

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

January 7, 1919

No. 1



WINTER IN NEW ZEALAND



From Here and There

Yale University has opened its doors to women who wish to study law.

The railroad administration has announced the lifting of all embargoes on freight.

Britain gives her war loss as 2,719,752 men killed and wounded. The actual number killed is given as 658,665.

Government control and operation of all ocean cable lines American owned, was recently ordered by President Wilson.

The custodian of Alien Enemy Property, Palmer, has sold the Bayer Aniline Works, and another German-owned concern in Rhode Island, for \$1,034,000.

There are no children under seven in Poland today. The newly born children die almost immediately. Typhus, tuberculosis, and dysentery are doing their awful work.

The extension of the aircraft mail service to Alaska is looked for in the near future. Bids have been called for by the Postal Department for the delivery of mail by airplane from Valdez to Fairbanks, Alaska.

Representative Carter Glass of Virginia, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, has been appointed by President Wilson to succeed William G. McAdoo as Secretary of the Treasury. Knowledge opens the door of opportunity. It is the superior knowledge of Mr. Glass on currency and banking questions that commended him to the responsible position.

A correspondent of the Associated Press in Vienna says he was visited by a representative of a political group of Austrians who wished to know whether it were possible to annex Austria to the United States. The food conditions, crime, political unrest, and instability of the country are such as to demand immediate help from some reliable source, if the country would save itself from anarchy and dissolution.

Few people know that the famous German dachshund, the short-legged little animal dear to the hearts of the comic artists, has a pedigree which carries back to Egypt nearly 4,000 years ago. In those days he was the pet of the Pharaoh, and the breed never has become extinct. Although they are now almost entirely German bred, it is said that dachshunds were originally introduced into Germany by refugees from the French Revolution.

Red tape in the army is usually exasperating, but sometimes only amusing. The Judge-Advocate-General has recently ruled that officers who travel by Government aeroplane may draw expenses at the rate of four cents a mile, which is the rate allowed for travel by "prairie schooner," dog sled in Alaska, and buffalo cart in the Philippines. The allowance for travel by railway train is seven cents, and the most modern of all forms of transportation is classed with the most antiquated solely because "the service" recognizes only two methods of travel—"by train" and "otherwise." The aeroplane is "otherwise," of course, and so draws only the four-cent rate.

A patriotic Britisher has given \$100,000 to endow the "Marshal Foch professorship of French literature" at Oxford University. The endowment places the study of French on the same footing as the study of Latin and Greek in the famous university.

"Nigger" is awaiting its place on the antinick-name list of the Boy Scouts. They are urged by the Department of Education to discourage the use of this nomaker of derision, and others such as "Dutch," "Froggy," "Greaser," etc.

President Ador of Switzerland

SWITZERLAND'S newly elected president, Gustav Ador, is a native of Geneva, and is probably the best known of his countrymen in foreign lands in connection with his presidency, for many years, of the International Red Cross Society. It was in that capacity that he on several occasions visited the United States. He is a much-traveled man, with numerous acquaintances and warm friends among the members of the government in England, in France, in Italy, and in Spain.

During the first two years of the war Ador devoted himself to the work of transmitting parcels and letters to prisoners of war from their relatives at home, organizing an immense bureau at Geneva for the purpose, and helped in many other ways to diminish the sufferings and horrors of the conflict.

President Ador is a thorough man of the world, gray-bearded and distinguished looking, and will hold office for the next twelve months, which will be a source of satisfaction to the powers of the Entente, for whose cause he has never made any attempt to conceal his pronounced sympathies. Switzerland could not have a president more sympathetic to the Allied powers assembled at the peace congress at Versailles than Gustav Ador.

Fortunately he is a man of means, for the salary of the chief magistrate of Switzerland is a mere trifle, amounting to \$4,000 a year, without any official residence or allowances beyond the use of a carriage and pair for official visits and state functions. Formerly the salary attached to the post was but \$3,000 a year, and when it was raised to \$4,000 there was a great deal of opposition throughout Switzerland to such extravagance in the higher circles of the government. — *Washington Post*.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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LXVII JANUARY 7, 1919 No. 1

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription - - - - - \$1.75
Six months - - - - - 1.00

Club Rates

	Each
In clubs of five or more copies, one year	\$1.25
Six months	.75
Three months	.40

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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

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No. 1

OUR DEFENDER

B. F. M. SOURS

ACROSS the deep blue sea
Glad news has come.
Peace spreads her healing wings
O'er field and home.

It was not of our might
Or battle power
That right is glory-shod
This happy hour.

Father in heaven, thee
Our hearts adore:
Thine is all power, all praise
From shore to shore.

Thy hand has fenced our might,
And won the field;
Thy King upon the throne
Is "Sun and Shield."

Our strong Defender thou;
Now unto thee
We give our happy hearts —
For victory.

Peking: Religions and Temples

R. F. COTTRELL

DURING the reign of Ping Di, "Emperor of Peace," in China, our Lord Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea,—a remarkable coincidence. Sixty-nine years later, according to an ancient record, tidings came from Western Asia of the rise and spread of a new and wonderful religion. Thereupon Ming Ti, "Emperor Brilliant," dispatched an embassy to the west to investigate and bring back to China a definite report. That commission, however, instead of following directions and going to the lands where Christianity was being proclaimed, turned southward into India.

While there the members of this deputation learned of Buddhism, and on their return brought the sacred books and some Indian priests. The faith thus introduced spread rapidly, and became the most popular belief of the Chinese; and down to the present, as Dr. Morrison has said, "Buddhism in China is decry'd by the learned, laughed at by the profligate, yet followed by all."

More than a thousand years previous to this, in the days of Samuel or earlier, ancestral worship had become very common in China; and as contemporaries with the prophet Daniel, the sages Lao Tzu and Confucius became the founders of Taoism and Confucianism, respectively. In a word, the principal religions of China, and therefore of Peking, may be characterized as follows:

Confucianism, which in reality is the state religion, sets forth the system of ethics and philosophy held by the educated classes who have from early youth been taught the high ideals of the "Princely Man" (Confucius).

Taoism is a form of demon worship, consisting of incantations and sorcery, that appeals to the mystic and superstitious.

Buddhism lays hold upon the common life of man, offers relief in times of sorrow and distress, "escape from a future hell at a cheap rate," and provides for a round of prayers, study, and work, ending in *Nirvana* (freedom from worldly evils and absorption into the divine).

But the real religion that grips the Chinese more than any other, that in which they trust and to which they look for consolation and reward, is their worship of deceased ancestors. Herein the

"Heart of the Nation Reposes."

These sects, or beliefs, do not, as might be supposed, interfere with each other. Outside the priesthood, there is nothing in China corresponding to church

membership, and the average Chinese is unable to tell you to which sect he belongs. He may worship at a Buddhist shrine or temple, join in a Taoist festival, while at the same time he accepts all the teachings of Confucius and worships him on state occasions. Afterward, he goes to his home and propitiates the spirits of his ancestors with becoming ceremony, even as he would obey his parents. This latter is not regarded as a separate religion; it is simply a duty in keeping with filial piety.

Mohammedanism Established in China

Moslem missionaries found their way into China probably in the ninth century A. D., and later Turkish, Arab, and Persian soldiers—all followers of Mohammed—were invited to take part with the Chinese in their wars against the Tibetans. These disbanded soldiers eventually settled in the northern and western provinces of China, intermarried with the people, and otherwise gained converts, until at the present time the worshipers in China of the Arabian prophet number nearly twenty million. Of these one hundred fifty thousand are said to reside in Peking, and they support altogether about forty mosques, great and small.

The Temples of Peking

are the most numerous and magnificent to be found anywhere within the confines of China. Of first importance are the Altar and Temple of Heaven, which are generally regarded by scholars as monuments to a pure and simple monotheistic faith, that was held by the primitive ancestors of China. The Temple of Heaven is a most beautiful and pretentious building, the epitome of the best in Chinese architecture, and is surrounded by an extensive walled park nearly a mile square.

In the first month of each new year, after a night of abstinence, vigils, and meditation, the emperor resorted to this temple at the hour of 3 A. M. Here, on behalf of the Chinese people, his children, he offered up his annual prayers to the one great father and ruler of all the countless gods, demons, and human beings for a happy and prosperous year. Accompanying this was music, ceremonial dancing, the sacrifice of animals, and other offerings. At the time of the winter solstice (December 21) the emperor conducted a similar yet more elaborate service at the Altar of Heaven, to give an account of his dealings during the past year, to atone for shortcomings, to assume responsibility for the misdeeds of his subjects, and to

implore heaven's forgiveness. This shrine was first erected in 1420 A. D. by Emperor Yung-lo ("Eternal Happiness"), and has undergone considerable repairs from time to time.

As a complement to the Temple of Heaven, beyond the wall on the opposite side of the city (north) is the Temple of Earth; while on the east of the city is the Temple of the Sun, and on the west, the Temple of the Moon, at each of which annual services were formerly held.

The Temple of Confucius, dedicated to the memory of "The Master and Model of Ten Thousand Generations," consists of a large group of buildings in a quiet park of cypress trees. The temple is free from idols, and is visited by few except students and officials who come twice a year to participate in the memorial services. Under a covered inside gateway are ten black stones, in size and shape resembling small barrels, that for centuries have been of profound interest to archeologists. Upon these are inscriptions thought to have been chiseled some twenty-five hundred years ago, and are regarded by scholars as being the oldest relics of the Chinese written language extant.

