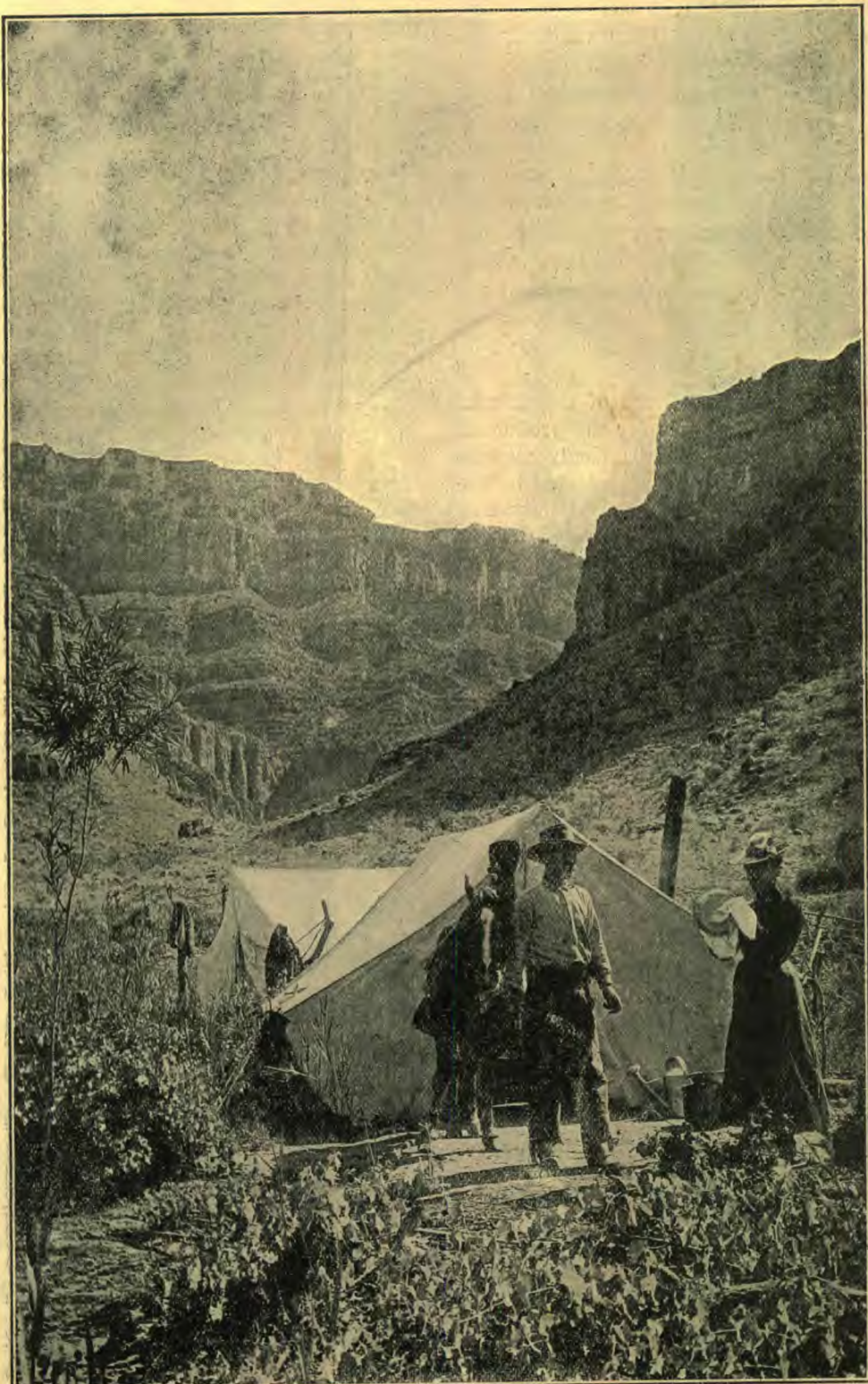


THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

September 24, 1918

No. 39



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CAMPING IN A WESTERN CANYON

From Here and There

Louisiana is the fourteenth State to ratify the Federal prohibition amendment.

Mr. Page, ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, has offered his resignation to President Wilson.

Not since the Civil War has immigration to the United States been so small as during the past year. Mexico furnished the largest number of 1917-18 immigrants.

To conserve gasoline, the Fuel Administrator has called on the public east of the Mississippi to refrain from using on Sundays all classes of automobiles, with a few necessary exceptions, until further notice.

The State council of defense adopted a resolution calling the attention of President Wilson and the Congress to drouth conditions in west Texas, and urging Congress to appropriate \$50,000,000 for relief.

The State of Arkansas heads the honor roll of States that have sacrificed their wheat flour for the Allied nations. Arkansas turned in to the government 20,000 barrels of flour; not out of its surplus, but out of its own ration. Utah was second with 4,500 barrels.

The Cunard Steamship Company cannot be held liable for loss of life and property in the torpedoing of the "Lusitania" by a German submarine, according to a decision handed down in the admiralty branch of the United States district court by Judge Julius M. Mayer.

John D. Ryan, who has been head of the aircraft production board, and responsible for the production of aircraft while Maj. Gen. William L. Kenly has been in charge of their operation, has been selected to take charge of all matters pertaining to material, personnel, and operation of aircraft. Mr. Ryan is named director of air service and Second Assistant Secretary of War.

Airplane ambulances to carry injured aviators quickly from the scene of accident to a field hospital are to be provided at all flying fields. Successful experiments with the ambulance plane at Gerstner field, Lake Charles, Louisiana, led to their introduction at the nine Texas fields, and the War Department has announced that all field commanders have been instructed to follow the example.

In the recent shelling of an American Red Cross bathhouse for Belgian soldiers, twenty-three Belgian employees were killed and sixty injured. Among the latter number was a little hunchback girl who was supporting her widowed mother. She lost both legs; but her courage was still sufficient for her to say to her mother as she lay in the hospital: "It doesn't matter so much. I can still sit and sew. I will be a dressmaker, and we will get along."

The most surprising practice that the African natives have worked out is the so-called "buying of smallpox." Somehow they have discovered the principle of vaccination and the theory that a light attack of smallpox renders the patient immune from worse attacks. The mother who dreads the illness for her children, when she learns of a case in the neighborhood, goes to the afflicted hut and asks to buy the smallpox. She is given some virus, for which she pays with the gift of a handkerchief. At home she scratches her child's arm and applies the virus, and feels as relieved as an American mother when it begins to "take."

E. W. Rice, Jr., president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, says that electrifying our steam railways would save the country 100,000,000 tons of coal a year. On the few hundred miles where electricity has taken the place of steam the capacity of tracks and other equipment has increased fully one half. Mr. Rice says that electric engines speed up schedules as much as twenty-five per cent, and cold weather that paralyzes the steam line does not hurt the lines that are operated electrically. Of the 150,000,000 tons of coal used in 1917 to operate the steam roads that now haul coal could be applied to other uses, and thus ten per cent of the ton mileage of all of the roads that now haul coal could be applied to other uses. Besides the waste of coal, 40,000,000 barrels of oil, or nearly fifteen per cent of the total output, goes to engines and could be saved by using electricity. Mr. Rice considers it to be appalling that twenty-five per cent of the total amount of coal that we mine every year is used to operate our railways under such inefficient conditions that it requires an average of at least six pounds of coal to the horsepower hour.

Those to whom present prices are burdensome can at least find comfort in the thought that conditions are not nearly so bad as they might be, or as they are in some places. For example, in Prague, Bohemia, the following conditions prevail: Pork, \$8.40 a pound; fats and butter, \$8 a pound; chocolate, \$11 a pound; coffee, \$12 a pound; cocoa and tea, \$16; eggs, 40 cents each; a man's suit, \$210; a yard of cloth, \$30; a spool of cotton, \$6; and a pair of shoes, \$50. Soap has disappeared, and cheese cannot be obtained. Bread is poor in quality, but is the only food at a reasonable price. Those wealthy enough to pay \$10 for a chicken and \$42 for a small turkey can still obtain them.

Great Britain's Director General of Supplies, who is in charge of the army salvage system, says that in three years he will have saved to the nation through salvage, or, in effect, created for the nation, \$500,000,000 out of things which formerly went into the scrap heap.

American airmen raided the great Austrian naval base of Pola, on the Adriatic, Saturday, the admiralty announced today. During the fighting one airplane fell into the sea. Other airmen dived and rescued the pilot, then destroyed the damaged machine.

Launchings in the week ended August 24 totaled nineteen — nine steel and ten wooden ships.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Missionary and His Reindeer

SHELDON JACKSON was born in a country village in New York State. Through most of his boyhood the family lived on a farm ten miles from the nearest settlement, and every Sunday, summer and winter, rain or shine, they took their lunch and drove to church in the village. In the winter they had to start before sunrise, and they would return after dark. So the boy, Sheldon, got good training for his later adventures in the frozen north. Many a time they had to take a shovel and an ax, in order to dig their way through the drifts.

