

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

March 18, 1919

No. 11



A NEW ZEALAND SCENE

From Here and There

The War Department announces that at the time of the signing of the armistice our army was the second largest in France.

Lieut. Frank H. Harmon recently made a record air flight from New York to Washington, completing the trip in eighty-five minutes.

The steamship "George Washington," with the Presidential party on board, returning from Europe, anchored in Boston Harbor.

Petitions are coming from the Near East, requesting of the Peace Conference the appointment of America as the guardian of the provinces which will be severed from Turkey.

Great Britain lost in the war more than 9,000,000 tons of shipping, ten times as much as that lost by France or Italy, and seventeen times as much as that lost by the United States.

The United States is the sole possessor of the secret process whereby an absolutely noninflammable gas can be obtained from helium. Experts claim that this discovery makes this country mistress of the air.

Admiral von Tirpitz, who is credited with having been the instigator of ruthless submarine warfare, has been the guest of General Will, of the Swiss Army, since the revolution in Germany, according to newspaper reports.

No very rich man has ever been President of the United States. Washington remains to this day the wealthiest of all our chief executives, and Roosevelt, who left an estate of about \$500,000, probably stands second.

Except for a comparatively small amount that comes from Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, the United States is entirely dependent on other countries for coffee. Yet we use about two fifths of the entire coffee crop of the world.

Vigilance on the part of the United States Secret Service, and quick action by the New York police, led to the arrest of fourteen aliens, admitted anarchists and conspirators in a plot to hurl a bomb at President Wilson, as he landed in Boston, returning from his trip abroad.

The venerable pastor of the late ex-President Roosevelt has a small grandson, and the two are great chums. One day the little lad surprised the family by refusing to go to church. No argument of any member, no inducement offered by his beloved "granddaddy," could persuade him to enter the building. Several weeks passed, and then one day, after much coaxing, the grandfather induced him to go in and hear the organ. As they crossed the threshold, the youngster clung tightly to the pastor's hand and whispered: "Say, grandpa, show me the zeal! Show me the zeal that eats folks up." Then the mystery was all explained. At family worship he had heard the reading of the text, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," and made a practical application.

The laziest of birds, according to the Philadelphia North American, is the frogmouth. He sleeps all day, and at night, instead of foraging for food, sits on a limb and literally waits for the insects to come and feed him. He is such a sound sleeper that one can push him off his perch with a stick without awakening him. He inhabits Australia and the islands of the Indian Ocean.

The time-honored tambourine, used successfully by the Salvation Army for thirty-six years, is to be abandoned. Hereafter one effort will be made each year to collect funds for the work of this organization, and all the antiquated alms-gathering devices will be discarded. This coming May a drive for \$10,000,000 will be made.

Rumor has it that the Prince of Wales is to marry an Italian princess.

Alphabet of Success

Ambition	Nerve
Brains	Optimism
Control	Perseverance
Determination	Quality
Efficiency	Reliability
Fearlessness	Sobriety
Grasp	Thrift
Health	Usefulness
Interest	Veracity
Judgment	Will
Keeness	Xperience
Loyalty	Years
Manliness	Zeal

When He Would Break

A SIMPLE man who carried on business in Manchester, about whose integrity certain rumors were abroad, was asked, "Do you never fear you will break?" "Ay," said the man very emphatically, "I shall break when the fiftieth psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me'!"—*The Christian Herald.*

The Youth's Instructor

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The Commander-in-Chief

FERDINAND FOCH is the idol of his countrymen and the hero of the great World War. His was the military genius which reorganized our forces in the face of a flushed, exultant foe, and led them to victory. The soldier, the gentleman, and the Christian are all combined in this one purposeful man—the marshal of France, the generalissimo of the Allies.

Childhood and Youth

He was born Aug. 4, 1851, in the little mountain town of Tarbes, his father being an undersecretary of state in the prefecture of the Upper Pyrenees, and his early years were spent in this region rich in the traditions of such mighty warriors as Henry of Navarre and Napoleon Bonaparte. After finishing his work in the preparatory schools of Saint-Etienne and Metz, young Foch astonished his parents by deciding upon a military career, and accordingly made application for admission to the *École polytechnique*, the West Point of France. His brilliant work here soon distinguished him, and at the age of twenty-three, he was made captain in the artillery.

