

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

February 11, 1919

No. 6



"THE 1919 TEMPERANCE ANNUAL NOW READY! ONE FOR EVERY BOY IN THE LAND!"



# From Here and There

During the last fall scores of French girls have arrived in this country to complete their studies at American universities.

Western and Southern States took the lead in prohibition. In the West only California and Wyoming still license the sale of intoxicants, and in the South only Louisiana.

France must always remember that the small and weak could never live free in the world unless the strong and the great always put their power and their strength in the service of right.

Until recently, the movement of limited quantities of liquor for personal use was permitted, but the Supreme Court has ruled that the Reed "bone dry" amendment made such traffic illegal.

A movement to change the name of Yellowstone Park, America's greatest public pleasure ground and game preserve, to Roosevelt Park, as a national memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, has been started.

Thomas Watt Gregory, Attorney General of the United States since 1914, has resigned from the Cabinet because of "pecuniary responsibilities," and will return to the practice of law. President Wilson has accepted the retirement, to take effect on March 4.

Encophalitis Lethargica is the name of a new disease definitely discovered after much research in English hospitals following the appearance of a large number of cases originally thought to be betulism. No germ has as yet been discovered. The disease begins with an increasing apathy, passing into a progressive muscular weakness and complete disablement. It is recognized as identical with a disease described in France and Austria and at first thought to be similar to infantile paralysis, but now found to be a different disease.

Missouri wants the world to know that Gen. John J. Pershing is a Missourian, and as a means of impressing the fact upon the public mind the section of the "Pike's Peak—Ocean to Ocean Highway" passing through the State has been rechristened "Pershing's Transport Route." The road passes by the old Pershing home at Laeade, Missouri. Both as a "reconstruction" measure, to furnish jobs for returning Missouri soldiers who may want them, and as a State memorial to the commander of the American forces in France, plans are under way for the early hard surfacing and reconstruction of this highway.

The man who discovered the Philippine Islands was Ferdinand Magellan, a native of Portugal. He sailed from Europe in 1519 with five ships, and after reaching Rio de Janeiro he lost one ship in a storm, another by cowardice, and a mutiny nearly destroyed the whole expedition. He sailed along the coast and found a passage into the Pacific Ocean (which he named) through a narrow waterway that has been named the Straits of Magellan. Sailing on, he came in sight of the Philippine Islands and made peace with the chief of one of the islands. He went forth to fight this chief's battles, and was struck down by a Filipino's club. That was in 1521, a long while ago. Magellan opened the way, and we are still trying to win the Filipinos. They have stopped answering with clubs, and are now anxious to get our education, our civilization, and, we hope, our gospel.

An experiment undertaken by the Bureau of Mines in the North Cushing field of Oklahoma, in cementing oil wells, increased the output of fifty wells by two thousand barrels a day. "The crude oil from Oklahoma contains much gasoline. An increase of 2,000 barrels of crude oil a day means 500 barrels of gasoline a day, or more than 7,500,000 gallons in a year's time. This saving alone, from this restricted field in Oklahoma, is sufficient to drive every automobile in the United States an average of twenty miles, and there are 5,500,000 automobiles in the country."

One of the best-kept secrets of the war is the fact that the British shipped trainloads of munitions and other war materials from England direct to the battle line without reloading. Channel ferries were established at Richborough on the coast between Ramsgate and Dover, and the trainloads of supplies were run on tracks into the holds of the ferries. After the trip across the channel the cars were run direct to the front. It seems that the enemy never discovered this secret, as Richborough was never molested from sea or air.

The War Department will ask Congress to provide for the purchase of all the cantonments in the country. This would involve an expenditure of more than \$500,000,000, but the department feels that it is good business from the government's viewpoint. The fact that the War Department wishes to secure permanent title to these properties may be taken as an indication that universal military training is to be adopted and that these cantonments will be used for training purposes.

William J. Flynn, chief of the secret service of the railroad administration, says that the loss sustained annually by the railroads of the country through the thieving of employees amounts to \$20,000,000 at least. Some estimate the loss to be \$40,000,000. Only recently about forty employees at the Union Station, Washington, D. C., had been found guilty of graft and petty thieving.

The American people take from their forests every year 22,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood, worth about \$1,375,000,000. This would make a board walk a third of a mile wide clear around the earth at the equator. The French use each year twenty-five cubic feet of lumber for each person; the Germans, forty cubic feet; and we use 250 cubic feet per capita.

## The Youth's Instructor

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VOL. LXVII

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## As His Custom Was

EUGENE ROWELL

THERE stood an ancient synagogue  
In old Jerusalem,  
Where people on the Sabbath thought  
That God would meet with them.  
One seat was never empty.  
A youth surpassing fair,  
Each Sabbath as his custom was,  
In worship true sat there.

"A carpenter," the people said,  
"But still a noble youth.  
He reads the law and prophets much,  
And knows and loves the truth."  
Strange tales the people whispered there.  
When he to man was grown,—  
The Son of God had met with them,  
And him they had not known.

Two thoughts I treasure from this tale  
Which all the centuries bear.  
One is, each Sabbath found that Youth  
Within the house of prayer.  
The other, when I go to church  
May I not fail to see,—  
As failed those blinded hearts of old,—  
My Saviour there with me.

## Stories of Personal Work

THE men who have won this war for us, have had no illusions with reference to it. If they had said, "Why, the world will get along pretty well, no matter which way this war goes," they would not have endured as they did endure unto the death. It was because they felt, and felt truly, that it made an everlasting difference which way this war went, that they were willing to endure unto the death to make it go the way they felt was the right way.

### What the Christian Believes Is Important

If you have a weak evangelistic motive, and think it does not matter very much whether a man knows Jesus Christ or not, then of course you will be very complacent and very comfortable and easy about it. But if you think it makes an overwhelming difference to him, and an overwhelming difference to Jesus himself, then your complacency will be destroyed, as it ought to be, and you will give yourself to the business of pleading with men in Christ's stead and with Christ's spirit and in Christ's passion, to be reconciled to God. We take the whole business a little bit too complacently; our motive is too small. I love the story of Finney, Finney of Oberlin College, who went to a town with the view of persuading the people of that town to give themselves to God, and he took the small directory of the town with the names of the people in it, and he laid the directory down before him and asked God to bless the people whose names were in the directory, and the people who belonged to those whose names were in the directory, and asked God to help him make God known in an attractive and vital way to these people; and as he went on with his prayer he waxed more and more earnest, and at last cried out, with a kind of daring that I think is glorious, "O Lord, thou knowest that I am not accustomed to be denied in these matters!" How is it with us?

If people, to use the phrase that has become a kind of cant phrase on the lips of many, if people come to Christ easily, we are glad. If we have invited them once, we count ourselves to have done a great duty. If after a little while they still do not come to Christ, we rather easily give them up and seek others with the same indifferent ease. Oh, that was not the kind of thing that drove Jesus up the low hill with the cross! That was not the kind of passion, that is not the kind of passion, that this humanity, so infinitely precious, is entitled to, that this Christ, so infinitely able, expects!

Practically, most of us are evangelizing vicariously. We are all too willing to let somebody else do it, to hire an evangelist, to let him persuade people to come

to Christ, if he can; to hire a preacher, and let him do it; and we persuade ourselves that we have no gifts for this kind of thing; we persuade ourselves that we have no gifts for persuading men to come to Christ.

We say that we should easily be upset by anybody who would ask us certain preplexing questions in a religious argument. Men are not brought to God in consequence of being beaten in an argument. It is the beauty, the persistence, the tenderness of an interest; it is the strength, the clearness, and the consistency of a testimony, that persuades men. We give it up all too easily.

I asked a young fellow if the young woman to whom he had been paying court had agreed to marry him. He said, "Not yet." I said, "How many times have you asked her?" "Every time I have seen her for three years," he said, "and when I have not seen her I have telegraphed her or telephoned her or written her. There is never a day that that girl goes to sleep without knowing that I want her." I said, "How long are you going to keep it up?" Then he said a perfectly fine thing: "Until I get her, or somebody else does." Which I think is perfectly fine.

### The Strength of Men Who Persuade

A persistent and tender and unwearied interest, a testimony that is clear like the sunlight, and backed by a life of effort to be right,—not backed by a perfect life, but backed by a life of effort to be right,—this is the strength of those who persuade other men; and it is not argument, however well conducted, that does it.

In one of the churches of this State where I was pastor, there was a pretty rough character, and one of the leading men in my church had great influence over him. This particular leading man was the kind of man who would come to prayer meeting, sit on the back seat and look glum. He was one of the men who saw to it that the finances of the church were always in perfect order. He was a perfectly consistent man. He would complain every Thursday morning of the dreariness of the prayer meeting the night before, in which prayer meeting he never took any part except this forbidding part. I said to him one day, "Why don't you take a hand at it yourself? Maybe you could help improve it." "What do you mean by that?" he said. "It would do the church good to hear your voice once," I said. He said, "I like that. It's enough for me to do to look after the finances." "No," I said, "it isn't." Well, the next Wednesday night things were dragging along in just the usual fashion. I saw him lean forward and get hold of the seat in front, and pull himself up, and then the hardest and



severest man in the church broke down,— just as I did once, testifying to what Jesus Christ had done for twenty years for myself,— broke down and blubbered. Then he said, "I want you to know that Jesus Christ is everything in the world to me." What an effect it created!

#### The Saving of Pete

Well, I went to him to talk about this rough man. He said, "Now, what do you want me to do? You got me up on my legs in prayer meeting. Now you want me to go evangelizing." I said, "Yes, just that." He said, "I can't do it." I said, "All right, I will send Pete in."