After he had finished his schooling, Sheldon Jackson started for the Far West. In those days there were no transcontinental expresses. The Rocky Mountains were still inhabited chiefly by Indians, and even such States as Iowa and Minnesota were only sparsely settled by white people. But settlers were moving in by the thousands every week, and towns were growing up everywhere. Sheldon Jackson was called the "Sky Pilot" among these people. His business was to start churches in these new towns, before the people got out of the habit of going to church, and before the saloons had filled the streets with wickedness. This work required a great deal of traveling. In the course of fifteen or twenty years, he must have traveled nearly half a million miles. Once when some people were smiling at him on account of his short stature, he answered, "If I had not been short, I could not have slept so many nights on the four-and-a-half-foot seat of a Rocky Mountain stage." Some of these journeys by stage were very exciting—too much so, in fact, for in many parts of the country the Indians were hostile.

But this kind of life just suited Sheldon Jackson. Like all pioneers, he was never satisfied except when he was blazing paths for others to follow. So, as the Western States began to be more fully settled, he pressed on into Alaska.

In those days most people thought of Alaska as a useless wilderness. Many bold adventurers, however, were finding that there were great opportunities in that country, and were going there to seek their fortunes. This meant that churches would be needed, and that was just what Sheldon Jackson liked to do—start churches where they would do the most good. So he asked to be appointed a missionary to Alaska.

Whenever he could spare time from his missionary work, he would come home to the United States and give lectures about Alaska, trying to make people appreciate what a wonderful country it was. It was he who persuaded President Cleveland to appoint a governor for the Territory (there had been none before) and, best of all, to start a public-school system. The President appointed Sheldon Jackson himself Commissioner of Education for Alaska, under the United States Government; and at once the new commissioner began to plant little schoolhouses here and there all over the Territory, both for the children of the white settlers and for the Indians and the Eskimos.

In the course of his travels in northern Alaska, Sheldon Jackson saw that the Eskimos were in great

trouble. They had always lived by hunting the whales, seals, and walrus in the sea and on the coasts, but greedy white men had come in steamboats with rapid-fire guns and had killed so many of these animals that in many places there were few or none of them left. Every season, they were more and more scarce. Hence the Eskimos had less and less to live on. Dr. Jackson's heart ached when Eskimo mothers came to him with their children. Of course he gave them food, as much as he could spare, but he knew that this would soon be gone, and then where would they get more? One winter a whole village died from lack of food and from the diseases which always come in the trail of famine. Something would have to be done for the Eskimos and done quickly, or the whole race would perish from starvation.

Then the idea came to Dr. Jackson, "Why not bring the reindeer across Bering Strait from Siberia, and teach the Eskimos how to raise them?" Across this strait, only forty miles away, the people were well fed and happy. What made the difference? Was it not that they had reindeer which gave milk and meat for food, and hide for clothes? They even made the sinews of the reindeer into thread, and carved the horns into knife handles and other useful articles. They burned the bones as fuel. Besides all this, they harnessed the reindeer to sledges to draw them and their baggage swiftly and surely across the ice and snow. It is said that a team of reindeer can haul a load of 750 pounds thirty-five miles a day across unbroken snow, and keep this up for weeks at a time, eating the reindeer moss, which grows under the snow all over the Arctic Zone. In fact, the reindeer were regular traveling gold mines to the Siberians. Why, then, should they not be brought to Alaska to save the lives of the Eskimos there?

When Sheldon Jackson suggested this plan to the United States Congress, at first he was met with a shout of ridicule. Everybody said, "What a wild and crazy notion!" He was told that it was utterly impracticable; that the dogs would eat the deer; that the Eskimos would not care for them properly; that they would perish on shipboard during the voyage from Siberia. But at last some of Dr. Jackson's friends became interested, and raised about two thousand dollars to help him start the experiment. The Government lent him a ship for the journey.

But they found that the people in Siberia would not sell their reindeer, at least not for money. They did not use money over there. So Sheldon Jackson's party had to take over knives and guns and other articles to use in trading. And even then they had to sail along the northern coast of Siberia more than a thousand miles, before they could find any one who would take these goods in exchange for reindeer. At last, however, they secured a herd of sixteen reindeer and hoisted them on board the ship.

A month later, after a stormy voyage, the patient reindeer, rather bruised and very much frightened, but perfectly well, were landed on the Alaskan coast. That winter, they thrived in their new home. The

dogs did not eat them up. The next winter some little fawns were seen among them. So far, the experiment had proved a success. So now Congress passed a law which provided money for importing more reindeer. Schools were started to teach the Eskimos how to care for them; how to milk them; how to raise the fawns; how to harness them and train them to draw a sledge.

Once when Dr. Jackson himself was learning to drive reindeer, he came with his team and sled to a ravine about ten feet wide. While he was trying to decide what he should do, the reindeer decided the question for him by jumping across the ravine, sled and all. The result was that the good doctor turned a double somersault backward and landed among some bushes at the bottom of the ravine. "The joke was on me," he said, in telling of it afterward.

The total number of deer brought to Alaska was about twelve hundred. These have multiplied, until today there are probably as many as twenty-five thousand. The greater number is owned by the Eskimos, who have shown wonderful skill in raising and training them. These people today, instead of being in constant danger of starving, are well fed, prosperous, and happy. They have better food than ever before. For one thing they have reindeer milk, which is good for the children. Formerly, they never had milk of any kind. If you had offered a glass of milk to an Eskimo child, he would not have known what to do with that queer white liquid. Many a baby lives to grow up and go to school in those Alaskan school-houses, who would have died in the old days for lack of milk.

Reindeer have played an important part in many a true story of Alaskan adventure. In the fall of 1907 word was received that eight whaling boats had been frozen into the ice near Point Barrow, far up the coast of the Arctic Ocean. They could not hope to get away until spring came, and they had only food enough to last about three months. A relief expedition was sent out by President McKinley; and with it, from southern Alaska, went about three hundred reindeer. The party reached Point Barrow just in time to save the lives of these captives of the ice king. Without the reindeer it would have been impossible to take along sufficient food to reach them in time.

Even the letters from home that are carried in Uncle Sam's mail bags to the settlements of the extreme north, are gifts from Sheldon Jackson and his reindeer. Many of these towns, such as Nome, used to get mail only about once a year, when it was brought by Indians in canoes during the few weeks of the arctic summer. Now it is carried by reindeer many times a year.

Brave, wise, unselfish Sheldon Jackson! The whole world is proud of this missionary, who, with his reindeer, brought food, clothing, hope, and happiness to those who live at the edge of the eternal snows.—*Harold B. Hunting, in Everyland.*

Thrilling Experiences

THE following letter, written by Mrs. O. B. Kuhn, of China, is an excerpt from a personal letter written to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR; but we are sure the writer will not object to our sharing with INSTRUCTOR readers its thrilling account of hardships and privations amid troublous times. Mrs. Kuhn says:

"After I wrote you, war conditions grew worse. The city of Changsha was taken and retaken, each

time with worse conditions existing. At length the soldiers prohibited the sale of certain articles of food. We were still without bread. We could buy no salt, nor even chicken rice. The soldiers were fighting desperately all about us. The screams of the wounded and the roar of the cannon still ring in my ears.

"At length our food supply from Hankow was cut off. We had a few potatoes, which tided Mr. Kuhn and Henry over. I nearly starved. At last I grew so weak I had to go to the hospital in Changsha; but there was no good food there. One day I was given a great piece of pork! Under such conditions I grew weaker. Then the northern soldiers came back. All foreigners, American and British, were ordered on board the warship. I alone was left, because I was too ill to be moved. Two nurses remained with me. The hospital was full of wounded soldiers.

"The night the southerners left they set fire to the barracks and to several large buildings. They robbed the silk stores and the banks. All the foreigners who could manage to flee to Shanghai did so at the beginning of the war.

"After the excitement had subsided a few large boats came in from Hankow. Mr. Kuhn came and put me aboard a Japanese vessel bound for Hankow. He stayed in Changsha, as the work demanded it. I was too ill to look after Henry, so he stayed with his father. I did not know where I was going, on account of conditions war-wise, but the Chinese teacher went on the same boat with me, and upon arriving at Hankow he went to our compound and told Mrs. J. G. White that I was on the boat and unable to walk. She and Mrs. Blunden came at once, also Brother Johnson, and put me in the carriage. It was days before I could eat solid food. I had to learn to eat bread after being so many months without it. After three or four weeks I began to eat a normal meal.

"Henry and Mr. Kuhn received a supply of food from Hankow, and had enough to ward off starvation. When I left Changsha, there were about one hundred refugees, women and children, in our compound. It was not safe for them to be on the street. All the foreigners took as many as possible into their chapels and homes.

"As soon as traffic was re-established, Mr. Kuhn and Henry started itinerating, our believers not having been visited for months. It was impossible to reach many stations during such troublous times. The boat in which they were traveling was fired upon. Once they were nearly captured, but a little launch flying a British flag warned them, and they escaped.

"In one place where the inhabitants had never seen a foreign child before, they said: 'We have never seen a little devil before. Do you eat peanuts?' Henry talked to them about worshipping God. One little boy brought his idol and gave it to Henry and said, 'I will no longer worship gods made of wood.'

"Poor little Henry feels the responsibility of things so! It has been a year of terrible experiences, hunger, and bloodshed for a boy of six. But when he came back to his home the other day, he said to his father: 'Well, I'm glad itinerating is over. Now I'll have more time to play! But I'll go when it begins again.' I'm afraid he will be old before his time. He has been studying and writing Chinese for about a year now, and speaks beautifully. The Chinese like him. They call him *siao-givei-dzi*,—'little devil,'—and are surprised that we do not relish the cognomen.