The Soldier

The young officer's first real soldiering came during the Franco-Prussian War. The catastrophe which befell France in the loss of Alsace-Lorraine was a severe blow to his pride; although he suffered keen humiliation, he did not yield to depression, but set about to discover if possible the fundamental reasons why Prussia had won the struggle. Pursuant to this purpose he made an intensive study of strategy and military tactics, becoming a recognized authority on these subjects.

Director of the Ecole de Guerre

When the great General Bonnal died, many names were submitted to the French premier as competent to head the great *École de guerre* (war school). But Mr. Clemenceau wanted a director above the ordinary, a leader for the young soldiers who was every inch a man, and so he himself decided to make the choice. The now "General" Foch never suspected, when the premier invited him to dine, that his name had been mentioned in connection with this honor. Suddenly, as dessert was served, Clemenceau remarked, "I have

some good news for you, General. You have been appointed director of the *École de guerre*."

"Director of the *École de guerre*," repeated the bewildered general. "But, Premier, I am not even a candidate."

"That may be, but you have been appointed, and I know you will fill the office capably," replied the "Tiger of France."

In this new capacity, he became the foremost teacher of the principles of strategy and tactics to the Frenchmen who were to take part in the World War. The

strength of the Prussian Army, Foch taught his students, was due to the massing of their troops and their perfect organization for moving men and supplies. Its vulnerable point, he asserted, was the "absolute autocracy of the great headquarters, where plans were built, as an architect builds a house, impossible of modification if change became imperative."

"You will be called upon later to become the brain of an army," he told the young men in his classes, "so I say to you today: Learn to think." He further taught them that the brain alone is not sufficient for thinking. The imagination, emotions, and aspirations must be centered upon the problem to be solved. Foch always maintained that the stirring strains of "*La Marseillaise*" helped the cadet to put on his soldier thinking cap. In his work as a

teacher he emphasized the importance of individual responsibility, and trained his embryo officers to be men of judgment and initiative.

Part of his own rigid discipline was to look for the silver lining in every cloud. Optimism found in this quiet, purposeful soldier an ardent champion. He was often made the victim of politics, kept from his just deserts in the way of promotion, and assigned to seemingly unimportant commands, but "such was his fine confidence in life that he communicated to others, not his grievances, but his secret satisfactions."

Called to Service in 1914

And then, in 1914, the terrible Great War gripped Europe. General Foch, recalled suddenly from a vacation to defend the frontier at Nancy, where he



Photo, Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH

was commanding the Twentieth Corps, realized that the time had come when he was to put his theories to a practical test. The gallant Twentieth more than justified its peace-time reputation, and after the battle of Morhange, General Joffre intrusted him with the command of the Ninth Army. This was not, as might be generally supposed, an organized unit, but fragments of other organizations which had been badly broken up in the general retreat before the seemingly invincible Prussians. The retiring troops were engaged in violent rear-guard fighting, and discouraged as well, so it was no easy task which General Foch faced. But in a few days he accomplished the seemingly impossible, and the newly aligned battle front stretched from the channel to the Swiss border.

Battle of the Marne

The story of the battle of the Marne has been often told. At nightfall of the first day's fighting, Foch's new army had given ground practically everywhere. Morning brought an even fiercer German attack, but still the general did not flinch. Every temporary advance or forced retirement was made with perfect order and discipline. Even darker days followed, and it seemed that Paris must fall; yet at the sight of their leader, calm, courageous, and unafraid, the discouraged Frenchmen took heart. "The enemy," he confided to them, "is trying to throw us back with such fury that I am sure it means things are going badly with them elsewhere, and they are seeking compensation."

He was right. Von Kluck and Von Bülow were both retiring at his left, nevertheless Foch's line was pushed back to the Aube River. Then Joffre sent the order: "The moment has come for the army to advance at all costs, and allow itself to be slain rather than give way." The Ninth Army advanced against great odds. The day came on September 9, when the Prussians smashed its right wing, and wild with joy, began a premature celebration at La Fère-Champenoise, considering Paris within their grasp. That night Foch sent his now-famous message to the general headquarters: "My center gives way, my right recedes; the situation is excellent. I shall attack." The gallant Forty-second Division was hurrying from his left flank to the rescue of their distressed comrades, and the surprised enemy found itself face to face with a new crisis. The Germans reeled, tried to reform their ranks, and then broke and fled in confusion. This daring attack saved the French capital. A few hours after the German evacuation, Foch established his headquarters at the scene of their ill-timed revelry.