Of the temples in Peking, by far the most numerous are those belonging to the various sects of Buddhists. In one of these, the Lama

Temple, a living Buddha resides, and associated with him are some fifteen hundred priests, about one half of whom live in the temple precincts. In one building stands a huge Buddha, sixty feet in height, and said to have been carved from a single tree, while in the entire temple group the images of Buddha, large and small, probably exceed ten thousand. Several sets of the Buddhist bibles, or classics, are on exhibition, each set containing many large volumes and weighing from one to three tons. No wonder that the adherents of this faith look with contempt upon a religion whose sacred writings may all be embraced in one small portable volume like the Christian Bible, and whose followers worship an invisible God.

Here the candles always burn before the altar, and similar to the ritual of the Catholic Church, such a profuse ceremonial of prayers, confessions, and masses are sent forth mingled with incense, that a Roman priest, beholding the officiating Buddhist, declared that the devil had stolen the "livery of heaven."

Among other noted Buddhist temples in Peking may be mentioned the Yellow Temple, Ten Thousand Buddha Temple, the Five Pagoda Temple, the Heavenly Bright Temple (with its image of Buddha said to date from the fourth century A. D.), the Sleeping Buddha Temple, the Green Jade Cloud Temple, and the Great Bell Temple, with its bell five hundred years old, seventeen feet in height, and weighing some fifty thousand pounds.

The largest and richest Taoist sanctuary in Peking is known as the White Cloud Temple, erected about eight centuries ago, while a little later, on the opposite side of the city, the Temple of the Universe was constructed. In this Taoist shrine are said to be the spirits which carefully record the deeds of all, and store them up against the day of judgment,—the deities who govern childbirth, those who cure sore eyes, the spirit who confers husbands upon lonely young ladies, and Yueh Chia Lao Erh (the "Old Man in the Moon"), the Chinese Cupid who ties together with in-

visible red threads the feet of those predestined to be husband and wife.

Among other attractions, this temple has sixty-eight groups of statuary portraying the tortures to which the wicked are subjected in the Taoist hades. Aside from those mentioned, there are great and small, hundreds of temples, shrines, and pagodas in Peking and vicinity.

Roman Catholic Missions

The first Roman Catholic mission in Cathay was established in Peking by John Corvino in 1292 A. D., during the reign of Kublai Khan. His work met with marked success. Thousands were baptized, and the emperor, according to letters still preserved in the



The famous Jade Pagoda, erected about two hundred years ago just above the magnificent spring of pure water that forms a large brooklet feeding the lakes and canals of the Summer Palace grounds.

French archives, actually requested the Pope to send one hundred missionaries to China "to prove by force of argument to idolaters and all other kinds of folk that the law of Christ was best, and that all other religions were false and naught; and that if they would prove this, he and all under him would become Christians."

The great schism in Christendom, however, prevented the church from availing itself of this opportunity; and after long waiting, Corvino wrote a pathetic letter from which we take the following:

"It is now twelve years since I have heard any news from the West. I am become old and gray-headed, but it is rather through labors and tribulations than through age, for I am only fifty-eight years old. I have learned the Tartar language and literature, into which I have translated the whole New Testament and the Psalms of David, and have caused them to be transcribed with the utmost care. I write and read and preach openly and freely the testimony of the law of Christ."

The next period of Roman Catholic missions began in 1580, when Father Ricci and others landed in Macao. Just twenty-one years later he succeeded in reaching Peking, and by his pleasing manners and extensive acquirements, gained great favor with the court. A successor, Father Verbiest, who gained great repute in Peking because of his mathematical talents, was made chief astronomer to the emperor, and placed in charge of the old astronomical observatory that had been established on the Tartar Wall by Kublai Khan. For this he had many bronze instruments cast, and others brought out from Europe. In his reform of the Chinese calendar, Verbiest is said to have caused no small chagrin to native astronomers by his remark, "It is not within my power to make the heavens agree with your diagrams."

The Catholics availed themselves to the utmost of every opportunity to gain government favor in the extension of their mission propaganda. They have been the recipients both of large imperial gifts and privileges, and also at times of bitter persecution. Of the methods used there is little to commend; but of their self-sacrificing zeal there is much to emulate. At the present time they have several large cathedrals and churches in Peking, with a membership of several thousand. The Greek Catholic Church has also been established here for more than two hundred years, but has never been aggressive in disseminating its doctrines or receiving converts.

Protestant Missions Maintained

For more than half a century following the landing of Dr. Robert Morrison in Canton (1807), the activities of Protestant missionaries were of necessity largely confined to a few coast cities and districts, and the apparent results were very meager. But with the

conclusion of the war that Great Britain and France waged against China (1860), treaty rights were secured for foreigners to travel and reside throughout the interior, thus opening the way for a missionary advance.

The following year, the first Protestant missionary to the nation's capital, Dr. Lockhart of the London Missionary Society, took up his residence within the walls of Peking. A few months later came the Church Missionary Society (English Episcopal), and then followed the American Presbyterian Mission, the American Board Mission, and the Methodist Episcopal Mission of the United States of America in the order named. The efforts put forth by these societies have borne fruit to the extent of not less than five thousand native Christians. From the first, medical and edu-



TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, AT PEKING, CHINA

cational missionary endeavor has received great emphasis; and now comes the John D. Rockefeller Union Medical School and Hospital which is to eclipse all previous efforts of this nature in China.

Until the early summer of the year 1918, Seventh-day Adventists had no permanently established work in Peking; but at present the third angel's message is here represented by two families, one native and one foreign; and from Sabbath to Sabbath an intelligent little company of about thirty meet for Sabbath school and service at the residence of the workers in the eastern district of the city, just within the Tartar Wall.

As the lateness of the hour and the urgency of the task roll their burden upon us, we cry out to the Lord of the harvest to hasten several families of workers to this great center to join with us in mighty soul-saving efforts in these waiting fields of north China. Our eyes are upon the Imperial City in the heart of the capital, which, although opened to missionary effort seven years ago, is as yet unoccupied by any Protestant society.

May God by his Spirit lay hold upon the hearts of sturdy young men and consecrated young women, to volunteer for Christ and this blood-bought people; may he constrain those with means to furnish the sinews of war; and may his Spirit indite the many petitions wafted heavenward in behalf of the work now being established in Sinim's capital.

The Garden of Hope

EVERY one has a garden, a secret garden, one that is his very own. You have one, I have one. You did not plant it but you walk in it every day, and sometimes wander into it in the midst of dreams. The rarest flowers you have ever seen grow there; their fragrance and beauty will haunt you long after they have faded from your sight. Your choicest memories linger there, and the path of all your future is strewn with roses that grow in the wonderful Garden of Hope.

It is a secluded garden, too sacred for others to intrude. Only when lives are uncommonly knit together may they enter its secret places in fellowship. Then with the Angel of Love to lead the way, they may drink in its delights and rise to heights of bliss and holy enjoyment as sublime and pure as heaven itself affords.

It is right that each one shall be jealous of his garden; seclusion keeps it undefiled. When life is young, he goes there and dreams, and the embryo of future greatness takes root and lives within him. When he is old, and the house lights burn dim, he totters to his garden, and there his youth is renewed like the eagle's. His eyes are unfiled, and he sees beyond the garden, across the shadows where the lights are always clear. When the world is cruel, when men's hands are set with iron and their words like darts of flame, he enters his Garden of Hope, and amid its cooling shade and tender influences forgets the sorrows of yesterdays. When wished-for things refuse to come, and has-beens wave a distant farewell, he goes into his garden, and lo, he finds them both, repentant, awaiting him there.

I saw two lovers stand before the altar of God. I saw them united, woman and man, forever and aye. A subtle fragrance as of some remote Eden pervaded the air. I asked the bride what wonderful flowers were these she clasped and wore. She answered, "I plucked them yesterday from the Garden of Hope." Then they went their way. Later I saw them kneeling by a crib where a tiny form lay swathed in flannels and fine linen. Hand clasped in hand, they smiled into each other's eyes and rejoiced over what they had found in the Garden of Hope.

I saw two friends separate on the broad ways of earth. One walked alone, the other with God. They met again in the Garden of Hope, and God was with them both.

A soul lay dying in the shadows — the sunlight of heaven seemed far away. No smile, no comfort, no gleam of light — till an angel opened the window! Then that soul was lightened — his face grew radiant — he smiled — he died. He had seen through the open window into the Garden of Hope.

The smiles men wear are born in this garden. Every noble deed, every worthy ambition, every high aspiration, had its origin there. Every sweet song, every inspired story, every work of art, every heroism, every virtuous life, every praiseful death was conceived there.

In the garden dwells no destroyer. There is no death, consequently no graves. There are no defectives — every life grows true. Every plant will bud, every bud become a blossom in due time. There are no thorns, no stinging insects, no hidden vipers. No will-o'-the-wisps lure away; every path that is followed leads but to better things. There are no lost places. Every light in the garden is a sunbeam, and every sunbeam is a smile of God.

