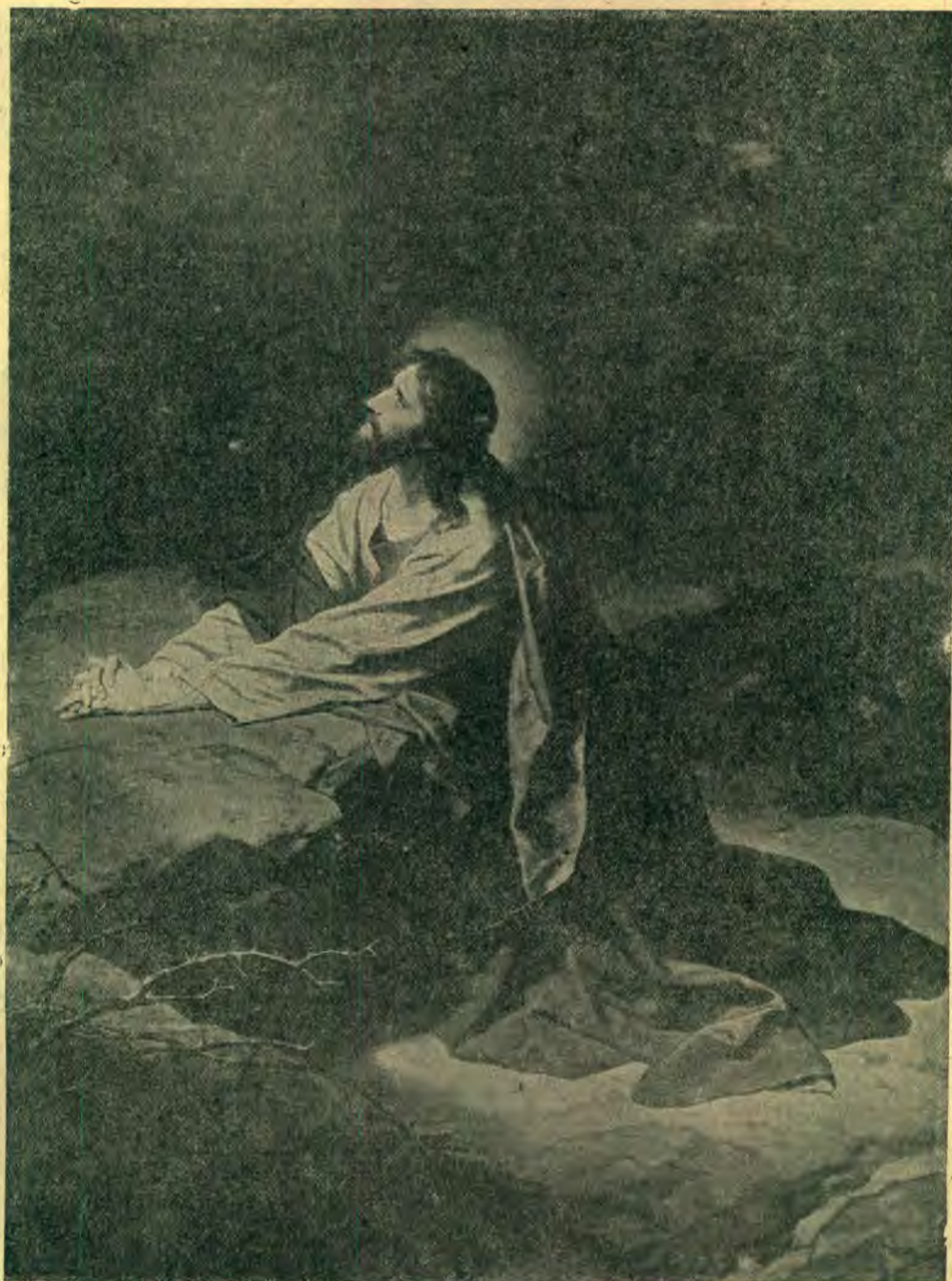


The INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

December 17, 1918

No. 51



CONSIDER HIM

From Here and There

The Texas State-wide Prohibition law has been declared unconstitutional in a majority opinion by the Court of Criminal Appeals.

More than a million men will have been mustered out of the American army by New Year's Day, if the present rate of releasing the men is maintained.

Scores of German submarines have surrendered to the Allies. Among these is the "Deutschland," which made a spectacular visit to American ports before the United States entered the war.

All of the leading hotels in Paris were requisitioned for the accommodation of the extensive staffs of the British, French, American, Italian, and other delegates to the peace conference.

Ex-Emperor William of Germany is understood to have transferred his former very extensive investments in Canada and in the Pennsylvania and New York Central Railroads and in the United States steel trust to South America.

A joint resolution has been introduced in Congress making November 11, the date of the signing of the armistice, a national holiday and designating it as Victory Day. Advices from Paris state that the same action has been undertaken in the chamber of deputies, and no doubt the example will be followed in England, Italy, and other countries.

President Wilson, with the other delegates to the peace conference at Versailles, Secretary Lansing, Henry D. White, former ambassador to France, Col. E. M. House, and Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, sailed in the early part of December on the American transport, "George Washington." The preliminary conference between President Wilson and the Allied premiers began on December 16.

The women of America as Red Cross workers have produced a total of 291,004,000 necessary articles for Uncle Sam's boys. These include 253,196,000 surgical dressings, 14,089,000 knitted articles, 1,464,000 refugee garments, and 22,255,000 hospital garments and supplies. All the articles produced were made from raw materials valued at \$40,000,000, and when completed into garments and necessities for the soldiers and sailors the articles were valued at \$59,000,000.

Attacks on the Armenians have been resumed in the district of Erzbeidjan, on the border of the Caucasus, by Turkish troops under the leadership of Nouffi Pasha, brother of Enver Pasha, former minister of war. Nouffi Pasha declares that he is outside the authority of the present Constantinople government and that he has been delegated by the Moslems of the district to suppress the revolt of the Armenians. If the attacks continue, British warships will be sent to Batum.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo who, on the conclusion of the war, resigned from the Cabinet and the directorship of the railroads, found that his \$12,000-a-year salary was not sufficient to maintain his family. Big business concerns offered him, on his retirement, more pay for a month's work than the Government gave him for a year. A telegram signed by representatives of employees of railroads operated out of St. Louis, received at Mr. McAdoo's office, pledged the employees to give \$2,000 a month as part of the director general's salary to keep him from retiring.

A Socialist writer in the "Volks Stimme" (Frankfort) says that immense stores of food were found in the palace of Emperor William, and remarks that "it is inconceivable that after four years of war such large quantities could be hoarded."

What an Education Wrought

A BRICKLAYER had a job on the walls of Bancroft Cottage at Andover. As he worked, he heard other workmen telling of students working their way through school. He said to himself, "If these boys can push themselves through Andover, I can do the same." When the bricklaying was finished and the autumn term began, the brick mason was enrolled as a student. He found a job to tide over his meager expenses, studied hard, and established himself in his class. When the time came for him to graduate, he did so with such a standing that he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with honors. In less than ten years from the day when he was working on the rising walls of Bancroft Cottage he was supervising mechanical engineer on the job on lower Broadway of raising the tallest steel tower in the world.—Selected.

"China Inside Out"

THE little book bearing the curious title "China Inside Out," is one of the most instructive and interesting books for young people ever written on this great country. The author is Dr. George A. Miller, who writes what he himself saw and heard when traveling in China.

The book is interestingly illustrated and attractively printed. It is well worth the price, \$1 net.

Order of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association.

Free

For Missionary Purposes

WHILE stock lasts, a package of old Memory Verse Cards for distribution in children's hospitals and similar institutions, will be sent to any address in this country, on receipt of ten cents to cover cost of mailing.

The children love these little picture cards, and it is good missionary work for our Volunteers to circulate them.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

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FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor
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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 17, 1918

No. 51

A Call to Volunteers

VARNER J. JOHNS

THE heavenly call,—
A message ringing clear and true,
Centers its wondrous words on you,
To serve the King of kings.
It comes to all
The Missionary Volunteers,
Calling to you throughout the years,
Its summons louder rings.

If you would win,
And gain a mansion bright and fair,
The secret is in earnest prayer,
A talk with Jesus here.
Get rid of sin!
There's power enough to make you free,
You'll sing the song of victory,
He'll help each Volunteer.

A call to you!
Then give your life to aid your King;
To him your entire service bring

Wherever he may lead.
Will you ring true?
A Volunteer both strong and brave
Mighty the lost of earth to save?
This is earth's greatest need.

In every part of this broad land,
Where'er the feet of men have trod,
We find a strong and loyal band,
Engaged in service for their God.

The answer to that call has come,
Thousands respond with willing heart;
Ever in distant lands are some
Who faithfully have done their part.

Soon will this land with rapture sing
Triumphant on that heavenly shore;
The vaulted arch of heaven will ring;
Victorious throng forevermore.

