

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 49



THE CAM RIVER, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, WITH ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE IN THE BACKGROUND

From Here and There

Damascus, the oldest city in the world, is now in the hands of the British.

The common land tortoise may live to be one hundred or even two hundred fifty years old.

R. W. Bottruell, of an American air squadron training in Texas, recently dropped from a fast-moving airplane a mile in the air. His parachute brought him safely to the main landing field.

In Japan the professional beauty loves to appear with golden teeth; in India she prefers them stained red; but in certain parts of Sumatra no lady who respects herself would condescend to have any front teeth at all.

Lieut. John E. Davis recently flew 4,000 miles in a zigzag course from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes, covering the distance in a flight of sixty-four hours. He made the trip alone and without changing plane or motor.

Production of American aircraft reached a stage where it was practically limited only by facilities for transporting the airplanes to France. The production of Liberty motors reached the stage of 1,000 a week.

Siam did not send an army or a navy to help the Allied cause, but it was preparing to do its part in the air. Just before the armistice was signed, word came from Bangkok that an aviation corps of five hundred young men was training under French and Italian teachers, and that it was nearly ready to depart for the front in France.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, is authority for the statement that not less than \$20,000,000 is invested in the business of manufacturing and exploiting fake cures for consumption. It is also estimated that the annual income from these concerns and individuals is not less than \$15,000,000. Of this amount, about one third is spent for advertising, leaving the tidy sum of \$10,000,000 as profit.

Eight British officers captured at Kut-el-Amara reached England after thrilling adventures. The party escaped from a Turkish prison camp in the interior of Asia Minor. The sea was reached after a fortnight. A Turkish patrol boat was discovered in a creek and the party took possession of it. Sailing toward Cyprus and steering by the sun and stars, they reached the island when on the verge of starvation, having crossed 120 miles of open sea.

Corn, which had such a big loss in prospective production as a result of July and August weather, improved to the extent of 46,000,000 bushels, with prospects of a crop of 2,717,775,000 bushels, which would be 441,000,000 bushels smaller than last year's. Spring wheat during October improved to the extent of about 20,000,000 bushels, making a crop of 363,195,000 bushels, or 131,000,000 bushels more than produced last year. With this addition to spring wheat, the total wheat crop, including winter wheat now in prospect, is 918,920,000 bushels. That comes close to the 1,000,000,000-bushel mark set by the Government last fall to meet the war needs of America and the Allies.

Contracts have been awarded by the railroad administration for six towing steamers and forty steel barges for use in the Mississippi and Black Warrior Rivers. The total price was \$6,170,000, and deliveries are to begin within two months after steel is received by the builders and to continue for twelve months after that time.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst's famous church in Madison Square, New York City, closed through consolidation with the First Presbyterian Church, has been sold for \$500,000 to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and will be remodeled for use as a social center for the company's employees.

The first Atlantic-to-the-Pacific air mail flight was made October 18 from Cristobal, on the Panama Canal, to Balboa Heights, and was accomplished in one hour and forty-five minutes. Special 10-cent stamps have been issued for this mail route.

More than 2,532 American prisoners in German camps were released immediately by the signing of the German armistice, according to the latest figures prepared by the American Red Cross in Switzerland.

Soldiers and sailors in Illinois camps will get \$10,000 worth of candy, contributed by Gootman & Sons, Chicago, who are charged with making false reports upon amounts of sugar received this year.

Ohio entered the dry column of States on November 5.

A Letter Worth While

LADY SPRING-RICE recently received the following letter from J. P. Morgan:

"TO MY DEAR LADY SPRING-RICE: It is my privilege to advise you that a large number of American friends of Sir Cecil, desiring to show their appreciation of the magnificent work done by him as British ambassador to this country, have collected a fund to be known as the Cecil Spring-Rice Memorial Fund. It is the desire of the donors that the income of this fund be paid you during your life, and to your two children, in equal shares, until they are thirty-five years old, thus providing for their education and maintenance until they are able to support themselves.

"The fund will eventually be transferred to Balliol College, Oxford, as the Cecil Spring-Rice Memorial Fund, the income of which is to be used by Balliol for traveling scholarships for young men entering the diplomatic service who have to acquire necessary foreign languages for that career, thus making a permanent memorial to Sir Cecil's great work."

The Youth's Instructor

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

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Remembered

EUGENE ROWELL

I FOUND a bird enmeshed one day
In the toils of a secret snare.
I loosed it, and gladly it winged away
Through the light of the morning air.

"Gone, gone," I thought, "in ungrateful flight,
Forever away from me,
Forgetting the heart that had felt its plight
And the hand that had set it free."

And then on a day when all things were wrong,
And my labor and hope seemed vain,
My heart was cheered by a burst of song
From a bird at my windowpane.

I said as I rose from my gloom and care,
"Who are you that so gladly sing?"
But I saw the mark of the secret snare
On the gold of its folded wing.

Peking: Geography and Ancient History

R. F. COTTRELL

PEKING, according to its etymology, means "northern capital," as distinguished from Nanking, denoting "southern capital." The former is located near the extreme northeast of China's great central plain. To the west and north of Peking are the fringes of foothills that gradually ascend to the ranges of barren, rugged mountains, beyond which stretches the vast Mongolian desert, or plateau. Eastward and southward from the capital, the prevailing physical feature of the country is its "Dutch-like dead level," subject to inundation in the rainy season, and the frequent bursting of river and canal embankments.

Peking is situated not far from the geographic center of Chihli Province; the name "Chihli" means "direct rule," and implies the political position occupied by this, the metropolitan province of China. Certain foreign maps would erroneously limit its northern boundary by the Great Wall; however, in reality, that ancient landmark divides the province into practically two equal parts. The northern part is mountainous, and is occupied by a sparse Mongol population under the immediate rule of Mongol princes, but subject also to the jurisdiction of resident Chinese officials. Of the southern section of the province, a missionary writer, in his "Winter's Ride Through Chihli," paints the following:

"It were best to leave behind
All hopes of an esthetic kind;
Eye, ear, or nose small joy will find
Upon the plain of Chihli.

"Look not for lake or rippling rill,
Or giant tree, or wood-crowned hill,
Or sweet wild flower, or aught to thrill
Your artist sense in Chihli."

The Rainfall in This Section of China

is limited, being confined principally to the months of July and August, while throughout the remainder of the year, and especially during spring and early summer, the country is subject to violent dust and sand storms, that saturate the traveler's clothing and hair, blind the eyes, and irritate the nasal and throat passages sometimes to the bleeding point. As a compensation, however, the dust is said to be "salutary;" and the climate lays claim to being the most healthful and invigorating in China. The summers are hot, and the winters often intensely cold, while throughout the entire year the sun almost continuously looks down from a cloudless sky. The latitude of Peking corresponds very nearly with that of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Denver, Colorado.

To the traveler, Peking is usually regarded as the
"Most Interesting and Unique City of Asia."

From the earliest times of which the Chinese have any record, down to our own day, there have been built upon the present site of Peking or in its immediate vicinity six cities of sufficient importance to give themselves a place in history. Aside from these, countless villages upon whose ruins Peking now stands, have grown up and been wiped away by the ravages of time and warfare.

About the time of King David, according to Chinese chronicles, there existed in this territory the kingdom of Chi, with its capital slightly to the north of the present limits of Peking. Early in the Christian era it became the capital of the Yen, or "Swallow," kingdom, which continued for a number of centuries. The country was said to be "wooded and wild, beautiful with streams and lakes teeming with game of all kinds, and rather weak in a military way except for its numerous and excellent cavalry." At about the time of the famous western conqueror, Alexander the Great, the "Swallow" kingdom surprised its neighbors by putting into the field an efficient army, overrunning considerable tracts of country, and capturing sixty-seven cities. But its glory was short-lived, for with the rise of Emperor Shi Hwang-ti, of the Ts'in dynasty, builder of the great wall, the "Swallow" kingdom lost its independence, and its capital was reduced to the status of a county seat. From this time onward for more than a millennium, Peking (known at different times by various names) rose and fell with the turbulent waves of Mongol hordes and Chinese military forces that alternately surged to and fro, struggling for the mastery.