So I went out and found this man on the street, and told him the captain wanted to see him. And he went in and walked back to the captain's office, and said, "Brother McDowell told me you wanted to see me," and the captain was game and he got up and shut the door. He stood and looked a minute, then he looked out the window, then he came back and looked this rough man in the face and said, "Pete!"— just like that, convincing and eloquent and moving; and he stood and choked a little while, and he said, "Pete." Then he choked, and his eyes got wet, and he didn't know what to do with himself. And this rough man looked at him and said, "I know what's the matter with you. You want to talk with me about my soul. Captain, if you care enough about me to stand there and cry like that, I care enough about myself to help you." Then he added, "What can us fellows do?" And the captain said, "Maybe we can pray." And they got down together, and one man who knew Jesus Christ helped another to get acquainted with him. There was no religious argument about it, but there was just a bit of personal, tender interest that broke down all the barriers.

There are a lot of people, believe me, who wonder whether Jesus Christ does mean anything to you in view of the fact that you never say anything to them about it. There are some of you pastors that are exactly in that plight. You have been everything to certain men, except one thing.

#### Mr. Adams Joins the Church

A friend of mine had in his church a family named Adams, and he resolved one day, under the influence of an address, that he would not let the month go by without making a diligent effort at an earnest personal conversation with every person related to his church who had not come to know Jesus Christ. The very first name on the list was the name of George Adams, and that was the hardest name with which to begin, because George Adams was one of the finest men who did not belong to that church; but the pastor said, "I will begin where I ought to begin, and will not begin with the easy name; I will begin at the beginning," and he went to call upon Mr. Adams one morning.

Mr. Adams received him graciously, kindly, cordially, and after the customary indifferent conversation that means so little, the pastor said, "Mr. Adams, I have come to have a serious talk with you." Mr. Adams flared up in a playful way and said, "What's the matter? Isn't the woman paying her way in that church? Isn't she paying her dues? Have we got to look after her?" "No, Mr. Adams," the minister said, "your wife is a perfectly satisfactory member of the church, as you know."

"Yes, sir, as I know," Mr. Adams replied. "You don't have to defend Mary Adams to me."

The pastor said: "Mr. Adams, I have preached to

you, I have preached at you; I have prayed to you, I have prayed at you. I have been your guest, I have received your favors, I have hinted again and again that I thought you ought to be clear inside; but, Mr. Adams, I have never done for you what I should expect you to do for me if the positions were reversed. I have come in Jesus Christ's name to ask you this morning to give your life to God for salvation and for service."

Mr. Adams got up, walked back and forth once or twice, then said: "Dominie, we have had the best lot of preachers in this church that any church ever had; I have loved them; I have heard their sermons with delight; they have been guests in my home, but no one of them ever before said that to me." Isn't that tragic? And hundreds and thousands of other men and women wonder why somebody doesn't say that. He said, "You don't have to argue the case with me. I have been a coward and a shirk all these years. I ought to have come into the church with my wife in our youth. If you will help me fix the business right now, we can do it."

#### The Adams Children Make It Unanimous

Oh, well, you know there is no place where people who want to find God can't find him. They got down on their knees and found him, rose from their knees, and Mr. Adams said, "Excuse me, dominie, while I telephone a minute." He took down the receiver and called a number without looking at the book, heard a voice that he apparently recognized, and said, "Is that you, Mary?" The answer was apparently satisfactory. He continued, "Mary, I have got something to tell you. The pastor has just been here. We have been having a revival, and I gave my heart to God," and evidently what he heard was worth hearing. He said, "Mary, send word to the children to come home for lunch. I will be home a little early." He turned to the pastor and said, "You needn't bother about little George and Elizabeth. I will fix that." And when young George and Elizabeth came home, they found their father and mother sitting close together on the sofa, their eyes wet and their faces shining, and the children wondered what had happened. The father said, "Children, come here a minute. I married your mother partly because she was a Christian girl. We know what kind of woman she has been ever since we have had her, don't we?" And they knew. He said, "I ought to have been a follower of her Saviour through these years; but I haven't been, and you have gone with me instead of with her. This morning I gave my heart to God, and we are going the rest of the way and all the way together, your mother and I, and I want that we shall make it unanimous in this family." And those children flew at him, one from one side and one from the other, and they made it unanimous.

The next Sunday morning, when the pastor gave the invitation, as we put it, Mary Adams arose in her pew like a queen, and took her children and her husband and brought them down to the altar of the church of her Redeemer. And the angels set up such a rejoicing about it that people could almost hear it on this side of the sky.

The biggest thing there is in this world in the way of personal experience is to know God in Jesus Christ; the biggest thing there is in the way of personal achievement, is to introduce somebody who does not know God to him, for redemption.— *Bishop McDowell, in the Expositor.*



## Kenneth Miller's Correspondence Course

**P**ROBABLY there was not in the whole United States a happier boy than Kenneth Miller; certainly there was not in Newville, where Kenneth was a junior in high school.

It might be more correct to say that he had just ceased being a sophomore, for it was the last week in June and he had yet to be initiated into the sober joys of patronizing an incoming class of trembling freshmen.

Being a junior was going to mean something to Kenneth earlier than to any of his classmates, for the very good reason that he had been chosen to represent his school at the junior meet held every year at the county seat.

This gathering of soon-to-be juniors had been inaugurated with the idea of establishing friendships between boys of the several high schools of the county and of encouraging among them friendly competition in aims and achievements. For three years it had been developing as a prime factor in the school life of the county, and was now looked upon as indispensable.

The events of the meet covered three days, and included a ball game between the two teams holding the best records of victories for the spring term, a dramatic or musical program by some one high school, an afternoon of field sports by athletes picked from different schools, a finely illustrated lecture on travel or industry which would give the lads a glimpse of the natural and the engineering wonders of the world, and last, but far from least in their estimation, a sight-seeing tour for the delegate body, which always included a "feed" at a hotel famous in that part of the country for its strawberry ice cream.

The competing ball teams might include members from any or all classes of a given school, but all other performers must be newly fledged juniors. The school to furnish the entertainment program was chosen by lot at the close of the meet to allow due time for preparation; the athletes were recommended by their respective principals to a committee who investigated their merits and made the final selections.

In addition to these performing delegates, each school was entitled to one lay delegate who, it was understood, should be chosen by the school committee not merely by reason of scholarship or popularity, but with an eye to general fitness for such an honor.

So it was no wonder that Kenneth Miller felt an unquenchable glow of satisfaction whenever he remembered that he was the chosen one. He packed and repacked his modest bag, and tried the family patience nearly to the breaking point by suggesting this and that article of clothing or adornment which he thought he needed to make a proper appearance.

"If this little excursion calls for an entire new wardrobe, you simply can't go," remarked his father, with provoking finality.

"If I were quite sure your behavior would be as proper as your appearance, I'd rest content," said his mother, as she tested the buttons of Kenneth's serge suit to make certain they would go through three festive days without dropping off.

"You needn't worry about my behavior, mother mine, after all your careful training. I guess I can hold my own with a bunch of kids my own age."

"If you had taken all the training I have tried to give you," said his mother, indefinitely.

"I've taken it all, never fear. It's packed away there in my gray matter to be called for when needed.

I'll put on my company manners and be so proper you'd never recognize your own son."

Mrs. Miller shook her head.

"Company manners are a snare and a delusion, Ken dear; no one has two sets of manners, really. If you attempt to use a different set on state occasions, they betray you every time. That's why I want you to get the right ones well rooted as soon as you can. Here's your coat, dear. Take it out in the yard and turn all the pockets and brush out the dust. I'll look over your socks."

The preparations at last were complete, the bag closed, and Kenneth on his way to the station. He was as clean and smiling as the fair June day itself, and his frank blue eyes kept telling to every one he met that he was decidedly proud and happy and didn't care who knew it.

His brother Walter, who had begged the privilege of carrying the bag to the station and had been promptly refused, trudged along at his side and looked worshipfully up at him as at a hero setting forth to win renown.

"You know, Ken," he said breathlessly, "I'm going to get busy on that pole vault of mine and practice up a lot, so when I'm a junior they'll send me to the meet."

"Good idea," admitted Kenneth; "you ought to make a big hit with it if you keep at it three years. I haven't really sensed it yet why I happen to be going; but I'm glad I am, just the same."

"Oh, you!" Walter reassured him, "you're such a fine all-rounder."

Kenneth flushed with pleasure and drew himself up a bit. He walked as if on air. Certainly, he hoped he was as worthy of the honor as Walter's tone implied.

It happened that no athlete from Newville had been selected, so only Kenneth and his principal, Mr. Marcus, were traveling on the afternoon train to the county seat. The station platform was, however, well populated with students to give them a send-off. Kenneth was formally presented with the ten dollars which was supposed to cover his outlay, and with a small notebook, in which he was expected to enter all items of expense. The money, raised each year by the sophomore class in one ingenious way or another, and the notebook was handed on from delegate to delegate, so that a permanent record could be kept, duly signed with the delegates' names.

This little ceremony took some minutes and plenty of cheering, which was drowned at last by the rumble of the train. Then the stay-at-homes massed themselves under a certain window, from which Kenneth and Mr. Marcus nodded a smiling farewell, and yelled the school yell till the train drew slowly away.

"Have they sent you your assignment of a place to live during the meet?" asked Mr. Marcus.

Kenneth reached into his breast pocket and drew forth a card.

"The committee on arrangements sent me this: 'Miss Judith Ransome, 24 Merriam Avenue,'" he read, as he handed the card to his companion.

