

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

"Excuses are the patches
with which we seek to
repair the garment of
failure."



Vol. LXVII

FEBRUARY 4, 1919

No. 5

From Here and There

While in Rome President Wilson was made a member of the Royal Academy of Science.

Lieutenant Commander R. N. L. Bellinger, a veteran naval aviator, on New Year's Day made a nonstop flight of 651 miles. He carried five passengers.

Admiral Canto y Castro succeeded the late Dr. Sidonia Paes as president of Portugal, the former president having been assassinated on December 14.

The Luxemburg government has denounced the Zollverein as well as the Luxemburg railway treaty, and has placed itself under the protection of the Entente.

Maj.-Gen. J. Franklin Bell, commanding officer of the department of the East, and one of the most picturesque figures in the United States army died on January 8.

Taliaferro field, said to be one of the largest aerial gunnery schools in the world, has been ordered closed. More than 10,000 acres were under lease to the government for gunnery purposes.

Count George F. von Hertling, the former imperial German chancellor, died recently. He was considered the most learned man of all the men called to the chancellorship of Germany since 1871.

According to a Moscow dispatch to the Gothenburg (Sweden) *Gazette*, Nikolai Lenine, the Bolshevik premier of Russia, has been arrested at the command of Leon Trotzky, minister of war and marine, who has made himself dictator.

China has adopted a system of phonetic writing which is now being taught in the schools. The system was invented by the Chinese themselves, and has the approval of the board of education at Peking. Using it, a man may learn to read in four weeks.

Pope Benedict presented to President Wilson a handsome mosaic reproducing Guido Reni's famous picture of St. Peter. The mosaic was made in the Vatican grounds by the ancient mosaic factory of the Vatican, and is a yard square. It has been valued at \$40,000.

It is claimed that one of Germany's new super-Zeppelins, carrying twenty-five tons of munitions, started for Africa and got as far as Khartum when recalled by wireless. This super-Zeppelin is said to have made the round trip from Germany to Khartum and back without a stop in four days.

Representatives of Syrian Christians and natives of Mesopotamia in the United States have submitted to the State Department for transmission to the peace conference a petition asking that Mesopotamia, including the provinces of Karpur and Diarbekir, be placed under the control of America, England, and France until the people are able to govern themselves independently.

Thirty-six States have ratified the prohibition amendment to the Constitution, twenty-one having taken the step between the first and sixteenth of January, 1919. These are: Michigan, Oklahoma, Ohio, Maine, Tennessee, Idaho, West Virginia, Washington, Arkansas, Illinois, California, Indiana, Kansas, North Carolina, Alabama, Iowa, Colorado, Oregon, New Hampshire, Utah, and Nebraska.

Capt. Emery Rice, who commanded the "Mon-golia," the first American steamship to sink a German submarine, and who made forty-one voyages across the Atlantic during the war, died at the New York navy yard hospital of pneumonia, following influenza. As quartermaster on the scoutship "Harvard" during the Spanish-American War, he wigwagged from the bridge of that vessel the signal which brought Sampson to attack Cervera's squadron.

According to the Associated Press, seventeen Bolsheviks arrested in the early part of January while crossing the frontier into Finland, report that deplorable conditions prevail in Petrograd. They say that the city in the immediate future will become a vast burying ground for the starving crowds which daily are falling in the streets. Oats are virtually the only food left for the masses. A herring now costs 20 rubles, or \$10, and a bundle of firewood 300 rubles, or \$153.

Former King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is reported to be on his way across the Atlantic, bound for South America. Fear-stricken at the prospect of being brought to justice with a view to drastic punishment for his share of responsibility for the frightful atrocities that have disgraced the methods of warfare of the central powers, he has mysteriously disappeared from Coburg, where, after quitting his country seat in Hungary, he had sought refuge.

In harmony with the oft-repeated statement that American homes are kept at too high a temperature in winter, are the following lines, said to be approved by the Fuel Administration:

“Less coal, fewer colds;
Less fuel, fewer deaths;
Burn less, bury less.”

Charles Yardley Turner, the widely known mural painter, died on New Year's Day, of influenza. Some of Mr. Turner's productions are in the Congressional Library. The mural work on the panels in the Raleigh Hotel, and on the curtain at the Belasco Theater, in Washington, D. C., was done by Mr. Turner.

It is but a few years since the virtues of alfalfa as food for cattle have been recognized; but now alfalfa is also being made to minister to the menu of man in the form of a very acceptable table sirup. From alfalfa is also obtained the best of flavoring extracts.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVII

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You and I

THE world's great heart is aching,
Aching in the night,
And God alone can heal it,
And God alone give light;
And the ones to bear the message
And to speak the living word,
Are you and I, my brothers,
And the millions that have heard.

We grovel among trifles,
And our spirits fret and toss,
While above us burns the vision
Of the Christ upon the cross;
And the blood of God is streaming
From his broken hands and side,
And the voice of God is pleading,
"Tell thy brother I have died."

—Selected.

Missionary Journeys in the Inca Union

E. L. MAXWELL

ON Sept. 22, 1913, Mrs. Maxwell, the children, and I reached Callao, the principal seaport of Peru. The placid waters of the well-protected bay were a great relief to us, after our experience on the billowy ocean.

Brethren W. R. Pohle and O. H. Maxson met us, and we were soon on shore in the historic old city.

Ninety years before our arrival, Elder Joseph Bates visited the same port, as those who have read the story of his life will no doubt remember.

Only those who have gone to a foreign country can ever appreciate what it means to have a tongue without the ability to use it. When I entered a store to buy something, I had to point to the ar-

ticle, and then offer the clerk a handful of money and let him pick out what he wanted. We soon learned to buy, however, and also to "barter" and "dicker" about the price. I once asked a greengrocer what he wanted for a cabbage. He replied, "Eighteen cents; what will you give me?" It is the custom.

About two weeks after arriving, Elder Pohle and I visited a small church in the Otao Valley, about fifty-seven miles from Lima. We were met at the station of San Bartolomé by some Indian brethren, who had horses waiting for us. We were to go two leagues (six miles) over the mountains. This was my first mountain ride. I was born on the plains of Kansas, and had never traveled in the mountains. The fruit women, with their baskets filled with all sorts of strange good things; the low mud huts that served as stores; the queer, hard-riding native saddles; the steep zigzag trail over the mountains, were all new to me, as well as the apparent determination of the horses

to walk on the very brink of the precipice. Many times I shivered as loose stones went rattling down the cliffs.

Finally we reached our destination. It was Friday, and nearly night. Elder Pohle preached to the group gathered in one of the cold, damp huts that was called a home. I also said a few words, which he interpreted.

That night I slept on three sheep pelts with a blanket over me. I was just about to go to sleep when it seemed that my bed had come to life and would surely carry me off. My bed-fellows were seemingly numberless, and for the rest of the night I lay awake and wished for the day.

In November of 1913 I made a visit to the Ecuador Mis-



DEDICATION OF LANCA CHURCH BUILDING, OTAO VALLEY, PERU

sion. Brother Santiago Mangold, the superintendent, had lost his wife from yellow fever, and was completely undone. I met him in Guayaquil, and we were later joined by Brother John Osborne, the three of us going up to Quito a few days later.

The railroad is a narrow-gauge road, managed by an American company, and runs quickly from the tropic heat of the coast up to Riabamba, where the temperature is quite the opposite. Here we passed the night. The next morning we were skirting the barren slopes of Chimborazo, which rises majestically nine thousand feet above the table-land, which itself is twelve thousand feet above the sea level. In shape nearly a perfect cone, its sides glistening white with snow and ice, it stands out in solemn grandeur among the peaks of those wonderful central Ecuadorian mountains. Farther to the north rises the snowy top of Cotopaxi, still active, and at short intervals gritting his fiery teeth, making all the adjacent country tremble and quake.

The afternoon of the second day, we reached Quito, just fourteen miles south of the equator. This city is the capital of Ecuador, and its name is the Spanish word for "equator." It was once thought that Quito was on the equator, but some years ago a company of French scientists demonstrated the error of this idea.

The city is beautifully situated on a high plateau surrounded by mountains. It is a city of churches. The "chimes" of South American cities are not "in tune," and when they are all ringing on one of the many feast days, it seems that each ringer does his best to drown out the others. With two exceptions, Quito is perhaps the most beautiful city in South America, and its climate is almost perfect. We have a few believers here.

On the Submarine Railway in Ecuador

On May of 1915, Elder J. W. Westphal and I visited Ecuador. After a visit to the capital, it was decided that Elder C. E. Knight, superintendent of the field, and I should visit El Guado, a point in the south, where there was a company of believers. We were accompanied by Brother Enrique Mangold.

The trip from Guayaquil to Puerto Bolivar was made by a small river steamer in about fifteen hours. Then we took the train to Machala, and later to Pasage, hoping to find canoes to go to El Guado. But there were no canoes; so we returned the same day to Machala, where we passed the night. We were in the heart of a dense tropical forest. Cocoanut palms, giant ferns, the millions of tropical birds and insects, and the stifling humid air pressed the fact home to us.