An Ancient Jewish Colony in China

Of perhaps greater interest to the reader than the fortunes of the contending forces is the account of the Jewish colony that settled in north China about the beginning of the Christian era. From the various historical references made concerning this company of exiles, it is evident that they must have been quite numerous, and at times participated in the struggles through which the government at Peking was passing. After nearly two thousand years' residence in China, their number is still estimated at about three hundred persons.

Their once beautiful synagogue at Kaifung-fu, Honan, has been demolished; all knowledge of their mother tongue has been lost; the traditions of their



Peking, Looking South from the Forbidden Gate Toward the Principal Gate of the City

fathers are largely forgotten, and their ritual worship is no longer observed. They have never translated their sacred books into Chinese, neither have they made any attempt to propagate their religion; but throughout their long existence in China they have remained, as Dr. W. A. P. Martin says, like "a rock rent from the sides of Mount Zion by some great national catastrophe, and projected into the central plain of China, which has stood there while the centuries rolled by, sublime in its antiquity and solitude."

Nestorian Missionaries in China

It is also noteworthy that in the sixth and seventh centuries, Christianity was introduced into China proper by Nestorian missionaries. They were courteously received by the emperors of the T'ang dynasty, who gave their sanction to the translation and publication of their sacred books. Considerable success crowned their efforts; churches were built in numerous places; and large numbers, including certain princes and men of high station, became converts. After some centuries, however, failing to maintain the purity of their faith, Nestorianism declined, until at length it disappeared entirely from China. A striking evidence of the work of these Christians remains in the form of the celebrated marble monument found in Shen-si in 1625, upon which is chiseled an extensive outline of church doctrine and a record of imperial favors received by the missionaries.

The Reigns of Jenghiz Khan and Kublai Khan

With the opening of the thirteenth century, arose Jenghiz Khan, who may be justly considered as one of the world's greatest conquerors, ranking with Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon. This military genius first consolidated the Mongol tribes of Central Asia about him, and with marvellous rapidity organized expeditions that overran a large portion of Asia, including India and China, and at length penetrated far into Eastern Europe. In 1253, Kublai Khan, a successor of Jenghiz Khan, entered upon the systematic conquest of China, was everywhere successful, moved his capital from Mon-

golia, and on the present site of Peking built a magnificent and pretentious capital.

During his reign the Grand Canal was deepened and lengthened, an elaborate postal system established, literature was patronized, and religious liberty granted alike to the followers of Buddha, Mohammed, and Christ.

Under Kublai Khan, Peking became the capital of one of the largest empires known to history. It counted as its subjects the immense population occupying the vast territories stretching from Siberia to the frontier of Annam, and from the Black Sea to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It was at this period that the celebrated Venetian traveler,

Marco Polo, Visited Peking,

and for seventeen years remained as a favored imperial guest and counselor. When on his return to Venice he published an account of his travels, skeptical Europe regarded the description of Peking's splendor and civilization as wild and preposterous exaggeration.

However, this was the first real knowledge of what had previously been to the rest of the world an unknown Far East; and the narrative became a mighty stimulus to exploration, navigation, and discovery which eventually bore fruit not only in the springing up of commercial relationship between China and Europe, but also in the discovery of a New World,—the Western Hemisphere.

62 Ta Fang Chia Hutung, Peking, China.

"A COLORED woman in the South went to school just after the Civil War, at the age of sixty. She was used to big things like plows and hoes and pots, but little things like letters and words she found difficult to manage. So she came to the teacher one day and said: 'Missus, I wish you would teach me to spell Jesus first.' The teacher replied: 'Why is it, Auntie, that you want to spell Jesus first?' 'Because,' she answered, 'I feel if I could spell Jesus, all the rest would come easy.'"

Nature and Science

Seaweed Fodder

FRENCH chemists have discovered that certain seaweeds common to the coast of Brittany are composed of the same basic materials as oats, and in almost equal proportions. They therefore tried feeding the dried seaweed to horses, for the first eight days as a substitute for half the usual quantity of oats, and then for sixteen days as a complete substitute for the oat ration. The experiment was tried first on three horses suffering from lymphangitis. At the end of twenty-four days the horses had gained six per cent in weight and were apparently well, whereas three other sick horses that were fed on oats, hay, and straw were still suffering from lymphangitis. The experiment was next conducted with two lots of twenty cavalry horses. Ten of them received the ordinary diet, while the rest received two pounds of seaweed in place of two pounds of oats. At the end of two months it was found that those that had been fed on seaweed had each gained about twenty-five pounds; the others had gained barely four pounds. As a result of the experiment French veterinarians believe that it may be possible to utilize great quantities of seaweed in place of the two hundred million pounds of oats that are imported in ordinary times. It is possible, too, that ways may be found to use seaweed as food for human beings.—*Youth's Companion*.

Airplane Stock

IN an article in *St. Nicholas*, Mr. George F. Paul gives interesting statistics which reveal the demand the production of war aeroplanes is making upon our spruce forests. He says:

"At the beginning of the war there were only a few American airplane factories, and a dozen or more shops that were turning out experimental planes. 'Today more than 400 manufacturing companies are working on contracts or subcontracts in the construction of aircraft and their accessories, employing more than 100,000 men.'

"The very choicest logs are the only ones that are finally worked up for the airplane stock. The inspectors are kept busy culling out lengths that might prove faulty. Thus to get enough spruce for 500 airplanes it is necessary to cut and saw something like 20,000,000 board feet. If we should assume the rather high average of 5,000 feet of select logs to the acre, this would mean the cutting of 4,000 acres of forest, or eight acres for each and every airplane. At this rate it would not take long to clear off a whole mountain side. With anywhere from twenty to fifty airplanes being destroyed every day, the war can cut a wide swath through the heart of our American forests.

"A consideration of the care that must be taken in selecting the trees, reveals what a vast amount of work was done by the Spruce Production Division in April, 1918, when in spite of mechanical problems of great magnitude, almost 15,000,000 feet of airplane lumber was produced, a quantity sufficient for 28,125 planes. The lumber of the wing beam must not only be clear, from a commercial viewpoint, but must also be straight-grained, of fine texture, with less than six grains to the inch. To glean such timber is like combing the woods, as we used to do in boyhood days, for a perfect fishing pole.

"Looks are deceiving at times. For instance, recently in Clallam County, Washington, a mammoth spruce was felled because it looked very promising. A reputable forest engineer measured up the tree, which was ninety inches in diameter on the stump, and scaled 35,000 feet of merchantable logs. Judge, then, of the disappointment when the net result from all the hard work involved was the discovery, after the lower half had been bucked up into logs, that it would not meet the specifications laid down by the Government. A slightly spiral grain was really the only thing that caused the stock to be rejected.

"Oregon and Washington are furnishing virtually all the spruce lumber for the aircraft of both the United States and its allies in Europe, as the amount supplied by New England and the South is negligible. Of the Northwest's output, the Allies take 60 per cent and the United States 40 per cent."

The silver, or aeroplane spruce, is the only wood that meets all the requirements of aeroplane manufacture because of many points; but perhaps the chief one is the fact that it grows to the height of 150 to 200 feet with very little taper. This enables the lumbermen to get lengths from 16 to 35 feet for the long wing beams of the aeroplane.

Two years ago spruce lumber that sold for \$14 a thousand now brings \$125 a thousand; and by the time the wood is worked into an aeroplane it costs more than one dollar a foot. Adding the heavy cost of transportation to the original cost, spruce wood today becomes the most expensive wood in the world.

Military experts have long claimed that the nation owning the most airships would win the war. Whether this proves so or not, it is well known that as the Allies have increased their airships their gains have increased. Mr. Francis J. Dickie gives in this connection an interesting item on the etymology of the word "spruce." He says that spruce (or Pruce), according to the Century Dictionary, comes from the old English name for Prussia.

It is interesting to think that "by a curious freak of destiny, the humble namesake of a mighty predatory power should become the means of setting at naught her arrogant dream of world domination."

Worry: Cause and Cure

WORRY is devitalizing, useless, sinful. There is too much real work to be done in this most serious of all times for any loyal, patriotic person to incapacitate himself by worry. Of all persons the Christian has the least reason to worry, and his worry becomes a sin.

Ruskin said: "There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking his guidance in it, or insult him by taking it into our own hands." If we would always remember this, not forgetting that we are invited to cast all our care upon him, for he careth for us; remembering the assurance that *all* things work together for good to those who love God; not forgetting to commit all our ways unto him, we could not worry.