You have read of the "prisoners of hope"? With unseen wings they fly 'tween the garden and Paradise gates. Some day heaven will open, and they will be admitted. There swift-winged cherubim will lead the way to the Garden of Praise. The same flowers bloom there that bloomed in the Garden of Hope, but brighter; the same perfume breathes there, but more refined; the same glories abide, but more excellent. Here in the light of the "Everlasting Father" hope and praise meet and merge into one, and the morning stars sing again.

E. F. COLLIER.

Form the Habit

I AM willing to admit that forming the habit of praying and reading the Bible every morning before engaging in other duties is something of a task — at first. After it is formed, the habit is like every other habit, it can be performed without effort; and in this particular case it becomes a source of real pleasure and lasting profit.

To form this habit requires more than half-hearted effort. And that holds good in obtaining every other worth-while thing in life. Some young people in Bible study remind me of nothing so much as a boy going to have a tooth pulled. There is no doubt that his mind is on the business in hand, very much on it, — searching his soul for some way to get out of it; but it would be too much to say that his heart is in it. He just drifts along without incentive or aim, other than avoiding an unpleasant duty.

Mark down the times when for days, perhaps for weeks, it may be even for months, you took no pleasure in God's Word — not even a chapter read, or perhaps read in such a way as to displease God. There is a way of reading so that the reader cannot tell what has been read. And so, having given so little attention to what the book says or to the chapter read, he finds it necessary to put in a string or turn down a leaf, demonstrating that he did not lay to heart what he read or make it a subject of reflection.

As in everything else, so in this, be thorough, be sympathetic, be methodical. You will be helped greatly in this if you will faithfully keep the Morning Watch. And if you will keep it long enough, you will discover some day that you have formed a habit which will yield you greater returns than any other investment you can make, — a habit which will put solid timber into the structure of your character.

Again, be in earnest about this. Whether large or small, possessing one talent or ten, wearing overalls or broadcloth, earnestness does something always, and gets to the place for which it starts. It nails its flag to the mast, and then goes around to the other side and clinches the nails. You will not find any men with string backbones occupying prominent seats in the hall of fame. If you have determined to form the habit of keeping the Morning Watch, then keep at it until it is formed. You can no more keep back the man who is in earnest than you can keep back the days of the week.

When you rise in the morning, talk to God in prayer. Let him know you are grateful for the angel guard he has stationed about your bed through the hours of darkness. Commune with him about the needs of your soul. Tell him of the duties of the day, and ask for his strength for their proper performance. And then let God talk to you through his Word, and give you instruction regarding life's duties. Take

time for reflection upon these things. In meditation let the voice of the Spirit reach you. He may have a special word for you, which you will miss if you hurry through your devotions. Therefore do not hurry.

CARLYLE B. HAYNES.

The Country Boy's Opportunities

IN the country, boys dream of the city and its great opportunities. They see, in their minds, enormous stores, vast libraries and reading-rooms, great opportunities for self-improvement, excellent day schools and evening schools, Young Men's Christian Association, evening universities, and other institutions where seekers after knowledge may satisfy their longings. In other words, to the country boy the great city is a sea of opportunities.

On the other hand, the city-bred boy, who has breathed this air of opportunity from childhood, who has passed libraries and reading-rooms so many times that their familiarity and commonness have taken the edge off his mental appetite for their contents, longs for the free air and wider space of the country.

If a country boy is made of the right stuff, instead of dreaming of great opportunity in the city, and longing for access to better libraries and larger schools, he will try to redeem himself from the meagerness and narrowing influences of his surroundings. Every book will be to him a precious luxury, an opportunity to open a little wider the door of his narrow life. If he is determined to get on in the world, the things which seem to hold him back will be converted into stepping-stones to higher levels. Like Lincoln, Garfield, Grant, Greeley, Burritt, and the long list of our country's great men who had to struggle against far greater odds, without the advantages of the country boy of today, he will prove himself greater than his limitations.—*Selected.*

Anarchy in Prussia

THE internal situation of Prussia is becoming more confused every hour. At present there seem to be two sources of authority in Berlin—one the so-called Ebert government, the other the soldiers and workmen's council. Opposed to these is the Spartacus group, led by Dr. Karl Liebknecht, which is undoubtedly bolshevist in its tendency. But the Ebert government is not even homogeneous. It has its extreme wing under Herr Haase, the so-called minister of foreign affairs, whose office, for the time being at least, is a sinecure. He is practically the watchdog of the radical element in the Ebert government. His sympathies are assuredly more with Liebknecht than with Scheidemann.

But behind the welter of opposing views stands the menace of the "black reaction," the junkers and military clique, who have hitherto governed Prussia. The government of that kingdom is a highly centralized one. At the head of each province is a *regierungspraesident*. Under these, at the head of the various districts of each province are the *landraths*, who have as their subordinates an army of "assessors" and "referendos." This highly efficient administrative machine is largely recruited from the "junkers" class, in its higher branches entirely so. It is more than doubtful if the Ebert government possesses any influence over it. The minister of the interior may

"push the button" as much as he likes, but it is problematical if the machine will obey.

The hopes of both parties seem to be centered in the regiments of the corps of Prussian guards which are at present marching on Berlin from Belgium. The junkers undoubtedly hope that the discipline drilled into them will keep them *kaiser treu*, and that they will join the forces of reaction. Herr Ebert, on the other hand, hopes that their discipline will merely render them conservative socialists opposed to bolshevism. If the worst comes to the worst, the junkers hope to produce a situation so anarchical that it will force the Allies to intervene and lead to the military occupation of all Germany. The patriotism of the average Pomeranian or east Prussian junker would prefer to see Marshal Foch master of Germany than to see the hated socialist supreme.—*The Washington Post.*

What Our Young Men Need

A PRE-EMINENTLY successful business man whose judgment, at least, has never been assailed, on being asked what was the great deficiency of our young men, answered: "*Their tendency to rely upon others.*" And, asked further what was required to correct this tendency, he answered, "*Difficulties.*"

It is probably unquestionable that most of even our intelligent, educated young men are showing a lamentable disposition to live by the aid of others, in the sense that they seek almost intuitively little business nooks or niches, already prepared, in which to be sheltered, rather than enter the world's broad field of contest, there to wrest from the common stock their rightful share of the good things. In other words, they dread difficulties. They avoid responsibility. Their softened fiber is unequal to the strain.

Difficulties, obstacles, hard conditions, or resistance—call them which you will—met in the early or formative period of our lives are agencies to fit us for the great struggles of our later active careers. Our young men, or many of them, unconscious of this great fact, seem always anxious to avoid difficulties. Nor is this because they are by early nature less fitted to meet them than their forefathers were, but rather because of the mistaken care and excessive tenderness and acquiescent dispositions of their parents. In other words, having from infancy been imbued with a disposition to escape or evade trouble, their later mental attitudes are become fixed by this early habit. So they remain evermore at the foot of the ladder of achievement—educated cowards, though not themselves blamable for their cowardice.

What our young men need most is independence of character, or, putting it the other way, the disposition to walk erect and alone without leaning on others. And to secure this disposition they must become accustomed to face, fight, and conquer trouble.—*Washington Times.*

EVERYBODY should faithfully and systematically use the Morning Watch Calendar, because by its use in this way, a more stable character is developed. Young people, through its use, will grow into that most enviable custom of regularity and faithfulness, and in time, be strong as a result of the daily assimilation of the Word of Life.

Nature and Science

The Chinook Winds

THE chinook winds which blow over Alberta and the western part of Saskatchewan, help greatly to mitigate the severity of the long winters. The name "chinook" is taken from the Chinook Indians who inhabited sections of southwestern Alberta, where these winds are the most marked.

The Rocky Mountain Highland, which in the United States is very wide, narrows down to practically a single system in Canada. In the United States there are the Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges, then comes a wide expanse known as the Great Basin. East of this run the Rocky Mountains. When these mountains cross the State of Montana, they run in a more westerly direction, and although in British Columbia they are not next to the coast, yet there is no great basin to the west of them. The coast ranges are so cut by deep valleys that the winds coming from the Pacific are carried inland, and drop their moisture all the way up the valleys and on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Then, of course, when they descend on the eastern side, they are dry, and eagerly absorb all the moisture in their way.

As the winds rise on the western side of the mountains, not only are they cooled and robbed of their moisture, but in the high altitudes where the atmospheric pressure is much reduced, they expand. This expansion assists in the cooling, of course, and also causes the winds to rise up where the air is naturally colder. It is a well-known fact that when the air in an inflated tire is released, it feels cool as it comes out. Any gas tends to expand when the pressure on it is released, but it is a law of nature that nothing can expand without absorbing heat. Now as long as the gas will expand anyway, when it does so it absorbs heat from all the surrounding objects, and we say it feels cold. So these winds, in addition to being cooled by the cold air of high altitudes, are so rapidly expanding that they cannot get enough heat from the surrounding country to keep them at their original temperature, and they become cooler, and absorb heat from everything they touch.

But when they reach the tops of the mountains, and begin to flow over onto the other side, the process is reversed, giving rise to the chinook winds. As these winds come rushing through the passes, and flow down upon the plains of Alberta, the compression caused by their being forced down into the heavier air of lower altitudes, causes them to give off the heat they absorbed while expanding. Thus as they rush out over the province of Alberta and on into Saskatchewan, they are continually being more and more compressed as the altitude becomes less, and they rapidly give off the heat of compression. A common illustration of this is seen in the bicycle pump. If one pumps rapidly, the pump becomes hot, not from friction, but from the compression of the air.