Next morning the "submarine train" was to leave for El Guado. We hurried our grips to the station and were ready to embark. The "train" consists of a push car such as is used by the railway section hands in the States. To this is attached a "skinny" horse, more dead than alive. For six miles the road follows the main line of the railroad from Machala to Pasage, then it branches off. The heavy undergrowth nearly shuts out the blazing sun above, and we pass through the gloomy depths of the eternal forest. Mosquitoes there are, millions of them. We fight them off the best we can. Parrots of all sizes and colors scream and chatter in the tree tops above. Sluggish streams are crossed every little while. At something like four miles from the main line that we have left, we come to the "submarine" part of the road. This was once an ordinary railroad line, but a permanent change in the channel of the neighboring river has resulted in covering a large part of the track with water. Hence the name that I give it.

Just ahead of us the rails disappear from sight in the water. The nag is unhitched, and two stalwart Indians are stripping themselves of the few clothes usually worn. Three empty soap boxes are placed on end on the car and our grips are stacked on top of these. Then we mount the grips like camel riders in the Sahara.

Our "conductor" rolls his trousers up high above his knees, his son strips, and drives the now free horse into the water, and the Indians get behind and push us in. Up comes the water over the platform of the car. The conductor, who stands on the platform, tugs at his trousers as if to pull them up higher. They are already up above the tops of our soap boxes, and I wonder how we will fare. Up higher rises the water, and now the conductor's son swims after the horse by the side of the track. The water is two inches above

the tops of the soap boxes, and the Indians' heads just rise above the yellow flood. Thus we go on for two leagues, and finally reach the shore.

From the end of the line we walk a mile and a half through a coco palm plantation, lugging our grips and wading through the mud and water to the village.

Here is a company of believers firm in the truth, and we are given a royal welcome.

From El Guado to Guayaquil

Not being desirous of returning by the "submarine route," Elder Knight and I decided to go down the river and embark in a *balandia* for Guayaquil. We were told there would be food, but a lurking fear led me to buy three pounds of bread and a pound of chocolate paste before embarking. Wednesday night at 7:30 we were off in a canoe. The owners of the vessel were to pick up oranges and green bananas on the way down to the river mouth. So although it was only twenty miles, we were all night in making the trip. During the night we took on 12,000 oranges and 130 bunches of bananas. I did not sleep a wink. The mosquitoes were so numerous and so hungry that I walked about the little craft trying to keep within the smoke of one of the boatmen who was a cigarette fiend, as nothing short of cigarette smoke would keep them off. Brother Knight fortunately was able to sleep with his head wrapped up in his nightshirt, and thus kept them away. I could not do this.

Next morning we reached the river mouth, but as the tide was out, we stuck on a mud bar and had to stay there till nine o'clock. Then we reached the *balandia* and reloaded the fruit to this vessel. By the time the loading was completed, the tide was out again, and we had to wait till nine o'clock at night before we could start. In the fresh river water that had soaked into the hold of the *balandia*, a whole colony of the most savage mosquitoes that I have ever felt, had established themselves. There was a sort of cabin on the back of the craft in which we were supposed to sleep. But since those mosquitoes would not sleep, I could not either; so went out on the deck. A gentle rain was falling, and I felt all right. We slowly drifted out to the open sea, being carried along by the current, as there was no wind. On reaching the bay, however, the rollers and swells began to toss and pitch our light twenty-foot tub, for such it was, in such a desperate way that I crept to the edge of the deck and emptied into the restless sea the contents of my stomach. But it did no good. Our sailor cast the anchor, and there we waited for a favorable tide or wind. No wind ever came, and we crept toward Guayaquil with the tide. Three days were occupied thus before we reached that haven of rest, during which we had lived on green bananas and oranges and the little food that I had provided before starting. I can assure you we were very glad to get something more appetizing to eat.

Arrival at Camp Meade, Maryland

WHAT a wonderfully strange place was the army camp in which I discovered myself that fair May day when I first found a home there. All previous ideas I had held, and all descriptions I had heard, were far surpassed and outclassed by this new experience. The whole place presented an entirely different aspect from anything I had ever seen.

My first impressions came, when along the last few miles of the journey, I saw immense piles of supplies.

Everywhere there were men digging trenches, throwing up breastworks, or engaged in some other occupation new and strange to a rookie.

The camp was spread out on a long and narrow scale. It appeared as a large, unpainted city. The buildings, all of wood, were uniform in size, shape, and arrangement. Several of these were occupied by the dusky sons of Africa.

In seemingly never-ending courses, the barracks buildings extended for mile after mile. In the center of the camp the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, in its attire of green paint, presented a comfortable contrast to the dullness of the weather-beaten barracks buildings. The one-storyed, unpainted post office just opposite could hardly compare with the Chicago mail headquarters, but the unpainted Liberty Theater, below the post office, ranked in size and popularity with many a city playhouse. The alluring and inviting library was just beyond, and opposite that were the little Jewish White House, and the brown Knights of Columbus building. These, with the well-guarded railway station, formed the camp's "civic center," or "loop."

Tired feet had shuffled wearily through sandy thoroughfares until they found easier travel on one of the camp's three cemented streets. The bowing maples and the austere pines cast a pleasant shade and furnished relief from the monotony of the brown, sandy fields. Finally, my first military experience ended in an assignment to a spacious, airy, and well-lighted building.

PRIVATE E. E. MESSINGER.

The Antiquity of Prohibition

IT may be news to many . . . that prohibition has almost as great an antiquity as anything in human history. The Bible tells us that the Rechabites forswore all drink, but national prohibition is nowhere mentioned in the Scriptures. A missionary friend in Korea sends me occasionally a copy of a missionary magazine published in Seoul, the capital, and a recent number discusses prohibition, showing that in the year 38 A. D., an edict prohibiting the manufacture of strong drink was promulgated in that country, and that similar prohibitions have occurred again and again, until comparatively recent times, the last being in 1876, when the king officially ordered, "No more drink!" The records tell of King Se-Jo issuing an enactment against drink and sending out messengers to ascertain if the royal will was being complied with by nobles and peasants alike.

In 1423 A. D., King Se-jong, although only twenty-six, when urged by his prime minister to take liquor as a tonic, replied, "When I forbade my people the use of intoxicants, how can I use them myself?" His official edict against the liquor evil contains some passages that might have been written in our own time. He points out the wasteful use of grain, the destruction of the hearts and souls of men by drink, the disgrace it brings to the drunkards and all connected with them, and the human wrecks that men become, "stripped of their diviner nature, with all decency thrown to the winds." This good king's edict even cites cases of drunkards as far back as 206 B. C. Se-jong seems to have been an exceptionally able monarch. He raised his country to a high state of civilization, and in his day Korea "went dry."

Other prohibition kings were Choong-jong, aged twenty-five, who reigned in 1512; Hyo-jong (1636),

who attributed most of the misfortunes that befell the state to drink; and Sook-jong (1675), who ridiculed booze and its victims in clever poems. All of which shows that Korea has a national conscience, and until she imported the drink habit from European nations, her people were probably the soberest in the world.—*Christian Herald*, Dec. 11, 1918.

Knowing When to Stop

AN amusing story is told of a general and an Irish soldier in Mesopotamia. The general, anxious to make sure that every man knew what was expected of him in the attack to be made the following day, went around the trenches questioning the men as to what they were going to do and how far they intended to go. None of them knew, but none of them erred on the side of caution. "At last," says the narrator, "we came to a small Irishman, with clear, steady eyes and the true Hibernian smile.

"Well, how far are you going tomorrow?" the general asked him.

"Sir," he answered, "I am going as far as I can. Eight or nine miles, if they'll let me."

Then the general explained his orders. Four hundred yards of the enemy's trenches only were to be taken, held, and consolidated.

"The Irishman protested that one trench wasn't enough. He at least was 'not going to let them say he was afraid.' He wanted to go right on to Kut without stopping. Nothing, however, was left to chance, and the next day he was seen cutting a fire step in the enemy's first line, converting a parados into a parapet, and waiting for the Turkish counter-attack."

He had to be content, for the time, with one trench. One trench at a time is not a bad rule, and soldiers have more than once learned the folly of going too far. I lost a dear friend not long ago just because his unit outcharged their orders. The ground behind them was not safeguarded, supports had not been brought up, and naturally they had to fall back as best they could. That day many a life was unnecessarily lost.

In Gallipoli, those splendid Australian troops dashed on, carrying all before them, forgetting in their eagerness and victory the need for consolidating every bit of ground taken. For that they suffered heavily. "It was magnificent," as was once said of the memorable charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimean War, "but it was not war."

The great lesson that emerges is that thoroughness is of prior importance to speed. It is as true for us at home, in the schoolroom and the office, as for the soldiers in the trenches. Ruskin thought his tutors should have taught him that while he was still a boy. They should have said to him, "Take care to secure every step—we do not care how much or how little you do, but let what you do be done forever." Nothing surely is more distressing and wasteful of effort than to have constantly to fall back to clear up some imperfectly conquered ground.

"It is a deplorable waste of time," says a writer on the intellectual life, "to have fortresses untaken in our rear." And that is equally true in the life of the soul.—*Selected*.

"THE man who preaches to please the people will accomplish nothing more."

Echoes of History

A Noted Character in French History

NOTICE has been widely heralded of the occupation by President Wilson of the Murat mansion in Paris. To many this announcement means little, because they simply consider it nothing more than the name of some dwelling having perhaps more rooms and better furnishings than the average type of residence. But the distinction given this palace is from the name of the person who founded it more than a hundred years ago.

