter to it addressed to another seaman, he is absolutely certain of its delivery. It may be that one of the two seamen is on a vessel which is not expected to pass by this ocean post office, but the letter may have on it a request that a vessel going east or west shall pick it up and deliver it to some point where the seaman will be sure to receive it. In this manner letters have been known to make their way to the Arctic Ocean or even to India.—*Walter K. Putney.*

No nation lives for itself, no nation lives but through the service it renders to humanity.—*Paul Richard.*

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