These chinook winds have a very drying effect. Having lost their moisture before crossing the mountains, they are dry, and quickly pick up any water which is in their way. Sometimes in the spring they melt the snow at the rate of one to three feet a day, and not a drop of water is left. At other times they come along in the summer days, and in a few hours will kill crops with their heat.

But they are most noticeable in the early winter and in the spring. Many times the November and

December weather is kept very mild by their influence. Sometimes a January or February thaw comes from their sudden appearance. I remember one time when the thermometer rose from 32° below zero to 32° above in one night. These illustrations are from Saskatchewan, but in Alberta the chinook winds have even greater influence. They enable the ranchers living close to the mountains to pasture their stock all winter. The chinook keeps the snow from getting too deep for the cattle to reach the prairie grass.

The chinook makes the weather much different from the weather in an anticyclonic area. Both are clear, with beautiful sunny skies, but the air in the anticyclonic is settling because it is cold, while that in the chinook is warm because it is forced down by the pressure of the air back of it. Being forced thus, it blows in strong gusts, and one learns to recognize it as soon as it starts. It is very welcome during the cold part of the year, for without it the climate of this great Northwest would be much more severe. It is its influence that makes the Peace River district in northern Alberta as warm and productive as the rest of the prairie in districts farther south and not so much under its sweep.

H. W. CLARK.

Battleford Academy.

Properly Clad

God made the polar bear a coat
All white just like the snow,
So he could go about and be
Quite hidden from his foe.

The tiger didn't get his stripes
By chance, I'll tell you true;
He's made that way so he can hide
In thickets of bamboo.

The lion has a brownish coat;
Right wisely, too, 'tis planned.
He needs but crouch quite still to seem
Part of the desert sand.

The parrot lives in tropic lands,
Where trees are always green;
And that is why his feathers are
Of such a verdant sheen.

Yet for the owl such feathers fine,
'Tis plain, would never do;
Since he must always work at night,
His coat is plain of hue.

Although the little green tree frog
Is very small and meek,
He's dressed to play with any one
The game of hide and seek.

Now surely God was wise and good
To take such special care
That all these living creatures should
Have just what's best to wear.

— Alice Crowell Hoffman, in *St. Nicholas*.

The War Tank

WHENCE came the monster, who first conceived the idea, and what gave birth to it? These questions must have come to the minds of all observers of the part this bulky war elephant played on the battlefields of Europe.

The managing editor of the *Scientific American*, in a recent article in *St. Nicholas*, tells the interesting story of the birth of the British "tank." He says:

The Idea Conceived

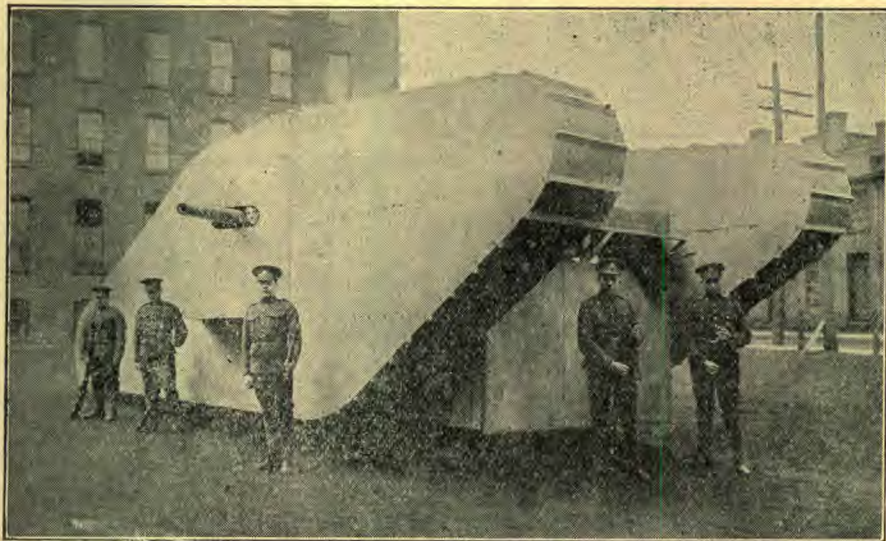
"Years ago it occurred to one ingenious man that if wheeled machines must have tracks or roads for their wheels to run on, why not let them lay their own

tracks, and so he arranged his track in the form of an endless chain of plates that ran around the wheels of his machine. The wheels merely rolled on this chain, and, as they progressed, new links of the track were laid down before them and the links they had passed over were picked up behind them. A number of inventors worked on this idea, but one man in particular, Benjamin Holt, of Peoria, Illinois, brought the invention to a high state of perfection. He arranged a series of wheels along the chain track, each carrying a share of the load of the machine, and each mounted on springs so that it would yield to any unevenness of the ground, just as a caterpillar conforms itself to the hills and dales of the surface it creeps over. In fact, the machine was called a 'cater-

permit of a charge. Before an enemy position was stormed, it was subjected to the fire of thousands of guns of all calibers for hours and even days.

"But this resulted in notifying the enemy that a charge was ere long to be attempted at that place, and he could assemble his reserves for a counterattack. Furthermore, the Germans learned to conceal their machine guns in dugouts twenty or thirty feet under ground, where they were safe from the fire of the big guns, and then, when the fire let up, the weapons would be dragged up to the surface in time to mow down the approaching infantry.

"It was very clear that something would have to be done to combat the machine gun. If the necessary armor was too heavy for the men to carry, it must carry itself. Armored automobiles were of no service at all, because they could not possibly travel over the shell-pitted ground of No Man's Land. The Russians tried a big steel shield mounted on wheels, which a squad of soldiers would push ahead of them, but this plan failed because the wheels would get stuck in shell holes. A one-man shield on wheels was tried by the British. Under its shelter a man could steal up to the barbed wire and cut it, and even crawl up to a machine-gun emplacement and destroy it with a hand grenade. But this did not prove very successful, either, because the wheels did not take kindly to the rough ground of a battlefield.



Boston Photo News Co.

THE FAMOUS TANK

pillar' tractor, because of its crawling locomotion. But it was no worm of a machine. In power it was a very elephant. It could haul loads that would tax the strength of scores of horses. Stumps and bowlders were no obstacles in its path. Even ditches could not bar its progress. The machine would waddle down one bank and up the other without the slightest difficulty. It was easily steered; in fact, it could turn around in its own length by traveling forward on one of its chains, or traction belts, and backward on the other. The machine was particularly adapted to travel on soft or plowed ground, because the broad traction belts gave it a very wide bearing and spread its weight over a large surface. It was set to work on large farms, hauling gangs of plows and cultivators. Little did Mr. Holt think, as he watched his powerful mechanical elephants at work on the vast Western wheat fields, that they, or rather their offspring, would some day play a leading rôle in a war that would rack the whole world.

"Thousands of British soldiers in the early days of the war fell victims to the death-dealing machine gun. Two or three men with a machine gun could defy several companies of soldiers, especially when the attackers had to cut their way through barbed-wire entanglements. It was evident that something must be done to defend the men against this powerful arm; for to charge against it was simply wholesale slaughter. At first the only means of combating the machine guns seemed to be to destroy them with shell fire; but the machine guns were carefully concealed, and it was difficult to search them out. Only by long continued bombardment was it possible to destroy the machine guns and tear away the barbed wire sufficiently to

What Gave Birth to the Tank

"Just before the Great War broke out, Belgium, poor unsuspecting Belgium, was holding an agricultural exhibition. An American tractor was on exhibition. It was the one developed by Mr. Holt, and its remarkable performances gained for it a reputation that spread far and wide. Col. E. D. Swinton of the British Army heard of the peculiar machine, and immediately realized the advantages of an armored tractor for battle over torn ground. But in the first few months of the war that ensued, this idea was forgotten, until the effectiveness of the machine gun and the necessity for overcoming it recalled the matter to his mind. At his suggestion a caterpillar tractor was procured, and the military engineers set themselves to the task of designing an armored body to ride on the caterpillar-tractor belts. Of course the machine had to be entirely redesigned. The tractor was built for hauling loads, and not to climb out of deep shell holes; but by running the traction belts over the entire body of the car and running the forward part of the tractor up at a sharp angle, that difficulty was overcome. Probably never was a military secret so well guarded as this one, and when, on Sept. 15, 1916, the waddling steel tractors loomed up out of the morning mists, the German fighters were taken completely by surprise. Two days before, their airmen had noticed some peculiar machines which they supposed were armored automobiles. They had no idea, however, that such formidable monsters were about to descend upon them.

"The tanks proceeded leisurely over the shell-torn regions of No Man's Land, wallowing down into shell holes and clambering up out of them with perfect ease. They straddled the trenches and paused to pour down

them a stream of machine-gun bullets. Wire entanglements were nothing to them; the steel wire simply snapped like thread. The big brutes marched up and down the lines of wire, treading them down into the ground and clearing the way for the infantry. Even trees were no barrier to these tanks. Of course they did not attack large ones, but the smallish trees were simply broken down before their onslaughts. As for concrete emplacements for machine guns, the tanks merely rode over them and crushed them. Those who attempted to defend themselves in the ruins of buildings found that the tanks could plow right through walls and bring them down in a shower of bricks and stone. There was no stopping these huge monsters, and the enemy fled in consternation before them.