The Picture That Changed His Life

MATILDA ERICKSON

PERHAPS you remember the story of the visit that changed young Zinzendorf from a profligate youth to an earnest Christian. There was no personal worker around—no one to plead with him to give up his wild ways, his intemperate habits, and be a man. But the change came during that brief visit to the art gallery. The prodigal returned to his Father. And why? The story is simple—the part of it that words can explain: There on the wall hung a picture of Christ, and something in that wonderful face caught the young man's eye. It held his attention. He could not go on. So he sat down and gazed into that face, while the careless crowds surged by. Soon his heart caught the vision of the sinner's Friend in all his irresistible loveliness. He saw the scars in his hands, and recalled the story of the cross. Yes, he had caught a glimpse of his Saviour, and that was enough. Not another minute would he remain away from that wonderful Friend.

That is the vision we all need! The world loses its grip on those who catch it. Worldly pleasure cannot tempt them, persecution cannot turn them back, for that vision gives them something better than life. Moses caught it, and he would rather suffer privations with God's people than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Daniel caught it, and he chose to be cast into the lions' den rather than to give it up. Stephen caught it, and his face shone while the cruel assassins hurled the stones at him. Huss caught it, and he chose to die at the stake rather than to turn away from it. Morrison saw it, and it led him to China to endure untold hardships. A young man who is now working in the cause, caught it a few years ago, and it gave him strength to turn down a position bringing \$250 a month for one in the Master's vineyard bringing only one fourth as much pay. Hundreds of other young people have caught it, and seen clearly that the best things in life come to those who give up all for Jesus.

Yes, that is the vision we all need. And the Morning Watch Calendar is sent from the press this year

with the prayer that it may help thousands to catch that vision. Look at the picture on the front cover of the INSTRUCTOR. That is a facsimile of the front cover of the 1919 Morning Watch Calendar,—only the one on the calendar is in sepia,—and it is sent forth with the hope that it may speak to young people as the picture in the art gallery spoke to the heart of young Zinzendorf. Before how many young people will you lay this beautiful picture of Christ in Gethsemane? To how many will you send copies of this calendar, with the prayer that the picture may speak to their hearts? And think what it will mean if the young people to whom you send the calendar, not only enjoy the cover, but learn to study the text for each day. Think what it will mean for them to meet the Master each morning in quiet communion! It will help to keep the vision before them, it will help them to follow it; and to be true to that vision, insures one of eternal happiness.

You do not know that the calendar will do that for the young people who get it, but where is a more "hopeless" case than was the irresponsible spendthrift who became the earnest leader of the great Moravian movement? Anyway, the Bible says: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." And there is a blessing for those who obey this command, for in another place we read, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

Human Phonographs

WONDERFUL things have been made by the hand of man. Not the least of these is the phonograph. I rarely hear one reproduce speech or music or the sounds of nature that I do not admire the wonder of the machine quite as much as that which is produced. When I look back to the source of these wonders, I find my faith strengthened; there is a God who has

given man a marvelous mind, a mind that can think out great things and direct skilled hands to construct the things thought out.

But wonderful as those things are, they have their limits. The phonograph is not original; it never actually produces sound, only reproduces it, and then only when a record is in place and the "wheels go round."

Here, then, comes the application I would make: God has made man and given him a mind that has the power to produce thought and that has control over certain organs that produce intelligent sounds. Here is potential originality and unlimited variety.

Think of the people who are content to go on playing over and over and over again the same old record,— "How d' ye do?" "Pleasant weather!" "What a pretty dress!" "Oh, the dream of a hat!" "Had a swell time!" "Gee!"—and on and on.

There is a man who for weeks has asked me the same senseless question every time I have met him. There is a speaker who says, "By the way, folk,"—not good, old, friendly folks, but folk,—twenty times in every public address. He takes pains to write the handle A. B. to his name, and the most used record of his vocabulary repertory is, "By the way, folk!" How I long to shout, "Put on a new record!"

There are common words, not to say cheap, that have been worn threadbare, and we use them still. There are stories that all the world knows, and people go on telling them till they are positively nauseating to long-suffering friends who are worthy of better treatment. On the other hand, there are splendid, virile words that await our use. There are stories—classics, indeed—that never grow old, because great truths live in them. There are greetings that bring cheer to the heart. Let these be the records we use, and in the place of senseless words that waste the breath, will be found masterpieces that make and retain intelligent and desirable friendships.

NABOR O'FONOGRAP.

A Famous Career

AN old adage has it that "tall oaks from little acorns grow." That is true enough, but it is only because the foundation elements of the oak are contained in the acorn. Remove these, and the vital essence of greatness has departed. Moreover, it is a divinely proclaimed certainty of the law of nature, that a fig tree cannot be grown from a thistle seed.

Obedience Necessary for Worldly Greatness

It is just as certain that a wilfully careless boy or girl, who regularly and continuously spurns the counsel of loving parents, cannot become eminent in world movements, or even in considerations for social betterment, to say nothing of religious activities. This is a fixed principle, for the reason that the divine fiat has determined that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The sowing time for character growth is in childhood and youth, the harvest of which is gathered in maturer age.

No great thing in this world has been accomplished by any one who did not lay the foundation for it in his early days. On the other hand, every memorial of skill or beneficence has been reared by those who have shown in childhood an unconquerable will in overcoming difficulties, whether of mental disposition or of material obstruction to success in daily duty.

Overcoming Obstacles a Preparation for Greatness

An example, by way of illustration, may be found in the life work of Ezra Cornell, for whom the university at Ithaca, New York, is named. He was born of Quaker parents, and from the age of twelve was reared among sterile hills near De Ruyter, New York. With other children of the family, he was early taught the mysteries of pottery making by his father. To help supply family needs, he worked steadily at this calling until sixteen years of age, when he became anxious to rise above his then limited sphere, and so laid plans to attend school, at least one more winter. But as funds were lacking for this, he and his brother next younger cleared four acres of heavy beech and maple woodland, and planted it to corn. This job provided means for the school work planned.

On leaving school, Ezra thought he might succeed as a carpenter, and so began to work at this trade twenty miles from home, to which place he walked every Monday morning and returned the same way at the week's end. This tramping exercise was a degree in the way of learning to master obstacles, that would be thought insurmountable by most boys of this age. But to Ezra Cornell it was a schooling that served him well in after-life. Later on he walked forty miles to Ithaca, where he heard there was an opening for labor. At that place he was soon given the responsibility of keeping in repair a cotton mill. The following year he was called to do the same work for a flouring mill, and his labor was so much appreciated by the proprietor that he was retained for twelve years on a rising scale of wages, and was also promoted to be confidential agent and general manager.

Afterward Mr. Cornell went to Maine in the interest of a recently invented plow, where at times he walked forty miles in a day. Coming to the office of the *Maine Farmer*, he found the editor on his knees in the middle of his office floor, attempting to chalk out a diagram of a plow moldboard. Entering into the editor's plan with his customary zeal, he soon found himself employed to prepare a needed machine, designed to plow a deep trench in which to lay telegraph line pipes between Baltimore and Washington.

The Telegraph Service Opposed

Through this Mr. Cornell became interested in the telegraph project itself, and built a line from Milk Street, Boston, to School Street, that he might demonstrate to the people its capabilities. But as no particular interest in the project could be raised there, he went to New York, and constructed a line from opposite Trinity Church, Broadway, to near the site of what became the Metropolitan Hotel. Strangely enough, the *Herald* of that city opposed the enterprise, because without it that paper could beat its rivals in news by special courier. But if the telegraph came into general use, then its rivals would have an equal chance to obtain news.

But notwithstanding this public opposition, Mr. Cornell succeeded in organizing the Magnetic Telegraph Company, to operate between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. The line was then extended west to Albany, and when the Erie and Michigan Company became a competing element, a combination was formed, and the two companies were merged into the Western Union Telegraph Company.

After about fifteen years as one of the largest stockholders of the company, and finding himself a millionaire, Mr. Cornell bought three hundred acres of land near Ithaca, planting extensive orchards on it, and

stocking it with fine horses and cattle. He then removed his family into the magnificent home thus provided.

Cornell Founded

Mr. Cornell then conceived the idea of trying to benefit mankind with the riches he possessed, and so gave two hundred acres of his beautiful farm, and half a million dollars for the establishment of an educational institution. This was formally opened in 1868, with Hon. Andrew D. White as its president. Mr. Cornell afterward gave more than three million dollars to the enterprise, and by other generous gifts from Henry W. Sage, Hiram Sibley, and others, Cornell University became one of the most liberally endowed educational institutions in America. Thousands of graduates have gone out from its halls to ennoble rising generations.

Such a noble course could not have flowed from a careless, indifferent boyhood. It was the outgrowth of a steady pursuit of well-set calculations, and an unwavering determination to live for a good purpose. Mr. Froude, the English historian, has well spoken regarding Mr. Cornell and his work as follows:

"There is something I admire even more than the university, and that is the quiet, unpretending man by whom the university was founded. We have had such men in old times, and there are men in England who make great fortunes, and who make claim to great munificence, but who manifest their greatness in buying great estates, for the founding of peerages to be handed down from father to son. Mr. Cornell has sought for immortality and the perpetuity of his name among the people of a free nation. There stands his great university, built upon a rock, built of stone, as solid as a rock, to endure while the American nation endures. When the herald's parchment shall have crumbled into dust, and the antiquarians are searching among the tombstones for the records of these departed families, Mr. Cornell's name will be still fresh and green through generation after generation."