With three fourths of his army beaten back it took a majestic faith for Foch to order an attack, but his was a faith which conquers despite difficulties. When the battle of the Marne was over, the Bishop of Cahors came to express his gratitude to the gray-haired general.

"Monseigneur," answered Foch, "do not thank me, but Him to whom the victory alone belongs."

Defense on the Yser

The German effort, broken at the Marne, was repeated six weeks later on the Yser. Foch was ordered to hurry his army to the threatened area, and with the same fearlessness he threw out his forces, in conjunction with the British and Belgian commanders, and attacked. It was on the eve of this battle that the unflinching warrior called the army chaplain to him and said: "Tomorrow we are to make a supreme

effort in arms. Do you also make a supreme effort in prayer. All my trust is in God." And after the victory was assured, he knelt in the dust of a shell-torn road, his war-scarred troops around him, and rendered homage to the great King in whom he trusts so implicitly.

Offensive on the Somme

The next task assigned General Foch was the organization of the offensive on the Somme, and even the enemy was forced to admire the superior planning which anticipated their every move, and brought the most carefully laid plans to disaster. At Dixmude, when it seemed that the French must surely be forced to retreat, it was Foch who ordered his soldiers to occupy higher ground, and open the sluices of the low country. This stroke of genius spread consternation throughout the Hun ranks, rendered hundreds of their large guns useless, and drowned their hope of victory in this direction.

In 1917 General Foch was made French chief of staff, and when the Allies realized the necessity of having a commander-in-chief, he was selected by unanimous consent. On March 26, 1918, he shouldered this gigantic task with the calm confidence that the armies he led represented the cause of right, and that right must win. France has since conferred upon this hero her highest honor—the title of Marshal of the Republic.

Marshal Foch's belief in individual responsibility and judgment, which extends from the commanding officers to the humblest private in the ranks, is said to be the secret of the wonderful flexibility of his armies. "There probably never was before in history a battle fought in which every man comprehended as clearly as the commanders themselves what it was all about, and intelligently did their utmost to obtain the objective as at Château-Thierry."

Foch's Ten Commandments

This list of rules, drafted in the early days of his soldiering, and to which he still demands that his men adhere, are characteristic of their author, and well worth study:

- "1. Keep your eyes and ears ready and your mouth in the safety notch, for it is your soldierly duty to see and hear clearly.
- "2. Obey orders first, and, if still alive, kick afterward if you have been wronged.
- "3. Keep your arms and equipment clean and in good order; treat your animals fairly and kindly, and your motor or other machine as if it belonged to you and was the only one in the world.
- "4. Do not waste your ammunition, your gas, your food, your time, nor your opportunity.
- "5. Tell the truth squarely, face the music, and take your punishment like a man; for a good soldier won't lie, he doesn't sulk and is no squealer.
- "6. Be merciful to the women of your foe and shame them not, for you are a man; pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child.
- "7. Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dead brother or fellow soldier beaten or ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate.
- "8. Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable, and your feet in good condition, for you think with your head, fight with your body, and march with your feet.
- "9. Be of good cheer and high courage; shirk neither work nor danger; suffer in silence, and cheer the comrades at your side with a smile.
- "10. Dread defeat, but not wounds; fear dishonor, but not death, and die game; and whatever the task, remember the motto of the division: 'It Shall Be Done.'"

The Christian and the Soldier

Yes, Marshal Foch led the Allied troops to victory, and dictated the humiliating terms of the armistice. But while the world at large sings his praises, and

admirers try to explain his strategic moves by maps and diagrams; you will find the great general himself at worship in some quiet church, "humbly giving to God the glory, and absolutely declining to attribute it to himself."