"There were two sizes of tanks; the larger aimed to destroy the machine-gun emplacements, and they were fitted with guns firing a shell, while the smaller tanks, armed with machine guns, devoted themselves to fighting the infantry.

"The success of the tank was most pronounced."

A Dinner of Herbs

A SENACA, it is four o'clock," called the matron. Asenaca went immediately to prepare the evening meal, for the girls at our school in Fiji take turns in doing the cooking.

Asenaca brought the wild yams that the girls had dug out in the bush. The girls go twice a week a long way up into the bush for about eight miles to get wild yams, as there is no other food at present, until the garden vegetables are ready for eating.

Taking the yams in her left hand, she peeled away from her instead of to her, and then after washing them she put them into a kerosene tin that served as a cooking vessel.

In the morning Asenaca had gone out into the bush and gathered some small wood. She picked a dried sepal of the cocoanut blossom, which she shredded to serve as kindling, and now she lighted the fire. Two pipes resting upon stones served as a stand for the pot. Leaving the pot with a good fire under it, she went down to the cow pasture and found a cocoanut. Going to a stick that was stuck in the ground for the purpose, she tore off the husk of the cocoanut on the sharp point, then hit the nut with the back side of a knife two feet long (which I have not seen elsewhere except in Fiji), in this way breaking the nut in halves. She then took the grater (made from an old door hinge, with teeth filed at one end and the other end nailed to a board), which was hanging on the wall, laid it upon a box, sat astride it, and taking one half of the cocoanut in both hands, worked it with downward strokes, causing it to fall into the basin in thick flakes.

Having finished the grating, Asenaca placed the basin upon the shelf to keep it out of the way of the fowls, which came in at the sound of the dinner bell. Taking a bamboo dish, she went down to the beach and filled it with sea water. This she poured on the grated cocoanut, mixing and squeezing it with her hands. The straining process was done with the fiber made from the inner bark of the van tree. Gathering the cocoanut into the fiber, she twisted her left hand upward and her right hand downward. Wringing the cocoanut dry, she went to the door and shook it out for the fowls to eat. Next she poured the milk into an iron pot and put taro leaves into it, and this was put on to cook.

The yams were now cooked, so Asenaca took the tin outside and poured off the water. Before taking up the food she took the conch shell and blew it, a signal for the girls to prepare for dinner. Then gathering some banana leaves to use for plates, she placed the yams on them. We had some enamel plates, but these the cook used for the greens. Everything being ready, she laid a special mat on the floor of the house where the girls eat, and brought in the food. Merry laughter from the dining house tells me that they are enjoying their dinner. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Prov. 15:17. RAMONA E. PARKER.

Who Was to Blame?

PHIL BOYD had been a good-for-nothing for many years. That he should slip at last into prison seemed the natural end of his career. "Ten years!" The judge, they whispered, gave him a heavy sentence because of his having been a scapegrace so long. The jury was discharged, and Phil was led back to jail. The round, good-natured face had a strange new meaning in it as he turned at the door for a last look at his old friends and townsmen.

Ten years down in the depths with thieves and murderers? He could never turn over a new leaf and be a good man now. And Phil, almost every day of his life, had meant to be a good man. He had even tried sometimes, in a feeble way, to turn over a new leaf. But this was the end.

But in the hot, sleepy afternoon, had no one but Phil been on trial? There was his mother, who knew his love of idling, his weak affection for his friends when he was a child, and who was too busy keeping her house dainty, and struggling to dress in the fashion, to hold out a persistently helping hand to the boy.

There, too, was his father, who had punished him when he had caught him in a lie, but never once told him of the one Friend whose teachings would help to make him truthful.

There were the young fellows, too, who had first invited him to drink. Their own heads were strong. Hardly one of them had become a drunkard.

There was his sister, of whom he was so fond when a boy. Phil had bored her. She had made intimate friends, but he was not one of them.

There was the girl who had promised to marry him as soon as he should be able to maintain her. It was to give her the jewelry and the costly trifles so dear to her foolish heart that he had committed his crime.

These people all went to their homes unblamed by man, and Phil went to prison. Yet in a court which no man saw, they had been that day on trial before a Judge in whose decisions the weak are remembered with pity, and in whose clear sight guilt in all its varying conditions and degrees finds condemnation. In the decisions of that tribunal was Phil alone the sinner? — *The Youth's Companion*.

"GREED is as unlike thrift as bigotry is unlike religion. And yet, in each case, one is frequently mistaken for the other."

ACCORDING to a wise little fellow "a skeleton is bones with the people rubbed off."

Geraldine's Visitors

GERALDINE, rinsing the last dish towel, was not thinking of the blue-and-white checked linen that dripped in her hands. Her eyes wore a dreamy look as she paused a moment. "A square peg," she said, half aloud, "that's what I am. A square peg in a round hole." She settled back on the high stool which her brother's ingenuity had fashioned so that she would not have to stand while washing dishes. The dreamy look in her eyes changed to an expression of real trouble. Her state of mind was fast becoming unbearable. Each day the visit of the postman was a dreaded event, bringing either no letter at all, or a worse disappointment in the shape of a courteous communication dealing a crushing blow to her hopes.

For Geraldine was looking for work. Two years ago the luxuriously placed young lady in the big house on the hill would have snapped her pretty fingers at the idea of working for a living, for was she not the only daughter of a doting father and mother, with money enough to satisfy any sane desire? These two years had brought her and her brother face to face with the realities of life, for they were orphans now. Their fortune, which they had supposed to be substantial, was gone, just as Geraldine's roseate dreams were gone.

Without Edwin's position in the Continental Chair Factory, they could not have managed. By careful economy, with Geraldine's doing the housework and watching the pennies, they succeeded in living comfortably, for Geraldine's natural ability in cooking stood her in good stead. But the little cottage on the back street was a vastly different place from Elmhurst, and Geraldine was becoming more and more troubled about Edwin, whose work in the factory was too confining, as well as being uncongenial employment. If he could have finished his course at the school of technology, there would have been every chance for his advancement, for Edwin was bent on being an electrical engineer. If Geraldine could now find some way of supporting herself, he could manage, with the slender income remaining from their father's estate, to finish his course. So for weeks she had been looking for work, honestly, steadily. But she had learned to look with bitter disdain and discouragement upon the bringing-up she had received, for she found that it was trained minds and skilled hands more than social graces that were called for in the world of work.

"This is not sweeping the kitchen!" she said at length, wringing out the dish towel and hanging it on the line with its fellows. She took the broom and went hastily to work. Geraldine was a plucky little person, and she was smiling a little as she hung up the broom. "It's nothing but a bit of doggerel," she said; "but it fits my case. I'll recite it to Ed when I find my job." She bowed as if to an audience, and recited with eloquence:

"If you are a very square peg
Within the round hole of life,
Just make the hole square, or make the peg round
By whittling it with your knife."

"In other words, Geraldine Banks, make yourself fit the environment, or make the environment fit you. I didn't know until this minute that I was a poet."

The postman's whistle, long and shrill, sent her scurrying to the front of the house despite her determination not to meet him this morning. Two circulars, advertisements of weird electrical devices, which Edwin would pore over that evening, and a letter for

herself rewarded her trip to the front door. The letter was from Linda Drew, a particularly dear school friend who lived in Boston, and to whom Geraldine had poured out her heart in a letter a few days before. Geraldine sat down on the bottom step to open it. She did not expect anything from this letter but sympathy, but that meant a good deal just now, sympathy from an understanding friend. But after scanning the opening page, Geraldine's eyes brightened, and as she read farther her color deepened.

"My dear," the second paragraph began, "I have something interesting to tell you. I simply flew home to write. You have heard me speak of the Philbricks, that lovely Boston family? Their only daughter was married last month, and I have just heard from a friend that they are going to have a young girl live with them—a sort of companion for Mrs. Philbrick. I went right to see Mrs. Philbrick who is a friend of mother's, and told her about you. My dear, she seemed more than just politely interested, and while I was there her son, who is the only child left in the home, came in and was told about it, and asked many questions. It would be an ideal position for you. They are your sort of people; you would love Mrs. Philbrick, who is gentle and perfectly charming. They travel, and love music; perhaps you could keep up your music there—but I haven't time to go into that. The point is, they are going to visit some relatives in Atlanta, and will pass right through your town,—we looked it up on a railroad map Mr. Philbrick had in his pocket,—and there is a possibility that they will stop over from one train until the next to look you over. Please don't think they expressed it that way. The postman is due, and I'm in the maddest hurry. Keep this in mind—look your prettiest, and wear your smartest gown.

"Yours in all excitement,

"LINDA.

"P. S.—Mr. Philbrick said he would write you at once."

Geraldine, standing half dazed, placed the letter in the envelope once more with fingers that trembled.

"I won't tell Ed until a letter comes from Mr. Philbrick. Mr. Postman, I think I'll be waiting at the gate this afternoon!"

Edwin Banks slammed the gate shortly after six o'clock and lagged wearily up the short front walk to the little porch. Here he was met by an amazingly pretty Geraldine, but her brother was too weary to notice her air of suppressed excitement.