"That's interesting," said Mr. Marcus. "I'm staying with my college chum, as I always do. His house is 35 Merriam Avenue, so we shall be near each other."

Mr. Marcus settled himself and lapsed into silence behind a copy of a weekly paper, leaving Kenneth to

*(Concluded on page eleven)*





A Country Estate on the Island of Zealand, Where Queen Mother Alexandra of England Resides During Her Summer Visits to Denmark

## Denmark and the Danes: The Country

STEEN RASMUSSEN

**A**T the entrance to the Baltic Sea, we find a faithful old sentry standing watching and on guard. Denmark, with her fertile and beautiful shores, has for centuries stood here, as on eternal duty, majestically scanning out over the waves of the North Sea and the Skagerak. In past centuries her seagoing sailors and warriors were dreaded and feared over all northern Europe. At one time she threatened even to establish a world empire, but like so many other nations, failed in her attempt.

Today her boundaries are limited to include but a little stretch of land occupying a few thousand square miles. On all sides she has powerful neighbors. To the west lie the paws of the English lion, in the east the Russian bear is not far distant, while toward the south, the German eagle is hovering unpleasantly close.

Being thus located in the midst of, and surrounded by, world powers of great strength, Denmark's position has always been, and still is, one of great delicacy. Great responsibilities have also rested upon her in many international affairs, and while her golden age is in the past, yet she is as strong internally as she ever was. She has maintained her freedom, her independence, and her neutrality, and enjoys a measure and fulness of democratic liberty envied by many nations. The few million people that inhabit this fair land, exercise an influence in the world that reaches far and wide.

Denmark has produced master minds that have made their influence felt

in the halls of science and literature as well as in the temples of art and music. Her white-crossed banner has traversed the high seas of the world at all times. Her commercial fleet is one of the largest in the world according to population. Her love and respect for liberty and equality for all men have been a strong and leading factor in shaping the great ideals of modern civilization and development.

Denmark occupies but fifteen thousand square miles of territory. This is exclusive of her possession in the Atlantic and the North Polar Sea. She has a large water front, as all her shores with but one exception are washed by the waters of the open seas. The North Sea, the Skagerak, the Kattegat, and the Baltic Seas all roll their waves upon her sandy beaches. The mainland is composed of a peninsula,—Jutland, 9,000 square miles,—and several groups of islands, some two hundred in number, all of which add to the charming and diversified beauty of the country.

While there is but little variety in the surface of the land, yet the landscape is one of great attractiveness and loveliness, such as is rarely found. Denmark is nowhere low in

the sense in which Holland is. The highest elevations are found in Jutland, where Himmelbjerg (Heaven Mountain) rises to an altitude of about six hundred feet. No rocks are found except on the island of Bornholm. Some of the prettiest spots in the country are found in the vicinity of Himmelbjerg, the landscape being dotted with numerous small lakes and ponds. The main river, or



Landscape from the Heaven Mountain and the River of the Gods Region in Jutland



stream, also flows through here. The Guden Aa (the River of the Gods) connects several of the lakes.

The landscape of the islands and of the eastern and southern parts of Jutland is very rich in beech woods, cornfields, and meadows; even the minute islets are green, smiling, and fertile, as a good rainfall is assured at various periods all the year round. Drouths practically never occur. In the western and southern districts of Jutland are found wide expanses of moorland, covered with heather, and ending, toward the sea, in low, whitish-gray sand cliffs. Charming lakes, though small, are very numerous both in Jutland and on the islands. The fiords, though not long and wide, cut deep into the land on almost every side. With their fantastic foliage and fringed banks they present in the summer time a picture never to be forgotten. Even the monotonous tracts of moorland possess a certain inviting charm and beauty with their purple blanket covering. All of these and many other combinations help to give Denmark a natural beauty all her own.

As a rule the coasts are low and sandy. Thus the whole length of the western coast of Jutland is a succession of sand ridges and shallow lagoons, very dangerous indeed to shipping. In several places the sea has been eating its way deep into the land, and every year several thousand acres of land disappear. Even in the nineteenth century, entire villages were destroyed and washed away. During the last thirty or forty years, however, systematic efforts have been made to secure and protect the coast by strong embankments. In several instances when these embank-



FREDERIKSHAVN, JUTLAND, A TYPICAL DANISH SEAPORT

It is the terminal of the main railroad lines of East Jutland, connecting with Copenhagen and Hamburg, Germany. Seventh-day Adventists own a sanitarium here—the building marked with a cross.

ments were almost completed, the furious waves would still break through and flood the country for miles around, doing great damage to near-by villages and towns. The writer remembers on one occasion where a ship of more than thirty tons was driven by the flood more than six miles inland. After the flood subsided, the inhabitants of the town of a population of four thousand did very successful and profitable fishing in their cellars or on the first floor.

A belt of three very interesting but extremely dangerous sand dunes, which are from five yards to seven miles wide, stretch along the whole western coast for about two hundred miles. Numerous life-saving stations are located all along the coast. Shipwrecks are occurring every year, though in decreasing numbers. While safety devices in navigation have been perfected and danger signals made more complete, yet many sailors still lose their lives on these treacherous sand banks. It is no uncommon thing to find men in this part of the country who during their lifetime of service at the life-saving stations, have been instrumental in saving the lives of from four to five hundred persons. The whole compensation that these noble rescuers have been obtaining yearly, has been less than a hundred dollars.

The islands may very naturally be divided into two groups, one consisting of Fünen, with its adjoining smaller islands, north and south, and Zealand, with its island attendants. Fünen is called the garden of Denmark. Nowhere in the country are found more fruitful orchards and berry gardens. Not an inch of ground seemingly is idle. Even along the roadsides



A TYPICAL PROMENADE ALONG THE SEASHORE



are found fruit trees, such as apple and cherry. The villages and towns of this island, some of which are from five hundred to a thousand years old, are very picturesque and interesting in their history. Most of them date from medieval times. The waters separating Fünen from Jutland and Zealand are respectively called the Little Belt and the Great Belt.

Zealand, the largest of the islands, measures eighty-two miles north to south, and sixty-two miles east to west, and is divided from Sweden by the historic Öresund, the Sound, through which more than fifty thousand ships pass annually. At the city of Elsinore this strait is only a mile and a half wide, while at Copenhagen it is more than sixteen miles in width. The coast of this island is most fantastically indented by numerous fiords, and numerous inland lakes add to its charm. To the south of Zealand lie two other islands of importance, Laaland and Falster, which are connected with Zealand by a railroad bridge a mile and a half long. On the island of Falster we find the extreme southern point of Denmark, Gjedserodde, where ferry connections link Denmark with Germany, the distance between the two countries being thirty miles only.

To the extreme east lies the island of Bornholm, an island which geologically belongs to Sweden. Physically it is an appendage rather than an internal part of Denmark. Its rocky surface and its granite and stony quarries remind one more of the rocky Norwegian regions than of the flowers and cornfields of Denmark.

The flora of the country presents far greater variety than might be anticipated in a country of such size and physical structure. The forests, while composed of many different kinds of trees, are for the main part made up of beech trees, which thrive better in Denmark than in any other country in the world. The legend tells that a bear coming from southern Europe carried a beechnut in his fur, thus introducing this beautiful and majestic tree, which in Denmark at times reaches an age of five hundred years. The extermination of the oak has almost been made complete since the beech tree was introduced. In the springtime the ground in the woods is covered with a blanket of flowers which fill the air with a most delightful fragrance. Indeed, Denmark has truly been called the Italy of the North.

### His Second Commission

DEAR father," the soldier boy's letter read, "I know you and mother will be glad to learn that I have passed the final tests in the officers' school. I received my commission as lieutenant this morning. Some of the fellows who used to beat me at the university in mathematics and in chemistry failed to pass; they could not stand the grind. I'm not crowing over them, of course, but I can't help feeling set up a little over my first commission, for, if I do say it, I worked hard, and I thought of you and mother, and I was bound to pass."

The middle-aged couple who had given to the service their only son read his letter with tears of pride.

"The boy is doing well," said the father, as he perused it a second time. "'Lieutenant' sounds right to me. We must not forget to address his letters that way. He has earned his title."

The mother murmured assent and tenderly placed the letter with the others that the boy had written since leaving home.

A year afterward a letter from the boy came from "somewhere at the front," bearing the mark of the "Y. M. C. A.," and in the handwriting of a Red Cross nurse. This is the way it ran, in part:

"I have been here three months, and they tell me you have been kept informed of my condition. This is the first time I have been able to dictate a letter. [Here followed an account of the engagement in which he had been wounded.] While lying in this hospital I have had a remarkable experience. There are five nationalities in my ward, and the Red Cross administers its wonderful aid to us all alike, of course. A few nights ago, in a sort of waking vision, I seemed to see these nations lifting up beseeching hands for help to be lifted out of darkness into light. Then a figure came walking through the ward all in white, and it was the Christ. He stopped by my cot, and I heard him say as plain as I ever heard you or mother speak, 'I commission you, with thousands of others like you, to preach the gospel to the world that has not heard or heeded it.'

"All that was as clear to me as any real happening. It was a real happening. I cannot describe to you the wonderful beauty of that figure as it came down between the cots. But I, as I lay there that night, said to my Lord and Master that I would accept his commission. If I am spared, I will come back as a gospel messenger to fight the battle for souls. I have received my second commission, father, and it is greater than the first, don't you think?"—Selected.