J. O. CORLISS.

Christmas Giving — and What to Give

THE first Christmas gift was God's gift of his Son to the human family. The wise men presented gifts to the infant Saviour, as was fitting that they should do. This was the *first Christmas giving on the part of men*. How much better to follow the example of the wise men than to make our gifts to those who, perhaps, have no need of them, obeying the mere dictates of worldly custom! While the Saviour is not visible on earth today, yet we can make a Christmas offering to him just as truly as did the wise men. We can do this by giving to advance the work which the Master committed to this world to accomplish, and which he is carrying forward to certain victory."

This is the time for old and young to assist in placing our good literature in the hands of their friends. A year's subscription to the *Signs Magazine*, *Watchman*, *Review*, *INSTRUCTOR*, or *Little Friend*, is a gift worth while.

"He that knows not and knows not that he knows not, is a fool.
Avoid him.
He that knows not and knows that he knows not, is docile.
Teach him.
He that knows and knows not that he knows, is asleep.
Waken him.
He that knows and knows that he knows, is a leader.
Follow him."

Cicero's Call to Be a Missionary

PAPA, this is Cicero Jefferson."

Colonel Dent had visited the village school that afternoon to please his little daughter, and he now turned as she gently pulled his sleeve.

"Ah, so this is Cicero?" and he took the small black hand, and looked kindly into the shining black face.

"Cicero Lincoln Jefferson!" exclaimed the boy, with a radiant smile.

"I enjoyed your recitation," said the colonel. "You are wise to learn what great men think of your race. Perhaps sometime you may go to Africa to teach or preach."

"I don't know. Mammy hopes I'll be good for something when I grow up."

"Do you know about Moffat and Livingstone and Stanley and Bishop Taylor?" asked Colonel Dent.

Cicero shook his head.

"You ought to know about them. Fay, don't let me forget to send him some books."

"No, papa," replied the little daughter.

And it was Fay who had to remind Colonel Dent of the promise, and finally to carry the big package in her own small arms to Aunt Ilsy's house under the hill.

But she was a dear little missionary worker, and quite sure that Cicero's ignorance about Africa was rather disgraceful.

"You'll be surprised to find out how strange African people are," she said, "but you'll be interested."

And he was. It was now vacation, and Cicero spent his spare time over the books, missionary magazines, pamphlets, and one large illustrated book which made for him a perpetual feast.

Sometimes he laughed, and sometimes his tears fell upon the open page.

"What do ail you, Cic'ro?" asked Aunt Ilsy as they sat on the doorstep late one summer afternoon. He was reading as usual, she was sitting by, and the clothes she had been washing hung flapping to and fro on the long lines which crossed and recrossed the small yard.

"Don't know, mammy," replied Cicero, wiping his eyes. "Seems like I want to do something. If I was a big fighter like General Napoleon or General Grant, I'd go out there and take care o' things. I'd stop the rum ships, an' I'd build meetin'houses an' school-houses, an' houses to live in. See, mammy, how'd you like to live the way they do?"

She was fond of pictures, and looked eagerly over his shoulder.

"O now, Cic'ro! do black folks in Africa live in dose beehives?" and she pointed to one of the kraals, as they are called, where a chief lives with his family and followers. Small huts, like bowls turned upside down or old-fashioned beehives, form a ring with a space in the center.

"Where's the chimney?" asked Aunt Ilsy, scornfully.

"They don't have any," replied Cicero.

"Where's the winders?"

"Don't have any."

"Where's their do'steps?"

"No doorsteps, either," said Cicero. "They stoop low and crawl in."

"No do'steps? Where do they set to look at sunsets and thank the good Lord fer his most exc'lont glory?"

Real pity was in her tone as she lifted her comely face toward the beautiful sky.

"O mammy, they don't have any Lord! That's the trouble. They can't go to meetin'; they can't hear songs of praise, nor the bells ring. The children don't go to school as I do."

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Aunt Ilsy.

"And they're afraid of the awful witch doctors that live in the bush. Sometimes the witch doctors make 'em take poison if anybody complains, an' they die just like nothing. They wear charm things around their necks,—bones an' teeth an' bark,—an' think they'll save 'em. Hear this, mammy!"

Then Cicero read how the king of one of their tribes died, and when he was buried ten of his slave wives were buried with him.

"While they was alive, Cic'ro?" his mother inquired in tones of horror.

"Just as much as you be this minute," replied the boy. "An', mammy, here's the picture of some slaves that's been stolen from their homes. See that long line? See the chains? See that woman with a baby in her arms an' two more right behind?" Aunt Ilsy groaned.

Cicero's voice sank to a whisper as he continued: "If they get awful tired an' fall behind, the driver whips 'em till they stagger along. Sometimes when the babies can't walk, they leave 'em behind—to die on the ground."

"Pore things! I wish I could do somethin' for them," sighed Aunt Ilsy.

"I 'most wish the cunnel hadn't sent the books," said Cicero, huskily, "'cause now I'll have to go out there soon's I grow up."

Aunt Ilsy instantly sat erect. "Cic'ro Lincoln Jefferson," said she, "quit that talk. Has I any child but you?"

"No, mammy."

"Hasn't I washed and i'oned and scrubbed to keep you slick and neat?"

"Yes, mammy," Cicero assented.

"Hasn't I been waitin' fer you to be wuth somethin' fer me? Don't I need the only boy I has? Is you goin' to be a stiffneck, ongrateful chile, leavin' yo' mammy to go to the ends of the earth?"

Aunt Ilsy's voice rose higher and higher, and shook with mingled grief and anger.

She rose from the step and disappeared, but Cicero remained until the last line of sunset red disappeared.

It may have been midnight when Aunt Ilsy suddenly awoke. Cicero was calling, "Mammy, what do you want?" from his small chamber.

Aunt Ilsy was at the foot of the stairs in a moment.

"I never called, honey; what you mean?"

"Why, yes, you said, 'Cicero Lincoln Jefferson, I want you,' persisted the boy."

Aunt Ilsy's heart beat very fast. She seemed to see something brighter than the moonlight.

"You'se had a call, Cic'ro, just like Samuel. If you hears the voice again, you say, 'Speak, Lord, thy servant's hearin'."

"Yes, mammy," said Cicero, as he crept back to bed.

Aunt Ilsy could say no more. She knelt beside her bed.

"Have pity on the poor unworthy chile, Father," she prayed. "If thou wants my dear Cic'ro, thou shalt have him. Dese pore African children of thine is under thy gaze, and thou seest them with no do'steps, no meetin's, no songs of Zion. Tell 'em my boy's comin'."

Great sobs shook her frame, and tears rolled down her cheeks, but she fully believed God had called Cicero, and who was she to withhold her one treasure?

Lighting her small lamp, she took the old Bible from the shelf, wrapped a shawl around her shoulders, and, brushing away her tears, turned to one of the few stories she had learned to read.

"Yes," she murmured, tracing her finger, "Hannah's boy—her only boy, slep' in the temple. This ain't no temple, but there's room for God's dear voice. When he spoke in the nighttime, Samuel said, 'Here am I.'"

"O Father, give me and Cic'ro the 'here-am-I' spirit. 'And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child.' I know in a minute who called Cic'ro without perceivin'. 'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.' Yes, I got that jus' right. Can't answer God no other way. What if my poor ole heart do ache? My Father, he sees the heartaches of his los' ones in Africa. He says, 'Aunt Ilsy, freely thou hast received, freely give.' Praise his name!"—*Selected.*

For the Finding-Out Club

Miscellaneous Questions

1. WHAT would a sphere of cork ten feet in diameter weigh?
2. What terrible message was brought to a nation by a broken bottle?
3. Set down in figures the number eleven thousand, eleven hundred, eleven.
4. Did Abraham understand the real meaning of God's promise that he should be heir of the world?
5. Is the second coming of Christ taught in the New Testament?
6. What do the nicknames, boche and poilu, mean, and how did they come to be applied to German and French soldiers, respectively?
7. How did the British soldiers come to be called "Tommies"?
8. What are *à la carte* and *table d'ôte* meals?

Answers to Finding-Out Club Questions

October 15

Robert Louis Stevenson.

October 29

Henry Ford.

Brand Whitlock.

November 5

Marcus Whitman.

42.

November 12

Hugh S. Johnson.