The title of "prince" was not always enjoyed by Joachim Murat, although it is true that he rose to great fame and power in the annals of France, during the most trying time of its existence. He was, according to most accounts, the younger son of an innkeeper, and was born about 1768. He himself said that his father was a well-to-do farmer.

His parents intended that he should be a priest, and so began his education with that end in view. His

reckless habits, however, forced him to an entirely different calling, and he enlisted in a cavalry regiment at an early age. The natural tendency of the youth quickly revealed itself in this chosen vocation, when by a strong will and devoted energy, especially by prowess in athletics and feats of daring, he made himself to be recognized as the

rightful leader of his young companions in arms.

Reaching this position, his influence began to be directed in a way thought to be prejudicial to government authority, and he was therefore, in 1790, given indefinite leave of absence from army service. For the following two years his career was an indifferent one, and he then found his way again into the army. But in time his advanced republican sentiments exposed him to considerable suspicion, and he was again recalled from his army post.

For a time following this he wandered about in Paris, but in the early part of 1795 fell in with another young unemployed army officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, and they became friends. In the fall of that year, when Bonaparte was requested to undertake the defense of the National Convention, which revolutionary sentiment threatened to overthrow, he at once called Murat to his side as his aide-de-camp. The famous Italian campaign followed in 1796, where so many of Bonaparte's early victories were won, and Murat was the one chosen to carry thence the captured enemy flags to Paris. This act gave him the promotion to brigadier general.

In 1798 Murat accompanied Bonaparte on his Egyptian campaign, and so distinguished himself at the Battle of the Pyramids as to secure his commission as general of division. He had thus become a man of affairs, and so when he returned with Bonaparte to France, he was able to break up and disperse the

nation's Council of Five Hundred, and thus open the way for his close friend to seize the office of first consul of the realm. Bonaparte having mounted to this sudden elevation, as his first step toward royal power, he gave his youngest sister, Caroline, to be the wife of Murat.

Having become the brother-in-law to one whose advancing fortune was apparently established, Murat, too, was thought to be on the high road to national glory. So he was in a sense; for in 1804 he was made marshal of France, and thus became titular governor of Paris. In 1805 another honor was conferred when Murat was appointed grand admiral of France, with the title of "prince." In the same year he commanded the cavalry of the Grand Army in the German campaign, and for conspicuous services at Austerlitz he was named Grand Duke of Berg. This was a duchy on the right bank of the Rhine, formerly under the control of Germany, but captured by Bonaparte in this 1805 campaign.

Another step up the grand staircase of fame was in store for Prince Murat. For his successful part in the battle of Jena, he was elevated to be general-in-chief

of the French armies in Spain. He had hoped, it is thought, that his next promotion would be to the throne of Spain, but this honor was conferred on Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon. Murat was, however, placed on the throne of Naples, in Italy, which really proved to be his undoing in the end.

As a mere feudal tenant of the Naples

throne, Murat accompanied Bonaparte on his Russian campaign of 1812, and manifested his usual headlong valor in the disastrous retreat of that ill-starred campaign. But he became offended at some supposed ill treatment from Bonaparte while on that returning death trail, and threw up his command to go back to Naples. From that point his star began its decline. But he, probably foreseeing the fatal issue so soon to overtake Bonaparte, began to plot against him in conjunction with the Austrian power. He soon repented of this, however, and again became reconciled to his former companion in arms.

But when he did this, Austria retaliated, and Murat became involved in war with that power. At the battle of Tolentino he was beaten and became a fugitive. Reaching Naples in the night, he said to his wife: "Do not be surprised to see me living; I have done all that I could do to die." This was his last living interview with his spouse; for he was obliged quickly to leave Naples by stealth, as he had entered it, and he passed on to Ischia, whence a merchant vessel carried him to Toulon. Dreading the contagion of misfortune, Bonaparte would not permit him to come to Paris.

He therefore remained secluded in Toulon with a price on his head, until after the Battle of Waterloo, which proved the death knell of Bonaparte's greatness. Being denied an asylum in England, Murat went to Corsica, where he was joined by a few rash spirits like himself, who influenced him to strike a blow for the



MARSHAL JOACHIM MURAT LEADING THE CHARGE AT JENA

recovery of his Neapolitan throne. He sailed for Calabria with a flotilla of six vessels carrying two hundred fifty armed men. Encountering a storm, however, he landed at Pizzo instead, and was at once arrested, and imprisoned in the fort at Pizzo, until a court-martial sentenced him to die.

He was given only time to write a touching farewell letter to his wife and children, when he bravely met his fate, and was buried in Pizzo. His was but another case of ephemeral greatness, the only kind human allotment can bestow. Rising, as Murat did, from nothing to royalty, his advancement came through his dashing rashness, which not only fascinated the soldiers under him, but was partly the means of bringing him to an untimely end. His life was, indeed, the repetition of that of many who have grasped for glittering greatness, only to find sorrow and personal nonentity. Prince Murat did, however, leave behind a distinguished line of posterity, and an honored palatial monument in the heart of the French capital. This is earthly glory of fading character, not to be compared with heavenly renown. J. O. CORLISS.

Raymond Poincaré, President of France

FRANCE is the cynosure of all eyes today. For four terrible years the tides of battle ebbed and flowed around and within her borders, until the world's greatest war ended in the world's greatest victory. Now that the tumult of the conflict has subsided, interest turns to the men who have safely guided her ship of state once more into the harbor of peace. Among the foremost of these stands M. Raymond Poincaré, the president of the French Republic.

This brilliant statesman, who is said to be the best public speaker in Europe and "one of the greatest living stylists" in the world of French literature, was born in 1860. His father, himself a distinguished meteorologist, realized the value of education, and his son, after finishing public school, entered the University of Paris, from which he was graduated with honors. Taking up the study of law, he was admitted to the bar in 1880, at the age of twenty, and two years later the precocious young lawyer began his legal practice in Paris. At the time he assumed the presidency he ranked as the first lawyer of Paris, and his annual income was writable in six figures.

The gaining of wealth or legal fame, however, was never Poincaré's ambition. The world of politics made stronger appeal to him, and early in his career he began to write for different French journals on subjects of political interest. These articles soon brought him into prominence, and in 1887 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, being the youngest member of that distinguished body. He served here most efficiently as secretary of several important commissions.

In 1894 Deputy Poincaré was given the cabinet portfolio of public instruction, and later became secretary of finance. This seems rather a remarkable record for a thirty-five-year-old lawyer.

During the next fifteen years he occupied a seat in parliament, but his career was singularly quiet until 1912, when he again came into prominence by exposing the treachery of Caillaux, at that time premier, in conspiring with the Germans for the control of Morocco. The grateful nation first made him premier in place of the traitor, and a year later—in 1913—called him to the presidency, which office he still holds.

Like our own President, Poincaré is a literary man of recognized ability, and he foregathers with the

leading literary men of the age. His library in Paris contains, it is said, presentation copies of many famous writers whom he has known personally.

His varied interests bring the president of the French Republic into contact with all classes of society, and since every man in public life has his enemies, it is worthy of note that never yet has any hint of insincerity or disloyalty been heard in connection with his name.

"The unflinching honesty of Raymond Poincaré," declares the French *Temps*, "has held him aloof from that class of clients who are so ready to pay well for the privilege of evading the law." The story is told of how a millionaire at one time sent Poincaré, in his capacity of legal adviser, a large check, asking for his opinion on a certain transaction in the Bourse, the French Stock Exchange. The *honest* lawyer—a rare type indeed—returned the money, with the note that the desired information could be had for nothing by reference to official reports of a speech he had made in the Chamber of Deputies the previous year.

To such a man France looks for guidance through the reconstruction period before her. And no one can doubt that he will fully justify the confidence his countrymen impose in his honesty, sincerity, loyalty, and judgment.

L. E. C.

Nature and Science

The Diesel Type of Engine

THE pressures in a Diesel, or oil, engine are so much greater than those in a gas engine that when Dr. Diesel placed his first engine on the test block, in 1893, it exploded and nearly killed the inventor, not being sufficiently heavy in construction.

The Diesel engine has been widely applied in Europe for stationary power plants. But its application to ships has been difficult. Ships require engines of very heavy construction; and as the mechanism for the gradual introduction of the fuel into the compressed air in the cylinders is intricate, the motor ship involves valve problems of its own.

The Scandinavians have made the greatest progress in motor ships, and the most successful Diesel engines on the ocean today are built by the Danes, Swedes, and Hollanders, or under their patents. We have built some motor ships, as have the British also. But certain difficulties, to be overcome by wider experience in designing the engines and operating the ships, have retarded the development of this type. However, there are now prospects of active development for the motor ship in both this country and Great Britain.

If the world should turn from coal to fuel oil, and from steam to the motor ship, the question of petroleum supplies will become important.

At present the largest marine consumption of petroleum in the world is probably that of the United States Navy, estimated at five million barrels yearly under war conditions. This quantity would not go far in operating an American merchant marine of twenty-five million tons. Data upon which to figure consumption for such a fleet, with types of passenger and cargo ships running at various speeds and in various classes of service, are not yet very ample. But engineers have adopted a rough-and-ready ratio, estimating one ton of oil yearly to a ton of dead-weight shipping, where the fuel is burned for steam, and half a ton yearly for motor ships.