"I am staying with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. White. Mr. Kuhn and Henry are coming next week. We have

been separated for months. We are at the mountains, and the cool weather is refreshing after the heat of the plains.

"You will weary of all this incoherent writing; but please excuse a war-stricken missionary, whose hair is fast turning white under the pressure of life's burdens. We hear there is a family appointed to help us. I hope so. I cannot go back alone. It is safer with two or three families. But we have one laurel wreath — not I, but Mr. Kuhn and Henry. They stuck to their post when every one else fled."

An Appeal for Volunteers

IN the truths of the third angel's message, or rather the three combined messages of Revelation 14, God has provided for the last generation a complete saving gospel for "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." This includes every sect, clan, and combination into which the human race at this time shall be found grouped. There are no exceptions made. This, then, places the responsibility squarely upon that people who, down at the end, shall be raised up by God to proclaim this message, not to stop, nor slacken their efforts, until every tribe and nation and people shall have been given the opportunity to accept or reject this last gospel call to salvation. This is self-evident, or this movement shall not be all-embracing — world-wide — in its scope.

We believe Seventh-day Adventists are commissioned to give this message to a dying world. There is too much evidence showing that God has placed this responsibility upon this people, for one to candidly think otherwise. But some very serious considerations must be given the fact that there are still wide expanses yet to be covered before this world-wide task shall have been completed. And one of the greatest, perhaps, is entering into the strongholds of Islamism. The questions before us are, How shall this be done? Where shall the contact be made offering the least resistance? We shall not attempt more here than to suggest for study a line of attack.

It is evident that the Mohammedan must first learn what real Christianity is. He hates the Christian because he does not know him. His whole life has been spent in entertaining the wrong concept of Christianity. He must taste some of the sweets of the life of Christ, thus dismantling his strong prejudices, before anything can be expected from him different from that manifested for centuries. This necessitates Christians going among them to *live Jesus Christ* in their midst. They must actually see that "greater is he that is in you, than he that is in" them, to learn that Jesus Christ is greater than Mohammed. But how can this be done unless some one is willing to go among them? How can God give Moslems the third angel's message unless some one with that message burning in his breast volunteers to go where Moslems are?

"Hardships and dangers involved?" you ask. Yes, and plenty of them; but where has the gospel pene-

trated that this has not been true? Think of what Carey faced on going out to India; what Judson suffered in Burma; what Moffat and Livingstone endured in Africa; Morrison in China; and the long list of mission heroes who have taken their lives in their hands and gone into the darkness to live and teach Christ. And we have equally brave heroes in our own ranks who have faced and are facing today death among cannibals and head-hunters in the South Sea Islands and elsewhere for the truth's sake. And this risk is necessary. For while God's Word is the seed of the kingdom, this is not all. His *children* are the seed also. Jesus said: "The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom." Matt. 13:38. The "children of the kingdom" must be sown, scattered in among the tribes and nations and tongues, so that God can develop the harvest. Let us not forget this.

The next prerequisite after a heart full of the Christ love and the message fire aflame within the breast, should be some knowledge of, and ability to acquire, the language Mohammedans speak. For the worker to come close to the one he wishes to reach, he must be able to talk with him in his own tongue. Thus the volunteer among Mohammedans is confronted with Arabic. This is a difficult language, but it can be acquired. Prof. H. R. Salisbury, with the burdens of

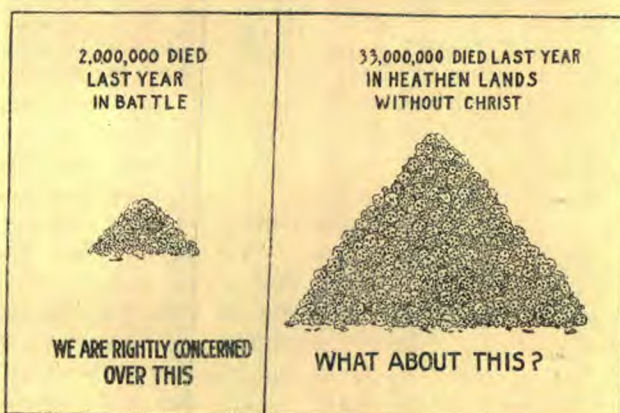
the India Mission upon him, was getting a good grasp of Arabic when he went down with the "Persia." We do not doubt that he had his Arabic textbooks with him that fateful day. His wife, who was studying with him, is now continuing it with success. Many others of good ability, by devoting themselves to its study would soon gain a working knowledge of this tongue. We believe the

Mission Board would be glad to correspond with a few young people who, after careful consideration and prayer, would dedicate themselves to preparation for entering definitely upon work among the Mohammedan people. As yet we have no mission or foothold that we might count which is devoted to reaching this people. Shall we not address ourselves to this great task? We believe the Lord will open the way, and put it into the hearts of the right ones to respond as volunteers for entering this stronghold of the enemy.

The truths of this message will win their way among Moslems. As a people we have advantages in the possession of the truths given us of God in the third angel's message for reaching these people, which none others have. The time has come for us to make use of these, and by faith to "go forward," establishing a well-laid foundation somewhere among Mohammedans that will grow into a work of large proportions among this people.

With great tasks are coupled great promises. Here is one: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Isa. 41:10.

T. E. BOWEN.



From the Foreign Christian Missionary Society

NEW YORK

The Metropolis of Mankind

THE July *National Geographic Magazine* contains an article by Mr. William Joseph Showalter on the world's metropolis that reveals New York as a city of big things, a world in itself. The following disconnected paragraphs give interesting glimpses of the city's life as seen by Mr. Showalter:

"Last year exports passing out of its harbor had a greater value than the combined exports of Asia, Africa, and Australia."

"In population it outranks any one of half the nations of the earth, surpasses that of the entire continent of Australia, and matches the combined strength of the six westernmost States of the American Union."

"In annual expenditures it exceeds all except seven of the fifty-odd nations on the map."

"Its water system could supply the whole earth with drinking water, and its storage reservoirs hold enough to slake civilization's thirst for a year."

"Today there flows down to New York from the Catskills an underground river deep enough and wide enough to carry drinking water for the whole world."

"Its electric transportation lines carry nearly twice as many passengers in twelve months as all the steam railroads of the United States."

"If every resident whose parents were born in America were to leave the city, its standing as the second most populous center in the world would not be affected."

"Three people out of every four in the great metropolis were born under alien flags or are the children of the foreign born."

"Four transients arrive in the city every second, a passenger train comes into the city terminals every fifty-two seconds, and a ship clears every forty minutes."

"A child is born every six minutes, a wedding takes place every thirteen minutes, and a funeral is held every fourteen minutes."

"There is a real-estate transfer every twenty-five minutes, a new building is erected every fifty-one minutes, and a fire occurs every thirty minutes."

"Every day three hundred fifty people come to the city to live, and a hundred new telephones are installed."

"The school army of Greater Gotham is so large that if it marched ten abreast in close formation the front rank would be boarding a North River ferryboat when the rear guard was crossing the Schuylkill out of Philadelphia."

"New York is one of the most healthful cities in America. Compare Manhattan's 1916 death rate of 13.60 per thousand with Baltimore's 18.18 or Washington's 18.01, and it will be realized that to offset its overcrowding, its East Side ignorance, and its vast daily intercourse, New York has a health service second to none in the world."

"There are enough babies born in New York City every year to populate four cities like Charlotte, North



BEST-BUILT SECTION IN THE WORLD

Carolina; Oshkosh, Wisconsin; Roanoke, Virginia; Hamilton, Ohio; or Springfield, Missouri."

"As many people in New York die annually as live in four cities like Elkhart, Indiana; Leavenworth, Kansas; Beverly, Massachusetts; or Raleigh, North Carolina."

"Only two decades ago one out of every five of the tiny kiddies lost the hard fight against the diseases of infancy before it was a year old, and went to tenant a tomb instead of living to gladden a home. Today, however, with the health service as its ally, the baby army goes marching on, losing only one out of ten of its number."

"New York, with an annual budget of \$2,000,000, spends more for municipal purposes than Canada spends for dominion purposes in peace times. Yet so great is its wealth that the tax rate is less than two dollars per hundred of assessed value."

"New York adds a Maine-New Hampshire-Vermont population to its own every ten years."

"To provide elbow room for the business element in a city of such density the skyscraper is a necessity. One of these big buildings demands from fifteen to twenty ten-car subway trains to care for the coming and going of its population."

"It takes a tremendous amount of foodstuffs to supply nearly six million people. Every week the city eats 200 trainloads of food. It must have 2,160 carloads of cereals and flour, 2,000 carloads of milk, 1,636 carloads of vegetables, and 1,168 carloads of meat, dressed and on the hoof. Picture a food train 76 miles long, drawn by 200 engines. That is New York's weekly food supply."

"If all the people — men, women, and children — in Nevada's largest city were suddenly to turn policemen, they would make a force just about equal to that of New York."