The Lord has left his children no legitimate excuse for worrying. He stands ready to help in the great things or in the small things.

Much worry is occasioned by physical disorders. Allison Gray, in a recent article in the *American Magazine*, gives some of the physical causes of worry, and details cures and preventives. Mr. Gray says:

"*Fatigue* is the great underlying cause of most of the worry in the world — fatigue of mind, or of body, or both; not the passing tiredness from which we quickly recover because we take time to rest, but the fatigue which we go on rolling up, as a snowball is rolled, until it becomes a great dead weight on all the functions of our body and our brain.

"Just take this one fact which has been proved: If a man repeats a certain finger movement until the muscles are exhausted, it will take, say, two hours to rest those muscles so that they can repeat the same amount of work as before. But if the finger resumes work after only *one* hour, it cannot do, as one would expect, half the previous amount of work! It can do only a quarter as much.

"That is to say, if you are only *half* rested, you can do only *one fourth* what you could do if you were entirely rested.

"Physical fatigue affects both the quality and the quantity of the blood supply of the brain. For this reason it is folly to attempt brain work when we are very tired. It is just as foolish to try to recuperate from mental fatigue by taking violent physical exercise.

Lowered mental tone is not restored by adding the strain of great physical fatigue. Moderate exercise may help by redistributing the circulation to normal. But violent exercise will only make a bad matter worse.

"It is curious that people who would be ashamed of drinking to excess, or of overeating, are actually proud of wearing themselves out at work. They would be horrified at the idea of going to bed 'dead drunk,' but they take a pious satisfaction in going to bed 'dead tired.'

"It ought to be considered a disgrace, or at least an unkind act toward one's family and friends, to be *persistently tired*; just as it is a disgrace to be *persistently in debt*. At bottom, they are much the same, anyway.

"You may say that there are times when you *can't* stop. But nine times out of ten, when people say that, it isn't true. They generally prove that it isn't by breaking down and *stopping then*.

"Take your own case, for instance. Suppose your trouble is that you can't stop thinking about your work. You can't sleep; and that, in itself, worries you. In fact, it is the thing that worries you most. When you go to bed, you think you will take a little time to plan the next day's work — after which you will try to relax and go to sleep.

"Inside of ten minutes your brain is buzzing with darting thoughts. You are wide-awake and as nervous as a hairspring. You tell yourself that you ought to have eight hours of sleep at least; and now you cannot possibly have more than five. In the morning you say: 'Oh, what a night! I never closed my eyes until after one o'clock, and I didn't sleep a wink after five! I simply can't keep this up!'

"There is just one reason for sleep. Its mission is to allow the body to rebuild tissue and the mind to recover tone. Sleep is the ideal condition for this rebuilding. But it must be understood that the process does go on, only more slowly, during rest.

"The first prescription, then, for you who lie awake is this: *Don't worry because you are not sleeping.* Say to yourself: 'I am resting. My body is in repose. Darkness, quiet, and inaction are my physical needs, and I have them all. So there is really nothing to worry about.'

"To say this — and to believe it — is more important than you think. It is as if you wanted to take an express train but could get only a local. However, you know you are reaching your desired destination, only more slowly.

"'But,' you protest, 'it isn't my body that craves rest. It is my mind. What I want is to *stop thinking!*'

"Yes; but merely to realize that physical repose is slowly but surely giving both body and mind what they most need will bring with it a certain degree of mental relaxation. That, in itself, will predispose you to sleep.

"Some helpful suggestions for inducing sleep will be given in this article. For the present let us study the connection between sleeplessness and worry.

"Even though you should occasionally lie awake all night, no particular harm will result — unless you worry about it. As a matter of fact you almost never do lie awake all night! You get some sleep, even though it is only a few hours. It isn't the lack of a few more hours that will send you to business the next day, worn and haggard. It is *your worry because you lost those hours*.

"The worry about the loss of sleep is worse than the loss itself. However, you are quite right in wanting sleep, and if you go at it properly you will get it.

"Live moderately. Have a fad. Collect something: beetles, bottles, books — anything that interests you. But don't get dead tired.

"Now, if you are well fed and not overtired, you have already set up a condition favorable to sleep. But you can do still more. Before you go to bed take a tepid bath. Have the temperature of the water slightly below that of the body. Don't jump in and right out again, but stay there quietly as long as you feel like it.

Finally,

"Your cure is largely in your own hands. In this matter you are the captain of your soul. If you are tormented with worry, you have not observed the following prescription:

"Have a doctor find out what is wrong with you physically, and then take steps to correct it; keep your mental poise by facing the facts of your life and adjusting yourself to them; work and play whole-heartedly but without overtiring yourself; give yourself all the rest you need; eat wholesome food at regular intervals; do nothing to excess; and finally, at the end of each day, take a tepid bath, go quietly to bed, assuring yourself in so many words that you are resting and are going to sleep."

F. D. C.

Ants and Things

COME out into the garden, John. It's cool out there, and we can talk better."

"You see, there is no use in trying," whined John. "It seems as if life is just one aggravation after another. I—"

"Yes, yes," I nodded, as we went through the little gate. There was a row of beets at our feet, and I bent over to look at them.

"What do you think of these, John? Ever see any better?"

"They are fine," agreed my friend gloomily. "But it is not strange that they do well with the care you give them. It is easy to grow when the mere growing is all that is required of anything."

"Now, now, not so fast," I returned. "See that lonely beet plant over there beside that bunch of grass? Well, the ground is as hard as a rock there.

It has never been turned over since the first plowing. I have purposely neglected that spot, but see how the plant grows. It has had no care, but it thrives in spite of my neglect. The little thing seems to be defying me.

"And that carrot over there. Look how green and big its top is. It has never had any attention, and yet it flourishes as well as those in yonder well-kept row. It seems to be trying to show me that it doesn't need any help from me. It is the very incarnation of the spirit of independence.

"And look at these beans. I've nursed them and coddled them until they should be stretching two feet along those strings. They do not seem to show any gratitude for my care. They are scarcely out of the ground, and they are doomed to make a miserable failure of living.

"But I found gratitude over there. See that rose bush? Did you ever see anything more beautiful? I watered and tended that bush for weeks without getting any results. It made a brave effort to grow, but it did not seem to have much vitality. One morning, I dug down to the roots, and on the way found a colony of ants. I got rid of the pests quickly, you

may be sure. I had been told that ants do not bother things in the garden, but I have learned that they do. I am satisfied that they were sapping the life of that bush. Look at it now.

There's a Cause

"There is very little difference, after all, in animals and plants when it comes down to the plain facts of mere living. If a plant will not grow, there is a cause for its weakness. It may be ants, worms, or something else. So with a man. If he does not grow, there is a worm or parasite of some kind at work somewhere. The persistence of the plant striving to grow under difficulties should be a lesson to us. We should be ashamed. We can get at the trouble and root it out of our beings. They are helpless until outside aid comes to succor them."

John looked at me surreptitiously, but said nothing. I knew that he was wondering if there was a hidden meaning in my words. He was the most pessimistic man in the whole world, poor fellow. We went from one end of the little patch to the other, and his interest began to be aroused as I talked. I showed him where my lively Saint Bernard pup had been at work. One of the long shoots had been broken off by the rascal.



Camping in the Wild

LIVING close to nature,
Camping in the wild,
Something good for every one,
'Specially a child.

Ah, the pot's a-boiling!
Mealtime's almost here;
And the cook's a-smiling—
Full her heart of cheer!

"Whether kraut or cabbage,
Cornmeal mush or stew,
I am sure 'twill be good—
Good enough for you."

This the cook's reflection—
True as fairy tales,
For the pot is empty—
Expectation fails.

C. P. BOLLMAN.

"It seemed to help the bush, for here are three new shoots which are coming out good and strong. It looks as if the broken one had once been a detriment to the bush. Like some grave fault in a man's make-up, it might have been the cause of weakness, keeping the beautiful things hidden within and preventing the development to flowering glory. Call the broken branch conceit, if you like, and the new shoots humility, gentleness, and courtesy."

There was a new gleam in John's eye as he nodded this time. We went on until we came to a tomato vine just beginning to bloom.