### Unique Words in Daniel

OF all the sixty-six books composing the Bible the following words, in the forms and spellings here given, occur in no book of the Authorized Version except the book of Daniel:

- "Dura" ("circle," *Boyd*). 3: 1.
- "Median" ("Mede," *R. V.*). 5: 31.
- "Herald" ("crier," *Young*). 3: 4.
- "Hats" ("mantles," *R. V.*). 3: 21.
- "Hosen" ("tunics," *R. V.*). 3: 21.
- "Image's" ("image," *R. V.*). 2: 32.
- "Accounts" ("account," *R. V.*). 6: 2.
- "Peres" ("divided," *margin*). 5: 28.
- "Magician" ("scribe," *Young*). 2: 10.
- "Noted" ("inscribed," *R. V.*). 10: 21.
- "Pushing" ("butting," *Leeser*). 8: 4.
- "Tekel" ("weighed," *Young*). 5: 25, 27.
- "Ulai" ("pure water," *Boyd*). 8: 2, 16.
- "Mene" ("numbered," *margin*). 5: 25, 26.
- "Tranquillity" ("ease," *Young*). 4: 27.
- "Watcher" ("sifter," *Young*). 4: 13, 17, 23.
- "Endanger" ("forfeit," *Fenton*). 1: 10.
- "Ashpenaz" ("horse-nose," *Boyd*). 1: 3.
- "Overspreading" ("wing," *R. V.*). 9: 27.
- "Policy" ("cunning," *Rotherham*). 8: 25.
- "Rare" ("difficult," *Rotherham*). 2: 11.
- "Choler" ("anger," *A. R. V.*). 8: 7; 11: 11.
- "Sheriffs" ("lawyers," *margin*). 3: 2, 3.
- "Beast's" ("of a beast," *Young*). 4: 16.
- "Cogitations" ("thoughts," *R. V.*). 7: 28.
- "Astrologer" ("enchanter," *R. V.*). 2: 10.
- "Birds'" ("of birds," *Boothroyd*). 4: 33.
- "Appointeth" ("setteth up," *R. V.*). 5: 21.
- "Melzar" ("the steward," *R. V.*). 1: 11, 16.
- "Upharsin" ("divided," *margin*). 5: 25.
- "Doubts" (Aram. "knots," *margin*). 5: 12, 16.
- "Flute" ("pipe," *Rotherham*). 3: 5, 7, 10, 15.
- "Corrupting" ("to corrupt," *R. V.*). 11: 17.
- "Serves" ("art serving," *Young*). 6: 16, 20.
- "Consummation" ("full end," *A. R. V.*). 9: 27.
- "Dulcimer" ("bagpipe," *margin*). 3: 5, 10, 15.
- "Sentences" ("enigmas," *Young*). 5: 12; 8: 23.
- "Grecia" ("Greece," *R. V.*). 8: 21; 10: 20; 11: 2.
- "Snakbut" ("lyre," *Rotherham*). 3: 5, 7, 10, 15.
- "Fatter" ("fuller in flesh," *Leeser*). 1: 15.
- "Singed" ("burnt," *Sept. Gr. and Eng.*). 3: 27.
- "Lengthening" ("an healing," *margin*). 4: 27.
- "Kingly" ("royal," *Sept. Gr. and Eng.*). 5: 20.
- "Dissolve" ("to unravel," *Rotherham*). 5: 16.



"Exploits" ("his pleasure," *R. V.*). 11: 28, 32.  
 "Lamentable" ("distressed," *Rotherham*). 6: 20.  
 "Countenances" ("appearance," *Young*). 1: 13, 15.  
 "Messiah" ("the anointed One," *R. V.*). 9: 25, 26.  
 "Signed" ("sign, write," *Strong*). 6: 9, 10, 12, 13.  
 "Deposed" ("caused to come down," *Young*). 5: 20.  
 "Intelligence" ("have regard to," *R. V.*). 11: 30.  
 "Nourishing" ("to let them grow," *Rotherham*). 1: 5.  
 "Dissolving" ("solving difficulties," *Sept.*). 5: 12.  
 "Flatteries" ("deceitful ways," *Sept.*). 11: 21, 32, 34.  
 "Rescueth" ("He saveth and delivereth," *Darby*). 6: 27.  
 "Troublous" (Heb. "in strait of times," *margin*). 9: 25.  
 "Interpreting" (giving "the explanation," *Fenton*). 5: 12.  
 "Abednego" ("servant of Nego," *Boyd*). 1: 7; 2: 49;  
 3: 12, 13, 14, 16, 19, 20, 22, 23, 26, 28, 29, 30.  
 "Mede" ("some cod.: 'the king'—G. n., *margin*, *Rotherham*). 11: 1.  
 "Belshazzar" ("prince of Bel," *Boyd*). 5: 1, 2, 9, 22, 29,  
 30; 7: 1; 8: 1.  
 "Presidents" ("confidential ministers," *Rotherham*). 6: 2,  
 3, 4, 6, 7.  
 "Richer" ("amass greater riches than they all," *Rotherham*). 11: 2.  
 "Raiser" ("that shall cause an exactor to pass through,"  
*R. V.*). 11: 20.  
 "Forecast" ("devise," *R. V.*; Heb. "think his thoughts,"  
*margin*). 11: 24, 25.  
 "Belteshazzar" ("protected by Bel," *Boyd*). 1: 7; 2: 26;  
 4: 8, 9, 18, 19; 5: 12; 10: 1.  
 "Presenting" ("causing my supplication to fall before  
*Jehovah*," *Young*). 9: 20.  
 "Meshach" ("guest," *Boyd*). 1: 7; 2: 49; 3: 12, 13, 14,  
 16, 19, 20, 22, 23, 26, 28, 29, 30.  
 "Revealer" (i. e., "He revealeth the deep and secret things,"  
*Op. Vs. 11, 22, 28, 29*). 2: 47.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

## Echoes of History

### "The Man Without a Country"

ONE of the saddest narratives I ever read, was by the celebrated author, Edward Everett Hale, having the foregoing title. Whether the story be true or only a figment of the imagination, it carries a moral worth considering by every one entering upon a life course. Especially does the recital seem opportune at this time, when so many have been apprehended for breach of allegiance toward the United States while in her stress of contention for national liberty.

The subject of the sketch under consideration, Philip Nolan, was a brilliant young artillery lieutenant, stationed at a fort in what was then known as the western wilderness. His early training had been much neglected, as he had chosen to associate with questionable characters at jovial dinner parties and other similar gatherings. Thus he was fitted to enter later upon any wild scheme that promised excitement.

Falling under the influence of Aaron Burr, who was making his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans, in 1805, the young man was induced to believe that this would be a great future, could he but link his fortune with that of his wily tempter. But when leaders in Burr's enterprise were apprehended by the Government, this young officer was proved guilty of treason. When asked by the presiding judge of the court whether he wished to say anything to show that he had been faithful to the United States, in a frenzy he cursed the country, and added, "I wish I may never again hear of the United States."

It was a terrible moment for the culprit, as was finally demonstrated. This man who had lived amid scenes of "Spanish" and "Orleans" plots, and had hunted horses in Texas, had nevertheless sworn allegiance to the United States as an army officer. For this reason his heated words on the stated occasion so shocked the court that the order was given to the one

in whose charge he was placed: "See that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner."

The poor unfortunate, who had thus pronounced his own sentence of punishment, was soon put on board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, with the direction that he was to be confined only so far as to make it certain that he would not see or hear of the United States. This had been his own expressed wish, and so from the time of the sentence imposed, Sept. 23, 1807, he was a man without a country.

Little did this man know what his fit of rage had done for him until it was made clear to him by the rules which were to govern his remaining days. These were uniform on each vessel upon which he found himself a state prisoner. He was not to be permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was near by. His breakfast was eaten in his own stateroom, which was where a sentinel could see the door. Each of the several table messes had him to dine with them once each week, but with the understanding that no one would, during the meal, talk of home or the prospect of a return voyage.

His very name was lost to the crews of the vessels on which he was found, and he was simply called "Plain Buttons," from the fact of the military uniform which he preferred to wear, being relieved of its army buttons, which bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

At the Cape of Good Hope a lot of books were sent aboard, from which different ones of the crew would read aloud, as groups gathered on the open deck for a social hour. At one of these meetings, Nolan, who was an excellent reader, was asked to entertain the company. The book handed him was a collection of poems. Apparently without thought of what he would find, the poor man read on to the words:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is my own, my native land!"

At this his voice choked, but he pressed ahead as if to rise above his feelings, when he met this:

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
 From wandering on a foreign strand?  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well."

By this time the men saw what made them wish they might cleverly get some pages omitted. But not knowing just how to accomplish their desire, the victim of near despair, with deeply crimson face, staggered on to the next:

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentered all in self,"

With this Nolan could go no farther, but started up, and flinging the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, from whence, it is said, he did not emerge for some weeks. After he did appear, he was never the same as before. He was not known ever after to read aloud, except from the Bible, or some other book of which he was sure of the contents. He was always afterward shy, seldom speaking to any one unless first spoken to. His was the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

For nearly fifty years he dragged out the same pitiful existence, or until he was about eighty years old. The Government was appealed to for his relief, but the reply was that no such man was known in any department of the administration. He was indeed without a country. When quite aged, he said to a



young midshipman: "Let me tell you, young man, what it is to be without a home, and without a country. If you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that would put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Remember that behind all these men and officers there is the country itself, *your* country, and that *you belong to it*." Then, hardly above a whisper, he said most piteously: "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

As at last the poor man lay dying in his stateroom berth, he called for the ship's captain, and said to him: "I know that I am dying; and now you can afford to tell me about the course of my country for the last fifty years. After listening calmly for an hour to the story he had so long wished to hear, he asked for a kind remembrance from all, and then passed away without a visible struggle. The ship's register showed this to be on May 11, 1863.