"The police force of the city is ready for any emergency. It is said that 15,000 civilians can be called to arms and action in an hour. Every precaution has been taken to insure the maintenance of law and order in the face of any aerial or submarine attack."

"The value of New York's manufactured products is nearly as great as that of the output of all New England's factories."

"The city drinks 14,000,000 glasses of beer and 12,000,000 glasses of soda water every twenty-four hours, and pays \$1,300,000 for them. It spends \$100,000 a day for ice cream."

"The city spends as much for the maintenance of law and order alone as the Republic of Colombia spends for all national purposes."

"A single hotel handles more telephone calls a year than the entire kingdom of Bulgaria."

Nature and Science

A Clever Elephant

A GENTLEMAN who lived in India for many years tells an interesting story of the cleverness of an elephant which he owned.

The gentleman had two small sons, to whom the elephant took a great fancy. So devoted was this elephant that the father felt perfectly safe in leaving his little boys in its care.

One day the elephant and the two boys went off on a tramp together. They remained away so long, however, that the father became anxious, and finally went to look for them. After searching for some time he came to the river bank, and there a funny sight met his eyes.

The great elephant was standing knee-deep in the mud, with a happy small boy squatting on either side of him, and all three were fishing just as hard as they could. The boys held their rods in their hands, and their companion held his with his trunk. By and by the elephant's line gave a flop, and the boys crowded up to see whether it really meant that he had caught a fish. He had, and while the big brute watched them solemnly, they pulled out the line, detached the fish, and then, putting on another worm, gravely handed the rod back to its owner.—*The Expositor*.

The Giant's Causeway

A CAUSEWAY is a raised way or road, across wet or marshy ground, often a road paved with limestone or cobblestones. It is not a term in ordinary use with us; but it was to the ancient Romans and Scots.

We rarely hear the term only as it is applied to Giant's Causeway on the north coast of Antrim County, Ireland. This causeway is a range or platform of basalt in closely arranged pentagonal or hexagonal columns. It was so called because it appeared to primitive imagination to be a road for giants to pass from Ireland to Scotland.

The pillars or columns vary from 15 to 20 inches in diameter, and some of them are 20 feet in height. They number about 40,000, often fitting into each other so perfectly that water cannot get between them.

Certain detached groups are known as the Giant's Loom, Giant's Organ, Lady's Fan, and Giant's Amphitheater. The latter is a small bay with cliffs 350 feet high, formed in its upper part of two tiers of basaltic columns from 60 to 80 feet in height.

The causeway is private property, owned by Lord Antrim, a nephew of the late Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada. In his school days Lord Antrim bore the title of Viscount Dunluce, which was corrupted by his schoolmates into "Donetight." The father of the young viscount is said to have preserved the causeway from destruction, as many advantageous offers were made to him to purchase it for quarrying purposes.

"To save it from anything of the kind, he some years before his death formed a Giant's Causeway syndicate for the express purpose of its protection. The syndicate has fenced in the causeway and charges a small fee for admission, and as long as the lease lasts—it has nearly one hundred years to run—there can be no tampering, even by his descendant, with this wonderful example of nature's architecture."

The Liberty Loans

THE United States entered the war on April 6, 1917. Eighteen days later by a practically unanimous vote Congress passed the Liberty Loan Bond bill.

On May 2 the First Liberty Loan was announced; on May 14 the details were made public; and on the fifteenth the campaign began, and closed one month later. The issue was for \$2,000,000,000, the bonds bearing 3½ per cent interest and running for 15 to 30 years. The bonds carried the conversion privilege, entitling the holder, if he chose, to convert them into bonds of a later issue bearing a higher rate of interest. Four and a half million subscribers from every section of the country, representing every condition, race, and class of citizens, subscribed for more than \$3,000,000,000 of the bonds. Only \$2,000,000,000 was allotted.

The Second Liberty Loan campaign opened on Oct. 1, 1917, and closed on October 27. The bonds of this issue bear 4 per cent interest and run from 10 to 25 years. They carry the conversion privilege. It was announced that 50 per cent of the oversubscription would be taken. Nine million subscribers subscribed to \$4,617,532,000 of the bonds, an oversubscription of 54 per cent. Only \$3,808,766,150 of the bonds was allotted.

The Third Liberty Loan campaign opened on April 6, 1918, one year exactly after our entrance into the war, and closed on May 4. The bonds of this issue bear 4¼ per cent interest and run for 10 years, are not subject to redemption prior to maturity, and carry no conversion privilege. The loan was announced for \$3,000,000,000, but the right was reserved to accept all additional subscriptions. Seventeen million subscribers subscribed for \$4,170,019,650 of the bonds, all of which was allotted.

The Fourth Liberty Loan campaign will begin Saturday, September 28, and close October 19.

Desert Dwellers — No. 1

An Ingenious Artisan

A LONG the foothills bordering the Colorado Desert in California, in shrubby masses of mesquite on the desert floor, also some distance up the arroyos and gulches, lives *Neotoma albigula*, commonly known as the Mesquite Brush Rat—one of the most interesting and ingenious dwellers among the desert wild folk.

The desert is a paradise for rats and mice of a dozen varieties, and *Neotoma*, like all of her kind, is plentifully found wherever the fields of choya cactus, and creosote or mesquite bushes, afford her protection and a home. With a length of twelve inches, six of which are tail, and grayish brown coat, to the casual observer this rat appears almost like any other rat; but a closer inspection will show her appearance and habits much different from any of her relatives.

Unlike most brush rats, *Neotoma* is not much given to nest building, but chooses to burrow under choya cacti and mesquite and creosote bushes. The reason for this is apparent. Hunted constantly by the coyote, the red-tailed hawk, the skunk, and the omnivorous Indian, this shy, nocturnal neighbor has gone to the ground for her protection, and has not been unintelligent in devising barricades and fortresses to ward off the attacks of her wildest foes.

In building a home, *Neotoma* first finds a creosote bush growing in the vicinity of a tree choya. Its roots will form the supporting framework for the high-vaulted roof of the home nest, while the resinous gum



A CREOSOTE BUSH GROWING IN THE VICINITY OF THE TREE CHOYA

which drops from its leaves will help to make solid the earth above the burrows leading to it.

The central nest is approached by a single secret runway, cleverly devised so as to be a place incognito to the stranger. About it, in all directions, runs a maze of passages with protected openings to the outside world and numerous blind leads to deceive and weary any seeking intruder. But all of these means of foiling the attempts of an enemy to reach the nest seem needless to me, because of the grand scale on which *Neotoma* has fortified the passageways to the holes.

In order that I may explain the ingenious method of protection, I have drawn the accompanying map of the ground surface near *Neotoma*'s dwelling. An examination of the figure as labeled will show that every approach to the hole is most carefully protected by spiny joints of choya cactus—more effectual in warding off an enemy than barbed-wire barricades. Moreover, the entrance itself is located near an over-spreading tree of the awful choya—the most horrible display of cruel spiny cactus needles and bayonets ever presented to the eye of the living; and, as Hornaday well observes, not the most foolish coyote or skunk is so rash as to jump into that spiny mass for any rat, and yet less likely would he dash over the pavement of horrible choya joints that lie about the runways. So that no matter how hard pressed by the foe, when once *Neotoma* has reached her fortress, she is as safe as if she were a dozen miles beneath the surface of the earth.

You may call this unique utilization of spiny cactus a matter of instinct if you wish, but it seems to me to be a downright work of animal intelligence of a high order; and every time I see this home I have greater respect for the mean little creature that makes it.

I only wish I might have the chance to watch *Neotoma* about her home at night, when she is scampering

back and forth over the desert sands in search of food and material for her nest. Any day you may see the dainty lacelike tracks that weave such marvelous and fanciful autograph patterns on the desert dust; but herself you seldom see, for she is a creature of the night and given to extreme shyness. Only the great white desert moon may see the fairy creature as gracefully she weaves her "track-lace" in the silent midnight wilderness world.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

Nature's Lessons

"The invisible things of Him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even his everlasting power and divinity." Rom. 1: 20.

IT was the season of nest building. Within the sweet-scented woods the birds twittered and sang, and occasionally a gleam of bright color flashed across the openings.

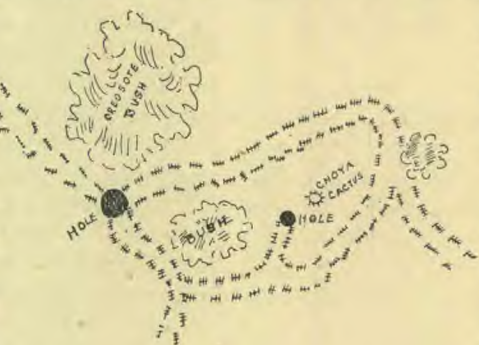
Beneath the trees, and crowding to the very edge of a beautiful green field where the tender blades of young grain rippled gently in the soft spring breezes, delicate flowers lifted their lovely blossoms in the warm spring sun-

shine, filling the air with their rich fragrance.

On the banks of the brook the dainty pussy willows were peeping from their folding shields, and the bleating of baby lambs was heard on the distant hillsides.

Everywhere was life and joy and action. All nature was waking from its winter sleep, and with its many voices was testifying to the power of a Creator "who moves all things according to his will."