"This plant has had a hard time of it," I remarked. "It thrived for a time after I set it out, but it began to droop in spite of all I could do. With a feeling of pity, I began to call it the 'Pessimist.' It had plenty of sun and water, but it drooped its head lower and lower, trailing in the dust. One morning, I found the cause of the trouble. I caught the vandal at work. A large worm. How he had eluded me, I cannot understand—but there he was. After that, I had to give the little plant another name. Look at it now. Look at those blooms. Did you ever see such a wonderful expression of optimism?"

After a little while, we came back to the gate, and still John had said nothing. We shook hands quietly before parting.

"Perhaps you have been preaching, Bill," he said. "It doesn't matter, anyway. This short half hour has been precious to me. I can see clearer now. The ants, worms, and slugs have been at work on me. I'm going to get to work at once to try to get rid of them. Thank you, old man, for your optimism. I am going to get some of it."

And he did. He searched for the parasite and destroyed it; and now, when he comes down the street, the smile on his face is a source of joy to every one he meets.—*J. L. Williams.*

Uncle Sam

EVERY loyal American claims distinguished "Uncle Sam" as a relative. Few of us can explain the relationship, but the tall old gentleman with flowing beard, wearing a star-studded stovepipe hat and a cutaway coat of blue, with striped trousers of red and white, has come to hold a familiar and important place among us as a symbol of all that is true patriotism. Naturally inquiry arises about his origin. To whom are we indebted for the discovery or invention of this mythical old gentleman, who has so readily assumed tremendous burdens in the world of politics, while casting a wrathful eye upon the waster, the slacker, and the grafter here at home?

This representative American is nearly one hundred fifty years old, and received his popular name quite by accident during the war of 1812. At that time in Troy, New York, was an inspector of Government stores, Samuel Wilson. Being popular among his fellow workers, he was familiarly known as Uncle Sam. The contractor from whom the goods were bought was Elbert Anderson, and the casks were marked with the letters E. A. U. S.,—the initials of the contractor and of the United States. A joking workman one day remarked, in answer to a question, that these letters stood for Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. The joke was repeated, and it became common to refer to any package marked "U. S." as the property of "Uncle Sam."

Popular fancy soon personified the idea, and the illustrations in a book entitled "The Clockmaker," written by Judge Haliburton, a Canadian, in 1835, served to give the caricature widespread fame and lent permanence to the idea. Our "Uncle Sam" therefore owes his birth to a joke and his fame to a foreign writer, but despite his humble origin, he stands today as a symbol of freedom, a synonym for democracy.

L. E. C.

Work of the Navy

THE United States Navy has constructed across the North Sea a mine barrage against submarines, is laying an oil pipe line across Scotland, has assisted the British and the Belgians in bombing Ostend and Zeebrugge with airplanes up to the time of the evacuation of these submarine bases, maintains a force of destroyers and other vessels with the British at Gibraltar for the convoying of ships bound for Italy, Greece, and Egypt, and has a flotilla of submarine chasers in the Adriatic.

The construction of the North Sea mine barrage was one of the most important achievements of the allied naval forces. It served to make the submarine bases on the Belgian coast of indifferent value before the enemy was obliged to give them up. Mines in great numbers were so placed and anchored as to render it practically impossible for a submarine to get through, the result being that some U-boats were unable to reach their home port and others in port were held there. Sir Eric Geddes, first lord of the British admiralty, recently stated publicly that the British channel was entirely free from enemy submarines. That announcement was based upon the fact that the nets across the narrow English Channel kept them from entering from the south, while the American-built mine barrage furnished the protection on the north.—*Washington Post.*

This Moment

"A very present help." Ps. 46:1

He's helping me now, this moment,
Though I may not see it or hear,
Perhaps by a friend far distant,
Perhaps by a stranger near,
Perhaps by a spoken message,
Perhaps by the printed word;
In ways that I know and know not
I have the help of the Lord.

He's keeping me now, this moment,
However I need it most,
Perhaps by a single angel,
Perhaps by a mighty host,
Perhaps by the chain that frets me
Or the walls that shut me in;
In ways that I know and know not
He keeps me from harm and sin.

He's guiding me now, this moment,
In pathways easy or hard,
Perhaps by a door wide open,
Perhaps by a door fast barred,
Perhaps by a joy withholden,
Perhaps by a gladness given;
In ways that I know and know not
He's leading me up to heaven.

He's using me now, this moment,
And whether I go or stand,
Perhaps by a plan accomplished,
Perhaps when he stays my hand,
Perhaps by a word in season,
Perhaps by a silent prayer;
In ways that I know and know not
His labor of love I share.

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best;
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



A Promise

SHE paused as she reached the center of the stairs, and, turning, looked down at the youthful, boyish face raised toward her, the chin resting upon a pair of arms folded upon the balustrade. Beyond the open door, the setting sun burst through the passing storm clouds and filled half heaven with the radiant splendor of its varied hues of amber and rose. Its golden glow fell upon her fair hair, which fell in long, heavy braids below her waist, making a soft halo around her. Rain-scented breezes wafted the fine fabric of her white robes, and upon her face there shone the high light of intelligence, of Christian purity and loveliness.

The young man stepped back a pace or two, and contemplated her with a look of admiration—almost awe—upon his face.

As the wind parted the portières, the girl caught a glimpse of the dark, flowing garments of a stately gray-haired woman who sat in the room below. She sat in the shadow, hidden from the glorious light of the sunset. Her fine eyes looked out across the dripping meadows toward the sea, and her heart echoed its sad moan. Death—the grim iconoclast—had broken her household gods, leaving but one idol, her handsome, brilliant young son, upon whom she lavished all the wealth of a mother's love and affection. But, like many an only son, he had wounded and grieved that loving heart by his headstrong wilfulness, his recklessness and dissipations.

"I should like very much to go, Reggie," said the girl, "but Marie and I differ on a great many points, and were I to go I should, no doubt, be expected to do things which I cannot conscientiously do."

"Oh, come, Helen!" he exclaimed, "I want you to meet the boys of the club, as they are my special friends. Quit your nonsense and do as other people do, at least this one time."

"Nonsense?" she said with such dignity of tone and manner that his eyes fell before her gaze as she stood there like a young queen before him.

Helen Barnard was Reginald's half-sister and six years his senior, but, being small and childlike in her appearance, strangers often thought her younger than her brother. The difference in their ages and taste had somewhat separated this brother and sister. Especially since Reginald had been at college, and had been separated from her also by distance. Helen felt that they were drifting farther and farther apart, and that she was less acquainted with her brother than with many of her acquaintances. She realized this with a considerable degree of concern and anxiety. For some time she had been praying and secretly longing that they might be more closely drawn together; that there might be a stronger sympathetic relation between them. She felt the necessity for this before she could hope to exert an effective Christian influence over her brother's waywardness.

Here, now, was an opportunity. In preference to all the girls of his own immediate circle he had invited her to go with him to the banquet to be given in honor of his college athletic club. Should she go? Or should she refuse his invitation and thus widen the breach already between them? She herself did not fear to meet the temptation; she was strong, she could stand alone. But why not ask him to stand with her?

"Well, I will go, Reggie," she said at length. "I shall be glad to go with you, but"—laying her white hand on his strong, brown one—"I shall not drink any wine there, Reggie, and I want you to promise me you will not touch it either."

It was a bold request to make. She knew it, and her heart was throbbing wildly, but she breathed a silent prayer and looked at him unflinchingly, as with a scornful laugh he turned on his heel and walked away a few steps.

"No, Miss Barnard," he said, "I will make no such promise as that. If you cannot accept my invitation without any conditions I shall have to seek some other young lady. I intend to drink wine just wherever and whenever I please; and if I choose to get drunk on it, whose business is it?" Throwing back his head with a resolute air, he began to pace up and down the hall.

"It is your business; it is my business; it is the Lord's business," said Helen, calmly.

"O, hush, Helen!" he exclaimed, impatiently, "I don't want to hear any stuff of that kind. If I had known you would make such a fuss, I shouldn't have asked you to go."

Helen felt that any further attempt at persuasion or remonstrance on her part would only irritate him and tend to weaken her power over him, so she stood silently watching him as he paced up and down, but as she watched him she felt the weight of the responsibility resting upon her. She had already told him that it was her business whether or not he brought ruin upon himself. She felt that she must exert all the power, all the tact, all the influence she possessed to save him, and like the friends of the man sick of the palsy, who tore up the tiles of the roof and let his bed down through the opening to Jesus' feet, so she must overcome every obstacle till she could bring her brother to Jesus. This she knew could be done only through unceasing prayer and watching.