On this basis the American merchant marine alone would require one hundred fifty million barrels yearly for steam, or seventy-five million barrels for motor ships. The world's ocean tonnage was fifty million tons before the war, and under the improvement and cheapening in transportation, made possible through petroleum, might increase to seventy-five million tons within the next five or ten years, this estimate including our own merchant marine.

The Tampico Oil Fields

Fortunately Nature has stored supplies in the earth for precisely this situation. Mexican petroleum is peculiarly suited for marine use. In the district round Tampico, which has been the scene of petroleum development for the past eighteen years, there are two types of crude oil taken from opposite sides of the Panuco River, which runs through Tampico and divides the district. The northern type of oil is a heavy crude oil that cannot be refined, but is suitable for burning to make steam. The southern type of oil is lighter. When refined, this yields about twelve per cent of crude gasoline and is suited for Diesel engines.

No such oil field has yet been located in any other part of the world. The Tampico district now has about fifty wells in production, with an estimated capacity of fifteen hundred thousand barrels daily—more than twice as much oil as would be needed to operate the world's merchant fleets and navies.

It is true that Mexico at present produces only from fifty million to sixty million barrels yearly; but this represents simply the quantity that can be handled in available pipe lines and tank steamers.

The Tampico district is less than one hundred miles long and fifty miles wide; but it lies over enormous

reservoirs of oil and is considered but part of a general oil region sixteen hundred miles long and from seventy-five to one hundred miles wide. Prospectors have also found promising oil indications in Guatemala, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, and other parts of Latin America.

Today there are about fifty companies operating or holding oil lands in the Tampico district, with storage tanks and pipe lines to get the oil down to the ocean. Mexicans have not been active in developing this region because their political troubles have been acute during the chief period of Tampico development.

It is estimated, roughly, that one man can produce three hundred tons of coal yearly, while the same man might produce seven thousand tons of oil. This great multiplication of human power is a benefit that will irresistibly make its own way; and, besides greater results for men's work, there are the additional advantages of clean industrial towns, more agreeable working conditions, better morale, and better living all round.

It is so very much worth while to bring the world into this petroleum age that development of new oil resources all over the globe will be one of the chief activities of peace. The world needs Mexico's petroleum for its growth and comfort. Under the earth in the Tampico district are resources capable of influencing the history of the world.

Out of the lessons of international adjustment and teamwork taught the nations by war they will unquestionably find methods of making the Mexican oil supply available to mankind—methods which will not only be entirely fair to the Mexican people, but which will bring them stability, growth, and prosperity.—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

"The New Wine of France"

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

THE writer once had a music teacher—an elderly gentleman from France. One day the topic of conversation was beverages. At the mention of water he said with disgust: "I never drink water; frogs live in water." And I suppose there are many persons to whom the thought of water as a beverage is repulsive. The Chinese in their own country rarely or never drink water, but weak tea. The French and some other southern European people use light wines in place of water.

There may have been some good reason for this prejudice. The surface water in China is deadly. Unless it is sterilized and purified, it is unfit to drink. Our sanitary officers seem to have found a similar condition in France. Even tea and wine might be preferable to water containing the deadly typhoid or cholera germs. Perhaps the unsanitary condition of many of the water supplies, with the resulting ill health of those who used it, was one cause for the general use of other beverages.

But our army in France has demonstrated that there is no drink like pure water, and they have proved it. The following article on "The New Wine of France," by Emily Frances Robbins, which appeared in the January *Red Cross Magazine*, tells the story.

"'Wine divine' it has been called—not a new name, but it still holds. It is Uncle Sam's favorite, brought to France by the American Army.

"A curious characteristic of the American, this

wanting his own of everything. The war is three thousand miles from home, yet the American soldier abroad demands his own kind of white bread. Though he camps over the chalky strata of Normandy, or upon the mountains of the Swiss border, or among the vine vaults of old Champagne, he howls for his own, his favorite beverage, the sweetest wine he has found in France—American water.

"Are our boys drinking in France? Of course they are—all the water they can get. They do not waste a minute, after they have gotten here.

"At one landing port, the supply of good water became insufficient for the great incoming American hordes, every man with a thirst. So as soon as they put their feet on soil where famous French wine was no longer prohibited, they worked all night, and all the next day, another night, and still other nights (so fanatical were they on this subject of drink), and they bored into the earth as many feet as the height of America's tallest building—and out flowed gallons and gallons and gallons.

"What is worse, they have it all along the route. The officers are so afraid that our boys will be tempted to drink French water that they run ahead and examine it, and hang little signs here and there, prohibiting the American soldiers to taste of it. When the supply is an important one and drink is needed, engineers install filtration and sterilization plants, and convert many dangerous waters, against which the

Frenchmen may have become inoculated by long contact, into a safe American beverage. When the water supply is such that it cannot be purified in bulk, they reduce the purification and sterilization devices to miniature, place them on trucks, and run them around the country after the soldier.

"Even Jerry's own yields to the magic of American sterilization. Jerry's favorite beverage, in the wells that he leaves behind, is brewed with his dead bodies, his human excreta, and his cast-off hospital bandages. Nothing daunted, the busy little American runabout sterilizer — unique in the annals of armies — puts the concoction through a treatment in democracy, and in fifteen minutes gallons are flowing American pure.

"The American indifference to the old French wines is one of the scandals of this war. Word is passed that they are the only safe course, that in them you get your drink in sterilized form. But whoever invented that camouflage did not reckon with the wily man from Missouri, who winks one eye and remarks, 'Who had an interest in starting that propaganda?'

"In the good old days of open field maneuvers, before the world became sophisticated, armies used to camp within reach of visible water sources, near springs, or upon the banks of streams. Modern warfare no longer consults the convenience of geography, geology, topography, or meteorology. Whatever the rainfall, the natural storage, the run-off, or the seasonal variation; whether the source of supply is a surface stream, or an ancient river bed, or beneath impermeable sedimentary rock, or compact sandstone — the will of science dominates, and water pours forth. The camps of the American Army are spread over the free soil of France. The French landscape is dotted with American docks, cantonments, bakeries, laundries, baths, schools, laboratories, hospitals, machine shops, railway yards, terminals, supply depots; it is painted with American locomotives, motor trucks, horses, mules, airplanes, and men — and they all drink. And the trouble they cause! Think of it for a moment — a great engineering enterprise for furnishing drink already accomplished, with four hundred more in the process of construction. A whole army of engineers and sanitariums are devoted to the cause of drink, purifying farm supplies, pumping from streams and springs into storage tanks and reservoirs, boring into the earth, building 50-foot-high curved concrete dams that impound 100,000,000 gallons of water, laying miles of pipe line at night under the very breath of the enemy.

"From the time the American soldier strikes a French port, until he infiltrates through to the last foot of civilized territory, drink flows in a continuous stream into his mouth. When he gets beyond the base of huge reservoirs, it is carried in pipes to water-points. When he gets beyond these, it is sent to him on water-truck trains, each truck carrying as much as five hundred gallons. Where trucks can no longer penetrate, 150 gallons of water is sent at a time by horses or mules, who pull and strain and die to get it to the thirsty soldier. When animals fail, men carry it by hand, trailing the man to his farthest lair.

"And there he sits, in his dugout, or his trench, or his shelter hole, with clear eyes and ruddy cheeks — be it known to his shame — due to his long career of drinking. Under the spell of his American intoxication, he studies the different languages of the shells, developing a nicety for noises, a delicacy of discrimination, and turns his mind to the weighty problems of winning the war, which devolve upon his individual

responsibility and, solving the last crucial question — how to 'get on Jerry's flank and tickle him with one of them hand grenades' — he reaches for more American liquid, to put the devils of health into his veins — and quaffs, and quaffs."

Doubtless the great object lesson — our boys by the hundreds of thousands keeping themselves in magnificent condition, while using only water as a beverage — has been an eye-opener to the French, and may do much to advance the cause of total abstinence.

Our Soldier Boys

WHEN the peaceful shades of Sabbath eve
Fall on orchard, hill, and plain,
And from many homes throughout the land
Floats the sweet familiar strain:

"Keep the Sabbath holy, the day our Lord hath blessed,
Of all the week the brightest, of all the week the best,"

Our thoughts speed to the training camps,
And o'er the waters blue,
From out our hearts the prayers ascend,
Dear soldier boys, for you.

We miss you from the Sabbath school
When we all stand up to sing,
The music of your deep-toned bass,
Your tenor's silvery ring.

"Dear Sabbath school, more dear to me than any palace dome,"
We wonder if you are thinking, lads, of the Sabbath schools
at home?

When the song is ended, and the Scripture reading too,
In earnest tones the prayers ascend,
Dear soldier boys, for you.

Keep the watch fires burning bright,
And let your lives ring true,
Be quick to answer to His call,
As you did to the red, white, and blue.

"The golden morning is fast approaching; Jesus soon will come
To take his faithful and happy children to their promised
home."

When the heavenly portals open
To let earth's pilgrims through,
May they swing wide, — those pearly gates, —
Dear soldier boys, for you.

GRACE E. BRUCE.

Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society of Seventh-Day Adventists

YOUTH's bright, happy moments we give to our King:
Our money and talents we cheerfully bring;
Using all we possess in his service so great;
No gift do we value too costly to make.
Giving him of our best, though our gift may be small, —
Precious gifts in his sight, when we bring to him all.
Each member a worker — each girl and each boy;
Our duty, to serve in the Master's employ.

Printed pages of truth, — papers, booklets, and tracts;
Little pamphlets, — that tell of the present-day facts,
Enlightening our neighbors, we pass them around,
So we'll not ever waiting or idle be found.
Many ways we can help, though we cannot all teach;
In each act we are striving some lost ones to reach.
Saving all our spare pennies; with these we can send
Some one older to tell them of Jesus our Friend.

In the school we can help. There's a place everywhere, —
On the street, in our homes, we can work for him there.
Not a moment to waste or an evening misspent,
As we onward progress, on our mission intent.
Resolving to labor with courage and might,
Yielding all to the Master, to guide us aright.

Volunteers, who are willing to pray or to speak,
Often just a few words will encourage the weak;
Little thoughts in our letters, whenever we write,
Using this as one way to send others the light.
New names on our pledge, from strong drink to abstain,
This, too, is a feature we make very plain.
Ever ready to tell of this wonderful truth.
Every branch of God's work needs the strength of the youth.

Rich and poor are invited to join in the work,
Sons and daughters for Jesus, we never can shirk.
Older folks must work too, for you know we are small;
Come and lend us your hand, lest we stumble and fall.
In the end we'll be glad that we've done what we could, —
Engaged in a cause so important and good.
True Seventh-day Adventist helpers are we, —
Yes, we young folks can do it; just watch, and you'll see.
MABEL BLIVEN.

Foreign Missionary Work in the Homeland

THE home base is a good starting-point for all enterprises. One of the great lessons the war has taught us is more unselfish sharing of our homes. We have swung wide the doors to our men in khaki. In such a time as this no one wants to be numbered with the man who eats his morsel alone. Even before the lessons of war-time hospitality, some of our missionary leaders had thought of the loneliness the Christmas holidays brought to foreign students in our American schools, and had included them among their Christmas guests. When we remember that there are in our United States 1,500 students from China, 1,000 from Japan, and more than 2,000 from South America, with smaller numbers from other lands, we catch some idea of the possibility of Christmas hospitality.

A great missionary leader of China said: "One student who returns to China thoroughly converted is worth a whole mission." From the secretary for China of the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference came this message when he found that the man who worked hardest, after the Chinese revolution, to make Confucianism the state religion of China, was a Ph. D. of Columbia University: "What were the Christians in America doing during the years he was in college?"

Miss Siok Au Chiu, a Radcliffe student, furnishes us this delightful description of her first Christmas in one of the choicest Christian homes in America:

American Home Life

"The first American home, where I had the fortune to be welcomed the first Christmas I was in America, was a cozy little one of three — mother, daughter, and uncle. It was in the town of Beverly, Mass. I was not the only lucky one, for five other Chinese girls were also invited. It was late that Christmas Eve when we arrived at the house. Except for the light in front of the door, the house was dark. As the mother and daughter of the house ushered us into the hall, and as we turned our heads toward the dimly lit parlor, something gleaming and sparkling struck our eyes. 'It's a Christmas tree purposely put up for you children,' said the kind mother, beaming with smiles. 'Now you must go to bed at once and rest yourselves. Norma will take you upstairs and put you to bed.' No matter how curious we were, we were guests there for the first time, and could not very well intrude into the parlor to have a peep at the tree, much as we wished to do so, before going upstairs.

"The charming daughter, Norma, took us upstairs and showed us the bedrooms. There were a single room, a double room, and a large room with two double beds and a couch. 'You may choose your roommates. Two of you can go into the double room. Perhaps you two had better take the double room,' she said in a very pleasing voice, looking at Lucy and Grace, who were sisters. 'Mother says that we'd better put the weak one in the single room, so that she can have as much rest as she wants.' Having said so she looked at me. I was not really weak, but I had not been feeling well at all during my last few months in America, owing to the change of climate, I suppose. My kind Bradford teacher had been so thoughtful that she wrote to the mother about my not being well, as soon as the invitation came. So the single room was assigned to me, and the rest of the girls had to take the large room.

"After having shown the rooms, Norma bade us good night and went downstairs. Knowing that there was nobody else on the top floor, we began to feel at home and inspect our rooms closely.

"'Aren't the beds soft and comfortable? New blankets and comforters!' whispered one of the girls.

"'Here! we have each a writing table and a chair — stationery and ink all provided!' cried another softly.

"'Come and see the number of hand and bath towels all beautifully embroidered with the initial P — so nice and clean!' exclaimed another girl, coming out of the bathroom.

"'Silence!' said another. 'It would be a shame if we were overheard. Let's think of something to celebrate Christmas. Why not sing a Christmas hymn in Chinese early in the morning before they are up?'

"'That's a good idea, but I've forgotten the words.'

"'We can write out the words and learn them by heart. We need only one verse. They won't know it if we repeat the same verse many times.'

"One of the girls who was gifted with a better memory than any of the rest, began to dictate the first verse of the hymn, 'Joy to the world,' in Shanghai, while another girl wrote it down in Chinese.

"After some more whisperings and giggling we all went to bed. About half past four we got up, walked on tiptoe to sit on the staircase by candlelight, and began to sing our Chinese hymn with the one verse repeated several times; then it was followed by 'Silent night' in English. As soon as we had finished singing, we ran to bed again, and rested until it was time to get up for breakfast.

"At the breakfast table, Mother P—— asked Uncle McGill if he had heard any angels singing early this morning.

"'Sure enough,' remarked Uncle McGill, 'and they were not American angels either, for they sang in a language I could not understand. They were sweet, though.' Uncle McGill was always in good humor.

"'It was really angelic,' repeated Mother P——.

"'The lovely singing is still in my ears,' Norma joined in.

"We talked a great deal at the breakfast table, the hostess, the host, and the six Chinese guests all taking part. When we were about to rise from the table, Mother P—— said: 'We must now go to see what Santa Claus has to give us. I hung six stockings for you six children with your name on each.'

"We all left the dining-room and went to the parlor. As soon as we caught sight of the six red silk stockings hanging on the fireplace, loaded with Christmas gifts, we forgot that we were in a strange home, and began to shout with joy. Besides the gifts in the stockings there were packages printed with our names. As we emptied our stockings and opened our packages, we found Christmas presents from both known and unknown friends — candies, nuts, books, handkerchiefs, sewing-boxes, pictures, picture frames, Christmas cards, home letters, and what not.

"For the most part of the morning we could do nothing but sit before the fireplace reading and answering letters. We could not help telling our dear ones at home of how thoughtful and kind Mother P——, her family, and her friends were to have planned such a surprise party for us, whose memory of our 'Home Sweet Home' was still fresh in mind. Had we been left in the boarding school for the vaca-

tion with a few school-teachers and servants, our first impression of an American Christmas vacation would have become a cold and dismal one. Now our home letters were filled with jolly, happy messages and beautiful descriptions of the home whose mother had been farsighted enough to have seized the first opportunity to impress on us a most beautiful picture of American home life.

"Our first morning in a strange home passed away more quickly than under ordinary circumstances. Soon the Christmas dinner was ready. It would have been a grand occasion even for American children. Besides our family of nine, there were an old lady and an old gentleman, who were Mother P——'s good friends. Eleven of us made up quite a large family. The most wonderful sight at the dinner was the appearance of an enormous turkey. We had tasted American turkey at the last Thanksgiving dinner in the school, but we had never seen a whole turkey brought to the table. In our little minds, we began to tremble for Mother P——, as we were anxious to know how she would handle such a huge turkey. But the size of the bird did not trouble Mother P—— at all. She kept on talking, now to her friends, now to us girls, and without showing any nervousness, she finished serving eleven of us in a few minutes. The charm of her conversation dispelled our sympathetic nervousness for her. There were more things on the table than I could readily count. In fact, all the good Christmas 'eats' purchasable at market were represented. We left the table stuffed up to the neck with delicacies.

"After dinner we all sat around the fire with our sewing to pass the time. Mother P—— suggested that I should sing something, as she knew that I was taking vocal lessons. In order not to disappoint her, I made an effort at showing my little, frail, broken voice. 'She has a sweet voice,' was the polite remark, given for the sake of encouraging me, I believe. My singing was followed by piano solos by some of the girls. The most enjoyable number on the musical program of the afternoon was the song, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," by a maid, at the special request of Mother P——. She stood at the door of the parlor in a modest manner and started to sing right away without bothering about the right key or giving excuses. She did not have a trained voice, but she knew the song well, was steady, and completed her performance without a break anywhere. If her singing was not appealing, her courage and sweet disposition were admirable. Personally, I marveled at the simplicity and willingness on her part, because she was not a young girl. She was heartily applauded.

"As the weather was not fine for the whole day, we stayed in the house the rest of the day. About half-past six a light supper was served. After supper Mother P—— read to us until about half past nine, when she conducted prayers and sent us to bed with a motherly kiss, and so ended our first day in a good, orderly, pious American Christian home. The combination of motherly tenderness and fatherly solemnity in Mother P——, the charm and sweetness of Sister Norma, and the boyish disposition and ever-entertaining humor of Uncle McGill revealed to us, as never before, the genuine characteristics of true Americans in their home.