It surely is a pitiful tale of a wasted life, which at first gave so much promise of future usefulness. But how much sadder it will be for one who has been reared in the knowledge of the truth for these days, rashly to turn away from it to chase some alluring phantom, and then come to the final reckoning to find himself without future home or country. The lesson is worth quiet study when alone with God. J. O. CORLISS.

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## Nature and Science

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### A Bird

I HEARD a merry bird,  
I couldn't tell a word,  
But how my glad heart thrilled  
To hear the happy bird!

It sang, "How good is God!"  
It sang, "His love we laud!"  
I heard the holy strains;  
With it I worship God.

B. F. M. SOUERS.

### An Arctic Bear Story

WHEN the Russian explorer, Von Wrangell, was searching for the mouth of the Lena River, in Siberia, he had a perilous adventure with a great "colared" bear. He and his men, with two teams of dogs, so H. W. Hyrst tells the story, were out on the vast frozen plains and their supplies were almost gone. They had eaten all their frozen meat and had only some train oil left.

Train oil, which is rendered whale fat, is hard to swallow, even for arctic dogs. The dogs became restless and almost unmanageable. As for the men, they faced starvation. Not even a bird was to be seen within gunshot. But at last, as they unharnessed the dogs in the arctic twilight, four of the famished pack raced off toward some stunted trees, yelping loudly.

"They smell reindeer!" cried one man.

"Get out the guns," ordered Von Wrangell, and the men hurried off after the dogs. Before they reached the trees a great gaunt shape plunged out. It was an immense bear. He struck the dogs right and left with his terrible paws, and killed two of them at once.

The whole pack had now joined the combat with tremendous energy. Dogs and bear were locked in a terrible struggle. One shot succeeded only in wounding a dog, and the men hesitated. But it was dangerous to delay, for presently the bear's paw killed an-

other. Matiuschkin, the second in command, waited no longer, but ran to within a dozen feet of the bear.

He waited before shooting till the bear should rise on his haunches to deliver another blow. Up reared the mighty animal, with blood-stained jaws. He seemed to tower high above the dauntless Matiuschkin, who calmly aimed and fired.

The bear stood still an instant, bellowing with rage and pain. Matiuschkin started to spring back, thinking his shot had failed. A dog, rushing at the bear afresh, wriggled between Matiuschkin's knees and threw him forward. He fell fairly on his face, not three feet from the bear. Instantly a frightful weight dropped on him, enveloped him, and he knew no more.

When he came to himself he found his head supported on Von Wrangell's knee, beside a bright fire. The dogs were lying near, licking themselves peacefully. A smell of broiling meat pervaded the air. Matiuschkin could hardly believe that he was still alive, bruised but unhurt.

"The brute fell on me," he said. "How did you get me from under him?"

"From under them, you mean," laughter Von Wrangell. "Why, the moment he stood still, wounded, the dogs flew at him and finished him. I managed to pull you out while two of them were dancing on you, trying to get their share of the bear. They would have eaten us both very soon if they hadn't got their fill of him instead."

It was really that bear that made the discovery of the Lena's mouth possible, for the whole party lived on its flesh for a week, and went on with renewed strength to final victory.—*Emily P. Bissell*.

### A Curious Problem

IT was invented by Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," who was a professor of higher mathematics in Oriel College, in England. He loved to invent mathematical freaks like this:

Put down the number of your living brothers.

Multiply by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five.

Now add the number of your living sisters. Multiply the total by ten.

Add the number of your dead brothers and sisters. Subtract 150 from the total.

The right-hand figure will be the number of deaths; the middle figure the number of living sisters, and the left-hand figure the number of living brothers.

See if it doesn't work.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

### Flowers Out of Season

IF lily-of-the-valley bulbs are put into a refrigerator in the autumn and kept there until the succeeding fall, they will pass over their natural blooming time, and when they are brought into a warm atmosphere, they come into full beauty, whatever the season may be. The rapidity of growth is amazing after this treatment, and often the grower is gathering his crops of blooms within three weeks of the time of planting. Strangely enough this lily culture is carried on in the dark or, at any rate, in a closely shaded house. The absence of illumination encourages a long stem growth and does not in any way hinder the development of the fragrant blooms. This process of retardation has been carried out very successfully with lilacs, spireas, azaleas, and many of the larger kinds of lilies.—*St. Nicholas*.



## Kenneth Miller's Correspondence Course

*(Concluded from page five)*

his own resources. The boy had plenty to occupy and interest him in the constantly changing landscape as the train flew screaming past farms and forests, through a tunnel and over many bridges, and through the back alleys of towns swarming with children.

Alighting at their destination, the two walked together across the town squares, where Mr. Marcus pointed out the town hall, in which the headquarters of the meet would be established. They then struck into Merriam Avenue, and found their lodgings to be very nearly across the street from each other.

"Go to bed in good season," advised Mr. Marcus, as he parted from Kenneth, "for you'll want to report at headquarters early enough to be registered before the opening of the meet at ten o'clock."

Kenneth promised to do so, and pressed his finger excitedly on Miss Ransome's electric bell.

The door was opened by a dumpy little old lady with a sweet, old-fashioned face, her rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes framed in soft white curls. Her chin was inclined to be double, and her chubby white hands folded themselves automatically across her wide waistline as soon as they had conquered in their struggle with the knob and the latch.

A moment they stood confronting each other.

"Who are you, young man?" asked the lady, at last.

Kenneth was slightly alarmed at the way she seemed to bar the doorway and challenge his entrance.

"I'm Kenneth Miller," he managed to say, slightly above a whisper. "I thought you would be expecting me—for the meet, you know."

"You'll have to speak louder than that," she told him, "if you expect any one to hear you."

"I'm Kenneth Miller!" shouted the boy, in desperation.

"I thought likely," said Miss Ransome, graciously. "Come right in. I've been expecting you, but it doesn't do to take things for granted and let in the first boy that comes, till you're sure."

She ushered Kenneth into a large, dignified guest-room, where he began to feel very small by contrast.

"Everything you're likely to want is right here, so far as I can imagine your wants. Supper will be ready at six, so you just come down when it's time. I'll be in the front room."

"Thank you!" screamed Kenneth, crossing to the bed and making a motion to set his bag on the white counterpane.

"No, no!" cried his hostess, excitedly, hurrying after him. "Don't you know better than to set a dirty bag on a bed?"

Arrested by the sudden caution, Kenneth became confused, and, though he meant and tried to prevent the contact, he let the bag slide clumsily down to the floor, leaving a long black smudge along the heavy spread.

The little lady was plainly annoyed.

"I didn't know it was dirty," shouted Kenneth, flushing with shame. "Please excuse me."

"You don't have to yell at me that way. I'm not deaf if people don't mumble," said Miss Ransome, adding in a fatalistic tone: "I knew just how it would be, and that's why I never would take in any of you harum-scarum boys before—and wouldn't now if 't wasn't to please Mr. Wallace. You might have known the bag was dirty after traveling in a train with it! The bed's no place to lay things down."

Kenneth remembered he had heard something of the sort before. He felt miserably cheap as he stood there, fumbling his cap and waiting for the scolding to be concluded.

"I'm very sorry," he tried to say, but she cut him short.

"Think a little about what you're doing and what the consequences will be, then you won't have to waste your breath being sorry, which does no one any special good."

Miss Ransome took a clothes brush from the well-appointed dresser and succeeded in partially removing the soot marks. Before leaving the room, she evidently felt the sincerity of Kenneth's remorse, for she turned, and, with her hands characteristically folded across her waistline, remarked:

"I suppose it isn't a crime to leave a smudge on a bedspread, but it is exasperating to get that for your pains when you take in a stranger. My things are nice and I want to keep them nice."

Kenneth was glad when she left him alone. He had a few homesick minutes during which he longed for the easy comfort of the familiar rooms where a fellow could throw his cap wherever he would and lounge at will on sofas, beds, or chairs, and where a dirt spot wasn't a cloud through which he could hardly fight his way back to self-respect.

It must be confessed that a shade of doubt halted his train of thought just here. Was his mother any less anxious than the next one to keep her household arrangements clean and tidy? No, sir! not by a long shot. What was the difference then? It was hard to say. His mother never looked with favor upon untidy ways. He had cause enough to know that; but somehow, her constant appeals to his sense of caution and care never stung like the words of his new landlady.

Kenneth hung his cap on the back of a chair, found a book on the stand by the window, and sat down, quite stiff and proper, to while away time till six o'clock.

Miss Ransome, evidently intending to let bygones be bygones, tried to put her young guest at ease at the table, but she could not suppress an expression of alarm when Kenneth lifted his teacup with the spoon still in it, or of surprise when he laid a slice of bread on the cloth and began to butter it wholesale.

The error of his ways became a torment to the boy; and though he tried to call into play the company manners he had boasted of with such confidence, he found them maddeningly stiff from lack of use. The dignity and honor of being a delegate to the meet was in danger of becoming eclipsed by the dark prospect of nine more meals to be eaten under such restraint as he now experienced.

He was glad to escape to his room when a caller came to see Miss Ransome soon after supper, and, after sitting with his book as long as the twilight lasted, he tumbled into bed with slight ceremony of preparation.