November 19

PART I

1. Ezekiel 4:9.
2. "A 'bluestocking' is a woman, we think, yet the blue stockings that gave rise to the term were worn by a man! About 1750 a number of women in London used to meet for conversation with distinguished literary men. Among these men was the naturalist, Benjamin Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings (those were the days of knee breeches!) and who was such an interesting talker that when he was absent it became the custom to remark: 'We can do nothing without the blue stockings.' Thus this gathering and

(Concluded on page thirteen)

Peking: Yehonola, the Empress Dowager

R. F. COTTRELL

IN the year 1835, in a quiet residential section of Peking known as the "Square Family Garden," the girl babe, Yehonola, was born, who was destined to be the autocratic ruler of China for more than half a century. Her father, who was a Manchu official, never rose to high rank, and died when she was but three years of age. The widowed mother and her family removed to Pewter Lane, not far from the Legation Quarters. They were well cared for by a relative, and Yehonola was given a good education in the Chinese classics and in the art of painting. She possessed an exceptionally alert and active mind, made rapid progress in her studies, was adept in the composition of verse, and took real pleasure in her hours with the brush.

When Yehonola was fifteen years of age, the Manchu emperor, Hien-feng, at the age of nineteen having ascended the Dragon Throne, it was the common belief of Chinese writers that the dynasty had "exhausted the mandate of Heaven," and would terminate with the reigning monarch. The empire was rife with rebellion, and the young sovereign was a weak, degenerate debauchee, without scholarly taste, and incapable of stimulating the loyalty or affection of his subjects.

At the expiration of the customary period of mourning (twenty-seven months) for his father, the deceased emperor, a royal decree was issued directing that all the beautiful Manchu maidens of eligible age should present themselves at the office of the imperial household.

Yehonola left her home in Pewter Lane, and on the appointed day, with about sixty others of the élite and handsome, responded to the summons. From this number the emperor's mother selected twenty-eight young women to become the emperor's wives, dividing

them into four classes. Yehonola was assigned to the third.

In all domestic affairs of the imperial household, even to the choice and rank of the sovereign's wives, the widow of the emperor last deceased, exercises supreme authority. Therefore, on entering the palace, Yehonola sought speedily to establish herself in the good graces of her mother-in-law. She was eminently

successful, and by this means, as well as by her own personal charm, she soon became the first favorite with her weak and profligate lord. A little later, to crown the ambitions of both, she presented him with a son, an heir to the throne, thus strengthening her position at court. Almost from the beginning, Yehonola took a keen interest in the official correspondence and in the administration of the government; and her breadth of mind and quick decision gave her large and growing influence with the "Son of Heaven," as the king was designated.

Yehonola Becomes the Real Ruler

At this critical period through which the nation was passing, when the Taping rebellion was at its height, and the empire was at war with both Great Britain and France, the emperor's health had completely broken down through paralysis; and Yehonola, by virtue of her masterful spirit

and her position as mother of the heir apparent, became the real ruler of China. All this is particularly remarkable when we consider that it occurred in a country where no woman is supposed to rule, and that at this time Yehonola was but twenty-two years of age, and only a secondary wife.

In 1860 occurred the march upon Peking by the English and French forces, the precipitate flight of the court northward to Jehol (meaning "warm river"), where was located an imperial palace; and to "keep face" with the people, an edict was issued



YEHONOLA, THE FAMOUS EMPRESS DOWAGER, WHO RULED CHINA FOR A HALF CENTURY

stating that His Majesty was starting out on an "autumn tour of inspection." Soon after the arrival at Jehol, it became apparent that the emperor was rapidly sinking, and with this came a powerful conspiracy by a faction of the imperial clan to obtain control of the government, set aside Yehonola and her son, and establish a new Manchu dynasty. For a time their plans succeeded, but at length, through the rare ingenuity and alertness of this young woman, she escaped from their grasp, made a rapid journey to Peking, called to her aid strong, capable friends, overthrew the conspiracy, and brought about the execution of the leaders.

Thereupon, Yehonola was raised to the rank of "empress dowager" and during the minority of her son, was to share with the real empress dowager (the first wife, or empress consort, of the deceased emperor) in the regency of the government. The former lived in the Western Palace, and the latter in the Eastern. Her colleague was of rather colorless personality, and took little interest in political matters, so that the authority rested almost wholly with Yehonola. During the first years of the regency, she was extremely careful to keep herself as well as her ambitions in the background; and for this reason all the decrees during this time were issued in the name of the emperor.

T'ung-chi Made Ruler

After a little more than a decade, the court astrologers were directed to select an auspicious day on which the co-regent would resign, and Yehonola's son, T'ung-chi, then at the age of seventeen, assume control of the government.

The event having occurred, it was soon evident that the youthful sovereign had inherited much of the imperious disposition of his august mother, and was unwilling to submit to her domination or interference. He was undutiful, even disrespectful to her, and soon serious friction came in between them.

In addition to a delicate physique, disreputable eunuchs fostered his habits of dissipation, which so undermined his health that his early death was predicted. Appeals to his mother from various members of the royal household were fruitless; on the contrary, she encouraged him in his vicious course. She evidently felt that for herself and for the empire, his end could come none too soon, and that in the event of "his mounting the dragon and proceeding on his long journey" (a Chinese phrase referring to death of an emperor), a method must be devised for his empress consort to follow him speedily. After reigning in his own right for a little more than two years, Emperor T'ung-chi's enfeebled constitution gave way (January, 1875), and shortly afterward, Alute, the widowed empress, died mysteriously.

During this crisis, Yehonola, by means of adroit intrigues, triumphed over the disorganized efforts of her opponents, passed over a number of princes whose

rights to the throne would naturally take precedence, secured the coveted prize for an infant nephew, and brought about the reappointment of herself and her former colleague as coregents of the empire.

Kwang-su's Rule

Although the two empress dowagers were kinswomen and childhood playmates, jealousy gradually came in between them, and when at length the empress of the East Palace was suddenly and mysteriously prostrated, and, in the words of the imperial edict, "ascended the fiery chariot for her distant journey," it was commonly supposed that Yehonola had brought about her death by means of poison. Henceforth, Yehonola, as sole regent of the empire, was free to direct the ship of state without interference; her enemies were silenced, and for ten years her favorite princes and courtiers "basked in the sunlight of her unfettered authority and patronage."

Meanwhile the royal infant had grown to young manhood, and in the year 1889 Yehonola resigned



SUMMER HOME OF EMPRESS TSZE HSI, OR YEHONOLA
Elder R. F. Cottrell, Mrs. Cottrell, Mrs. D. E. Davenport and son Donald, are shown in the foreground.

from her second regency, withdrawing from the cares and routine life of the Forbidden City, to comparative rest and freedom at the Summer Palace, some seven miles distant. For about thirty years, her will had been paramount in the Celestial Empire, and while she seemed not unwilling to enjoy the fruits of her labors for a season, "the iron hand in the velvet glove" was never really withdrawn from the administration of affairs.

The early years of Kwang-su's rule were marked by the humiliating war with Japan, and by such unwarranted acts of aggression on the part of various foreign powers that to the more astute and discerning Chinese, it seemed that the partition of their country was at hand. All recognized that something must be done to stem the tide, and save the nation from destruction.

The empress dowager, now becoming familiarly known as the "Old Buddha," would repel the intruding "barbarians" by force; while the emperor, under the influence of a progressive, patriotic band of young officials and scholars, launched a reform movement that began to make itself felt throughout the empire. The old order of things was to pass away, the government was to be thoroughly reorganized on efficient

economic lines; and schools and colleges for the advancement of scientific knowledge, were to be established after the most approved Western methods.

These innovations brought consternation to the camp of the old conservatives; and the empress dowager, suddenly emerging from the place of her seclusion, gathered about her a strong force of soldiers, seized the person of the emperor, and in his name issued an edict stating that because of his own weakness, or "ill health," he was compelled to request his aunt, "Her Majesty," to administer the government (September, 1898). In this way the empress dowager entered upon her third regency.

Kwang-su Made Prisoner

She instituted a ruthless crusade against the ardent reformers, and those who did not escape were either banished or put to death. Kwang-su was allowed to remain emperor in name only. He was practically a prisoner for the remaining ten years of his life, not knowing what hour it might please the "Old Buddha" to cut short his days. Doubtless due to the skilful arrangements of Her Majesty, when the time of her own departure drew near, the emperor proceeded on his "long journey" a few hours ahead.

The Boxer Uprising

As a natural, yet shocking sequence to the *coup d'état* of 1898, came the Boxer uprising of 1900, the relief expedition, and the capture of Peking. At this time, as on a similar occasion forty years previous, the court fled from Peking, which, according to the edict, was for "an extended tour of inspection among the provinces."

Seventeen months later, the "Old Buddha" returned, a humbled and wiser woman. She recognized her great mistake in overrating the power of the Boxers, and in underestimating the strength of foreign nations. Gradually she entered upon a new policy that provided for reforms in the social, educational, and governmental fabric of the empire.

In the midst of these, she became aware of oncoming old age, and once again, in spite of argument and protest from leading statesmen and advisers, she thrust aside the rightful successor to the throne, and elevated to that position, Hsuan Tung, the grandson of her most trusted, lifelong friend and favorite. This was accomplished on Nov. 13, 1908; Emperor Kwang-su passed away on the fourteenth, and she herself on the day following.

Yehonola, Born Ruler and Genius

This born ruler and genius in statecraft is characterized in the diary of a Chinese who knew her intimately as a woman "with all the courage of a man, and more than the ordinary man's intelligence." "The nature of the empress is peace-loving; she has seen many springs and autumns. I myself know well her refined and gentle tastes, her love of painting, poetry, and the theater. When in a good mood she is the most amiable and tractable of women, but at times her rage is awful to witness."