"Our program for the rest of our holidays was far from monotonous. One day we were invited out to tea; another day we were entertained by the young people of a Congregational church in Beverly; again

another day Mother P—— took us to Boston and Cambridge to see the famous buildings and historical places. Now and then Mother P—— would give tea parties and dinner parties in order to introduce American friends. And so on we went through the week with no two days having similar activities and amusement.

"Our first Christmas vacation in America passed away like a dream, and left with us the impression that we had been in America for months, and created in us the feeling of being at home."— *Missionary Review of the World*, November, 1918.

A Nature Calendar

DID you ever make a nature calendar? It must be an interesting task to the boy or girl who loves nature study. I received such a calendar for a Christmas present. It was made by a young girl of fourteen who lives in British Columbia.

To make one, set down the dates in a narrow column at the left hand, just as you would in making a text calendar, and opposite the date write the name of a bird, flower, or animal that appears at that time, and also the names of flower and garden seeds planted at that date.

The child who undertakes such a task will find in it much to amuse and much to learn. He will get better acquainted with the frogs, birds, caterpillars, butterflies, wasps, and hornets; and he will learn just when to look for the first opening leaves of gooseberry and maple, and the coming time of pussy willow and trillium.

My little friend also chronicled the time when the birds leave for warmer climes, and when the first frost comes, and the first snow. S. ROXANA WINCE.

Occupational Oddities

THE coal man is a sly old fox,
In fact, he's quite a paradox —
For coal he always makes us pay,
And yet he gives his coal a weigh.

The house contractor is a man
Who works on a peculiar plan —
Suppose a building he would raze,
He pulls it down, so odd his ways!

The baker, an unselfish friend —
By altruism gains his end —
His bread he lets us have when he
Quite clearly kneads it more than we.

The waiter's name doesn't seem to fit,
We fail to see the sense of it;
He hurries too and fro with plates —
The diner 'tis who really waits.

And there's the man who goes aroun'
With paste and brush and bills the town;
Though paying work his duties all,
His business drives him to the wall.

— Boston Transcript.

The Story of Ned

MY very first recollection is of the piece of waste ground, or common land, on which I was born. I remember that my poor mother always seemed weak and ill, and at times she would tremble as if with terror. I soon found that those occasions were when our master came to see us. Sometimes he would bring a handful of hay and give it to my mother, but more often it was only curses and blows from a heavy stick.

The village boys who frequented the common also helped to worry my poor mother by throwing sticks and stones at us, but they, too, were afraid when they

heard the voice of our master, and would make off as fast as their legs could carry them as soon as they saw him.

I learned before long that the boys always called our master "Drunken Sammy," and indeed his manner always seemed strange; he was often very cruel to us.

One day when I was only a few weeks old our master came to us, and this time he was in even worse temper than usual. He belabored my mother with a piece of iron, and between his oaths said that he would not have two lazy creatures on his hands any longer; my mother would have to go to work at once, and he was going to get a buyer for me. The very next day he took my mother into an ancient shed near by and harnessed her to a ramshackle cart, which he loaded up with old iron and timber, and then with dreadful blows drove her up the hill near by. I watched them till they were out of sight, and then I felt very lonely indeed. I had never been without my mother before, and I knew that as soon as Drunken Sam's back was turned the village boys would be around with their stones and sticks to drive me. To them it was sport, no doubt; but I trembled when I thought what I should have to endure from them.

It was not long before they came, and I spent a miserable day, but I looked forward to seeing the old cart with my mother in front come over the hill again. However, the night drew on and there was no sign of her coming. All that night I was left alone, and in the early morning I saw some men coming over the hill carrying something heavy between them.

They went into the old shed where my master seemed to live, and later on I heard the village boys telling each other that Drunken Sammy was dead, that he and the cart had been found overturned in the road, that my mother was dead with a dreadful wound from a broken shaft, and that Sammy had been put on a door and carried to the shed, but that he had died before a doctor could be sent for. My grief was bitter indeed, and I could not help vaguely wondering what my lot would be, now that my poor mother and her master were both dead, as I had never seen any other person with my master.

Some days passed by. I wandered about over the common and through the lanes, and even the cruel boys seemed to have found other sport. I learned afterward that they were interested in following the results of the inquest on my drunken old master and watching the parish funeral that was given him.

My life was now a very forlorn one; the boys came back in greater numbers than ever, and I heard them say that there was no one to be afraid of now that old Sam was dead, and Neddy belonged to no one in particular, so they should do what they liked with him. No purpose would be served by entering into all the details of my life for the next few months. Suffice it to say that it was as miserable as it could be, and the nights as they grew cold and stormy were a new terror to me. But a change was soon to come into my life.

One day when the village boys were serving me even worse than usual, I heard a cheery voice call out to them to "Hold!" and a pleasant-faced man of about forty years of age came up to them. "What are you doing to that donkey?" he asked. "To whom does he belong?" The boys replied that I belonged to no one in particular, that my old master was dead and I had been left on the common and forgotten, or at least no one had put in a claim for me, so they considered that I belonged to them as much as to any one else, and they intended to do as they liked with me.

The gentleman replied, "No, indeed, you will not. I will see that no dumb creature is served like that if I can help it. I shall take him home with me, and if any one can prove he has a right to him I will give him up; until then he shall be mine;" and with that he patted me and talked kindly and gently to me till I learned not to fear him, and then, the boys making off, he coaxed me to follow him.

It was a long walk, and I was weak and ill from ill usage, but at last we came to a large, comfortable-looking house with a nice paddock at the side. My new master led me into a sheltered corner of the paddock, and then he went into the house. In a few minutes he returned with a plentiful supply of food for me, and at his heels five excited children, one of them, little more than a baby, carried on the shoulders of the biggest boy. Oh, what a fuss they made over me; how they pitied and petted me, and almost quarreled who should give me the dainty bits that they had brought out with them.

I spent six happy years in my new home, for no one ever claimed me, and I became the pet and plaything of my new master's children. I was so grateful for all the happiness that had come into my life that I felt I could not do enough to show my affection for them. The only work I had to do was to take them for a trot around the paddock, often two of them on my back at once, or sometimes they would harness me to a pretty carriage that their father had bought them, and we would go for walks into the nearest village to buy fruit or toys. At the end of six years this happy life came to an end. My master's children were growing up into men and women, and even the baby, my favorite of them all, was now a tall slip of a girl with long dark hair and soft brown eyes.

About this time I heard them talking of a great and dreadful war that was taking place in the world, and a very large house that was just opposite to ours was made into a hospital for wounded soldiers. I used to stand at the fence near the road and watch the wagons come to the door of the hospital, loaded with soldiers, all ill and wounded, and after a while they would many of them come down the road for a walk, leaning on their crutches or perhaps being wheeled in an invalid's chair. They would often stand and talk to me as I looked over the fence, and I got to know some of them quite well.

One day my master came to me, and putting his arm over my neck said: "Dear old Ned, this is a dreadful war; we must all do our bit, and I know you would like to do yours; so Ned, we are going to part with you, not because we want to lose you, but because we would not give that which costs us nothing, and you can do more good elsewhere, old chap!" And the youngest child, my dear little dark-eyed mistress, came and put her head down on mine. Crying softly, she said: "No, dear old Ned, we hate to have you go, but others need you more; you must take our little carriage and go across the road and every day take out some of the wounded boys, so that they can get strong and well again. We shall see you sometimes, Ned, but till the war is over you must serve your country."

The next day I was brushed and combed, and the carriage cleaned and polished, and my young mistress drove me over the road and presented me to the hospital.

I have been in my present work two years. I have seen many sad sights and heard many mournful stories. I miss my young companions very much, but they come to see me sometimes, and the boys and nurses

here are most kind to me and say they could not do without me, so I am thankful to be of real use in the world, and able to relieve a little of the suffering there is in it, the more so because I know what it is to suffer.

Some day, when I am older, I may be able to tell more about my life.— *Good Health*.

Geography Games

THERE is nothing quite like a geography party for giving children and young people fun.

If it is to be a birthday festivity, a pretty souvenir of the occasion would be a cardboard globe, used in the center of the supper table. All the guests can sign their names on it, each choosing a country, or signing on the country they represent in one of the games. A map could be used in the same way, especially if the party concerns itself only with the United States.

Seeing America First

Begin the party by "seeing America first." As the guests come in, they may receive cards or tiny envelopes from a basket held by one of the party. Each boy should receive the name of some State and each girl the name of a State capital; then the boy goes about asking for the capital of his State until he finds the right girl, and all the States west of the Mississippi take their places on one side of the room, and those east of the Mississippi on the other.

When all have received their cards and taken their places in line, let each line choose a leader, or let them stand according to ages. The leader names some city, say Washington, and begins to count,—one, two, three. Before twenty is reached the leader on the opposite side must name another city beginning with "W," and the second in line must name a third before twenty is reached, and so on down the line. If the player reaches twenty before the opposing player can think of another city beginning with "W," the latter has to drop out of the game, and the last player begins with a new initial; so on until all the players on one side are defeated, or until a time limit is reached.