Morning brought better spirits, for the meet was now before him. He rose with gusto, gave his face a hasty scrub, and dressed rapidly. Breakfast was not such an ordeal after all, for Miss Ransome had eaten hers and left him alone at the table. So he chopped his eggs noisily about in their cup and made short work of his toast and milk.

Much to his relief, his hours in the house were few and short. The registration of delegates, followed by a jolly talk from the platform by Mr. Wallace, who was the leading spirit of the movement, occupied the forenoon. After dinner Kenneth hastened away to the



ball field to witness the game. After supper, the sooner he could get to the hall, the better seat he would get for the play. So the discomfort of being clumsy with table utensils, though keen at the time, could be drowned in the pleasures of the junior meet.

Kenneth returned to his lodgings between ten and eleven, locked the door and turned out the hall light, according to directions proceeding from a becaped head that peered over the banister, and went to his room.

It was good, he thought, to get to bed after such a strenuous day. He stretched luxuriously, then shuddered and sat bolt upright in the dark; for his foot had come in contact with something smooth and cold.

Cautiously he withdrew from the bed and switched on the light. Cautiously he turned back the covers, expecting to find a stray snake, or frog, or a dead fish at the very least.

What he uncovered was merely a polished stone as big as his hand and not much thicker, which rested on a piece of note paper.

"What in creation!" he began in bewilderment. Then, picking up the paper, he read as follows:

YOUNG MAN:

Has no one ever told you that careful people strip their beds in the morning, so that the bodily heat may be aired out of them? Nothing stamps a guest more quickly and surely than the way he leaves his bed in the morning. Remember that.

JUDITH RANSOME.

"Old fuss!" scoffed Kenneth, putting the note and the stone on the dresser and turning out the light. "I'd hate to live with her all my days."

Again the hint of doubt overshadowed his line of thought.

"Wouldn't she hate to have you, unless you learn better ways?" it suggested.

"Oh, well! who can be tied down to such trifles all the time!"

Kenneth turned over as if shaking off a detaining hand and was soon asleep.

Next morning, when he saw the stone and the note on the dresser, he turned with a guilty laugh and drew the covers down, letting them tumble over the low footboard.

"I can't seem to remember all the fine points," he said, as he turned to the washstand. Not liking to wash his neck and ears any better than the average lad of his age, he was soon through, as he thought, with his perfunctory duty to his face. Reaching for the towel, however, he found out his mistake, for pinned to it was another of Miss Ransome's notes.

"What's the lady about to say now?" he asked, amused in spite of himself.

The note said:

YOUNG MAN:

Don't use this towel till you are sure your neck and ears are clean. Towels are for wiping off water, not dust and car smoke. If you will trouble yourself to make use of the face cloth provided, you will doubtless leave a cleaner-looking towel than you did this morning (25th).

J. R.

"Do you hear that?" demanded Kenneth the proper of Kenneth the careless. "Well, anything to please the lady!"

The towel he left that morning was a most exemplary towel, as it could hardly fail to be, after the rubbing and scrubbing and rinsing that surprised Kenneth's skin on this occasion. He was still aglow with the unwonted exercise when he greeted Miss Ransome at breakfast; and though she must have noticed it, she gave no sign.

The meals that day went off with a little more comfort as the strangeness of his surroundings wore away.

The events of the meet were even more thrilling than on the first day, and again Kenneth came home between ten and eleven and tumbled wearily into bed.

The one-sided correspondence of Miss Judith Ransome was not yet completed, however, as Kenneth learned when a crackle of paper close to his ear informed him she had another message for him.

"Morning will do for you," he remarked sleepily, and moved to another location on the wide mattress.

In the morning he read this bit of instruction:

YOUNG MAN:

When a footboard is low, one generally sets a chair against it to receive the covers and prevent them from getting on the floor to be stepped on.

J. R.

The note had been pinned over the brown print of a boot heel, which was undoubtedly Kenneth's own.

"What a duffer she thinks I am," sniffed Kenneth, attempting to rub off the accusing mark with his elbow. "She's right about it, too, I guess. I suppose I ought to know a few of these things—and would, too, if I'd listened to mother."

There was something about Miss Ransome's way of correcting his faults that amused Kenneth and made him feel very friendly toward her. Neither of them made any reference whatever to the instructive little notes, except the silent testimony of the improved appearance of the boy's room as he left it each morning. The feeling of a secret understanding between them made them particularly good-humored on the last day of the meet as they ate breakfast together.

Kenneth was growing keener to the niceties of table etiquette, and came through the meal very creditably, he felt sure. He entertained his hostess with interesting scraps of junior meet news, and rejoiced to feel that her sympathetic attention meant that she was not wholly displeased with him.

When he said good-by after breakfast he told her it was for all day, as the sight-seeing trip would begin at ten and his noon meal would be at the Hallmark Inn. He would be back for supper and the night.

So he was; but the friendly little lady was not there to receive him. Instead, he was met at the door by Jane, the maid, who informed him that Miss Ransome had been called away by important business to a neighboring town and had left her to care for his few remaining needs.

Kenneth was sorry indeed. He had a number of interesting things to tell Miss Ransome. Not least among them was the fact that Newville High School had been chosen by lot to furnish the entertainment at next year's meet, and he, as Newville's delegate, had made a neat little speech accepting the appointment and promising the best program ever.

"Supper is all ready," Jane remarked; and Kenneth ate it in lonely ease and went to his room.

It was here that the blow fell, and he came face to face with a possibility that had not entered his thoughts before.

There was a note on the dresser. Kenneth smiled as he picked it up and unfolded it.

"What is my shortcoming now?" he was thinking, when his glance fell upon these words:

YOUNG MAN:

I am called suddenly away on business and must leave you to Jane's care.

I am sorry not to see you again, for I am beginning to think that you are a very likable boy, who, with proper training, might be a credit to any one. I can only say it is a pity that your mother does not seem to have realized her privilege and duty and prepared you to mingle with other people without appearing to disadvantage.

J. RANSOME.

P. S. Jane will present my bill.



Kenneth scowled fiercely at himself in the mirror. "What!" he ejaculated. "Does she think it's my mother's fault that I blunder around the way I do?"

He tossed the note contemptuously aside and picked up his book to read awhile; but the more he tried to read, the more he found his thoughts wandering back to the note. At last, under pressure of his indignation, he threw down the book and read the note through again.

The implied accusation against his mother made him flush almost to tears. He had heard his mother say more than once that, if he failed to take advantage of her training, people would think it was her fault, but he had never realized the full force of the remark, nor just how cheap he would feel if it ever came true.

There seemed but one way out of the matter. Since he was not to see Miss Ransome again, he must write her a note. This, Kenneth found, was no very easy matter. His efforts consumed the entire evening and many pages of paper.

Some of the notes were indignant, and some were sarcastic. He finally discarded all these and, trying to remember that his mother's training was just as much at stake in the note as in his manners, he finally evolved a script that would not be a reproach:

MISS RANSOME:

Please do not judge my mother's training by my bad manners. My mother keeps at me all the time to teach me good ones, but I have been very heedless and forgetful. It is wholly my fault.

KENNETH MILLER.

As he was leaving for the train next morning, he begged Jane to give him an envelop<sup>e</sup>, in which he sealed and addressed his note. Then he paid his board bill and departed.

The Miller family had a full description of the junior meet, even to minute details; but of his correspondence course in etiquette Kenneth said not a word.

It was inevitable, however, that his mother should be aware of a new manliness about him. He was decidedly less heedless of the niceties she had so often urged upon him. Wondering what had wrought the change, she could merely set it down to the general beneficial effect of mingling with other boys.

She had new light on this point, however, when she overheard a conversation between her two sons at lunch one day.

She had eaten promptly, though the boys had not returned from a fishing trip, because she had promised to be ready at one o'clock to start on an automobile ride with friends.

The boys came in just before she started, and fell hungrily upon their lunch. In the adjoining room, where she lingered to adjust her veil, Mrs. Miller heard this conversation:

"Don't take such big mouthfuls, Walter! Be as decent as you know how to be, won't you please?" begged Kenneth, earnestly.

"Oh, come off!" scoffed Walter, as soon as he could speak; "I'm hungry, and I can't stop to be fussy. You're so finickin' fine since that old meet, there's no living with you!"

"Maybe not," assented Kenneth, good-naturedly; "but I hope I'm not quite such a disgrace to mother as I was. You talk about practicing the pole vault, to be sent to the meet; let me tell you, youngster, there's a good deal more need to practice table manners, or when you go away from home some old lady, who doesn't know anything about boys, will think it's your mother's fault you don't know how to behave; and take it from me, sonny, that'll make you feel cheap enough!"—Annie E. Harris, in *St. Nicholas*.

## For the Finding-Out Club

### Who Said These Things?

1. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."
2. Interpret the saying in the light of the circumstances that called it forth.
3. "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."
4. Tell the story that gave rise to this statement.

### The 1918 Finding-Out Club

THERE were sixty-seven persons who gained membership in the 1918 Finding-Out Club, by answering correctly at least one set of questions.

Mrs. Grace Hoover answered correctly twenty-three sets. This being the largest number of correct lists sent in by any one person, Mrs. Hoover was presented an illustrated copy of "Prophets and Kings," by Mrs. E. G. White.

The INSTRUCTOR will give a copy of any book printed by the Review and Herald Pub. Assn. to the person who answers correctly the largest number of 1919 lists.

Why not some one else win the book this year? We shall be glad to give it to Mrs. Hoover if the rest of you want her to have it. If you do not, then make us know that fact right away by proceeding to send in your lists.