In Helen's heart there was the memory of an old sorrow, accompanied by shame and ignominy, that had blighted her childhood and had darkened that sad heart in the room below with an ever-present shadow from which her soul could never be lifted. Should she let this shadow fall into his life? It was a pain she would gladly spare him, but he seemed confident of his own power of self-control. Perhaps he might take warning if he knew how his father's strong will had been broken. A touch of sorrow, a sense of

humiliation, sometimes acts as a turning-point in a man's life.

Helen bent over the railing to whisper something to him as he approached her, but ere she could form the words the portières parted and his mother's stately form appeared in the doorway. Her face wore such a look of misery and woe that it caused the tears to rise to Helen's eyes. In the woman's eyes was a sad, strange light as if she were looking at some one in a dream.

"Philip, my husband," she said, looking at Reginald, "I have waited for you all through the long night. Why, oh why do you love that which is killing your body and poisoning your soul, more than you love me?" and burying her face in her hands she sobbed as Reginald had never seen her do.

He led her back into the room, seated her on a sofa, and knelt before her; his boyish heart had been touched to the quick by the grief that shook her form. Soon, as if the tears had cleared the mist from her clouded brain, she looked at him with a look of recognition in her eyes.

"Is it you, Reginald dear?" she said. "I must have been asleep. I was dreaming of your father." To her surprise he bent over and kissed her cheek. This unusual demonstration of tenderness caused her face to flush with pleasure. Then fearing lest he might betray that something unusual had occurred, he left her and returned to Helen.

His face was deadly pale. Helen saw that he was deeply agitated. "Is she that way often, Helen?" he asked.

"Not very often, but more frequently than she used to be. Oh, Reggie! how can you try her so? I think I had better stay with her tonight; she thinks too much when she is alone."

"She must not be left alone, and if you do not care to go I guess you had better stay with her. I know she would rather have you than any one else," said Reginald.

He went into the library, where he stood for some time earnestly gazing at the picture of a strong, manly face, looking down upon him from above the mantel. Then hastily writing a note, he dispatched it by a servant, and walked out into the garden. From her window Helen saw him walking up and down the path, and breathed a short prayer for him ere she returned to his mother.

Reginald Barnard was young then — scarcely more than a boy. Did he know what a power lay in his young strength? Did he know that by means of his personal magnetism he attracted many friends, who were influenced by his every act, his every word, his every tone? Did he know that his wealth, his fine manners, his brilliant intellect, were charms that would allure many into whatever path he might choose to lead? If he did, he thought not of these things as he paced up and down among the roses.

The rich splendor of the sunset had faded into soft tints of silver and rose; the pale, opal-tinted shaft of a broken rainbow bent over a neighboring hill; the crescent moon looked down upon the upturned faces of the flowers, but the beauties of the evening were lost upon him. He heard over and over again that cry of woe, and saw that look of despair on his mother's face, which he knew he could never banish from his mind till his dying day. That cry of human woe, that through ages has echoed from hearts sitting, disconsolate, in silent chambers of darkness through the long watches of the night — weeping, longing, praying

for the loved ones who have gone out perhaps to return no more!

As with the eye of a seer Reginald looked forth into the future. He saw his headstrong, imperious will bound and shackled before his master; he saw himself struggling, battling, wrestling to free himself from his bonds while he felt himself sinking helplessly into the precipice; he saw his body wrecked of his manly strength, his wealth gone, his intellect clouded, his life — now full of brilliant prospects — but a barren waste; he saw those waters that wreck and drown surge up in their hideous blackness, while over them, like a blast, ever sounded that cry of despair.

Turning his mind from the revolting picture his imagination called up, but which he might see in reality every day, he thought of Helen's pure and spotless life. What was there about this sweet sister that made her different from all other girls? Though she did not seclude herself from society, — she was the favorite of a wide circle of friends, — yet she seemed to live in an atmosphere of her own, radiant in every feature, always seeking the highest and best in life, and possessing a power of enjoyment of which few knew the secret.

"Yes," he said to himself, as he paused in his walk, "it is plainly visible which is best, and I am going to decide not only for tonight, but once for all."

A few minutes later he entered the drawing-room where Helen and his mother sat, bearing in his hand a bunch of roses still wet with the lately-fallen rain-drops.

"Will you arrange these for me in some nice way, Helen?" he said. "I am going to take them to Jean. I have asked her to go, since you cannot."

"Oh, how lovely!" said Helen, burying her face in the velvety petals of the roses. "Jean will be so glad to get them. Tell her I shall have to forego the pleasure of a ride with her in the morning, for no doubt she will be tired after being up late."

Helen tied a white ribbon around the dark stems, and as she handed them back to him he saw the questioning, pleading look in her eyes.

"I promise, Helen," he said in answer to it, "not only for tonight but all time."

"By the help of God, Reggie," she added with a glad ring in her voice, to which he replied with a silent pressure of the hand.

Judge Gibson's long banquet hall presented a scene seldom witnessed in the town of N—. The long table shone with the luster of china and silver. Brilliant lights fell from the chandeliers upon the rich green foliage of the plants that decorated the room. Sounds of mirth issued from the company that surrounded the table as they partook of the wine and dainty viands spread before them.

At the head of the table sat Reginald, like a prince among his courtiers. Upon his handsome face there was a look of manly dignity, of quiet determination, that puzzled many who thought they knew him. As the guests were about to retire from the hall, one of the club members rose and proposed that they drink to the health of their president. All eyes were turned upon him as they rose, holding their glasses in their hands.

There was a pause of a few seconds. Reginald Barnard was young. Sin had not yet fastened its grip upon him. Habit had not yet bound him in chains he could not break. His heart was not yet calloused against conscience. His mind was still master of his body, so that when he said "Do this," it

obeyed his will. Would he keep his promise now? The wings of his guardian angel drooped as in the hush of that moment he listened to the whisperings of his soul. Reginald raised his hand, laid it over the sparkling, glittering wine cup.

"Friends," he said, "I am bound by a promise not to drink wine tonight or any other night," and turning to a servant, he ordered water.

A look of mingled scorn and surprise swept round the table. What did it mean? Had he not been their leader? Had he not drunk with them, sung with them, danced with them in their midnight carousals? Had they not seen his tall form reel and fall by the hand of the wine demon? Yes, he had been their leader; he was their leader still, for when they left the table many glasses remained untouched.

"What Barnard can do I can do," said Hugh Gardiner, a little later, as he watched the tall form of his friend as he moved with a nonchalant grace, yet with a certain dignity, among the company, "and I mean never to touch a drop of any intoxicating drink again."

"You have started off in the right track, my boy," said Judge Gibson, laying his hand on Reginald's shoulder. "I am a moderate drinker, but I wish, in God's name, that every drop of wine was far out of my reach."

"Helen," said Reginald, the next day, in relating to her his experience of the previous evening. "I not only kept the promise myself, but before we parted eight of the boys promised to do the same."

"Oh, Reginald, I am so glad," said Helen. "You have struck the keynote of righteous influence and set it vibrating, and who can tell how far-reaching it may be?"

Four years later, when Hugh Gardiner had become a minister of the gospel and Helen went with him to labor in a distant field, Reginald realized the full meaning of her words, and, pondering them, thought what a power lay in a single act, either for good or bad, striking a keynote whose vibrations flow on and on down through the currents of life, never ceasing till the shores of eternity are reached.—*Laura M. Ard, in Presbyterian Journal.*

The Tears I Shed

"Put thou my tears in thy bottle: are they not all in thy book?" Ps. 56:8.

I do not mean the tears of rage I shed,
Because of cutting words another said:
I would that they had never stained my face;
Yet even these have in thy book a place.

The tears I shed when sorry for my sin,
Remember, loving Lord, and put them in.
And those sad tears of yearning and regret—
It wrings my heart to think about them yet.

And sometimes when another's grief was known,
Did I not weep as if it were mine own?
Are not such tears like pearls in Heaven's sight,
Because they shimmer with unselfish light?