In Peking, and throughout the most of China, her popularity and prestige were great, and the attitude of her subjects was one of sincere affection and admiration. She possessed excellent health, was proud of her personal appearance, and devoted much time each day to her toilet. She was passionately fond of display, of the theater, and of pageants; and also to the end of her days maintained a lively interest in literature and art. She hated the foreigner and his

religion, was scrupulous in her observance of rites and ceremonies to appease both the demons and the ancestral spirits, and in many of the details of life was guided by the words of her magicians and astrologers.

The empress dowager in her keen aptitude for affairs of state, was similar to Queen Victoria, whom she is said to have greatly admired; but in her diplomacy and cunning, she more nearly resembled Queen Elizabeth. That which won for this complex and many-sided personality the marvelous success and steadfast devotion of her partisans is defined by her biographers as "personal charm." "This subtle and magnetic emanation was undoubtedly the secret of that stupendous power with which, for good or evil, she ruled for half a century a third of the population of the earth; that charm it was that won to her side the bravest and best of China's picked men, and it is the lingering memory and tradition of that charm which already invest the name of the "Old Buddha" with attributes of legendary virtue and superhuman wisdom."

"Old Buddha" Retires with Dignity

Yehonola "died as she had lived, keen to the last, impatient of the bonds of sickness that kept her from the new day's work, hopeful ever for the future. Unto the last day her thoughts were of the empire, of that new plan of constitutional government wherein she had come to see visions of a new and glorious era for China and for herself. And when the end came, she faced it, as she had faced life, with a stout heart and brave words, going out to meet the unknown as if she were but starting for a summer picnic. Reluctantly she bade farewell to the world of men, to the life she had lived with so keen a zest; but, unlike England's Tudor queen, she bowed gracefully to the inevitable, leaving the scene with steadfast and imperial dignity."

The Value of Books

HE that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a cheerful companion, an effective comforter.—*Isaac Barrows*.

Books are the masters who instruct us without whip or rod, without harsh words or anger, asking naught in return. If you seek them, they are not asleep; if you ask counsel of them, they do not refuse it; if you go astray, they do not chide; if you betray ignorance to them, they know not how to laugh in scorn. Truly, of all our masters, books alone are free and freely teach.—*Richard de Bury, 1345*.

When, one by one, a loving student has gathered from all departments of human learning a multitude of books, they are not alabaster vases filled with the sweetest perfume of the human soul,—they are living creatures; they are companions; they have received the homage of our best hours. We have hung our hearts upon them, and as they sprang from the noblest parts of their authors, they are clothed with the noblest associations of our own lives.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

In the course of my work as a lecturer and writer upon popular government subjects during the past ten years, I have come into close touch with a large number of the vital, progressive men who are creating the new America of our time. In those quiet conversations which occur at the home fireside or in the smoker of the Pullman, when men open up their inner hearts, I have found that nearly every one of them

traced his first inspiration, or the acquisition of a new point of view which has determined the direction of his whole life, to some book. Occasionally it is a man or woman, but more often it is a book.—*Judson King.*

The library of wisdom is more precious than all riches, and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whosoever, therefore, acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of faith, must of necessity make himself a lover of books.—*From the Latin.*

Leaves from My Notebook

FOR the past six years the writer has been an almost constant saunterer over mountain and desert trail—a constant searcher of the wild places of nature where he might learn the secrets and beauties of the green growing things, and know the creatures of the



A MOUNTAIN MEADOW

lower world. Accompanying him on many of these trips was a California lad of sixteen summers, Gregory Hitchcock, of Pasadena, whose devotion and splendid companionship can never be forgotten, and whose name naturally occurs in my notes in many places. Together we endured hardship, and together we rejoiced in the comforts of the simple camp. Believing that the following days' notes may be of interest to others, I submit them for publication.

JULY 8, 4:30 A. M.—Vast, glorious morning! What loveliness! what restful quietness! how inexplicably grand! Hills sun-tipped, cañons shadow-filled. Everywhere the songs of dear little birds: mountain sparrows, dickcissels, cañon wrens, and mourning doves. The hillsides are covered with wild gardens of greenest bracken, all interwoven with richest collinsia, lavender lupines, and clarkia. Chrome yellow wallflowers stand thick everywhere like proud sentinels of the field.

JULY 10.—Last night we made camp in a little pine island in Tacquitz Valley. Half the night I stayed awake to watch the stars and hear the night sounds. At 3:30 A. M. the quails began to stir about and whistle, and by four o'clock they seemed frantic with wild joy, filling the air with their flutelike notes.

For massed and varied color-beauty I have never seen the sky enthroned in such regal color-splendor as it was this morning at sunrise. The gorgeous display was indescribably striking. Half the dome of the sky was ceiled with a strata of alto-cumulus clouds whose innumerable, fleecy, pendant shapes were bur-

nished with most brilliant metallic gold and crimsons. The clear portion of the sky was almost equally beautiful, washed as it was with Prussian blue, pale rose, faint greens and purples, and later with daffodil yellows. The horizon seemed truly "the border of heaven."

The Early Riser Sees the Glory

With infinite care the beauty-work of nature had been prepared, and how pitiful it was that so few of us mortals, whose lives so need the inspiration of these master color-works of the Almighty, should have seen it! These violet-paved and gold-embroidered skies do not last for the late risers; they are nature's reward to those who know and love her, and rise before dawn to enjoy the cool, quiet morning hours with the birds.

"Morn in the white wake of the morning star,
Came furrowing all the orient into gold."

JULY 11.—How inexplicably blessed it is to spend a Sabbath in God's great out of doors where nature has fashioned cathedrals for you midst rocks and towering pines and meadows of bracken and flowers! Would you know peace, would you learn gentleness, do you long for rest for a weary heart? It is here for you in Tacquitz Valley. The chickadees will sing you a dear little song, and the sparrows and thrushes, scarce knowing the sight of man, will hop down by your side and peaceably give you their merry chirp as they hunt among the pine needles for their morning meal. Gold and lavender flowers will nod to you as they sway in balmy mountain breezes and speak of God's love and graciousness. They will not chide you for your shortcomings; they know not how to give looks of reproach; they can only point out to you the way of blessedness and gladness of heart.

To the Peak!

JULY 12.—We were up early this morning. At 6:10 Gregory and I started on our way along the trail to San Jacinto Peak. The way leads you through a series of beautiful green meadows made golden about their borders with yellow mimulus and owl's-clover. The false hellebore forms beautiful contrast islands, its darker green foliage giving a splendid effect. The sawmill has never slaughtered these primeval woods, and all through upper Tacquitz and Round Valleys are found the most beautiful forests in Southern California. Trees stand so thick along the streams running down from Round Valley that



"NEARING THE PEAK"

you can scarcely see more than a hundred yards ahead, and the subdued light of the forest shade makes you think it is evening at midday. The principal growth is Murray and limber pine and the white cedar, finer specimens of which you will seldom see.

We reached Round Valley meadows by noon, and after a short rest, luncheon, and a little observation journey down Long Valley, we began our ascent of the peak. The trail was exceedingly rocky, and was bordered by a thick growth of chaparral and stunted limber and Murray pines, many of the latter being badly scarred by the lightning and the wind. All the way up a saucy, screechy-voiced bird (Clark's nutcracker) followed us as if he would inform us by his scolding that we had no business in his haunts.

I now for the first time noticed that characteristic shortness of breath due to altitude. It seemed necessary every few minutes to stop a moment and rest. By 4:30 P. M. we reached the summit—and oh the wind! and how the world looked! Here was spread out before us one great panoramic view of practically all Southern California. But it was not like a relief map. We could see not only what one sees in the relief map, but the life of the world, the splendor of the landscape, and the blue dome of sky above it—desert and mountains on one side and a splendid fertile, cultivated valley on the other, with the ocean beyond.

San Jacinto Peak, so the geographers tell us, has the most precipitous drop on its north side of any mountain in the world—10,000 feet in less than five miles. One of the most impressive sights I got was the view down Snow Cañon, through whose narrow slotlike gorge, dashes a wild, impetuous mountain stream. Just before the whirling, uproarious waters reach the desert, they are joined by another small mountain stream, and together they wander over the desert sand, to be drunk up by its hotness. A narrow line of cottonwood and mesquite trees grow along the banks and venture out upon the desert a short distance, forming a wormlike thread of dark green upon the white and yellow sands.

Beyond I can see range after range of dreary sunburned hills and mountains, with valleys, still more dreary and dry, lying between. For miles a tiny streak of road leads off into this desolate country to the entrance of Morongo Valley. Scattered about on the face of both the Morongo Valley and Desert one can see patches of land which have been taken up and plowed by venturesome settlers, who hope that some day their lands will become farms as valuable as those of the Imperial Valley. The Salton Sea does not show up well today on account of the haze which hangs over it. Mt. San Gorgonio, Southern California's

highest peak, 11,485 feet, still has snow on its southern flank.