### Members of the 1918 Finding-Out Club

Stanley R. Altman <sup>2</sup>	Almeda Laing
Richard Anthony	Leona Laird
Mrs. E. Maude Bostwick <sup>3</sup>	Roy F. Martin
Della M. Burdick	Ethel Marsh
Eva Cardin <sup>1</sup>	Mary Mullins
Carol Crandall	Anna Nightingale
Ramona Dimond	Luella Nelson
Alva Downs	Marian Nelson
Laura Downs <sup>2</sup>	Jennie Normansell <sup>2</sup>
Louisa Downs <sup>2</sup>	Edith D. Ohlson
Martha Downs	Barbara Osborne
Morley Eugene Evans <sup>2</sup>	Josephine Paden
Edna Edeburn	Dorothy M. Pearson
Veva Flint	Grace Pickard
Mrs. Norman Gartly	DeLoras Pieruehi
Esther H. Gifford <sup>2</sup>	H. K. Pressley <sup>2</sup>
Bessie Gilstrap <sup>2</sup>	Mrs. W. F. Ray <sup>2</sup>
Evelyn Henrietta Gilstrap <sup>3</sup>	Wilma Ray <sup>1</sup>
Kenneth Wilson Gilstrap <sup>3</sup>	Emma Ramstead <sup>3</sup>
Lois Lillian Gilstrap <sup>3</sup>	Ione Robertson
W. C. Van Gorder	Lillian Rochembeau
Ruth D. Gordon	Lester M. Roseoe <sup>10</sup>
Irma Halladay	Bessie Sargeant <sup>1</sup>
Harold B. Hannum <sup>6</sup>	Stanley Sargeant <sup>1</sup>
Gracie Harrison	Lou Smith <sup>2</sup>
Ethel Hollingsworth	Rose Smith <sup>2</sup>
Mrs. Grace Hoover <sup>23</sup>	Elsa P. Thompson <sup>2</sup>
Modette Hunt	Susan A. Walde <sup>4</sup>
Orie A. Johnson <sup>5</sup>	George F. Webb
Mrs. L. A. Jacobs <sup>2</sup>	Mervin W. Warwick
Norene Jensen <sup>2</sup>	Nettie Wilson
T. H. Jeys	W. E. Whitmore <sup>3</sup>
Mae C. Laing	Alfred Youngberg <sup>2</sup>

Bertha Youngberg

### 1919

Mrs. G. H. Baber <sup>2</sup>	Mrs. Grace Hoover <sup>2</sup>
Ramona Dimond	Jean Jack
Laura E. Downs	Wilma Ray
Alva Downs	Emma Ramstead
Mrs. Norman Gartly	Grace Raven
Irma Halladay	Lillian Rochembeau
Harold B. Hannum	Sarah Yates

Alfred Youngberg

### Answers to Questions Printed January 14

1. Dean Swift is credited with "Bread is the staff of life."
2. It was Keats who said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



3. Sir P. Sidney is authority for "God helps them that help themselves."

4. It was an observation of Thomas Southerne that "Pity's akin to love."

5. Edward Coke, the English jurist, was of the opinion that "a man's house is his castle."

6. Charles C. Pinckney gave the patriotic sentiment: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

7, 8. The poet Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

9. Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way: "Love me little, love me long."

10, 11, 12, 13. Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, said: "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good;" "Better late than never;" "Look before you leap;" and "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

14. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1799, by Gen. Henry Lee.

## Missionary Volunteer Department

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

### A Temperance Rally

SUGGESTIONS for a temperance rally appear on the last page of this issue. We hope every society will have an enthusiastic rally.

## Our Counsel Corner

**T**HERE are no young people here, none at all, and I get so lonely. A young man has been coming to the house, but he is not an Adventist. It is sometimes hard to know what to do. What ought one to do?

CALIFORNIA.

We sympathize with this young woman and her desire for companionship. This desire is quite natural. And this is really one of the problems which confront many of our young people who find themselves in a situation similar to the one this young woman presents.

But it is in trying places that the real gold in our Christian experience is developed. This problem, like all others which come to us in life, should be settled, not by what will please us personally, or please others, but by strict application of the principles of right. Nowhere more than in the question of our associations, should these principles be adhered to.

The Scriptures as well as the Testimonies, give clear and positive instruction that alliances should be formed "only in the Lord." 1 Cor. 7: 39. We cannot go contrary to such counsel without peril to the soul.

It is not unlikely that this young man has matrimonial intentions. While it is proper and right to extend to him every courtesy and proper respect as a friend, to go farther than this is not wise, and may result in an alliance being formed which would not be in harmony with the Word of God, and would lead to a life of disappointment.

G. B. THOMPSON.

*The water pipes in the church froze and burst, and it required two or three hours' work to get things fixed so that services could be held. Some young men did this work. Should it be reported as Christian Help work?*

Yes.

E. W.

M. E. K.

## Just for the Juniors

### "Almost!"

**E**UNICE stopped at Vera's house Sabbath afternoon on her way to Junior meeting. It was well she did, for otherwise Vera might have been late. They always went everywhere together, those two. Such chums you never saw! Yet there was the greatest difference between them.

"Wasn't Miss Ashley a dear to give us those pretty blue bookmarks when we finished the Junior Bible Year?" said Eunice, as the two were skipping along arm in arm. "I'm so proud of mine I show it to everybody."

"Oh let me see it!" cried Vera. "I didn't get any, and I wanted one so badly. I almost finished the Bible, too. I was behind only two weeks on New Year's Day, but that was just enough so I missed the bookmark. Some folks are always lucky, and get everything nice."

While the bookmark was being duly examined, Richard Elmslie overtook the girls.

"Today we get our Reading Course Certificates, don't we?" he said animatedly. "My, I'm glad I finished the course in time to get in on this celebration. You know we're going to have visitors today, and Professor Herman is going to make a speech. When they read off the names of all who have finished courses, we have to walk up front just like graduates and receive our certificates. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"I wish I were going to get a certificate today," said Vera regretfully. "It would be fun. I have almost finished a course. I have only parts of two books to read yet. Are you going to get one, Eunice?"

"Yes, two of them. I finished the new course and took a back one. And say, today we are going to hear whether or not our society raised enough to take care of a little Armenian orphan. We turned in our banks and stamp books last week, and Miss Ashley said she'd count up and let us know how much we gave."

"Let's see," Richard did a bit of rapid calculating; "If each member filled one stamp book," he announced in a moment, "we'll have enough. Wouldn't it be grand if we really did get \$60? That would save one life."

"If only I'd worked harder I could have done my share," Vera confessed guiltily. "I had my stamp book almost half full, but when the holidays came I was too busy to do any more with it."

Poor little "almost" girl! Aren't you sorry for her? Don't ever get into the "almost" habit. Or if you have already acquired it, begin today to break it. This year resolve to finish everything that you set out to do. You'll find it such a satisfying way. There are always plenty of starters in a Junior society, but what we need is more finishers!

ELLA IDEN.

ARE you truthful, law-abiding, industrious, just, merciful, democratic, optimistic? If not, you are living below the standard set by Dr. Crane, the well-known writer, for even the average work-a-day world.



# The Sabbath School

## VIII — Gideon and the Three Hundred

(February 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Judges 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." 1 Sam. 14: 6.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 548-556; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 28-30.

"The thoughtless, others thoughtless make,  
The brave make others brave."

### Questions

1. What new name was given to Gideon? After Gideon had overthrown the altar of Baal, who came against the Israelites? Judges 6: 32, 33.
2. What did the Lord say of the size of Gideon's army? What might they say if they won the victory? Judges 7: 1, 2.
3. What proclamation was Gideon commanded to make? How many men returned home? Verse 3. Note 1.
4. What did the Lord still say of the army of Israel? What test determined who should return? How could their manner of drinking show their fitness as good soldiers? Verses 4, 5. Note 2.
5. How many men now remained in Gideon's army? What promise did the Lord make concerning them? Verses 6-8.
6. Before beginning the battle, what did the Lord further tell Gideon to do? Why did the Lord wish him to go among the enemy? Verses 9-11.
7. What did Gideon and his servant see as to the number of the enemy? What did they hear related? Verses 12-14.
8. What effect did this have upon Gideon? What did he tell the three hundred when he returned? Verse 15.
9. How did Gideon arrange his men? What was given to each man? Verse 16. Note 3.
10. What did Gideon charge his men to do? Verses 17, 18.
11. At what time of night did they surround the camp of the enemy? What noise awakened the Midianites? Verses 19, 20.
12. What was the effect upon the surprised hosts? In the confusion what were they led to do? Verses 21, 22.
13. What were the thousands of Israel now invited to do? How complete was the victory? Verses 23-25.
14. What great lesson may we learn from this experience? Note 4.

### Topics for Discussion

What things around us, or in our hearts, should we now fight against?

How do the battles we fight develop courage and devotion?

### Notes

1. It was a law in Israel that before going to battle a proclamation would be made permitting certain classes, among them the fearful, to return home. Because his army was so small in comparison with the hosts of the Midianites, Gideon had refrained from making this announcement. But the Lord required this to be done, and with an anxious heart Gideon saw more than two thirds of his men leave him.

2. "The people were led down to the waterside, expecting to make an immediate advance upon the enemy. A few hastily took a little water in the hand, and sucked it up as they went on; but nearly all bowed upon their knees, and leisurely drank from the surface of the stream. . . . By the simplest means, character is often tested. Those who in time of peril were intent upon supplying their own wants, were not the men to be trusted in an emergency."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 549.