Grant that more often I may truly know
The peace found weeping for another's woe.
My tears of pain may have but little worth,
Yet they have made me one with all on earth,

For all have suffered. But the tears of joy,
How very few! and yet without alloy.
My tears of gratitude I pray thee save;
Their record I would read beyond the grave.

Not in another world would I forget
Those friends whose kindness made my lashes wet;
Recall my lonely hours, when not a friend
Came near to speak a word, or help to lend;

And tears flowed silently that none could see
Save thou alone, who didst remember me,
And called to mind thine hours of grief alone,
When thy pure tears did for my sins atone;

Till for thy suffering, not mine, I wept,
And worn with loneliness and sorrow, slept.
Some day in heaven, Lord, may I not look
And read life's tearful record in thy book?

Oh! I'm glad to think of thee today.
It drives the thought of tears so far away
That soothing music fills my heart with song,
While confidence in thee doth make me strong.
MRS. J. W. PURVIS

The Call to Worship

FROM South Africa Mrs. C. A. Paap writes what it was that led her to give her heart to God. She says:

"In answer to the question as to the means of my conversion, I may say that it was through listening to my dear father read the chapter from 'The Great Controversy' entitled 'The Investigative Judgment,' that I was converted. When my parents accepted the truth from Elder A. G. Daniells in New Zealand twenty-eight years ago, my father began to have family worship twice a day. At night he used to read to us chapter after chapter from 'The Great Controversy' or 'Patriarchs and Prophets,' and we grew to greatly enjoy it, and never thought an evening complete without such a thing. The four children, now grown up, are all converted, and love and believe the spirit of prophecy, as revealed in our papers and books, more than ever. I am sure my father is not sorry for having given up his private time to read to us. We each remember the old familiar call of, 'Come, children, let's begin the day,' and 'Come, children, let's close the day.' We thank the Lord with all our hearts for such persevering, consistent parents."

Saw the Statue of Liberty

"DADDY" COOK, of Detroit, an old man of seventy-three, who works in an automobile factory, it is said, had never been out of his native city. He said to his fellow workmen that he had never been away from home, but had for a long time cherished the notion that he would like to get out and run down to New York to see the Statue of Liberty. He did not say it as a hint to pass around the hat, but the men concluded to give the old man and his wife an outing, and raised a little purse for the purpose, and sent them off with flying colors.

The other day the aged couple came to New York, went to a place of entertainment at night, put up at a first-class hotel, took a sail down the bay, beheld with pride and affection the Statue of Liberty, the gift of France to the United States, took in the sights, and made a break for home again, feeling happy and refreshed from their vacation.—*Christian Herald.*

Smile

SMILE, once in a while,
'Twill make your heart seem lighter;
Smile, once in a while,
'Twill make your pathway brighter.
Life's a mirror—as we smile,
Smiles come back to greet us;
If we're frowning all the while,
Frowns forever meet us.

—Nixon Waterman.

America the Beautiful

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly, for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—Katherine Lee Bates.

Who Are the Bolsheviks ?

THIS question has arisen in many minds since a turn of fortune's wheel threw Russia into the turbulent sea of revolution. The following note, taken from a new book "Two Thousand Questions and Answers About the War," is a clear and concise answer:

"They are Russian Socialist Democrats. They are not a new party, but, on the contrary, one of the older political factions of Russia. The men who now call themselves Bolsheviks were originally the very radical element of the Russian Socialistic Democratic Party, representing, in a broad way, the political principle that the proletariat [the lowest class] must rule; and that the fight of the proletariat was not merely against an autocratic government, but that it was also against the middle class—the class that, wishing to cling to its own possessions, even though these might be meager, must necessarily always oppose the proletariat's demand for communal ownership."

Courtesy Is Catching

IN conspicuous places in the stations of a certain important railway "somewhere in America," and on many of the time-tables of the road, is printed this notice:

"This railroad believes in courtesy. It expects its officers and employees to be courteous in all their dealings with passengers, patrons, and one another. It asks that they in turn be treated courteously. . . . Courtesy is catching. Be courteous always. Courtesy makes the rough places much easier, and helps to smooth life's little differences. Courtesy is a business asset, a gain and never a loss. Courtesy is one mark of a good railroad man. 'Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.'"

This charming little essay, with its closing quotation credited to Emerson, is signed by the president of a

"soulless corporation," as we are accustomed to think of a railroad company.

If it is desirable for a railway station, it is even more suitable for a home. If it is good on a time-table, it is even better when written on the tables of the mind.

If courtesy is a business asset, even more is it a social asset, a family asset. I know some men who are less courteous at home than anywhere else. They snarl at wife and children far more than at strangers or chance acquaintances. Courtesy is catching. This is most true. Courtesy breeds courtesy. The boor multiplies boors. What do people catch from you?
—*Christian Endeavor World*.

The Shepherd Psalm

MOTHER, I don't see why you have me learn a psalm every month," said Eva Preston; "none of the other girls do, and one can always read them." The mother was silent for a few moments, and then she said gently: "You don't see the use of learning them now, dear, but you will when you are a little older."

The next day was Sunday. A stranger talked to the Bible school. He said: "I work among the poor children in a big city. I have many friends among the newsboys. One day one of them—Dave Herbert—was run over by a horse and wagon. He was carried to a drug store near by to wait for the ambulance to carry him to a hospital. The doctor and I were with him, and a crowd was in the store. The boy was a brave little fellow, but he suffered terribly.

"All at once he said: 'If I could hear about the Shepherd, I could bear it better.' I knew what he meant, for at the mission school I had told them about King David's beautiful psalm. I repeated it now, over and over, and I wish you could have seen the look in his face as he listened. That rough little newsboy said after me: "'And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'" Before the ambulance came, he was dead. I tell you this, dear children, because few of us learn the Scripture by heart. We don't think it necessary. But I know it is. I wonder now if any child can repeat the twenty-third psalm to me."

There was a long pause, but no one stirred. Then Eva Preston stood up and repeated it very clearly and correctly.

As she finished, the children,—and even her teacher,—forgetting the place, softly clapped their hands.

The minister lifted his hand to check it. "Thank you, my dear," he said to Eva; "you have a gift no one can take from you."—*The King's Own*.

"How well the French do things! An ambulance bearing American wounded passed the stand of an old flower woman near the *Arc de Triomphe*. Seeing what the carriage held, she seized her whole stock of lilies, violets, and roses, and laid them in the arms of the wounded boys. The graveyard in which are buried the Americans who die in the Paris hospitals, are full of crosses to which Frenchwomen have pinned cards to announce that such and such a one pledges herself to keep this grave forever green and well cared for. It is things like those that make a real civilization."

Yorkship

YORKSHIP is one of Uncle Sam's new towns, built by himself to accommodate the employees of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation.

The work of building started there in early summer, and one thousand homes were ready for occupancy in October.

One group of five houses was put up from foundation to roof in thirty-six hours.

"While putting up a thousand homes in a few months is an amazing feat in itself, it becomes more so when it is understood that the buildings of Yorkship are to be things of beauty, embodying all that is attractive in our old colonial style of architecture, and at the same time up to date in everything.

"Speed, practicality, and simplicity, but the best of everything, was the Government's instructions; and these instructions are being followed to the letter.

"The town of Yorkship will occupy a site of 140 acres, 100 of which are now being developed. The main feature of the town plan is a central square, about 300 feet on each side, from which the major streets radiate. Around the central square three-story buildings have been erected, with stores on the first floor and apartments above. The west side of the square opens upon a broad green, or common, 125 feet wide and 450 feet long, which is flanked at its farther end by church sites and terminated by a site for a school or a library on an axis. From the north side of the central square a broad boulevard leads out toward New Creek, connecting with a bridge and the main connecting road to the shipyards. Parks and playgrounds are also liberally provided for. Streets are laid out, for the most part, with a width of 50 feet, with roadways 18 feet wide, grass strips 9 feet 6 inches wide, and sidewalks 4 feet wide. Where there will be a concentration of traffic a few streets of greater width have been provided, while alleys ten feet wide are provided on the interior of all blocks.

A Complete Plan of the Town

"The plan of Yorkship is perhaps the most complete town plan ever made. Every house is complete; it has hot-and-cold-water systems, modern plumbing, up-to-date plumbing fixtures, gas ranges, hot-water heaters, electric lights, and cellar furnaces. Most of the houses are of brick, with a few of stone, stucco, or frame construction. The majority have slate roofs.