The sunset was a bit disappointing, for we saw no display of cloud colors as we had hoped. Most interesting, though, was the immense pyramidal shadow cast by the peak some forty or fifty miles out across the desert.

As the sun went down, the winds sweeping up the side of the mountain became colder than ever. Under the shelter of the rocks we were able to keep quite warm, for the heat they had gathered all day in the

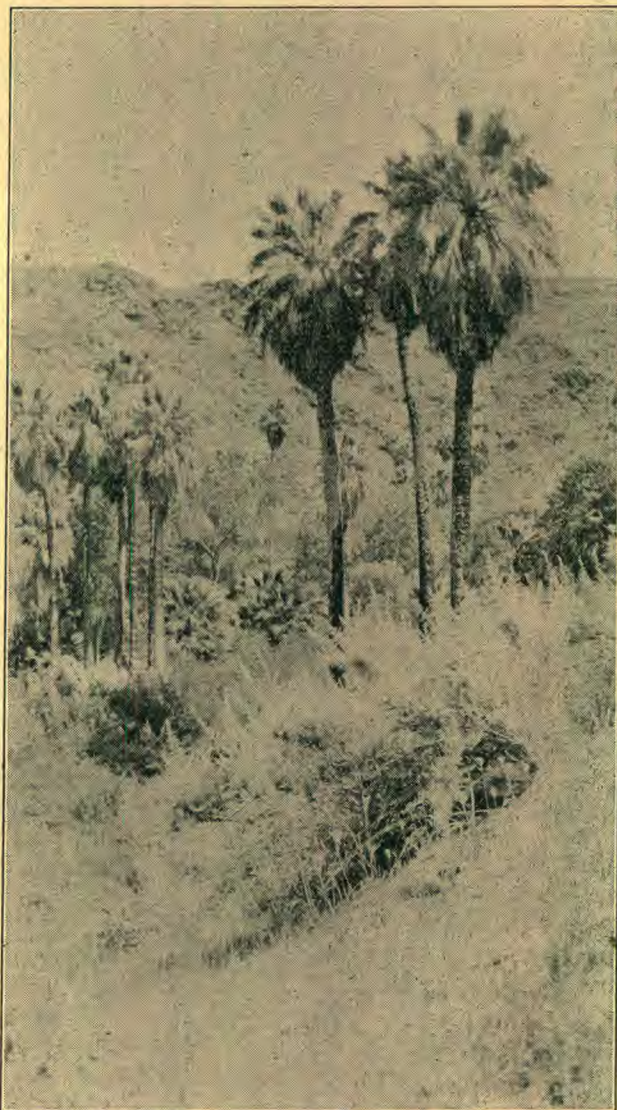
sunshine was now being radiated. Under a gnarled limber pine we spread our blankets, and at 8 P. M. retired. It is not every day that one makes his bed at the top of a pile of rock 10,805 feet high, and we enjoyed exceedingly our unique bedroom with no walls or ceiling but the bowl of star-studded sky. The wind blew a gale all night, moaning through the needles of the pine above our heads, and whistling and shrieking as in a blizzard through the great blocks of granite about us. To keep the canvas and blankets down, we had to load our bed with heavy rocks, but the cold wind nevertheless drove itself through the covers.

I had always wondered how the desert would look by moonlight from such a height, and at 12:15 A. M. I ventured to get up and look over "the rim of the bowl" onto the white sands. But the haze of the day had not cleared away, and we could make out but little of the landscape, except what was silhouetted on the horizon on the farther side of the valley.

Courage Versus Jack Frost

JULY 13.—We got up this morning at ten minutes of four. In dressing, my fingers became so numb from cold that I could scarcely lace my boots. We scrambled up to the rock monument at the pinnacle to watch the first streaks of day on the horizon, but found the night darkness still on. By going into a niche in the rock wall on the east side of the pinnacle, we managed to keep warm, and soon the morning lights began to rim the rocky crests of the distant mountains. And as they came, I said over and over again those words from Browning's "Pippa Passes":

"Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cups' brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay;
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;



PALMS AT THE FOOT OF THE TRAIL

But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world."

I watched and watched and watched the changes that came over the sky in front, beside, back of me, and overhead. I saw the great pyramid of shadow again that I had seen the night before, but this time it was east to the west, and out to the very borders of the sea.

I took time this morning to make a note of the varieties of vegetation growing on this bleak pile of granite. Though there was snow in the rock crevices and though it frosted almost every night now even in summer, my list shows fourteen varieties of flowering plants and two lichens. The raucous-voiced nutcracker which had followed us up the trail the night before was still around in the morning, and about nine o'clock, while I was making some pen sketches, a brown butterfly lit on a small flower near my feet. The ever-busy ants were here too, and doubtless had my observation been more careful, I should have seen other signs of life.

I was loath to pack up the blankets and make my way down to the cache in Round Valley again, where we had stored our provisions for breakfast. Before leaving the peak I left my name chiseled on a slab of granite, made a few records, and took one last look at the wonderful view of desert, sea, and mountain.

Millions of Frogs

On the way to our camp in Tacquitz Valley, Hidden Lake was visited and sketches of its flowers made. I never saw so many industriously swimming tiny frogs in my life as I saw on the shore of Hidden Lake. I had a picture of the frogs of Pharaoh's time right before me. There must have been two million of them, maybe more, and each no larger than a penny, and all diving for dear life into the waters and swimming away as we came along. They made such a funny sight that I laughed aloud. Hidden Lake lies in a cup of rock on the very edge of an enormous ledge of sheer granite wall. If you go to its eastern edge in early spring, you can peep over the rim and see where its overflowing waters go leaping over into the deep cañon pit below, to have its torrent-tones rebellowed from the rocks and caverns by its side.

Above the lake to the west the rocks have been sculptured into cathedraled pinnacles, spires, and domes, and you cannot but wish that you were a bird so that you might alight on them and enjoy the scenery of the peak once more.

JULY 14.—Soon after leaving Hidden Lake, the trail to the desert begins, a trail which botanically is probably one of the most interesting in the world; for in the short distance of twelve miles it passes through all four life zones, from snow-clad arctic peak to the torrid desert. From San Jacinto Peak to the historic group of Washingtonia palms of Andreas Cañon at the bottom of the trail, one travels through Boreal, Transition, Upper and Lower Sonoran life zones, each with its characteristic plant and animal life. Last night we camped among the pines; tonight our blankets are dispensed with, and we lie down amid the palms, cacti, and creosote bushes of the torrid desert.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

"He spent his health to get his wealth,
And then, with might and main,
He turned around and spent his wealth
To get his health again."

Mother's Lesson

NOW, mother," and Beth pulled a stool close to the rocker where Mrs. Martin sat gazing into the cheery open fire, "tell me all about your trip: where you went, whom you saw, and everything that happened."

The mother smiled down at the eager face, and said softly, "I was just thinking, dear, of the pleasure of coming home and finding my daughter waiting for me, while everything about the house shows that she has been busy preparing this welcome."

"Why, of course, I was waiting for you, mother, for you wrote that you would come this evening; and I wanted to show how glad I was to have you back again, because I do love you." Beth pressed her cheek against her mother's arm for a moment, then asked, "Did you enjoy your trip?"

"Yes," was the answer; "I enjoyed the trip, most of it, very much, but I am always glad to reach home again. Tonight, as I sit here before this bright fire you had ready for me, I cannot help thinking of the one unpleasant experience of my journey. I would not speak of it at all except that I want you to learn the lesson from it that I learned."

"I wrote to Cousin Lois that I would reach Lakeside late Tuesday afternoon, stay overnight with her, and leave on the nine-thirty train the next morning."

"She was sorry, I know, that you could stay only such a short time," commented Beth happily, "for she stays here with us a week or two nearly every summer."

"You may judge as to that later on," answered mother, with a queer little smile. "When I arrived at Lakeside, there was no one at the station to meet me, but after making inquiries, I took a street car and reached Lois's home safely. She seemed glad to see me, and we chatted cheerfully while I took off my things and smoothed my hair. Then she took me to her pretty breakfast-room, where she had a lunch ready for me. She apologized for not having their regular dinner, saying that her husband was away, and she knew I did not care to eat much at night anyway."

"Aren't you going to eat anything?' I asked; then, as she hesitated for an instant, I noticed that she was wearing a beautiful silk gown, and my intuition told me the rest. 'Are you invited out for the evening, Lois?' I asked, and in a rather shamefaced way she told me that a friend of hers was having a dinner and card party; she had thought I would be tired and wish to retire early anyway, so she could go over for a little while late in the evening."

Beth was sitting very erect now, and there was an angry sparkle in her eyes as she exclaimed, "Mother, did she actually insult you that way, when you hadn't been there for two years, and could stay only one night, and she goes to parties every week of her life?"

Mrs. Martin gave her daughter a humorous smile; then, patting her arm lovingly, continued, "Yes, she did just that, call it what you will. Of course I hastened to assure her, and truthfully too, that I was tired, and would be glad to have a good night's rest. I insisted on her leaving early enough to reach her friend's in good time for the dinner, and I spent the rest of the evening alone. At first I felt a little hurt."