A prize may be given to all those who are standing when time is called, or to the last player to fall on the side that is defeated. For the prizes you can use cheap geography games, to be had at from ten to twenty-five cents; any product of the States, such as cotton balls, tiny pots of candy baked beans, Oregon apples, or California rose chains, or dissected maps. The latter can easily be made with a railway map, a sheet of cardboard, and a knife.

Map Making

The players are divided by drawing lots; each pair may be assigned to a country or a State or a continent, according to the number present. For this you will need to use an old geography. Paste on cardboard as many maps as there are couples, and leave the cardboard under weights until thoroughly dry; then with a sharp knife cut each map into irregular pieces and put each separately into a large envelope. If the envelopes are made of colored paper, or decorated, or tied with narrow colored ribbon and sealed with wax, it will add to the pleasure. When all have received their envelopes, each couple chooses a place, and at a signal all open their envelopes and begin to put together the maps. A prize may be given to the couple whose map is first completed.

Story Writing

If you can get a copy of the old game about the countryman in New York it will be amusing for the next round; if not, one can be made with a little in-

genuity. Get a stationer to cut cardboard into a good many cards about the size of a small visiting card, and on each print or write clearly the name of some object, until you have four or five times as many as you have guests. Write a story about the adventures of Baron Munchausen or Little Henry or Captain Cook, leaving blanks here and there, and have as many blank spaces as there are cards. Let the guests sit in a circle, and in the middle place the person who is to read the story. Pass the cards around in a small basket, each person taking one; then read the first part of the story. At the first blank, the one nearest the reader supplies the word on his or her card; at the next blank, the next, and so on till the first chapter is finished and all the cards first dealt are used; then repeat until the story is done. The absurdity of the story will usually produce considerable merriment.

The Steamboat Game

The game which follows is adapted from the old English game of "Penny Post." Each one receives the name of a seaport. The chairs should be placed around the room in some such order as the cities in question are situated. If nobody objects to the military implication, the game can be called "Running the Blockade," or it may be called simply "Steamboat." One person is blindfolded. The leader is shipping master, and begins the game by calling out, "The steamship 'Lusitania' [or some other boat] will sail from New York to Bombay and return, touching at Liverpool and Marseilles" (never mind probabilities). The one who is "New York" will then go to the person named "Bombay," touching the others mentioned on the way; they must rise from their seats, or give some signal, so that the "steamer" will know where to go. The blindfolded one must try to catch the "steamer" on the way, and if successful, the "steamer" is blindfolded. Another way to play it would be to use the names of American cities and have a train instead of a steamer.

Looking for the North Pole

Another game which is great fun may be called "Looking for the North Pole." The "pole" may be a stick of striped candy set in a frosted cake, a toothpick standing in a marshmallow, or anything that looks remotely like a pole. One person, chosen for the explorer, leaves the room, and the others decide on some place for the "pole." If it is the stick of candy kind, and therefore conspicuous, the "explorer" may be blindfolded. Some one at the piano plays louder as the "explorer" approaches the "pole." An appropriate tune would be Edward German's setting of the "Pau Amma" song from "Just So Stories," which sounds like the beat of a steamer's screw. It is a good idea to have several songs in this series—if you have a singer to sing them.

"Banquet of All Nations"

A delightful game is to dress up for supper. It may be announced that there will be a "banquet of all nations." Each player receives an envelope containing the information as to which nation he or she represents, and the place which serves for the country; and in this place, whether an upstairs room, or merely a corner behind a chair or screen, the proper costume is found. When all are dressed, they may march out to supper to some patriotic air. It will add to the fun if some one takes the part of Columbia or Uncle Sam, and acts as marshal.

After supper there may be a diplomatic reception. Some one acts the part of the President, Uncle Sam,

Columbia, or George Washington, and receives each ambassador, who tells something about his own country, sings a song, or tells a story.

The "Voyage" Game and Silhouettes

A simple game with the flavor of imagination in it can be made by stationing the guests in various parts of the room, preferably by pairs, which gives them the fun of consulting. Each represents some country. Two are chosen as traders, and they start on a "voyage;" they can use a basket or an express cart as the ship. Each person is supplied with things appropriate to the country designated. The Brazilian has small bags of coffee and some glass beads to represent diamonds; the Chinese have tea, silk, and china; the South Sea Islanders, baskets and fruit; and so on. Toy animals can be used for real ones, and the trader can carry beads to trade with the savages, bright bandanna handkerchiefs, tools, red cloth, and toy money. To vary the game the inhabitants of some countries may offer to take the traders to see the sights, and may ask questions about this country.

Another "contest" game may be prepared by taking a map of the Old World or of the United States, cutting out the various States or countries very carefully, and making silhouettes of them. An easy way to do this is to paste a piece of black paper on the reverse side of the map before cutting out, but a better way is to lay the map on the black paper and cut the two out together. Then paste the silhouette on a card and let each one guess the name of the one drawn. As soon as guessed, it may be cut out, and when all are cut out they can be fitted together as a map. Still another contest is to give each person a sheet of paper and a pencil with the direction to draw a given map—Europe or the United States—from memory, with a prize for the best.—*Louise Lamprey.*

A Query

WHY do young girls persist in placing "Miss" before the name?

I have often wondered about this. I frequently get a letter signed *Miss Rena Mount*, or *Miss* somebody else. This reveals a real disregard for what is good taste or good form. If a young woman is writing to a stranger, she may place the title in parentheses, as (*Miss*) *Rena Mount*; but never should she preface her name with the title when signing a letter, without setting it off from the rest of the name by parentheses.

For the Finding-Out Club

Do You Know —

1. WHAT President refused a third term?
2. Which President wrote the Declaration of Independence?
3. What President secured its adoption?
4. What President was a good violinist?
5. What Presidents died in office?
6. Which Presidents were assassinated?
7. Who were the bachelor Presidents?
8. What President was noted as a good storyteller?
9. What President's wife was known as "the Bride of the White House"?
10. What President was noted for use of "the big stick"?
11. What President visited Europe during his second term of office?

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

The Testimonies Reading Course

ALTHOUGH a year has passed since the plan of a Testimonies Reading Course was adopted, it is evident that many of our young people have not yet become interested. Sometimes the idea is expressed that we are promoting so many enterprises that some of them will necessarily be neglected. If this is true, the reading of the nine volumes of "Testimonies for the Church" is certainly not one of those to be put off. Right now we need the spiritual uplift and inspiration they give, and we need the knowledge to be obtained from this source, as never before.

With the hope that it may encourage some to begin without delay so that they can finish by the end of the year and receive the gift book offered, we shall make some suggestions about how to get the most out of the Testimonies course.

It is well to have a permanent notebook, which may be ruled so as to record the volume and the date when begun. There should be a column for the page, one for the subject, one for references to the same subject in other volumes, and the largest one for brief, striking quotations to be written down. These will prove of great value later. Other columns may be provided, if desired.

Others may choose to mark all the passages which impress them and which they desire to use. These marked sentences or paragraphs may then be copied into notebooks. Space should be left at the margin to note the subject of each quotation, so it can be located readily.

Or the reader may prefer to wait until all the volumes are read, and then copy the quotations in a notebook by topics, grouping under one topic all that he found in the nine volumes. This would need an alphabetical index. The following quotations may serve to illustrate copying by topics:

Real Surrender

"We are not God's children unless we are such entirely."—"Steps to Christ," p. 49.

"Half-and-half service places the human agent on the side of the enemy, as a successful ally of the hosts of darkness."—"Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," p. 139.

"We do not belong to Christ unless we are his wholly."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 50.

In thus grouping these striking statements, they become very forceful and impressive, though of course we need to guard against removing a statement from its proper setting when to do so would distort its meaning or application.

It would be well to have a place in the notebook where all the messages addressed or especially applicable to the young people may be referred to by volume and page. The subject considered should be briefly noted with the reference. For instance, the subjects may be Amusements, Dress, Reading, Sentimentalism, Education, Service, etc., and it will be very convenient to be able to find these topics at a glance.

This study of the Testimonies and the making of permanent notebooks will surely prove a great help

to those who have any part in the Missionary Volunteer Society work. The information will be valuable to them personally, and will furnish the very best kind of material for frequent use in the Missionary Volunteer meetings. Many correspond with other young people of our faith, and they might bring great blessing to their friends by making use in their letters of some of these precious gems of truth gleaned from the Testimonies.

Probably some who are interested could do much good by starting little reading circles, in the family or the church, and so encourage others to read with them.

Let us go to work in real earnest to read the Testimonies during this year. Notify your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary that you have started with Volume I, so that he may enroll your name and send you any helps he may have. MEADE MACGUIRE.

Our Counsel Corner

OUR society is quite run down. What can we do to get new members? E. A.

Let the two or three or five or ten "live wires" get together and talk over the names of those outside who ought to be active or associate members. Then visit them personally, presenting the claims and advantages of the society. Canvass the Sabbath school, considering each class and each member of each class, and how best to approach them. Remember the newcomers in your community, who perhaps have never had an invitation to the society. When you have brought them into the society, give the new members at once some work to do, before their early interest cools. Stir up the old members to do their part. Pray much about the situation. Thus you can run up a run-down society.—Dr. Francis E. Clark.

Is it wrong to use rouge and face powder? L. C.