"You poor, tired boy! The Morris chair is waiting!" She drew him into the little sitting-room and pushed him into the largest chair in the room, then ran off for a glass of cold buttermilk.

After the cooling draft, Edwin sat up refreshed. "I hate to act like such a mollycoddle," he said; "but honestly, this has been a very hard day at the factory. One of the fellows said the thermometer registered one hundred five. Somehow, everything got on my nerves. I'm all right now."

"Then, Ed, prepare for a succession of thrills. I'm on the track of a job—a good job! Read this!" and she spread Linda's letter out before him. Edwin read with growing interest, while his sister hung over his shoulder. As he read the last word she produced another letter. "This, if you please, came by special delivery at one o'clock—I'll read it aloud to you:

"Miss Geraldine Banks.

"MY DEAR MISS BANKS: Miss Linda Drew has probably written you already of our interview, and my mother feels that she would like to make your acquaintance. We are starting South tomorrow, and find that our route takes us through Cartersburg. There is a train which reaches there at twelve o'clock, and another south-bound train which leaves at 2:10. If entirely convenient, we shall stop over between trains on Thursday. Kindly wire me if inconvenient.

"Very respectfully yours,

"GRAY PHILBRICK."

Every vestige of Edwin's listlessness was gone now. He was out of the chair, whirling his sister round and

round the room. When, finally, they tumbled down upon the sofa for sheer want of breath, Edwin's eyes shone as they had not done for many a day.

"You know what it means, Ed Banks, if the thing goes through? The Tech for you—the Tech, Ed Banks! With all those zoo-ey electric things to fondle at will!"

"That's true. We could rent the house, furnished. Mr. Hopkinson, at the factory, is anxious for a place in this neighborhood; he said so yesterday. Oh, a gentle farewell to ye Continental Chair Factory!"

"And it means that I could spend a winter in Boston, something I've been wild to do, and perhaps, as Linda says, have a chance to study music again." She flew to the piano and filled the room with a ripple of joyous sound.

"You ought to have a chance, little sis; any one who can make the sound trickle out of the finger tips that way."

"It's never brought me any music pupils, at any rate!" She whirled around on the piano stool. "There's only one thing that worries me about this proposition—what to wear on Thursday!"

"That's just like a woman," said Edwin. "What's the matter with that thing you have on now? You never looked any prettier in your life."

"Pink gingham! Why, Ed! What would Mrs. Philbrick say? No, I must have a new dress. Styles have changed ever so much since early summer, when I made my things. I can easily make a little frock in two days, and now that I think of it, Pierce's is selling the loveliest soft silks at cost, and I'll run down right after breakfast and buy a new dress. This is only Monday, you know."

"I know, but Thursday will be here before you know it, and here you'll be all frazzled out—you want to be pretty that day."

"And stylish," said Geraldine. "That will probably mean more than anything else to the Philbricks—hasn't the name an attractive sound, Ed? And how about some supper for a starving man?"

"Starving man is right. I'll come into the kitchen with you. By the way, you'll have to feed the Bostonians, won't you?"

"I certainly intend to," said Geraldine, with dignity. "I've planned all that. My washwoman's oldest daughter, Leviticus, is a fine cook, and she is coming in that day to help with the lunch. She will be here to wait on the table too. She—O Ed, I don't believe you approve of it, but I can't let them come in and see how poor we really are! It isn't as if I didn't have nice things once!"

"Have all the help you like, sis," he said gravely; "I only wish I could be here to do things for you myself. It seems to me a new hand coming in would be more hindrance than help. It would to me. But you manage it as you see fit, and I'll stand back of you."

Thursday was several kinds of a day, so far as weather was concerned. It started out clear-skied and warm, turned gray-skied and warmer, ending in a slight hailstorm in the middle of the afternoon, which turned into a steady drizzle as Edwin Banks came out of the factory at six o'clock. It had turned so cool that he was obliged to turn his coat collar up to combat the September raindrops and wind. His steps did not lag tonight, for he knew how eagerly his sister would await his home-coming.

As he turned in at the gate, Geraldine stood on the doorstep. She wore a white dress with many ruffles,

and a pretty little red jacket. Her hair was becomingly fluffed about her face, and her cheeks very rosy.

"Why, look at the child!" cried Edwin, as he put the dinner pail down on the porch. "Fresh as a rose! Is it good news?"

Geraldine took his hand, and they went into the house together. "No, Ed; it is not good news. I don't mind now so much as I did at first, for I've slept for hours—see the print of the counterpane on my cheek? How cold it is! Come back to the kitchen, and we'll build a fire there, and I'll tell you everything."

A bright fire was soon roaring in the well-polished little range. Edwin's face and hands washed, he and his sister sat down to talk.

"I've learned a lot today, Ed Banks," she said. "First of all, I'll tell you that I didn't make a good impression, but I'm going to try harder, and more sensibly next time. But I want to tell you about it. First of all, I looked a fright. The only piece of crêpe de Chine that was in the least pretty for my dress was a kind of curious shade of purple,—they call it 'egg-plant' at the store,—but I thought it would do; I can wear almost any color. But I was so pale, and somehow the pattern didn't work out right—Ed, I was so tired! I didn't tell you, but I sewed until nearly midnight. Then I had to get up at six to clean house—I hadn't done a thing but sew, sew, sew, all day yesterday!"

"You poor little sis!"

"But I haven't told you the worst, Ed! The washwoman's daughter came bright and early, but she isn't a good cook! The chicken was tough, and the custard had a scorched taste, and Leviticus spilled a little gravy on Mr. Philbrick's coat when she waited on the table. The house was full of flies, for she propped the kitchen door open when I was in the front of the house. Ed, if ever I live through a worse time it will be a marvel!" Geraldine paused a little in her epic of woe for want of breath, then the words began tumbling out again: "I don't usually have trouble in entertaining guests; do I, Ed? But today, somehow, my thoughts were all helter-skelter, and my words got twisted, and I was just a plain little dub!"

"A what, Gerry?" asked Edwin, shouting with laughter.

"A dub—just a little Miss Stupid. Do you think they asked me to come to Boston to be Mrs. Philbrick's companion after that?"

"Well, one would hardly expect it." Edwin was wiping his eyes now. "You've given me the best laugh I've had in many a day, though. You haven't told me how you liked the Philbricks, ma and son. Was the impression of general undesirability mutual?"

"Ed, that's the worst of the whole thing. They are lovely people. She is a real gentlewoman, and I could see she was sorry for poor little flustered Geraldine Banks. Mr. Philbrick is quiet and dignified, but I saw his eyes twinkle once or twice. They thanked me ever so cordially when they left, and said their plans were quite unsettled for next winter. I'm glad they didn't have to tell me straight out I wouldn't do."

"Never mind one instant, little sis," said Edwin, patting her hand awkwardly. "You did it for me, and don't think for a moment I don't appreciate—well, I wonder who that is!"

The doorbell had pealed sharply.

"No company, I hope," said Geraldine, taking off her apron. "I was just getting ready to make waffles

for supper. It's a good thing I lighted the hall lamp. I'll go, Ed."

Her light steps sounded on the bare floors, and Edwin heard her speaking to some one. He wished afterward that he had been there to see the expression on his sister's face when she opened the door and found herself once more face to face with Mr. Philbrick.

"Doubtless you are surprised to see me again, Miss Banks," he said, stepping into the little hall. "Please let me explain at once. Our train ran into an open switch near Clivesdale at about four o'clock, and while we were not injured, several of the passengers were hurt and the engineer was killed. I waited long enough to see that it would take several hours to clear the track, then hired an automobile and brought my mother back to Cartersburg. I could see that the excitement was making her ill, and I knew that a ride in the cool air would revive her, besides taking her away from the scene of the wreck, which was gruesome. The conductor told me that there is a south-bound train which leaves Cartersburg at midnight, and we can take a sleeper here at ten, so I thought, all things considered, it was best to return. And now," he said with an anxious look, "may I bring mother in to stay with you for a few hours? I am really afraid to take her to a hotel. I am going there myself, of course—"

He was interrupted in a most un-Bostonian fashion by an eager, starry-eyed Geraldine. "Please come in, both of you! I'll promise to treat you as home folks, and—oh, we are going to have waffles for supper, brother and I! Won't you stay and meet my brother, please?"

"This is the most shameless thing—coming in for your hospitality twice in succession. But I am coming. The brother—and the waffles—tempt me too much. Let me go out and tell mother."

Edwin had heard everything, and now came hurrying out.

"But, Gerry," he said in an excited whisper, "there's no fire in any of the rooms but the kitchen!"

"I know it," she said, and there was a new light in her eyes. "I've been enough of a dub for one day. I'm going to be sensible now."

The Philbricks' Boston friends would have been surprised could they have peeped into the Banks' kitchen window half an hour later. Mrs. Philbrick, ensconced in the Morris chair, was laughing almost heartily at one of Edwin Banks' jokes. Mr. Philbrick, with a blue-and-white checked apron tied around his neck, was beating eggs in a blue bowl. There was a little dab of flour in his hair. Geraldine was here, there, and everywhere, her cheeks flaming with excitement. The little kitchen glowed in the mellow light of a kerosene lamp, making the pans along the wall gleam like points of flame, and the red geraniums of the window sill and Geraldine's pink apron were pleasant spots of color. Once Mr. Philbrick followed her into the pantry, and said: "I cannot tell you how much I appreciate all this. My mother is such a frail little body,—one can't tell what excitement will do for her heart,—and the wreck was really a fearful thing."