The young life springing on every side revealed the tender care of the loving heavenly Father for the humblest of his creatures, and spoke praises to him whose power caused the tender blade to spring forth, guided the sparkling waters that rippled so joyfully through the meadow, perfumed the delicate flower, and exercised such tender care for the feathered throng that filled fields and woods with rich melody.



We behold in the beauties of nature a token of God's love for man, "the crowning work of his creation."

The lofty hills clothed with dense forests, the rich meadows of lowlands, all speak of his love for his children.

The book of nature from which we may obtain a deeper, truer knowledge of an all-wise Creator is open to all.

Would you lighten the burdens of care and anxiety? Would you have your heart filled with a calm content and an everlasting joy? Would you have opened to your soul "a never-failing fountain of happiness"? If so, "acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee. Receive, I pray thee, the law from his mouth, and lay up his words in thine heart. . . . Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defense, . . . for then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty. . . . Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he shall hear thee, . . . and the light shall shine upon thy ways." GRACE E. BRUCE.

A Minute Sermon

MEMORY is like this blackboard. We sometimes write upon our memories the little slights, the hard word spoken to us, a sister's carelessness, a brother's harshness, and all the little annoyances that occur in the home. If we do so, we shall be unhappy, and



home will be unhappy, too. As this hand marked "Love" rubs out the writing on the blackboard, so must we learn every day to rub out and forget the little things that trouble us in our homes. Love does not bear a grudge. Love forgives and blesses.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

The Social Life

IN imagination I see again the deserted cottage we passed so often on our way to town. The old broken gate still clung to its position by means of one unsteady hinge, but the path had surrendered its right of way to tall weeds and prickly briars. It was a lonely looking place; however, there was nothing particularly sad about it only as it reminded one of pictures that might well draw tears,—pictures of deserted homes and churches where the social gate hangs on rusty hinges and the untrod pathway is a painful reminder that the young people have turned to the world for friendly sociability.

Yes, there have been such homes and such churches, though the young people in your church may be more

fortunate. Let us hope so. However, the fact remains that many of us, as Missionary Volunteers, failing to recognize the social life as a soul-winning agency, have not consecrated this talent in a definite way to the Master's service, nor developed it to his glory. Are you among that number? As a society you have followed the Master in missionary work, but are you making the social life of your young people a "savor of life unto life"? or does the social gate in your society hang on rusty hinges, while the young people in the church, hungering for sociability, go out one by one into the highways and hedges of the world in search of pleasure? If this be so, let there be delay no longer. Ask the Master to give you a clearer vision of this rare opportunity for saving others. Then following his guidance carefully,—very carefully,—do something to make the social life of your young people "social to save."

Social Life Essential

God has given young people their social instinct, and in his program for their lives he has made room for sociability. So sociability is really an essential part of true living. Young people need to spend some time alone in order to become acquainted with themselves and with their Maker. But they need sociability as well as solitude, they need play as well as work, in order to develop strong symmetrical characters and in order to learn how to adapt themselves to the needs about them. One writer, who feels this very strongly, has said: "Let me direct the recreation of our youth, and I will mold their character for weal or woe."

Sociability helps to give a young person poise. It knocks off the rough edges so that people can mingle together without friction. But truly unselfish sociability does more. It keeps one in close sympathetic touch with others, and gathers life's sweetest joys from its efforts to make others happy. It keeps one so busy thinking of others that he has no time to think of himself. He is too busy to freeze—too busy in loving service for his eyes to grow cold or his manners to stiffen with the passing years. He has no time to nurse hardships and disappointments till they sour his spirits and make him disgruntled with life. He is living for others, and somehow by the aid of the divine Alchemist he uses all that comes to fill life with a sweet spirit of helpfulness.

Recreation

Recreation may seem a little different kind of sociability, but it makes possible the development of the same happy traits, so it is none the less essential for young people. And where are the young people who do not relish a good social hour? Surely something is wrong with those who do not; for, as Epictetus said many centuries ago, "God made all men to be happy." What a desolate place this world would be without cheery works, unmixed with guile or sarcasm! What a lonely place were it not for the whole-souled laughter of youthful hearts, be their muscles young or old!

But there is still another reason for considering recreation essential: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It makes him dull where he is most anxious to shine. Constant application wears the keen edge off the mind and robs the muscles of their resistance. It is necessary occasionally "to make a truce with toil and care, that we may return to the battle with stouter hearts and keener weapons." If we do not do this, something will snap sooner or later.

Men who build railroads always leave a gap between the steel rails. If they did not do this, but placed the

rails closely end to end, the expansion of the steel in hot weather might twist the rails out of shape and cause railway accidents. What a splendid thing it would be if every life road were equally well planned. It is said that Leo Tolstoi considered an equal division best. Each day he would have eight hours for work, eight hours for rest, and eight hours for recreation. This seems almost too generous an arrangement for recreation, but surely everybody should plan his program with a few intermissions for relaxation that he may preserve his physical poise and increase his efficiency as a workman.

"Get busy, yes, get busy,
But not so busy quite
That you're nothing but a galley slave
From morning until night.
Life is brief at best, remember,
Take out some time between
To be a friend among your friends,
And not a mere machine."

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Mrs. Yamamuro, of Japan

THE wife of Colonel Yamamuro, the leader of the Salvation Army in Japan, died recently. She was a college woman of rare ability and sweetness, mother of a large family, and codirector with her husband of the activities of the army. Twenty members of parliament, forty college professors, leading business men, and members of the nobility attended her funeral. Her dying words were: "True happiness is beside the cross of Jesus." Her diary, which was read after her decease, recorded her determination not to make herself a new garment till she was fifty years old, so that she could give her utmost to the William Booth Memorial Tuberculosis Sanatorium which was opened recently near Tokio.—*Selected.*

A RICH Chinese nobleman recently purchased 5,000 New Testaments to present to his friends, some of them expensively bound in Morocco, costing \$2 or \$3.

Suggestions for the Camp Another Summer

EDISON J. DRIVER

FOR many persons who have few other opportunities of leaving the busy life of city and school and farm, the modern idea of the summer camp in its various phases, affords at least one happy yearly change that usually pays good dividends of renewed vigor to tired body and wearied brain.

As more people come to realize the refreshing value of simple outdoor life, camps everywhere become more numerous and varied in character. We now have public camps, community camps, camps for the family, camps exclusively for girls, and camps wholly for boys. There are camps that last the whole summer through, and others of but a week or a day. There are camps that combine summer-school privileges with the outing; camps where religious services supplement the benefits of open air and exercise; and still other camps where city people enjoy the freedom of outdoor life while they earn the wages of fruit gathering and harvest.

Camp life is certainly very much better for young people than loafing. How often we see children spending their vacations idly in the artificial and narrowing environment of cities and towns, summer hotels and crowded resorts, being molded by superficial considerations, and probably sharing in the almost continual and universal dress parade. We are always sorry for children who must undergo this aimless and haphazard training. We are glad for those other children unbound by the stiff, narrow, man-made fetters of polish and pride and custom, who can develop freely and broadly amid natural surroundings, on farms and in camps, plainly dressed and free to romp as they will; we predict for these, stronger bodies, nerves, and characters, a broader and better knowledge, and a truer appreciation of the real values of life.

For young people camp life has many offerings of health and education. Each day brings them new discoveries, new exercises, new accomplishments, and new associations. The unconventional requirements of simple community life develop toleration, co-operation, and sunny friendliness. The long busy days and the pure air make sleep a joy and its rest complete. A glow of health blooms on the cheek, a sparkle shines in the eye, and he who at first was weary and tired,

now goes back to home and school and shop healthy and vigorous for the duties that await.

Resourcefulness and adaptability are blessings that outdoor life confers upon its devotees. The making of camps, the keeping of order, the cooking of meals; meeting the problems of weather and clothing and shelter, of lake and boat and trail, teach us how to rely on ourselves and develop our ingenuity, so that we can come through emergencies victorious and smiling.

Then somehow the near touch of nature, the trees, the river, the mountain, the flowers, the birds, the shining stars, where God himself is busy day and night, give added stores of broader knowledge and deeper interest in science and in God.

There are some of us who cannot find time to camp for a whole season, or even for a month or a week; but most of us can find just a day or two now and then to spend in "God's out of doors," if only in some walking party, bicycle club, or family picnic. Wanting even time for these, we can still enjoy healthful and invigorating sleep in some pleasant tent or shelter outdoors in the home yard itself.

Some people make camping a season of excitement and hurry and wear and tear that defeats its value as recreation. It becomes to them strenuous and exhausting. They do not know when they need rest, and do not understand how to alternate quiet with activity. The programs and success of the large, long-established summer camps give us an idea of what has been found generally best in such alternations of activity and rest. Here is a sample:

Daily Schedule

- 6:00 A. M. Waking bell or bugle call.
- 6:20 A. M. Summons to brief calisthenics drill and a run around the camp. A dip in the lake if desired.
- 7:00 A. M. Breakfast.
- 8:00 A. M. Tent and camp clean up; air bedding in sun; every one busy.
- 9:00 A. M. Worship,—a brief service; discussion of plans for the day. Then games and practice, nature study, short hikes, or craftsmanship.