"The order for brick for Yorkship is said to have been the largest single order of its kind ever given. The brick used came from seven different manufacturers, and is varied as to color, etc., so that the aspect of the village will not be at all monotonous.

"In fact, the architect has consistently aimed at avoiding monotony. Starting as he did on virgin land,—the site of Yorkship before he went to work on it looked like an ideal golf course,—it was out of the question to run up houses in unsightly rows as if in a city. On the other hand, individual houses would have been too expensive. The problem that confronted him, therefore, was to produce dwellings at a minimum cost and yet make them as attractive as the nature of the site demanded.

"In solving this problem the architect evolved a limited number of units of architectural design, and repeated them in large numbers through the village, but in such groupings and regroupings as to obtain considerable variety and interest. These group houses are for several families of workers — from two to five families in a group. When it is considered

that it was necessary to design two hundred fifty actual structures in a period of four weeks, and at the same time it is borne in mind that the structures had to be so varied in design as to be attractive, the difficulty of the task will be better understood and appreciated."

The Blarney Stone

ABOUT four miles from Cork, Ireland, is an interesting old castle which was built in 1449 by Cormac McCarthy, a landholder of considerable fame in Ireland. Near by are the groves of Blarney which are sometimes known as the "Wishing Groves," because in olden times it was believed that people passing through these woods were given the power of getting that for which they wished. The woods, however, do not interest people nearly so much as a stone, known as the Blarney stone, which is set into one of the castle walls so that it may be kissed by visitors. People who kiss this stone are said to be endowed with a wonderful gift of coaxing and flattering, so that they are able to get anything they wish from their friends and neighbors.

It is a common expression in Ireland today, that if a person is an exceptionally smooth, flattering talker, he must have kissed the Blarney stone when he was young, and the meaning of the word "Blarney" has come down to us as associated with flattery or coaxing. It is interesting to note that ordinarily the village of Blarney from which the castle and stone were named, came from a Gaelic word, *blair*, meaning a plain, and into the Irish came the word *blairne*, which signified a little field. The word therefore has completely lost or changed its meaning through its association with something entirely different.—*Louise K. Havens.*

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN Secretary
 MATILDA ERICKSON { Assistant Secretaries
 ELLA IDEN {
 MEADE MAC GUIRE Field Secretary

The Morning Watch Calendar for 1919

ACERTAIN young man had had a fight with doubt. In a heart-to-heart talk with a friend he said that the only thing in the world that had saved him from shipwreck and planted his feet on the solid Rock was his practice of keeping the Morning Watch.

Would you be saved from doubt? would you have victory each day? would you know the joy of friendship with the Master? then learn by experience the sweetness of the morning hour spent in prayer and study of the Word.

As an aid to the maintenance of the prayer life, as a source of spiritual strength and joy, the Morning Watch Calendar for 1919 will prove a blessing to thousands this coming year, if faithfully used. The texts have been selected from the New Testament, and deal with the all-important subject of Christian living.

The cover of the calendar is a copy of the beautiful and inspiring picture of "Christ in the Garden," by Hofmann. It is finished in brown, and will be well worth framing. This picture alone will be worth the price of the calendar, which is but five cents a copy.

All our soldiers should have the calendar, as well

as many thousands of others. Copies will be mailed postpaid to the boys overseas for five cents each, if their names and addresses are sent to your tract society *at once*.

E. I.

Read, and Think — and Pray

1. DOES my life please God?
2. Do I enjoy my Christian life?
3. Do I cherish in my heart a feeling of dislike or hatred for any one?
4. Am I studying my Bible daily?
5. How much time do I spend in secret prayer?
6. Have I ever won a soul for Christ?
7. Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer?
8. Do I estimate the things of time and eternity at their real value?
9. Am I praying and working for any one's salvation?
10. Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ?
11. Where am I making my greatest mistake?
12. How does my life look to those who are not Christians?
13. Do I place anything before my religious duties?
14. Am I honest with the Lord's money?
15. Have I neglected any known duty?
16. Is the world better or worse for my living in it?
17. Am I doing anything that I would condemn in others?
18. Do I have a clear conception of my place in the Lord's work?
19. What am I doing to hasten the coming of Jesus?
20. Am I doing as Christ would do in my place?

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobrates?" 2 Cor. 13:5.

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Gal. 2:20.

"Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Jer. 29:13.

"And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Luke 11:9.

The foregoing is printed as a two-page leaflet, Missionary Volunteer Series No. 14. I frequently inclose it in letters. The one thing of supreme importance is to live a Christian life. These questions are excellent for self-examination.

Recently a young person to whom I sent the leaflet, wrote: "I tried checking off the ones I did not think I quite came up to, and what a list! I fall short in so many things."

The one who realizes his shortcomings is not in nearly so much danger as the one whose spiritual vitality is low and who is yet content. M. E. K.

Our Counsel Corner

WILL you please suggest some line of Bible reading, or Bible study, especially practical and fitting for the day's conflict, that would occupy about a half hour each morning?

S. M.

First, the Morning Watch. While there are usually only one or two verses, they are selected especially

with reference to the practical help they will give to every soul striving to live the victorious life. Many times I have heard persons say that the Morning Watch text for the day proved to be the very help needed for the day's temptations. Think, too, of the accumulative power resulting from the continuous study and meditation upon gems of Scripture on a certain theme. Take, for instance, the Morning Watch for October. Can any one estimate the results of a half hour spent each day for thirty-one days upon the great theme of prayer? Thirty-one Scripture gems memorized on "The Call to Prayer," "Elements of Prevailing Prayer," and "What to Pray For," together with the reading of the excellent selections for Special Reading in "Steps to Christ," "Ministry of Healing," and "Christ's Object Lessons." This, with the memorizing of the stanza from Trench, and the meditation upon the subjects for Special Prayer, would easily occupy a half hour a day. I cannot think of a better line of study.

Another excellent plan would be to take up the study of some book of the Bible which especially appeals to you as helpful in your spiritual life. Let a young man or woman spend a half hour each day in an earnest study (not fribble) of Paul's letters to Timothy, and it will bring great results in spiritual understanding.

But by all means have some plan, for daily spiritual food is as necessary to the soul as physical food to the body.

M. E. K.

Just for the Juniors

Hide and Seek

WILL you join me in playing hide and seek today? I am just in the mood for a game. Before we begin let us understand fully just what we are going to play. It is not we ourselves who are to be hidden, but some familiar object, that by description will be readily detected by the enthusiastic hunter. Where are we to look? Why, everywhere, "Outdoors, Indoors, and Up the Chimney." A merry hunt we shall have if our eyes are keen, and we watch carefully every nook and corner. Who will be the first to call out "I spy!" and give the name of the hunted object?

Be careful, for our first quest is in search of one who is cunning, sly, persevering, and full of fun. He often teases us until in desperation we seek by every method we can invent to rid ourselves of his presence. Here is one peculiarity by which you may be able to recognize him. His eyesight is very sharp, but his eyes can be moved only as he turns his head. What appear to be two great eyes are in reality thousands of eyes set side by side. This playfellow of the hour is so quick that he may change his hiding place if you go too near. He may be indoors, outdoors, in the corner, or over your head. Do you spy him? What is his name?

Now we will hunt for a noted water highwayman. Would it not be exciting if we should spy him as he was engaged in one of his frequent battles with a comrade? After an exciting race, the one who first succeeds in cutting off a limb of the other is decided to be the winner. This sounds serious, but with these warriors, when legs or even eyes are lost, new ones soon grow in their places. Crutches or spectacles are never used.

Another change in our hunt will now take place. Are you afraid of the dark? Our friend used to enjoy

the fresh air and sunshine, but now if we go to his home in search of him we shall find every bit of sunlight excluded. Everything is dark and damp within. Great fans are kept moving in order that fresh air may be forced into the chambers, or we would not be able to search here at all. We are sure to find him in bed, but it is not like the one in which we sleep. It is broad and long, and often many are piled one upon another.

Next let us seek the little lady who has led each of us many a merry chase over the lawn on a pleasant June evening. This always has proved an exciting trip, for our friend is quick as lightning, and in the growing darkness her small form is easily hidden in the shadows. Only as she chooses to flash the light of her tiny lantern across our path can we detect her whereabouts.