"I should say so," interrupted Beth wrathfully.

"But after I had prayed and thought it all over," continued Mrs. Martin, "I saw the wonderful lesson there was in it for me, and again I proved the truth

of that favorite text of mine, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'

"I should like to hear what lesson you could get out of that experience, mother!" exclaimed Beth. "I cannot see anything in it but disgusting selfishness."

"Perhaps your lesson out of it is to be disgusted with selfishness," suggested mother, "and a splendid lesson it would be, too; but mine was something different. Now, as I explain you listen carefully, and see if you have ever acted in the way that Lois did."

"The Lord has given us every good thing we have, and one of these things is the Sabbath. In Mark 2:27 Jesus says that the Sabbath was made for man, and in the second chapter of Genesis we are told that God blessed and sanctified this seventh day. Anything sanctified is set apart for a sacred use, and anything relating to God is sacred; it is plain, then, that the Sabbath is set apart for God's use."

"From this we can see that if the Sabbath is the day God set aside for his use, and if it was also made for man, it must be the day he has appointed to meet with man—a weekly appointment to bring special blessing and strength to those who keep it."

"If we really love God and wish more of his blessing, how eagerly we will look forward to this weekly meeting! how carefully we will plan, so as to be all ready to meet him when he comes Friday evening, and to take as little time as possible for our own work during his visit."

"The night that Lois left me to go to her party I felt hurt that she did not love me enough to prefer visiting with me to going; but if she had stayed home from a sense of duty, while I knew that all the time she *wanted* to go to the party, I should have felt even worse than I did. I believe it is the same way with the Lord. It hurts him to see us not caring to meet with him on the day he has appointed for a visit; but I believe it hurts him even more to see us *pretend* we want to meet with him, while all the time he knows we should rather be doing something else."

"Yes," agreed Beth, thoughtfully, "it would be dreadful to feel that a person was entertaining you from a sense of duty, or because he felt he was under obligations to you. I never thought about the Sabbath in that way before, but I can see that the comparison is true. Why, mother, I can remember many times when I had something planned for Saturday night, and toward evening I just watched the clock to see when I could begin to get ready. Of course the Lord knew what I was thinking,—that I was really wishing he would hurry and go,—for it is his presence that makes the hours of the Sabbath holy. It seems dreadful when we think of it in that way, for if we love our guests, we always beg them to stay a little longer, instead of wishing to hurry them off."

"Yes, dear," mother spoke very seriously now. "It is a dreadful thing not to appreciate the Lord's weekly visit to us. And think how much more blessing we might get from it if we realized its possibilities more. But I had another lesson the day I left Lakeside that was very pleasant, yet just as effective in showing me the other side of this question."

"I had written my cousin Doris that I would reach Chester, her home town, about noon, and could visit with her four hours. When we pulled into the station at Chester, there were Doris and her husband waiting for me. They seemed so glad to see me that I immediately began to feel comforted for my experience of the night before."

"We walked the short distance to their home, and there, in a very few minutes, Doris served a delicious luncheon. When the meal was over, her husband went back to his office, but first he told me how sorry they were that my visit must be so short, and that they both hoped I could come again soon, and stay longer."

"Doris stacked her dishes neatly in the sink, covered them with a tea towel, and shook her head when I offered to help her wash them."

"'You will come right in here, lie down on the couch, and proceed to talk to me,' she commanded playfully. 'I can wash those dishes after you are gone; now I want to enjoy every minute of your stay.'"

"And I think she did, bless her heart. Anyway I know I enjoyed every minute of the time. As we walked down to the station and said good-by, I told her truthfully I should never forget my short but happy visit with her."

"Later, as I was being whirled along by the Limited, I wondered if the joy brought by Doris's way of welcoming me was not a faint reflection of the joy to our dear Lord if he finds us ready and waiting when he comes to meet us at the beginning of his day, the holy Sabbath. It is a dreadful thing not to appreciate the Lord's weekly visit to us, and not to be ready to greet him when he first comes, too."

"Mother dear, how do you ever think up such lessons out of disappointments?" inquired Beth softly.

"I don't think them up, child," answered mother gently. "I just pray for the Holy Spirit to dwell in my heart, and we have the promise that he will teach us all things."

ELIZABETH JUDSON ROBERTS.

For the Finding-Out Club

(Concluded from page six)

similar ones became sportively known as 'bluestocking clubs,' and before a great while the women who attended these meetings began to be called 'bluestockings.'

3. According to a French writer, the French Protestants were first called "Huguenots" by a monk, who said they would go out only at night, as did King Hugo, the great hobgoblin of France.

4. Saturn has ten moons.

5. The name "mosquito fleet" is applied to fleets of small light-draft vessels, particularly those used in combating submarines.

6. The extent of each nation's control over waters adjacent to its coast has been fixed at three miles from said coast. This is known as "three-mile limit." It was originally so fixed because three miles was the maximum range of guns.

7. Small holes can be drilled in glass by using a hard drill and keeping the point well wet with turpentine or a solution of one ounce camphor in one and one-half ounces spirits of turpentine and three drams ether. For large holes, bore in a piece of wood or metal a hole of the size desired in the glass, and fasten this by means of wax to the glass where the hole is to be made. See that the glass is well supported on an even plane surface, and insert in the guide a piece of thin copper or brass tubing of the required size. Water and emery should be fed into the open end of the tube while it is held against the work and twirled with the fingers or by other means.

PART II

San Marino.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

I MISSED the Counsel Corner last week. I hope you are not going to drop it, for it has been very helpful to us young people. Questions that I have had in mind have been answered, and the answers to those I had never thought of have been very instructive.

A READER.

We are very glad, indeed, to know that the Counsel Corner has been helpful to some of our young people. Sometimes it has been a question how much interest there is in it, as we hear very little about it. I saw a notice from a mercantile establishment which said, "If you don't like our goods, tell us; if you do, tell your neighbors." That is all right perhaps, but I think it is a good thing sometimes to tell an editor or a worker when you *do* like what he gives you. The public speaker who pleases, usually learns of it from a few thoughtful appreciative persons, but the writer often wonders how his product is received.

And remember, please, that it takes at least two to counsel. If you have religious, social, or other problems that perplex you, send in your questions, and we will answer if we can. If you wish advice about your Missionary Volunteer work, we will do our best to aid you.

But please remember to sign your name, always; not to be published, but in order that we may answer by letter if necessary. We do not answer anonymous communications in the Counsel Corner. **M. E. K.**

How can we tell when we reach our goal of reporting members?

W. A.

If as many members as your society goal calls for report during any quarter of the year, you are counted as reaching your goal. If the total of those reporting in the conference during any one quarter equals the goal set for the conference, then the conference has reached its goal.

Is there any such thing as a Missionary Volunteer who does not report missionary work? Who will answer? **M. E. K.**

Just for the Juniors

A Contract for the Season

THE afternoon was cold and crisp with a promise of snow in the air. Arthur started out after school with shoulders squared and lips firm. He looked at the big house on the corner, hesitated a moment, then walked around to the back door and knocked briskly.

"Well?" inquired the lady who answered his knock.

"Are you the lady of the house?" he asked politely, removing his cap.

"Yes, I am. What can I do for you?"

"I should like to know if you care to hire me to look after your walks this winter. I am canvassing the neighborhood to see if I can get several season

contracts for this kind of work. I have noticed the length of your walks, and will agree to keep them spick-and-span all winter at fifteen cents for each cleaning."

"That is a reasonable price," returned the lady, "but can I depend on you to come round when the work needs doing, without having to send for you? And will you do your snow shoveling early enough so that the walks will be cleaned before my husband goes to the office?"

"Indeed, I will visit your place regularly to see that every walk is kept in shipshape, and they shall be cleaned before your husband goes to work. I do not intend to secure more customers than I can properly serve. And what is more, if after a week you do not like my work, you may cancel the contract and not pay me a cent. If you are satisfied, however, I shall expect you to keep me for the whole season, for I have based my prices on the entire winter's work, and for that reason they are low."

"That sounds businesslike," said the lady smiling. "Come into the kitchen, my boy. I will see what my husband says. I am inclined to think you are just the lad we need this winter."

Arthur secured the contract, needless to say; and you can have similar success if you will go about it in the same way. Try it!

E. I.

What He Appreciated Most

IT was at the close of a Sabbath morning service in a Canadian town, and among others who came up to speak to the minister a feeble old man was noticed.

"This is the first time," he said, "that I have been out to church for several months. My rheumatism has been awful bad, and I have had to stay indoors all winter."

"It must have been rather lonesome for you," replied the preacher of the day.

"Yes, it certainly was," answered the patriarch, "and I am glad enough to be back in my pew today."

"I suppose, though, that many of your friends dropped in to see you during your sickness," ventured the parson.

"O yes, the people were real kind. My pastor visited me about once a week, and often read and prayed before leaving; but I want to tell you what I appreciated most of all. Every little while a beautiful bouquet of flowers came from the Junior society, and nearly always there was a card with a text of Scripture bearing a message of comfort."