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CAMPERS IN MONTANA

- 12:00 M. Dinner.
- 1:00 P. M. Naps, letters home, rest hour, every one quiet.
- 2:30 P. M. Handicraft, swimming, rowing, games, or hikes.
- 6:00 P. M. Supper.
- 7:00 P. M. The camp fire, popcorn, games, stories, songs, council.
- 9:00 or 9:30 P. M. Worship and to bed.

Good Leadership a Necessity

Good leadership is the most important factor in any successful camp we have seen. And especially no company of boys or young people should go camping without a grown and experienced leader. Such a person will do much to prevent accidents, insure pleasant programs, and nip quarrels and disputes in the bud.

The Good Camper Does His Share

The leader of any kind of camp whatsoever should see to it that no one shirks his share of work. Each one must share uncomplainingly in all necessary duties. This is the great rule and law of the camp.

Too often in smaller camps we have seen some poor, tired old mother or father doing all the drudgery of cooking and cleaning and camp tidying, while the rest of the gay, able-bodied crowd loaf and frolic and tramp to their heart's content. These poor, faithful, but unwise slaves try to make themselves think they are having an outing, but we know they end the trip more weary than they began it.

The rigid and accepted custom of good camp life everywhere is to share and share alike, to be helpful and kind and

democratic. In the established boys' camps and girls' camps throughout the country, they who do not subscribe to this custom are neither popular nor respected.

So we see that a good camper must not be afraid of work; in fact, a real camper knows that much of the fun of the occasion lies in doing the work.

A kind of picnic that always pleases is the real working and camping kind, where instead of the conventional baskets of prepared lunch, the picnickers have the excitement and fun of making a fire and cooking the meal.

Have you ever tried a green-corn feed at the camp fire? The corn should be roasted in its own well-soaked husk for twenty minutes and eaten with butter and salt. Potatoes also roast splendidly in the hot ashes. Then if appetites are still keen, some one may pop corn nicely over the bed of red coals. Thus the meal-

time may be made the jolliest of the entire day.

The experienced camper is known by unfailing good humor. He is sunny and cheerful, and does not mention his own discomforts. While good nature is to be encouraged, and camps are places of fun and laughter, the practical joker wins no laurels. Modern camp leaders see nothing hilariously funny in cutting a swing rope almost through, in rocking a boatful of timid girls on deep water, or in substituting chips or stones for food, in the lunches of some far-going hiking party. These jokers usually pay so severely for their cute ways that they quickly reform.

Guns have gone into disuse and are almost unknown in boys' camps, both because of the danger of accidents and of the uselessness and cruelty of killing small creatures simply for fun. Of course, when needed for protection, or for securing food, guns will be a part of the equipment.

First-Aid Outfit Remembered

Even without guns, accidents often occur in camps. These are usually unexpected and therefore unpro-



WHAT ALL BOYS LIKE

vided for; and it is to be most strongly recommended, especially to parties going into remote districts, that they take along reliable handbooks of first aid and life saving, together with the recommended first-aid outfits and remedies. The Red Cross handbook and Boy Scouts' handbook are both easily obtained and cheap. The chances may be ten to one they will not be needed, yet there is great peace of mind in their possession.

In such books is found material for first-aid and physical-culture drills which constitute a regular feature of many camps.

Camp Sports and Occupations

A camp that is educational in its nature is just as enjoyable as any other kind. So in some places every one is taught to swim, and boating is exceedingly popular. Horseback riding and auto driving add to the accomplishments that may be mastered, while boys learn the varied mysteries of scouting and woodcraft.

Camp sports and occupations are too numerous to even mention in an article like this. Almost all games thrive and prosper, as well as various kinds of wood-working and handicraft. There are art classes and sketching parties, and the amateur photographer is in much demand. Collectors and nature students keep their energies busy and their interests keen. Musicians regale us at all hours of the day, except the rest hour, with their choicest selections on banjo, harmonica, piano, and phonograph. There are plenty of other things besides, and if all else fails, "a good book and a quiet nook" is rest and joy to the soul.

The materials for basketry are quite universally found in camping spots. The peeled twigs of willows and many other trees and bushes are used; also reeds, cat-tails, wire grass, and rye straw. A large supply of basketry twigs may be peeled and dried, and then at some future time soaked in water and used for the work. Many a fine workbasket and woven gift grows to completion in the nimble fingers of campers.

A little thoughtfulness and a few tools fit up the camp as a playground for the children. The swing can be placed in some sturdy tree, and a fine teeter board over an old log or rough-made trestle. A plank or pole pivoted on a stump or post serves as a merry-go-round, and a sled slide down some steep slope or bank is a rude "chute the chutes" that does not lack for chuters. Many other play devices will be thought of, including the water wheels and kites and toy boats and bigger rafts and wind wheels with which youngsters love to decorate the landscape.

Nothing suffers by being well planned beforehand, and this is very true of a camping trip. Plan and provide for Red Cross work, sewing, embroidery, reading, games, handicraft, and all those things before starting out, for they are almost as essential to your happiest time and greatest pleasure, as is the choice of a good camp ground.

In conclusion let us add, that as camping is a simple and rough life, camp footwear and clothing should correspond. The nicer things may be taken along for special occasions, but khaki is the good old stand-by of a thousand camps, and easy, thick-soled shoes have won praises on countless trails.

Gordon's Business Lesson

GORDON and his father were chums — ideal chums. Even before Mrs. Hammond passed away, leaving the two to find in each other the companionship each had found in her, Mr. Hammond had determined that he and his boy should travel life's path together, hand in hand.

It was not, therefore, an unusual thing for Mr. Hammond to offer his services to Gordon when he was working at his duties as secretary of the Boys' Club.

"What's on tonight's program, Gordon? Can I not assist you, so that we can finish our packing early?"

"Father, I am sure you would not want a part in the job that falls to me tonight. I don't fancy it myself."

"I thought your club duties were always agreeable to you."

"They are, ordinarily; but at our last meeting the boys voted to take their printing work from Richard Fleet and give it to Charles Farror's chum, whose father owns a large printing house; and I am expected to pass this information on to Richard by letter, while he is at home on a visit. The boys were anxious to have me write him at once, as he returns next week; they said it was easier to do a job like that by writing than to tell a person face to face."

"But I don't like the affair. I think it is cowardly to take advantage of Richard's absence to drop him, and besides I do not think it is necessary to make the change, and I fear Richard will not be able to finish his college work with his present class if he loses this job."

"Why does the club wish to make the change? Hasn't Richard done good work?"

"Yes, he has. The boys have always seemed more than pleased at the originality, forcefulness, and neat-

ness revealed in his work; and his charges have been moderate. The real point is that Farror, who has lately joined the club, is exceedingly popular with the boys. He is a good sport, and his father is rich. His chum's father owns a large printing office, and Farror wants the work given to him.

"Farror has but slight acquaintance with Richard, and he has little if any cause of complaint, though he has made considerable out of the fact that there were two typographical errors in the last programs Richard got out, and that the last issues of the college paper were allowed to come out without the usual amount of club advertising."

"Have the boys made an effort to learn from Richard the occasion for these lapses from his usual efficiency and promptness?"

"No, they have not; but Farror stirred up quite a sentiment for a change, and yesterday the club voted to make the transfer."

"Before you write to Richard, Gordon, you might be interested in two experiences that have come under my observation. When I taught at Montvale Seminary, our principal was a man of marked fairness and frankness. He told teachers and pupils face to face of any delinquency that was working injury to themselves or to the school. After talking the matter over plainly with the person, if there was any disposition to amend his course, this man gave the person the opportunity to do so, and helped him to make good. He never was known to dismiss or report to higher authority one to whom he had not pointed out the definite weakness that was occasioning trouble, and urged reformation. He may have done this twice or thrice before a satisfactory change was made or before the inevitable dismissal came. As a consequence of

this generous, fearless method of meeting an unpleasant duty, there are today men and women scattered throughout the country in responsible positions who owe their success to the kindly frankness and encouragement of this man.

"He might have dismissed teachers and expelled students who were not doing satisfactory work, without telling them frankly the cause of their removal; but he would not do it. He felt that it is one's just due to know definitely wherein he has failed to give satisfaction."

"From what you have told me before of Professor King, father, I imagine this was he to whom you have referred."

"Yes, Professor King was the man, and I shall always cherish the memory of his strict integrity and fair dealing. Later, Gordon, I came in contact with the head of a firm whose business methods were just the opposite of Professor King's. Your aunt Marian was employed by this firm to take the place of a worker for a given number of months. But an inadvertent act on her part was reported by an associate worker. It was a simple matter that a word from the management would have corrected; but no, it was embarrassing to speak the word; so when illness caused your aunt to remain away from the office for a week or more, a little note came to her telling her she need not be anxious about the work, to take time to get well, and more of the same apparent solicitude for her restoration. However, your aunt's intuition seemed to read something between the lines, so she asked a friend her interpretation of the note. The friend assured her of its friendly spirit, and pronounced it unsullied solicitude for her welfare. However, when definite inquiry was made, it was authoritatively learned that the little note was a dismissal from the work, though she was an expert in her line, and had given little occasion for such treatment.

"More than one employee has suffered similar embarrassment because of the note-writing habit of heads of firms; or from the habit of summary dismissal of one without frankly telling the reason. If an employee was not giving entire satisfaction, it was easier when he went home on a vacation to inform him by letter that his services were no longer needed, than it was to talk to him face to face, and tell him why his work was unsatisfactory, and perhaps give him an opportunity to reform.