While hunting for the last playmate mentioned. Rob carelessly ran through a bed of poison ivy. Now we must hunt in earnest. What can we find that, if applied, will not only cure him instantly, but will also keep him from being poisoned again?

Do you enjoy such games? It pays to be wide-awake, and ready to become acquainted with nature in her different forms. While we see many curious things in our everyday life, this little book, in our Reading Course for 1918-19, "Outdoors, Indoors, and Up the Chimney," will help us to understand many things that heretofore have seemed a mystery. Read it as soon as you have a chance. BESSIE ACTON.

The Sabbath School

XI — The Death of Moses; the Call of Joshua

(December 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Deut. 31: 1-26; 34; Joshua 1: 1-9.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1: 9.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 462, 463, 469-481; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 241-247.

The Burial of Moses

By Nebo's lonely mountain
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun —

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

— Cecil Frances Alexander.

Questions

1. How old was Moses at the end of the forty years of wandering? Deut. 31: 1, 2.
2. What is said of his physical condition? Deut. 34: 7.
3. Where were the Israelites encamped at this time? Deut. 1: 3-5.
4. After they had overcome the Amorites and Og, king of Bashan, for what did Moses plead? What answer did the Lord give him? Only what did he give Moses permission to do? Deut. 3: 23-27.
5. What did he say would then take place? Num. 27: 12-14.
6. Instead of mourning and rebelling over his great disappointment, for what did Moses pray? Verses 15-17.
7. Whom did the Lord choose for leader in the place of Moses? How did Moses set him apart for his great work? Verses 18-23.
8. What precious words of encouragement did Moses speak to Joshua? Deut. 31: 7, 8.
9. What were his last words to Israel? Deut. 33: 27-29. Note 1.
10. Where did Moses then go? What did the Lord show him from the mount? What did the Lord say concerning the land? Deut. 34: 1-4. Note 2.
11. Where did Moses die? Who buried him? What does no man know? How long did the people mourn for him? Verses 5, 6. Note 3.
12. What is said concerning him? Verses 10-12.
13. What shows that the Lord brought Moses to life again, and took him to be with him in heaven? Luke 9: 28-32. Note 4.
14. After the death of Moses, what did the Lord say to Joshua? Joshua 1: 1, 2.
15. What assurance was given him? Verses 3-5.
16. What would be the secret of his success? Verses 6-9.

Topics for Thought and Discussion

Into how many periods was Moses' life divided?
Where and how did he spend each period?
What were the strongest and best traits in his character?
What difference was there in the translation of Elijah to heaven, and the translation of Moses?
What former experiences had Joshua had that gave the people confidence in him?

Notes

1. The last chapter of Deuteronomy was probably not written by Moses. His words doubtless ended with the preceding chapter. Many believe the last chapter was written by Joshua.
2. "Moses turned from the congregation, and in silence and alone made his way up the mountain side. He went to 'the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah.' Upon that lonely height he stood, and gazed with undimmed eye upon the scene spread out before him. Far away to the west lay the blue waters of the Great Sea; in the north, Mt. Hermon stood out against the sky; to the east was the table-land of Moab, and beyond lay Bashan, the scene of Israel's triumph; and away to the south stretched the desert of their long wanderings."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 471.*
3. "And now a panoramic view of the land of promise was presented to him. Every part of the country was spread out before him, not faint and uncertain in the dim distance, but standing out clear, distinct, and beautiful to his delighted vision. In this scene it was presented, not as it then appeared, but as it would become, with God's blessing upon it, in the possession of Israel."—*Id., p. 473.*
4. "Again the vision faded, and his eyes rested upon the land of Canaan as it spread out in the distance. Then, like a tired warrior, he lay down to rest. 'So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher.' Many who had been unwilling to heed the counsels of Moses while he was with them, would have been in danger of committing idolatry over his dead body, had they known the place of his burial. For this reason it was concealed from men. But angels of God buried the body of his faithful servant, and watched over the lonely grave."—*Id., p. 477.*
5. Moses "was not long to remain in the tomb. Christ himself, with the angels who had buried Moses, came down from heaven to call forth the sleeping saint."—*Ibid.*

FOR my own part, I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.—*Julius Charles Hare.*

"ERRANDS of love are easy to run;
Saying sweet words is the dearest fun.
Let's see, you and I, just for today,
How many kind things we can do and say."

The End Has Come

THE bloody conflict across the seas came to an end, it is hoped, on Nov. 11, 1918, four years and four months after the firing of that fatal shot on June 28, 1914, which was made the occasion for plunging the world into untold sorrow and suffering.

As rapid and phenomenal have been the political changes that brought peace as were those that characterized the war. The armistice, signed on November 11, practically means an unconditional surrender on the part of the enemy. The German kaiser abdicated November 9, and has fled into Holland. The Socialists at this writing are endeavoring to provide a provisional government for Germany; but they have not yet been able to bring order out of the strained conditions that existed even before the signing of the armistice.

The joy caused by the ending of the war was enthusiastically expressed in celebrations throughout the allied countries.

If only former conditions could be restored; if loved ones who have fallen in death could be given back; if the separated families, the wrecked homes, could all be restored, and the devastated countries renewed, then indeed would there be rejoicing!

But the wounds and scars that unholy greed and ambition have made upon an afflicted world cannot be obliterated by military victories or drastic peace terms. These must stand as a warning to any who would think to attempt to enlarge their borders or increase their prestige among the nations of earth by the ruthless slaughter of millions of their fellow beings.

Our National Capital's Celebration

WHEN Germany signed the armistice, Washington celebrated. Our conservative, sober, aristocratic capital threw its dignity to the four winds and came out to make merry. The Avenue of the Presidents, haunted by shades of past parades, became the chief rendezvous for a noisy, good-natured crowd. And every lingering ghost of former "proper" celebrations, imposing inaugural parades included, packed its little kit bag and retired to the proverbial "tall timber," from that safe retreat to look upon a demonstration as unique as it was spontaneous. Government departments closed at noon, that the clerks might participate in the United War Work parade. Business houses closed perforce, when their workers deserted to join the procession. Airplanes followed the line of march, gleaming white in the sunlight. And when the parade disbanded, it merged into a "peace" demonstration.

Darkness crept on apace, but nobody went home. Everybody came, and everybody celebrated somewhere. Staid Cabinet members and well-known business and professional men mingled with the cosmopolitan crowd and cheered and threw confetti. Even President Wilson joined the merrymakers. On the Monument Grounds burned bonfires representing every State in the Union. There you met your "home folks," really, because war workers have gathered from North and South and East and West. You

warmed your hands at your own hearthstone, figuratively speaking, and sang in your lustiest tones the praises of your local commonwealth.

The Marine Band played as only these veterans can, but this time their efforts were supplemented by horns, cowbells, squawkers, and rattles ably handled by their enthusiastic audience. The streets were almost impassable. If you had an automobile, you rode, and all the neighbors who could possibly hang on rode with you. Or perhaps you borrowed a ride yourself. Failing in this, you walked, and in this state you had the more abundant company.

Trolley cars fairly crept along, but all were possessed of patience. We finally arrived at the immense Liberty Hut just across from the Union Station. It was packed to the doors, and a Metropolitan Grand Opera star was leading a "sing." When the band struck the opening chords for "Over There," the crowd cheered until the rafters high over head brought back the echo:

"We'll be over; we're coming over;
And we won't come back till it's over
Over there."

Hours later we got home. Yes, the war is ended, and Washington is joyful. There can be no doubt about this — judging from the celebration.

L. E. C.

The Story of Punctuation

ACCORDING to the *Globe Magazine*, punctuation marks were first employed by Aristophanes, the famous Greek dramatist, who lived centuries before Christ. The system devised by him did not become generally known, and soon fell into complete oblivion. It was nearly one thousand years before any one made a similar attempt.

In the time of Charles the Great two distinguished scholars, Alcuin and Warnefrid, again introduced punctuation marks, but their signs also fell into disuse.

The present system of punctuation, as used in all modern languages with insignificant variations, was introduced in the first half of the sixteenth century by the Venetian printer, Aldus Manutius. He is the real father of the punctuation marks — the period, comma, colon, semicolon, exclamation and interrogation marks, apostrophe and inverted commas. Printers gradually adopted Aldus's system, which finally became established throughout Europe.

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