"That was cheering, wasn't it?" said the preacher.

"Cheering! I should think it was," replied the old man. "It touched my heart to know that those busy young people thought about me. God bless them."

The hearts of the sick people are very susceptible to a little kindness, and often a gift of flowers has bound the recipient with hooks of steel to the society sending it.—*Selected.*

ELECTRICITY can run through very slender wires. And the energies of saving grace can enter the life through the medium of a very unfinished creed.—*Christian Herald.*

No man is a free man who has a vice for his master.—*Socrates.*

The Sabbath School

XIII — The Review

(December 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 19 to Joshua 4.

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

TIME: From the encampment of Israel before Mt. Sinai to the crossing of the Jordan, and the first encampment in Canaan.

PRINCIPAL PLACES: Mt. Sinai, the wilderness of Paran, Kadesh-barnea, the wilderness, Mt. Hor, Kadesh, Edom, Moab, Mt. Pisgah, the Promised Land.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS: Moses, Aaron, the children of Israel, the twelve spies, Korah, Balak, Balaam, Rahab, Joshua.

"All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial;
Feeds me with the living bread:
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see."

Questions

The Giving of the Law

Exodus 19, 20

What preparation were the people required to make to hear the law given on Mt. Sinai?

What precautions were taken for the safety of the people? Describe the appearance of the mount as the Lord came upon it.

Repeat the ten commandments.

The Golden Calf

Exodus 24, 32

Where was Moses called to commune with God?

How long was he in the mount?

What did he receive from God while there?

What took place in the camp while he was away?

How was this sin punished?

Building the Tabernacle

Exodus 25, 35, 36, 40

What did God ask the children of Israel to build? For what purpose?

How was the material received for it? Draw a diagram, showing the tabernacle, the rooms, the location of the furniture, the court, the brazen altar, the laver.

When the tabernacle was done, what rested upon it?

How did the cloud appear by night?

How were the Israelites guided in their journeyings?

On the Way to Canaan

Numbers 9-11

When the people had gone a three days' journey into the wilderness, of what did they complain?

How were their desires supplied?

What caused the great plague among the people?

The Twelve Spies

Numbers 13, 14

While the children of Israel camped at Kadesh-barnea, how many men were sent into Canaan as spies?

How thoroughly did they search the land?

What did they bring back with them?

What report did they all agree upon?

Upon what point did they differ?

What did Caleb and Joshua say?

Because of lack of faith, what was Israel obliged to do?

The Rebellion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram

Numbers 16, 17

What caused rebellion to break out in the camp?

What test was appointed for the next day?

How were Korah and his sympathizers destroyed?

The Sin of Moses

Numbers 20, Deuteronomy 3

What necessity failed when Israel after many years came again to the borders of Canaan?

What did the people do?

What command did the Lord give?

In what way did Moses sin?

What sentence was passed upon him because of this?

Where did the death of Aaron take place?

The Brazen Serpent

Numbers 21

As the people journeyed, what oft-repeated complaint did they make?

What was permitted to come among them?

How were some of them saved?

Whom did the serpent represent?

Balak and Balaam

Numbers 22-24

As the children of Israel came near Moab, for whom did the king send?

What did he wish Balaam to do? How was Balaam hindered in what he desired to do?

When he arrived in Moab, how many times did he attempt to curse Israel?

With what results?

The Death of Moses

Deuteronomy 31, 34; Joshua 1:1-9

How old was Moses at the end of the forty years' wandering?

Where were the children of Israel encamped?

What view was given to Moses?

What then came to pass?

What did the Lord do for Moses after his death?

Who was chosen as his successor?

Israel Crossing Jordan

Joshua 2-4

After the death of Moses, what command did Joshua receive? How was passage through the Jordan made possible?

What memorials of this event were set up?

Where did the Israelites first camp in the Promised Land?

Memory Test

By whom and under what circumstances were each of the following quotations spoken?

"Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

"Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword."

"What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?"

"I cannot go beyond the commandment of the Lord, to do either good or bad of mine own mind."

"Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them."

"Break off the golden earrings, . . . and bring them unto me."

"Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel."

"Shall the flocks and the herds be slain for them, to suffice them?"

"We were in our own sight as grasshoppers."

"Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy."

"Pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us."

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"Show kindness unto my father's house, and give me a true token."

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "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.

2. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul" Ps. 19:7.

3. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Ex. 20:3.

4. "I will dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Isa. 57:15.

5. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Ps. 37:3.

6. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Rom. 8:31.

7. "Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer." 1 Cor. 10:10.

8. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. 16:32.

9. "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Isa. 45:22.

10. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." James 1:8.

11. "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.

12. "Power belongeth unto God." Ps. 62:11.

The Anointed Eye

ONLY the anointed eye
Sees in common things
Gleam of wave and tint of sky,
Heavenly blossomings.
To the hearts where light has birth
Nothing can be drear;
Budding through the bloom of earth
Heaven is always near.

—Lucy Larcom.

Victory for the Right

ON November 5, eight States had popular elections on the prohibition issue. The drys, we are assured, captured all of the eight for ratification of the Amendment to the Constitution, and five for prohibition. The latter are Ohio, Florida, Wyoming, Nevada, and Utah. Utah was already dry by statute, but the State amendment was ratified by popular vote.

And on November 21, President Wilson signed the bill, which had been passed by both houses of Congress, giving us national prohibition during the period of demobilization.

What Brought Success

MISS MILDRED KADOW, a normal graduate, and a teacher of experience, cites ten things that have helped to make her work a success. They are:

Eight hours of rest at night.
Optimistic viewpoint.
Steady enthusiasm.
Art of enjoying things.
Development of a sense of humor.
Willingness to do things not obliged to do.
Good food.
Plenty of fresh air and exercise.
Clean, wholesome recreation.
Quiet persistence.

"With these things in mind," she says, "I wake up every morning looking forward to the new day—wondering what it will bring. It never fails to bring something worth while. Every day is a new life—each life more wonderful than the last. I live and joy that I live; I live and joy in my health, my growth, my teaching. So will I live until the end!"

How Queen Christina Did It

THE former kaiser of Germany was a great stickler for doing things in the "proper" way, which was often spectacular and ostentatious, but his abdication last month was not made after this order. It was marked by the absence of show and ceremony. There was nothing impressive about it, so we are told.

It was not so with Queen Christina of Sweden. When she abdicated in 1654, "she summoned the national diet to meet her at Upsala, the ancient capital of the kingdom. She wore a plain, white silk gown, but it was covered with the full insignia and robes of sovereignty. Her cousin and successor, Charles Gustavus, stood beside her silver throne, clothed in black. With a clear masculine voice, one of her characteristics, she read her act of abdication, and summoned the great officers of state to take from her, one by one, the emblems of royalty, with much the same state as that which had attended her investment therewith.

"Royal Mantle Torn to Pieces"

"Her father's historic sword, the orb, and the scepter were taken from her, one by one, by the dignitaries of the realm, and placed on a table at her left hand.

But when the old Chancellor Brahe, who had known her from a baby, was ordered by her to remove the crown from her head, he flatly refused and burst into tears. Christina herself lifted the blazing mass of jewels from her head and placed it in his hands with some low-spoken words, which only made his tears flow faster. The royal mantle was next unclasped, and this was torn then and there in pieces by her ladies and her maids of honor, to be preserved as relics of their beloved queen.

"Then, standing in the plain, utterly unadorned white silk dress, Christina stood on the steps of the throne, and made her farewell address, thanking the men who had preserved the kingdom during her minority, and the people who had been so faithful to the daughter of the great King Gustavus Adolphus. Finally, turning to her cousin, Prince Charles, she declared him her successor, handed him to the throne, and was the first to kneel before him to offer him the homage due him as sovereign."

Refreshments Under Ban

THE Washington *Post* recently contained a note opposing the serving of refreshments at times when they do not serve as a part of a regular meal. In giving this suggestion the *Post* merely passed on the ruling of the Food Administration.

Because of the need of millions of starving people in Europe, which our country must supply, we must conserve food as we did before the war closed. The *Post* says:

"Since the conservation of sugar and all cereals is of vital importance, the Food Administration is asking that afternoon teas be discontinued until food conditions are less serious. The consumption of sandwiches, cakes, and sugar which usually accompany afternoon tea is an unnecessary waste of foodstuffs.

"While the Food Administration recognizes the value of social gatherings where refreshments are served, it believes that the hours of these functions can and should be so regulated that they take the place of one of the three regular meals.

"In France and England no meals are served after half past nine o'clock at night, and in both countries public eating places are closed for a definite period during the afternoon. The Food Administration now asks the United States to fall into line and cut out theater suppers, afternoon teas, and all 'fourth' meals, and make the banquet, club luncheon, or church supper a simple substitute for one of the three daily meals."

A PRIMARY teacher was considering with her class the difference between natural and man-made wonders. Finally she asked: "What do you think is the most wonderful thing man ever made?" A small boy whose household was evidently harassed by the high cost of living, made answer: "A living for a family."

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