"Since this experience came to Marian, I have detested the coward that takes advantage of a person's absence to perform an embarrassing task. The Christian method, the manly method, the businesslike method, is to tell an employee frankly wherein he is not making good, and if possible allow time for correction of the difficulty. The hero does not stab his enemy in the back, neither does the big-hearted, intelligent employer resort to unfair methods."

"Father, I am glad to know these things. I felt the club was not doing the generous thing, but I hardly knew how to better matters, and I fear I lacked the courage of my convictions or I should have openly opposed the action. I see things more clearly and shall have no part in this affair concerning Richard. The best I can do tonight is to write Matthews, the president of the club, and ask him to get the boys to reconsider their action."

With this Gordon turned to his writing and Mr. Hammond to his magazine.

Later Gordon tossed a letter over to his father, saying, "How's this, father?"

Mr. Hammond read:

"DEAR MATTHEWS: I was about to write Richard Fleet telling him of the action of the club; but I found I could not do it. I regard our action, to say the least, as premature. To my knowledge no one has communicated with Richard to ascertain the cause of the delinquencies that were mentioned. I know his father has been seriously ill, which might account for the slight errors that have been noted of late. Don't you think it would be well to make inquiries of him before taking drastic action against him? It is more than probable that our action will result in his losing the college paper also. If so, I feel sure, knowing what I do of his circumstances, that he will have difficulty in finishing his course.

"Will you not talk this over with the boys and persuade them to reconsider the action of yesterday, taking account of Richard's needs and good service rather than of Farror's whims? I believe you can do this. There is a moral and business principle involved that deters me from communicating the action of the club to Richard; so if your persuasive powers fail in having the action rescinded, or at least in having some one appointed to confer with Richard, you may present to the club my resignation as its secretary.

"Father and I shall be out of the city for three weeks or more. Frank Smith has the books.

"Yours,

"GORDON HAMMOND."

"That's business, my son."

Shortly after Matthews had received Gordon's letter, the club met, and Matthews presented the matter in a businesslike, tactful way; and Farror's chum made the motion to postpone action until definite inquiry was made of Fleet. This action was passed, and Farror himself was appointed to visit Fleet on his return, to make inquiries concerning his work, and in regard to the limited advertising in the college paper, etc. Farror learned of the death of Richard's father, and of a serious accident that had happened to his younger brother. He saw that heavy responsibilities were resting upon his schoolmate, and he felt a sympathy and respect for him that he had rarely felt for any one. Finally Richard himself directed the conversation to the club, and referred to his work for it, and expressed his regret for the very things upon which Farror had based his argument for a change. Farror saw that these were but trifles after all, and were occasioned by an overworked youth living in continual suspense of a great affliction.

At the next club meeting, Farror gave a detailed account of his visit, and voluntarily offered the motion to rescind the previous action. This was done, and thereafter there was no stancher supporter of Richard Fleet and his work than Charles Farror. F. D. C.

Run by Schedule

A MODERN battle is run very much on the lines of a railway time-table. The attack is intrusted to certain armies, and the corps of which these armies are composed send their divisions and brigades "over the top" in due course and duly take them out of the line, whereupon fresh troops take their places. Each corps has its own billeting area, towns and villages and camps, where its troops are billeted on the way to or from battle. As one division or brigade moves out of one billet, the successor moves in by schedule, just as, on the railway, one train follows another on the same set of metals. This disposition of troops in a vast battle, over widely devastated country, is a very important feature of the operations; for nothing must be left to chance, and, with the tide of battle ebbing and flowing, success or failure may depend on the accessibility of the reserves.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE ideal for a nation is to grow, not in surface, but in height.—*Paul Richard*.

"He Leadeth Me"

Nor by the way that leads direct to heaven —
The way of His commandments, wisely given,
By which if I would walk unscarred and whole
I would most surely sooner reach the goal
He destines for my soul;

But holdeth me
By leash of Providence, that does not break,
E'en in the downward way I will to take;
Following my way, though chosen by mistake
Of "this-world" wisdom. He does not forsake
The germ of life he planted in my soul,
Watches his opportunity to make me whole,
And leadeth me

To see the pit wherein my sins, concealed,
As though they were another's, are revealed;
His love compassionate restores my sight —
To see as evils what I thought was right.

Remembers me

In my distress; reaches a gentle hand
And bids me in the depths, "Look up and stand,"
Not in my strength, but his. O, Love Divine!
That penetrates my darkness with the shine
And warmth that brings to active life again
The soul which was so nearly dead in sin,
And keeps me close to him, until I see
And know it is his love and wisdom leadeth me
Up from the hell where I my bed had made,
Up from the miry clay; from snares hidden and laid
For my soul's sure destruction. On the Rock
He sets my feet; no more I feel the shock
Of great temptations; even "the gates of hell
Shall not prevail against me." "It is well
That I have been afflicted," now I sing,
"For now, O Lord! through sin, through suffering,
And through sincere repentance, back to thee,
Thou leadest me."

— Annie E. Bassett.



Earnest Work



Rest for the Weary

Household Hints

Covers Keep Foods from Scorching

I HAVE collected a set of covers from lard buckets, coffee cans, etc., which fit into the bottoms of my different cooking utensils. When wishing to cook slowly and thoroughly, and yet preclude all danger of burning, I invert the right-sized cover in a saucepan before placing in it the matter to be cooked, and calmly attend to something else, knowing there can be no scorching.

Soap Stones Used in Ironing

I have found that the heat radiator, or soapstone, from a fireless cooker proves a real treasure on ironing day, if used for a flatiron stand. The irons hold their heat twice as long if placed on this while they are not in use.

Sewing Snap Fasteners

Sew the ball sections first and then cover the tops with chalk. A slight pressure will mark the spot where the socket sections should be placed.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

HOW many Missionary Volunteer leaflets are there in the series? Is it possible to secure a complete set of them?

D. K.

The last leaflet in the Missionary Volunteer series that has come from the press is No. 62. No, it is not possible to get a complete set now. A few of the leaflets have been retired. Most of those that have been retired, however, were campaign leaflets.

M. E.

Will you please tell me how our Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department got its name?

E. F. J.

The Gland council bequeathed to the department born in its midst the name of Young People's Department. But at the Mount Vernon convention more careful study was given to this matter. Many workers felt that the new department must have a more distinctive name, while a few considered it quite unnecessary to change. Several names were introduced. Some suggested "Christian Soldiers;" others preferred "Volunteer Army." These and other names submitted met with decided opposition. Then came the name "Missionary Volunteers." Some who were especially desirous of seeing it adopted sat in anxious suspense. There was much discussion pro and con. Many objected at first. Finally one of the prominent delegates turned to the blackboard and wrote on it:

Seventh-day Adventist Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers.

Of course those who favored its adoption could have written the name in much less space; but the fact remained that it really was long. However, the name made friends rapidly till at last, if memory be not mistaken in its record, the vote was unanimously in favor of it. That is how the department got its name, and the name was chosen because it at once reveals the identity and points out the mission of our young people.

"Looking back over ten years of progress," wrote Elder Meade MacGuire in the Decennial number of the INSTRUCTOR, "it seems apparent that no mistake was made in choosing a name for this mighty movement. In ever-increasing numbers our young people are responding to the appeal of this name, and volunteering for mission service at home and abroad. To thousands of our young people it is a blessed name, for it represents to them new and deeper consecration, new ideals and new aspirations. To our homes and conferences it represents a great co-operative and dynamic agency for the salvation and training of all our children. To the heathen it means that new recruits will be added to the ever-widening army of messengers bearing the gospel to those who sit in darkness."

M. E.

It is nobler to be shabby and honest, than to do things handsomely in debt.—Juliana H. Ewing.

The Sabbath School

I — Israel at Mt. Sinai

(October 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 19.

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people." Ex. 19: 5.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 303-305; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 182, 183.

"Almighty God! direct us
To keep thy perfect law!
O blessed Saviour, help us
Nearer to thee to draw!
Let Sinai's thunders aid us
To guard our feet from sin;
And Calvary's light inspire us
The love of God to win."

Questions

1. To what place did the children of Israel come in the third month after they left Egypt? Where did they camp? Ex. 19: 1, 2.
2. How long was this place their home? Note 1.
3. Where did Moses go to meet the Lord? What message did he there receive for the people? Verses 3-6. Note 2.
4. When the people heard the message, what did they say? Verses 7, 8.
5. What did the Lord tell Moses he was about to do? Verse 9.
6. What preparation were they to make? Verses 10-13. Note 3.
7. What came to pass on the third day? What caused the people to tremble? Verse 16.
8. Where did the people stand? What was the appearance of Mt. Sinai? Verses 17, 18.
9. Who spoke when the trumpet sounded? Who answered? Verse 19.
10. Where did the Lord come? What did he call Moses to do? Verse 20.
11. What further charge did the Lord give concerning the people? Verses 21, 22. Note 4.
12. What did the Lord say to Moses as he sent him down from the mount? Verses 24, 25.
13. What did the Lord desire Israel to be to him? Memory verse.