"Oh," said Geraldine, and the words rang true, "I am glad, so glad you brought her here."

Supper was almost ready by this time. Geraldine had just placed a mysterious concoction of eggs, whipped into a foam, into the oven, and had made ready the little table in the middle of the kitchen. From the waffle irons on the stove there emanated a most appetizing odor.

"Flowers!" cried Geraldine; "I must get the pink roses for a centerpiece!"

She flew into the hall, where the roses stood in a vase on the hall rack, but stopped short before she reached them. The hall lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling in a little red-glass lantern, had been burning in a steady, normal fashion when the visitors came in. But some one had left the front door open, or it had blown open, and the strong draft had caused the flame to flare out of the chimney, and, now, as Geraldine came in sight, she saw a stream of black smoke and flame pouring out of the top. Her first impulse was to scream for help, but just in time she remembered Mrs. Philbrick's weak heart. Running forward, she drew the lamp down by the little chain and tried to turn down the wick. It refused to move, and she knew from the strange spluttering sound which it was making that the lamp was about to explode. She lifted it with stiff, cold fingers from between the iron supports that held it, and running with all speed to the front door, threw it into the wet grass. The force with which it hit the ground stopped the flames for an instant, and just as they were about to burst forth again a masculine figure came rushing out from behind and emptied something on the burning pile. It was a bucket of loose earth which Edwin had placed on the front porch ready for transplanting some fall flowers. For a moment the smoke curled lazily out through the mound of earth like a miniature volcano. Then all was still.

Gray Philbrick drew a long breath. "I followed you to ask where to find the sugar bowl," he said, "and saw you running out of the front door with a flaming torch in your hand. Why didn't you call for help?"

Geraldine had sunk down on the top step. She was trembling all over. "I couldn't have, Mr. Philbrick," she said, "without alarming your mother!"

The young man faced her in the darkness. "Well!" he said, and there was a strange note in his voice. "Well!"

It is easy to relate such an incident afterward in a way to make it seem as if there was, after all, but little danger. And this is what Geraldine did when she went back to the little dining-room a few moments later. Gray Philbrick was quiet during the recital, but his eyes met Edwin's knowingly.

The little supper was a great success. Everybody praised Geraldine's waffles, her *soufflé*, and her apple jelly. Dishwashing was accomplished in a gale of fun, after which they sat and talked for a pleasant hour until the taxicab came for the Philbricks.

After the sound of the motor had died away, Geraldine and her brother went back to the kitchen to shut up for the night. There were lines of weariness on her face, but her eyes were very bright.

"Mrs. Philbrick kissed me when she left, Ed," she told him as he locked the kitchen window, "and Mr. Philbrick said they would write soon. It's been a beautiful ending to a dismal day, Ed!"

"It's been just what you deserve, sis. I wouldn't take anything for that return trip. You never showed to better advantage than you did tonight. I was proud of you all the way through."

"I was just myself, brother. And I've learned something today—the secret of being a round peg in a round hole."—*Edith Taylor Earnshaw, in Young People.*

"He who moves not forward goes backward."

How to Live

"Worry less and work more;
Ride less and walk more;
Frown less and smile more;
Drink less and breathe more;
Eat less and chew more;
Waste less and save more."

For the Finding-Out Club

TEN years ago Germany became indignant with France over some fancied insult to her colonies in Africa. The German chancellor, Bülow, summoned the French ambassador at Berlin, and said:

"Monsieur, a German consular agent has been maltreated by your people in Morocco. Our honor demands that your government apologize. If you do not, we shall recall our ambassador in Paris. Go and tell your chief."

Realizing that his country faced a crisis, the French diplomat at once communicated with the premier in Paris, and told him what had taken place.

The French premier turned the tables, summoning the German ambassador by a note which merely said: "I beg you to come; I have something to say to you."

When Radolin, the German representative, arrived, the premier simply repeated to him the statement of the French ambassador, and then after an impressive pause, exclaimed:

"Apologize! Never, sir! No apologies! And, if you wish to leave here, nothing shall stop you. Leave immediately! Leave tonight, before they recall you! France makes no apologies!"

And this same sturdy, irrepressible, sincere, and loyal statesman holds the premiership in France today, although he is in his seventy-seventh year. At the time of his re-election, in November, 1918, he gave a memorable address before the chamber of deputies, closing with the words: "What are my war aims? you ask. I have only one — to win!"

This veteran diplomat is known throughout France by the nickname of "The Tiger." His countrymen adore him. He is a physician by profession. In his early years he came to America, and taught for several years in one of our colleges. When he returned to his native land, he took an American lady with him as his wife. His has been a varied but singularly successful political career, and he is the one man in France whom Germany fears above all others. He is the great statesman of France today, and he has guided her ship of state safely to victory. His name is —

L. E. C.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of December 17

1. A SPHERE of cork ten feet in diameter would weigh nearly four tons. The cubic contents of a ball of cork is found by multiplying the cube of the diameter by .5236, and cork weighs 15 pounds to the cubic foot.

2. The terrible message brought by Jeremiah to Judah by a broken bottle is found in Jeremiah 19: 10, 11.

3. The number eleven thousand, eleven hundred, and eleven is written 12,111.

4. Yes, Abraham understood the real meaning of God's promise that he should be heir of the world.

See "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 126 and 153.

5. An average of every fifth verse in the New Testament speaks of the second advent of our Saviour.

6. The term "boche," as applied to the German soldiers, is not a complimentary one nor anything new. It is an old term in France and means "thick-headed." It is about equivalent to our American term "bone-head." In fact, the word comes from the Italian *boccia*, and means a "round ball of exceptionally hard wood, used in playing tenpins." But just how it came to be applied to the German soldiers we do not know. The French soldier is called "poilu," which means hairy, because in the early French wars the soldiers had no opportunity to shave or have their hair cut, and when they returned from the army they had a rough, hairy, uncouth appearance. But there was nothing unkind in calling them "poilu."

7. The English are called "Tommies" because of a fictitious popular British soldier made immortal in verse and given the name "Tommy Atkins."

8. An *à la carte* meal is made up of dishes selected from a bill of fare, definite charge being made for each one. *Table d'hôte* is a regular course meal made up of dishes selected by the hotel and paid for as a meal.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

First Things First

EASILY said, but sometimes hard to do. A missionary once wrote me: "I am glad to say our work here is going along very well, especially the agricultural part of it. I wish I could say the same of the spiritual, but sometimes the object, or the end, of the work is not kept up even as much as some of the things which are only a means to that end."

How true! We get very much interested in the means and lose sight of the true end. A Missionary Volunteer Society takes great pride in its fine programs, but there are no prayer bands, no soul-winning. Students are more concerned about their scholarship than the endowment of the Holy Spirit. Nurses in training are more anxious to become perfect in their technique than to know God and how to lead sin-sick souls to the great Healer. The church school teacher is often so busy with her many duties that she thinks she has no time for the Junior Missionary Volunteer Society or the prayer bands, while these represent the very object for which the school exists. Many Christian workers become absorbed in the many things to be done in connection with their work, and neglect "the one thing needful."

Our success or failure does not depend so much, after all, upon our ideas of what is the right or wrong thing to do. Theoretically we agree upon that. It is largely a matter of emphasis, and quite often an emphasis not of our deliberate choosing. The successful man in any line is the one who has wisdom to see what is the thing of greatest importance, and strength to steadily emphasize that one thing, making all else subordinate and contributory to it.

M. E. KERN

Our Counsel Corner

I HAVE long ago made up my mind to pray, and live as nearly right as I can; but I do not get the happiness out of my Christian experience that some seem to. I read good books and am taking the Bible Year, but I am not really growing spiritually, so far as I can see. Is there a better experience for me?

Y. M.

It is safe to say that there is a better experience for you, for "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." You have decided to pray, and live as nearly right as you can. That is good. But have you *surrendered* all to Him? That is the test. It is unconditional surrender that brings the soul into union with Christ. And "our growth in grace, our joy, our usefulness,—all depend upon our union with Christ. It is by communion with him, daily, hourly,—by abiding in him,—that we are to grow in grace."

And remember that "a life in Christ is a life of restfulness. There may be no ecstasy of feeling, but there should be an abiding, peaceful trust. Your hope is not in yourself; it is in Christ."

Too often young people feel that they must always have a certain ecstasy of feeling such as they felt in some good meeting. Sister E. G. White, whose deep Christian experience was such a marked characteristic of her entire life, once wrote: "At times a deep sense of our unworthiness will send a thrill of terror through the soul; but this is no evidence that God has changed toward us, or we toward God." Last summer I read this to a young woman who was having a severe struggle with discouragement, and asked her if she believed it. She said, "I can see that my feelings are not an evidence that God has changed toward me, but it does seem that I have changed toward him." But one statement is just as true as the other. She saw it, and has rejoiced in a bright Christian experience ever since. Not without struggles, it is true, but with confidence in God's constant keeping power. Then Sister White went on to say: "No effort should be made to rein the mind up to a certain intensity of emotion. We may not feel today the peace and joy which we felt yesterday; but we should by faith grasp the hand of Christ and trust him as fully in the darkness as in the light."