Cosmetics are harmful to the skin, for nearly all contain some chemical which hardens the skin, making it dry and harsh later on. The natural healthy skin needs no "dope" on it. If the skin tans when exposed to the sun, it is nature's way of protecting itself against the heat. The pigment of the skin prevents the sun's rays from penetrating farther, thus forming a defense.

When the skin of the face is oily, a good steam bath once or twice a week keeps it in excellent condition. If the face is dry and wrinkled, steam the face, then oil with massage cream, cocoa butter, or olive oil, and rub vigorously. The white cloth used for rubbing will be quite soiled. This treatment two or three times a week will keep the face smooth and clear without cosmetics.

LAURETTA KRESS, M. D.

The Sabbath School

VII — The Call of Gideon

(February 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Judges 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor. Judges 6: 12.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 546-556; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 26-30.

"Flitting, flitting ever near thee,
Sitting, sitting by thy side,
Like your shadow all unwearied
Angel beings guard and guide."

Questions

1. What nation now oppressed the Israelites? For how many years did this continue? In what places did the Israelites seek refuge? Judges 6: 1, 2.

2. At what season of the year did their enemies come against them? What is said of the number of the enemy? How completely were the crops destroyed? Verses 3-6. Note 1.

3. What did the children of Israel finally do? What message did the prophet of the Lord bring to them? Whose fault was it that they were in trouble? Verses 7-10.

4. What else did God's great love lead him to do? What was Gideon doing when the angel appeared to him? What did the angel say to him? Verses 11, 12. Note 2.

5. What questions did Gideon ask? How did he show discouragement? Verse 13.

6. What announcement did the Lord make to Gideon? How did Gideon show humility? What assurance did the Lord give him? Verses 14-16.

7. What special favor did Gideon ask of the Lord? What preparations did he make? How was he made sure that his guest was from heaven? Verses 17-21.

8. What did Gideon say when the angel departed? What comforting words did the Lord speak? How did Gideon show him reverence? Verses 22-24.

9. What did the Lord command him to do that night? How was this command carried out? Verses 25-27. Note 3.

10. When Gideon's act was discovered, what did the men of the city do? Verses 28-30.

11. What quieting reply did Joash, the father of Gideon, make? Verse 31. Note 4.

12. Describe the stirring times that followed. Verses 33-35.

13. To make sure that God was leading him, what further sign did Gideon ask? What answer was given him? Verses 36-38.

14. What additional evidence did he seek and obtain? Verses 39, 40.

Can You Tell?

What part of this lesson story shows Gideon in a discouraged state of mind?

What shows that Gideon was humble in spirit?

What shows that even in his poverty he was hospitable?

What shows his bravery?

What shows that his doubts troubled him?

Notes

1. "Like a devouring plague they spread over the country, from the river Jordan to the Philistine plain. They came as soon as the harvests began to ripen, and remained until the last fruits of the earth had been gathered. They stripped the fields of their increase, and robbed and maltreated the inhabitants, and then returned to the deserts. Thus the Israelites dwelling in the open country were forced to abandon their homes, and to congregate in walled towns, to seek refuge in fortresses, or even to find shelter in caves and rocky fastnesses among the mountains. For seven years this oppression continued, and then, as the people in their distress gave heed to the Lord's reproof, and confessed their sins, God again raised up a helper for them."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 546.

2. Gideon belonged to the tribe of Manasseh. His father was Joash. He lived at Ophrah, a town about six miles southwest of Shechem. The story of Gideon is the most thrilling of all the stories of the judges. He was of noble appearance, as is indicated in Judges 8: 18. At the time of the events of the lesson he was probably of middle age, for he had a son old enough to wield the sword.

When the angel appeared to Gideon he was doing the best he could with what he had. The threshing floor was no doubt on the hilltop, where the wind could blow away the chaff while the grains fell to the ground. But working on a hill, Gideon could be seen by the Midianites. He therefore took his grain "probably into the little house of the wine press, and there in a space not big enough to fling a flail in, he beat out the grain slowly and painfully with rods."

3. "Gideon's father, Joash, who shared in the apostasy of his countrymen, had erected at Ophrah, where he dwelt, a large altar to Baal, at which the people of the town worshiped."—*Id.*, p. 547.

It must have required no small degree of courage for Gideon to carry out the Lord's command. "Knowing that he would be opposed if it were attempted openly, Gideon performed the work in secret; with the aid of his servants, accomplishing the whole in one night."—*Ibid.*

4. "Joash said unto all that stood against him, Will ye plead for Baal? will ye save him? The full force of the Hebrew here can only be brought out in English by strongly accenting the pronouns,—Will YOU plead for Baal; or will YOU save HIM? If he be a god let HIM plead for HIMSELF. What kind of a god is Baal if he cannot take care of himself? Gideon has shown Baal's impotence. He has battered down his altars. Gideon has mutilated his image. Gideon has cut in pieces his groves. Has Gideon suffered for the crime? Has the lightning struck him? Has the blast withered him? Has the pestilence assailed him? No. Baal is unfit to protect Israel."—Peloubet.

The Little Streets

"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Bennie.
 "I will by and by," says Seth.
 "Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie.
 "In a minute," says little Beth.

O dear little people, remember
 That, true as the stars in the sky,
 The little streets of Tomorrow,
 Pretty-Soon, and By-and-By
 Lead, one and all,
 As straight, they say,
 As the King's Highway,
 To the city of Not-at-All.

—Annie Hamilton Donnell.

A New Flag

THE First United Brethren church at Buffalo, New York, believes that if men called to the service of their country deserve a service flag in every church, that the men and women of the church who are called to Christian service as a life work should have similar recognition. The church has therefore displayed a Christian service flag. It consists of a white background, in the center of which is a large blood-red cross. Eight blue stars in the white field represent the number of workers that this church has sent out into various forms of special service for Christ, including several ministers, two foreign missionaries, and several home missionaries. One star has superimposed upon it a gilt star, representing one who gave his life in the foreign field.

The Sermon Too Short

IN these days when the majority of churchgoers demand short sermons, it may be interesting to ministers who, like Sabbath-school teachers, never have half time enough to say all they desire to say, to know that there are some persons who are not satisfied with even a sermon of some length. A missionary in the Southwest was speaking to a company of Mexicans. He preached as long as he thought the law would allow; but just before the final hymn was sung, one of the congregation said to him, "Brother, you come once every four weeks; I had to walk five miles to hear you. I would like to know if you can preach that sermon again." Of course the minister could not find it in his heart to refuse so unusual a request, so while the people sang, he outlined another sermon and preached it before dismissing the congregation.

Versailles

I KNOW Versailles is where the final ceremony, at least, of the Peace Conference is to take place; but why go there to sign the treaties when most of the conferences and discussions will take place in Paris?

"It is a matter of sentiment, I suppose; for 'why should not the very building—perhaps the very hall—that saw the birth of the Hohenzollern Empire in 1871, be the scene of its obsequies in 1919? During the siege of Paris in 1870-71 the German headquarters were at Versailles, and it was there, in the great Hall of Mirrors, that the German kings and princes hailed William I of Prussia as German emperor.'"

"Where is Versailles, anyway? I have thought of it as being in southern France."

"You are thinking of Marseilles, I am sure. Versailles is but twelve miles from Paris, and 'owes its existence to its sightly situation, and to the caprice of Louis XIV, who built there one of the famous palaces of the world. That was two hundred fifty years ago. Until then, Versailles was a mere hamlet standing in

the midst of a royal hunting park. King Louis made it the virtual capital of the greatest power in Europe. As long as the Bourbon kings ruled, Versailles was the real center of the social and political life of France. The armistice that ended our own Revolutionary War was signed in the royal palace at Versailles, for the French were then our allies.

"The French Revolution may be said to have begun at Versailles, for there the States-General met in May of 1789, and there was taken the famous Oath of the Tennis Court, when the members of the Assembly vowed never to adjourn until they had given a constitution to France. Before long the revolution outgrew Versailles, and the Assembly moved to Paris. That was the beginning of a long period of neglect for Versailles. Napoleon did not take any particular interest in the place, nor did any of the restored Bourbons except Louis Philippe, who transformed it into a national museum dedicated to the 'glory of France.'"

"At Versailles, too, the new French Republic was formed, for Paris was then in the bloody hands of the Commune. It remained the capital of France until 1879, and the presidents of France must still be elected by the National Assembly meeting at Versailles. The Allied War Council has sat at Versailles throughout the present war, and the final scene in the great drama is apparently to be played there. No more dignified setting could be found, for the great palace of Louis XIV is one of the world's remarkable buildings, and is already associated with some of the most momentous passages in all history."

Well-Worn Maxims, Proverbs, and Phrases

A LITTLE absence does much good.—*French*.
 "Absence sharpens love, presence strengthens."
 Abstinence is the mother of competence.—*Stilson Hutchins*.

He sees a glowworm and thinks it a conflagration.—*Turkish*.

"He takes a spear to kill a fly."

"Abundance maketh poor."

Who accepts from another sells his freedom.—*German*.

Nothing with God is accidental.—*Longfellow*.

He who holds the ladder is as bad as the thief.—*German*.

"Even doubtful accusations leave a stain behind them."

"He who accuses too many accuses himself."

"Who faints not achieves."

"We should consult three things in all our actions, justice, honesty, and utility."

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