Side Lights

Locate Mt. Sinai on the map.
Who were with the Lord on the mount? Deut. 33: 2.
Who are here meant by "saints"? Ps. 68: 17.
How did Moses feel in the presence of God's glory and power as shown on the mount? Heb. 12: 20, 21.

Notes

1. The children of Israel camped before Mt. Sinai in the third month of the first year, and moved from there "on the twentieth day of the second month, in the second year" (Num. 10: 11-13), hence they were encamped at this place for almost one year.
2. "How I bare you on eagles' wings." The female eagle is proverbial for cherishing her young with extraordinary care and attachment. She stirs up her nest, planting a thorn in the side of it, that if the fledglings are tempted to laziness they may be pricked by it, prompted to bestir themselves, and learn to use their feet. She flutters over her young, not only when she has morsels of food to drop into their open beaks, but in her solicitude to train them to fly. And if other means fail, she crowds them out of the nest and over the edge of the cliff, leaving them to fall, that they may be compelled to learn to use their wings as well as feet. And this she does, one at a time — literally 'she taketh one.' But she watches its downward plunge, and sweeping toward the earth, she expands her wings to the utmost, and rising upward from beneath catches the falling, trembling fledgling on her own mother pinions, and soars with it to the eyrie. Thus, even the severest discipline of thorn and beak is all prompted by love, and what seems merciless and cruel is all necessary to the training for flight, the exercise of muscles, and the expansion of wings." — *Tarbell*.
3. The people must not only have clean bodies and clean clothes for their meeting with God, but they must "sanctify," or set themselves apart from their sins. "As Moses should point out their sins, they were to devote themselves to humiliation, fasting, and prayer, that their hearts might be cleansed from iniquity." We should think of this when we are preparing to meet the Lord in his place of worship.
4. "God purposed to make the occasion of speaking his law a scene of awful grandeur, in keeping with its exalted character. The people were to be impressed that everything connected with the service of God must be regarded with the greatest reverence." — *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 303.

Another Sabbath School Report

TO show how an ordinary Sabbath school report might be varied and made interesting, a report of the Takoma Park Sabbath school was given in the INSTRUCTOR recently. While this report illustrated well the point which it was intended to illustrate, it incidentally gave an unfavorable view of the school; so the superintendent called the editor's attention to a report that presents a more encouraging view of the school. This report follows:

"June 1, 1918. Though this was an exceptionally warm day, and the natural inclination of the heart was to seek out a cool place and remain there, yet we are glad to tell you that out of a membership of 300 only 5 were absent, and a very liberal offering was received, amounting to \$37.56, and \$1.70 for school expenses. For this, as well as the other numerous blessings of the Sabbath school, do we 'Praise Him,' as was expressed in our opening song.

"What does the Sabbath school mean to you, dear member? Can you realize any definite benefit from the time and work and expense devoted to it? If the Sabbath school work does not develop in us a character training for service in bringing others to Christ, it accomplishes nothing. Therefore, before we can be instrumental in helping others, we must first have a Christian character. Shall we not here in our Sabbath school, fix upon our character proper reverence to God, and as was suggested by our superintendent, kneel while prayer is offered? If we were in the presence of some earthly monarch, we should be very careful to give the proper homage and respect, but we grow careless in matters pertaining to God. Let us acquire the humble attitude that David had when he exhorted the people to 'come . . . worship, and bow down,' and 'kneel before the Lord our Maker. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.'

"Elder — offered an earnest prayer to God in behalf of our school and the needs of the hour. The report was read, and the superintendent took a little time to speak of the coming thirteenth Sabbath offering. The Government makes its drives for the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross. This is an hour when the whole world is called upon to sacrifice, but that which we might term sacrifice here, would hardly be considered such over in India; so in preparing for our offering, let us duly consider the necessity in this needy field.

"Considering the temperature of the day, not many of us would have cared to apply, literally, our second song, 'Come out in the sunshine,' but we were glad that no matter what the weather, we can have sunshine in our hearts, and what a blessing this will enable us to be to those around us who are discouraged!

"Elder — conducted an intensely interesting review of the past lesson. We appreciate the effort put forth from Sabbath to Sabbath by those who assist in this capacity. We also appreciate the assistance rendered by Sister — in the junior division in the absence of the superintendent.

"The lesson period was used to advantage by every teacher, and the good attention given in each class is commendable.

"In closing we sang, 'Hasten On, Glad Day.'"

A Spelling Rule

WHEN "ie" and "ei" both spell "e,"
How can we tell which it shall be?
Here is a rule you may believe,
That never, never will deceive,
And all such trouble will relieve,
A simpler rule you can't conceive.
It is not made of many pieces,
To puzzle daughters, sons, and nieces,
Yet with it all the trouble ceases.
After "c" an "e" apply;
After other letters "i."
Thus a general in a siege
Writes a letter to his liege,
Or an army holds its field
And will never deign to yield
While a warrior holds to shield
Or has strength his arm to wield.
Two exceptions we must note,
Which all scholars learn by rote:
Leisure is the first of these,
For the second we have seize.
Now you know the simple rule,
Learn it quick and off to school.

— *Selected.*

"You are on the shady side of seventy, I expect?" was asked of an old man. "No," was the reply, "I am on the sunny side; for I am on the side nearest to glory."

Pledge of the Patriotic League

THE Junior War Work Council has enlisted thousands of young girls in the Patriotic League. These girls take the following praiseworthy pledge:

"I pledge to express my patriotism:
By doing better than ever before whatever work I have to do;
By rendering whatever special service I can at this time to my community and country;
By living up to the highest standards of character and honor, and by helping others to do the same."

"Lil' Air Stirrin' "

AUGUST brought to the national capital the warmest weather recorded by the weather bureau since its establishment in 1847. The thermometer in the INSTRUCTOR editorial room registered more than 102°, with an electric fan doing its part well.

The morning after this breathless heat, when thousands had been kept from sleep because of the intensity of the heat, an old colored mammy said cheerily to one whom she met on the street, "A lil' air stirrin' this mornin'. Feel good!"

This breath of comfortable optimism amid the almost universal complaining was as refreshing as the breeze.

Prisoners Appreciate the Bible

IN a weekly illustrated paper published in Buenos Aires, South America, there is inserted in each issue a paragraph about the teachings of Christ. This resulted in inquiries as to the source of the information contained in these paragraphs. The Bible Society then inserted a note recommending its readers to write to the society for Bibles, inclosing stamps. A few days brought orders for 160 Bibles. Seven prisoners sent from one jail for Bibles. Later one of the prisoners wrote of the results of this missionary effort, as follows:

"I am very grateful to the Bible Society for having given me the light in this prison, where there seemed to be nothing but darkness. These divine precepts have acted on my soul with saving power."

The Existence of the Bible

THE Bible is very much like the wall the Irishman built four feet wide and three feet high. When asked why he built the wall wider than high, he replied: "I built it that way so that if the storm should come and blow it over, it would be higher afterward than it was before." The same is true of the Bible. The enemies of God's people have always been the enemies of the Bible. Infidels have from time to time tried to destroy the Bible, and Rome has done her best to burn it and its readers out of existence.

And yet today this Book rises like the Irishman's fence, and as much unharmed as Daniel was when he came out of the lions' den.

Voltaire, the noted French infidel, who died in 1778, said that in one hundred years from his time Christianity would be swept from existence and passed into history. But what has happened? Only twenty-five years after his death, the British and Foreign Bible Society was founded. His printing press, with which he printed his infidel literature, has since been used to print copies of the Word of God; and the very house in which he lived has been stacked with Bibles of the Geneva Bible Society. So mightily has grown the Word of God and prevailed.

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

Carried the Woman Instead of the Wood

GENERAL PERSHING urges his men in France to be kind and gentle; and he is right in doing so; but the soldier who is quick to manifest these qualities no doubt learned them before he crossed the water. The August number of the official organ of the Young Men's Christian Association relates the following incident, which is of interest in this connection:

"Two of our boys happened to see an old woman emerging from a wood bearing a bundle of fagots on her back. Naturally the first impulse of these men to whom the sight of a woman burdened like a packhorse was repulsive, was to assist her. They strode to her quickly and tried to lift the bundle from her back. Neither could speak French, nor could they act French, and the poor peasant woman fought them, for she thought they would confiscate her firewood. When the boys saw they were only placing a burden on her mind rather than removing the load from her back, they desisted. When she turned up the hill again, it was with a soldier on either side assisting in supporting the load."

Some Don'ts

DON'T be afraid of yourself, for if you are, everybody else will be afraid of you. Grant's soldiers loyally followed him because he wasn't afraid of his own leadership.

Trust yourself.

Don't think that because everybody else has failed in a project, you will. The late George Westinghouse was called a fool by Commodore Vanderbilt. But his air brake won, and he died one of the wonderful men of his time.

Kick out discouragement.

Don't allow friends or influence or circumstances to color your courage and your aims. Walk right out of ease and away from the applause of the crowd, if necessary. Be firmly independent.

Stand alone!

Don't let yesterday's blunders or failures darken today's sunlit opportunities. Start your life anew with the starting of every hour.

Be an initiator.—"Take It."

"WHAT I spent I had;
What I kept I lost;
What I gave I had."

DID you do a kindness to some one today?

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