Then shall I say, Do not be overanxious? God cannot bless those who are not anxious to confess every sin and make a full surrender; but having fulfilled every known condition, it is our privilege to rest in him. If we light our candle, it will shine. If we yield all to him, we shall surely grow. Sometimes a child is so anxious for the planted seeds to grow that it digs them up to see. The same child may thoughtlessly neglect to supply the needed moisture and sunshine.

"The plants and flowers grow not by their own care or anxiety or effort, but by receiving that which God has furnished to minister to their life. The child cannot, by any anxiety or power of its own, add to its stature. No more can you, by anxiety or effort of yourself, secure spiritual growth. The plant, the child, grows by receiving from its surroundings that which ministers to its life,—air, sunshine, and food. What these gifts of nature are to animal and plant, such is Christ to those who trust in him."

M. E. KERN.

The Sabbath School

III — The Taking of Ai

(January 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 8.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go." Isa. 48: 17.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 499-504.

"Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command,
Forward! forward! to the Promised Land;
Forward! forward! let the chorus ring;
We are sure to win with Christ our King!"

Questions

1. After the sin of Achan was removed from the camp of Israel, what did the Lord say to Joshua? Joshua 8: 1, 2. Note 1.
2. How many men did Joshua choose to go against Ai? What was his general plan of attack? Verses 3-7.
3. How did Joshua divide his army? Where did he place the different divisions? Where did Joshua himself go? Verses 9-13.
4. What did the king of Ai hasten to do the next morning? What did he not know? What pretense did Joshua and his men make? Verses 14, 15.
5. What did the people of Ai then do? How was the city left? Verses 16, 17.
6. What signal did Joshua then give? How did the men in ambush respond? Verses 18, 19.
7. Into what confusion were the men of Ai thrown? With what result? Verses 20-22.
8. How complete was the victory over Ai? Verses 23-26.
9. What were the Israelites permitted to take for themselves? How did Joshua complete the desolation of Ai? Verses 27-29. Note 2.
10. What service did Joshua then hold? Verses 30, 31.
11. What did Joshua write? Verse 32.
12. How were the leaders and the tribes then placed? What did Joshua read? Who heard the reading? Verses 33-35. Note 3.

Sidelights

(See Deuteronomy 27)

Who had planned every detail of the service held after Ai was taken?
What tribes were to stand on Mt. Gerizim?
What tribes were to stand on Mt. Ebal?
Why are these known as the "Mount of Blessing," and the "Mount of Cursing"?

Notes

1. We cannot overestimate the effect of sin. An aching tooth, an inflamed organ, a diseased limb, makes the whole body sick. So if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." The sins and disgrace of one member injure all. Note that as soon as the sin of one man was removed from the camp, the Lord promptly gives the command for Joshua to go forward in his work of conquering Canaan.

2. "Observe how Achan who caught at forbidden spoil lost that, and life, and all, but the rest of the people who had conscientiously refrained from the accursed thing were quickly recompensed for their obedience, with the spoil of Ai. . . . No man shall lose by his self-denial; let God have his dues first, and then all will be clean to us and sure."

3. This was no ordinary ceremony. Before the death of Moses the command was given that this service should be held upon the mounts Ebal and Gerizim, for the solemn recognition of the law of God. "The women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them," left their camp at Gilgal, and went to Shechem to be present.

"Six of the tribes—all descended from Leah and Rachel—were stationed upon Mt. Gerizim; while those that descended from the handmaids, together with Reuben and Zebulun, took their position on Ebal, the priests with the ark occupying the valley between them. Silence was proclaimed by the sound of the signal trumpet; and then in the deep stillness, and in the presence of this vast assembly, Joshua, standing beside the sacred ark, read the blessings that were to follow obedience to God's law. All the tribes on Gerizim responded by an Amen. He then read the curses, and the tribes on Ebal in like manner gave their assent, thousands upon thousands of voices uniting as the voice of one man in the solemn response. Following this came the reading of the law of God, together with the statutes and judgments that had been delivered to them by Moses."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 500.

"O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

N-O-W W-O-N

"TIME and tide for no man wait."

Do it, ere it is too late.

Seize Time's forelock, do it now;

Hold the locks upon his brow.

When the duty has been done,

You may spell "now" w-o-n.

"Now" spelled backward means success,

Spelling forward means not less.

Now means *now*! O list! begin it!

"After while" or "In a minute"

May be just a bit too late—

"Time and tide for no man wait."

FLORENCE WELTY MERRELL.

Once and Now

ONCE as believers we wrapped missionary papers to send to strangers and friends. Now we tat.

Once we wrote missionary letters to those whom we sent papers. Now we crochet.

Once we called on a neighbor to lend him a book, hoping to interest him in the wonderful truths for this time of God's work. Now we play tennis.

Once we read our Bibles, earnestly seeking the way of life. Now we read the newspaper and magazine fiction.

Once we hastened to our neighbors' in times of illness, and sought to relieve suffering by administering therapeutic treatment. Now we go to our neighbors' to gossip.

Once our conversation when with unbelievers always drifted to some phase of the truth of God for this time. Now we talk of the war, the Hun, and the fashions.

Once we attended the prayer meeting. Now we go to the social gathering.

Why do we not do as aforetime? Life would be richer for so doing, and souls would be saved in the kingdom of God.

F. D. C.

Two Conditions to be Avoided

IGNORANCE of good form and lack of heart culture are both serious handicaps to successful living. The latter is likely to prove of more pathetic embarrassment than the former, even if the individual is well informed as to conventional etiquette; for one who is not at heart kind, considerate, and refined is certain at times to cast aside all attempt at observation of the demands of good form, and reveal his boorish nature in all its bald ugliness.

Rarely do the kind and considerate of heart, though utterly ignorant of social conventions, make themselves perfect boors by presumption and officiousness.

The following true incident, related by Mr. Lawrence Lockley, illustrates the pitiable coarseness of the uncouth at heart but well-informed conventionally:

"One o'clock on a midsummer's afternoon, and the whole outdoors was calling. At the stroke of the hour, as if by magic, the clicking typewriters in the *Pacific Monthly* office stopped; the rumble of the presses on the lower floors ceased; and the big ledgers closed with a bang. It was the afternoon when the force on the *Pacific Monthly* quit work for the week. The bunches of chattering stenographers and office girls mingled with the besmudged printers and pressmen in the elevator, all bound for the street.

"Within a few moments the building was deserted, except for the office of the general manager. Big in body as well as mind, the man had risen to the top in a surprisingly short time by the happy combination of business sagacity, ability in writing, and a great deal of hard work. Now he was staying to see the magazine 'well tucked in for the week-end,' as he would say.

"Absorbed in his work, the man did not notice, some three quarters of an hour later, the ring of the elevator bell. Several

times its imperative summons rang through the empty building before he heard it. Busy, he did not wish to be disturbed. But the bell rang again, its demonic insistence penetrating the whole building. The manager was the only one left in the building to answer its call.

"Coatless and collarless, for the afternoon was warm, he went to the elevator, stepped in, and went to the street floor. A dapper, modishly dressed young man waited, highly indignant at the delay.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the manager.

"Never mind that," said the visitor; "just take me up to the office suite. I can tell them up there." He was almost shocked at the audacity of an elevator man asking him whom he wanted to see.

"Very well," was the rejoinder.

"The car slipped up to the office floor. The man stepped out, followed by the 'elevator man.'

"Now whom do you want to see?" said the latter.

"The manager. Be quick about it, for I am in a hurry," was the curt reply.

"Right this way, then." The visitor followed his guide, who went through the deserted office rooms until he came to the door marked 'General Manager.' He went in, followed by the stranger who was in such a hurry, sat down in the chair before the desk, and said,

"Now, what do you wish?"

"The visitor turned red. 'Are you the manager? I thought you were the elevator man. I beg your pardon.'

"Yes; well, what can I do for you?" replied the manager.

"I came to ask a favor of you. I am from St. Louis. I want to find a Mr. Fred Lock, who, I have been told, is an authority on the West, and can tell me what I want to know about land values in Oregon." The poor fellow had not recovered from his embarrassment.

"The manager reached into his vest pocket, took out a card-case, and handed the man a card. It read:

"Mr. Fred Lock, General Manager of the *Pacific Monthly*."

A young woman who had been employed for some months by a certain firm was taken ill, as were several others in her family. Considerable expense was incurred during this long sickness. Officials of the firm employing the young woman learned of this, and two representatives from the firm called at the home and asked to see her.

She had recovered sufficiently to be up and about the house, but never made her appearance in answer to the request of the callers to see her; so there was no one but strangers to entertain them. These officials called with the purpose of securing to the young woman her wages in part or in full during her absence, if it seemed best to do so after a conversation with her. But her nonappearance precluded all this, and she was left still to bemoan her empty purse.

She was doubtless altogether unaware of the nature of the visit of the officials, and she may have been contemplating securing work elsewhere, but however it was, she had no valid excuse for her discourtesy, as the officials knew, so, naturally, they lost their burden to minister funds.

A refined heart and an enlightened mind are both necessary to assure to one the admiration and friendship of others, or their willing service.

F. D. C.

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