"As a dog lappeth." "They employed their hand as the dog employs his tongue,—that is, forming it into a hollow spoon, and dipping water with it from the stream. This mode of drinking is often practiced in the East, and practice alone can give that peculiar tact which generally excites the wonder of travelers. The interchange of the hand between the water and the mouth is managed with amazing dexterity, and with nearly or quite as much rapidity as the tongue of the dog in the same act. The water is not sucked out of the hand, but by a peculiar jerk is thrown into the mouth before the hand is brought close to it, so that the hand is approaching with a fresh supply almost before the preceding has been swallowed."—*Bush*.

3. It was not customary to place trumpets and torches in the hands of any soldiers except leaders. The impression would therefore be given that there were many bands making the attack.

4. A noted writer says: "For myself I always translate the wars and battles of the past into moral battles, against the wrongs, the principalities and powers of evil, which are raging around us, and within us. They require the same courage, and skill, and consecration of ourselves, as did the wars against the ancient enemies which in earlier times assailed the very existence of the people of God."

## IX — The Story of Samson

(March 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Judges 13 to 16.

MEMORY VERSE: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might." Jer. 9: 23.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 560-568.

"God gave me this good body  
To grow both strong and tall;  
Tobacco helps to spoil it,  
And so does alcohol.  
Into my mouth they shall not go,  
When tempted I will answer, 'No.'"

### Questions

1. What instruction concerning health did an angel of the Lord once give to Manoah and his wife? Judges 13: 13, 14.
2. What name was given to this child? What came upon Samson at times? Verses 24, 25. Note 1.
3. To what heathen nation did he turn for a companion? Judges 14: 1, 2. Note 2.
4. What experience did he have when near the vineyards of Timnath? Verses 5-7.
5. When later he returned to that place what did he see? What use did he make of this at his marriage feast? Verses 8-14.
6. How was the answer to the riddle made known? Verses 15-17. Note 3.
7. How did his brethren of the tribe of Judah seek to deliver him into the hands of the Philistines? Judges 15: 9-13.
8. How was Samson's great strength shown upon this occasion? Verses 14-17.
9. When trapped by his enemies in the city of Gaza, how did Samson make his escape? Judges 16: 2, 3.
10. What plan did the Philistines lay to learn the secret of his great strength? What was the result of the first attempt to carry out the plan? Verses 4-9.
11. What did Samson then say would make him as weak as other men? What was the result of the attempt to bind him? Verses 10-12.
12. Describe the third similar experience. Verses 13, 14.
13. How urgent did Delilah become in her request? What did Samson finally tell her? Verses 15-17.
14. How was Samson deprived of his great strength? What did the Philistines then do with him? Verses 18-21.
15. For what purpose did the Philistines hold a feast? For whom did they send? What request did Samson make of the lad who led him? Verses 22-26.
16. What large company were in the house? What prayer did Samson offer? What did the Lord enable him to do? Verses 27-31. Note 4.

### Things to Think About

What very common habits tend to weaken our bodies?  
How may our power to do right be greatly strengthened?

### Notes

1. "Samson had the blessing—one of the best of all God's blessings—of being born in a religious home. The angel of the Lord visited that home. The mother was a strictly total-abstinence, temperance woman, so that her son was untainted in his inheritance of health and strength, birthmarked as it were, against intoxicating liquors. He had, too, the blessing of the training for a definite work in life. Even before his birth his mission was announced. He was to be one who should 'begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines,' and to this end was to be consecrated to God. It is a great thing for any person to be so endowed and so trained as to have a definite mission in this world."—*Peloubet*.

2. "Just as he was entering upon manhood, the time when he must execute his divine mission,—the time above all others when he should have been true to God,—Samson connected himself with the enemies of Israel. He did not ask whether he could better glorify God when united with the object of his choice, or whether he was placing himself in a position where he could not fulfil the purpose to be accomplished by his life. To all who seek first to honor him, God has promised wisdom; but there is no promise to those who are bent upon self-pleasing. How many are pursuing the same course as did Samson! How often marriages are formed between the godly and the ungodly, because inclination governs in the selection of husband or wife! The parties do not ask counsel of God, nor have his glory in view."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 563.

3. "At his marriage feast, Samson was brought into familiar association with those who hated the God of Israel. Whoever voluntarily enters into such relations will feel it necessary to conform, to some degree, to the habits and customs of his companions. The time thus spent is worse than wasted. Thoughts are entertained and words are spoken, that tend to break down the strongholds of principle, and to weaken the citadel of the soul."—*Ibid*.

4. "God's promise that through Samson he would 'begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines,' was fulfilled; but how dark and terrible the record of that life which might have been a praise to God and a glory to the nation!"—*Id.*, p. 567.

The "Instructor" dated February 18 is the Temperance number. This issue, therefore, contains the Sabbath school lessons for February 22 and March 1. This paper should be distributed in the schools on February 15, and the announcement made that it contains lessons for two weeks.



## Count It Done

A FATHER wrote to his son  
 Who was far away from home,  
 "I have sent you a beautiful gift;  
 It may be delayed, but 'twill come;  
 It is what you have wanted most,  
 And have asked for many days;"  
 And before the child received the gift  
 He voiced his thanks and praise.

Our Father saith unto us,  
 "Your need shall be supplied;  
 Ask and receive that your joy be filled,  
 And my joy in you abide."  
 Shall we wait to thank till we see  
 The answer to every prayer?  
 Forbear to praise till we feel  
 The lifted pressure of care?  
 Nay, let us trust his word  
 And know that the thing is done,  
 For his promise is just as sure  
 As a father's to his son.

— Annie Johnson Flint,  
 in the *Christian Endeavor World*.

## Keep the Armor Bright

**T**HIS is no time to lay your temperance armor aside. The fight is still on, and will be until every individual in our country understands the serious body-and-soul-destroying nature of intoxicants and narcotics, and until we have a generation of men and women who are abstinent from choice, a generation who know that alcohol has little if any medicinal value.

So long as there is a drunken man to be seen anywhere about us; so long as there is a nonprogressive physician who administers alcoholics in sickness; so long as there is a patient whose lack of intelligence on the subject makes him willing to be duped into thinking whisky a curative agent, there is work, earnest work, for us to do.

Even then we cannot lay aside our armor until the world is made dry, or at least until we have done everything possible to counteract the evil that the brewers, distillers, and dealers of our country have done to other nations, especially the heathen nations, in forcing their infamous wares upon them.

Thirty-six States, the necessary number, have ratified to give us national prohibition; but why not make the ratification unanimous? Forty-eight sounds better and is better than thirty-six.

Then having gained national prohibition by legislation, let us continue to work for a universal intelligent personal abstinence. Let us work for world-wide prohibition.

## Have a Temperance Rally

**A** TEMPERANCE rally? No, we do not need one this year. Our State has ratified the prohibition amendment to the national constitution," says an ambitious Missionary Volunteer leader.

He sees plainly why Missionary Volunteer Societies in States where the amendment has not been ratified should hold stirring temperance rallies. They should hold them; and so should other societies. Every society, whether located in a State which has ratified the amendment or one which has not, or even if located outside of the United States, should hold a stirring temperance rally at this time. Prohibition may have gained a great victory in the halls of your State legislature, but public sentiment in many places may still need to be won over to the cause of temperance. And when that is done, it still remains for us to proclaim the broader principles of Christian temperance. Those principles are a part of the glad tidings to be carried to the world by our Missionary Volunteers.

So every Society should hold a temperance rally to strengthen the cause of prohibition. A rally will be an excellent introduction to other work along the lines of Christian temperance. Each Missionary Volunteer Society leader should call his executive committee together and lay careful plans for a good rally. *Now is the time to win public sentiment over to the cause of prohibition.* Help do it in your community. The next issue of the INSTRUCTOR is the Temperance Annual. It contains excellent material. Why not have a better temperance rally than your society has ever before given? The ever-brightening prospects of a saloonless nation ought to be sufficient cause in themselves for a jubilee temperance rally.

Hold your rally some evening during the week. Make thorough preparation. Secure temperance pledges and call for signers. Have the Temperance Annual on sale. Invite your neighbors and friends to attend. Give the community a really good evening with the great cause of temperance. Have good music, talks, recitations, etc. The Temperance Annual, of course, contains more material than you can use; but the following topics are worthy of special study in your rally:

1. A Survey of Prohibition Progress in the United States.
2. Our Work Until National Prohibition Comes.
3. Our Work After National Prohibition Legislation Is Passed.
4. Progress of Prohibition in Other Lands.
5. World-Wide Prohibition Demanded.
6. Why Western Civilization Should Aid in the World-Wide Prohibition Movement.

If your society is located outside of the United States you will want to omit some things suggested here in order to give special attention to the temperance issues before your community.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT.

## A Troublesome Carpet

**A** MEMBER of the diplomatic corps at Washington tells a story of a Persian who came to the United States on a special mission.

Among those who entertained him was a wealthy American, who invited the Oriental to his country house. On the morning of the guest's arrival the American visited him in his apartment, and was astonished to see him hopping about the floor in the strangest way imaginable. The host ventured to ask the reason for this curious action. The Persian replied:

"You see, this carpet is green, with pink roses here and there. Green is a sacred color with us, so I am obliged to hop from rose to rose. It is good exercise, but rather fatiguing."—*The Young Pilgrim*.

## Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
As His Custom Was (poetry) .....	3
Denmark and the Danes: The Country .....	6
Unique Words in Daniel .....	8
The Man Without a Country .....	9
SELECTIONS	
Stories of Personal Work .....	3
Kenneth Miller's Correspondence Course .....	5
His Second Commission .....	8
An Arctic Bear Story .....	10