A Man of Prayer and Power

An American private, a California boy in France with the American Expeditionary Force, tells how one day he wandered into a quaint old church just back of the trenches. As he stood looking about him, a quiet, gray-haired man, with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform, came in, and knelt in prayer. Only an orderly accompanied him. For full three quarters of an hour "the generalissimo of all the Allied armies was on his knees in humble supplication in that quiet church, while ten thousand guns were roaring at his word on a hundred hills that rocked with death. Millions of armed men crouched in trenches or rushed across blood-drenched terraces at his command. Generals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, and ranks fought and wrought across the map of Europe absolutely as he had commanded them," and yet he counted it well worth his while to stop for a little communion with the great General, who never lost a battle. Most men as busy as Marshal Foch would feel that they could not spare this time. But we are told by those who know, that it "is no unusual thing for the commander-in-chief to do this. There is no day that he does not do the same thing, if there is a church within reach. He never fails to spend an hour on his knees every morning when he awakes from sleep; and every night it is the same. Moreover, it is not a new thing with him. He has done it his whole life long."

One of his biographers says: "Men who do that which Foch does have no doubts. When Premier Clemenceau stood on the battle front with anxious heart, one look at the face of the general stilled his fears. He returned to Paris with the vision of sure and certain victory. The great agnostic statesman doubted, but the man of Christ did not doubt. The facts, then, in the case are that when the freedom of the world hung in the balance, the world turned to Foch as the one great genius who could save it from the Hun; and that Foch, who is perhaps the greatest soldier the world has produced, is, first of all, a Christian."

When Marshal Foch was presented to President Wilson in Paris, he wore a plain service uniform without a single medal. The incident is characteristic of the man's modesty, who has "neither time nor taste to talk about himself." He is, according to his own statement, "a son of France, and a humble defender of human liberties."

The great general is, as one writer declares, "a tender, heartbroken old father to whom the laying down of arms means not the leisure to wear laurels, but the right to sit again by his hearth, now desolate [for his only son was killed, and one of his daughters widowed by the war], and think back on happy days, and forward to a reassembled group in the house not made with hands."

L. E. C.

If we put off repentance another day, we have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.—*Mason.*

"Life is a check signed in blank; what it is worth depends on how you fill it out."

Decision

DECISION is an essential element of success, it matters not whether one is engaged in the work of God or in worldly pursuits. If you would perfect a character that will be acceptable to God, you must cultivate the quality of firm, quick decision in favor of the right. Decide to turn your back upon the world; to forsake every pet theory, every fond hope, and every cherished desire that stands between you and eternal life. And when once you have made a decision, regard it as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—unless of course you come to realize that your judgment is in error.

The cause of God today needs as workers men and women who can grasp the needs of a situation quickly and act immediately, before the enemy of souls has time to gather his forces to attack. We as a people are facing grave dangers, and it is necessary for our own salvation, and for the salvation of our fellows, that we do not waver and halt between two opinions.

James declares that "a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," and compares him to a wave of the sea that is driven and tossed by every wind that blows. This is a picture true to life, and descriptive of the man who lacks decision of character. Many a promising man has missed success because he could not choose his life work definitely. He tried this, that, and the other thing, but lack of decision prevented him from making a success in any line.

The man who trains himself to think clearly and logically will of necessity cultivate the habit of decision. When problems arise, he will be able to grasp them in their different phases and give a definite "yes" or "no" in answer.

The man who lacks decision is a mere jellyfish. He follows the line of least resistance, and always agrees with the one to whom he is talking. If he ever does develop courage to think for himself, he is turned aside by the first bit of opposition met. He never passes far beyond the introduction stage of any course he may plan to pursue; something else always attracts his vacillating mind.

Great men of past ages have been men of decision, men who did not feel it necessary to always please their fellows, but who had firm convictions of duty and stuck to them. Men of decision are the men who meet emergencies. It was Camillus's power of quick decision that gave him courage to cast his sword into the scales in place of the ransom of gold with which the Romans were about to purchase peace from their enemies. It was the power of decision that gave Julius Caesar courage to cross the Rubicon. Alexander the Great in a very short time built up one of the greatest empires of the ancient world. And how did he do it? By exercising the power of quick decision. He seldom gave the enemy a chance to gather force.

Jesus Christ, our great Example, was a man of decision. He was called upon to face mighty issues, and to decide without time for reflection questions of universal importance. If he had wavered for one moment during his temptation in the wilderness, or as he sat upon the pinnacle of the temple, or stood upon the mountain peak and viewed the kingdoms of the world, Satan would have grasped the opportunity to overcome him, and the world would have been left in darkness and despair. As he lived, so may we. Christlikeness will bring that decision of character which is one of the most important elements of success.

W. L. LATHAM.

The Soul's Rainbow

RACHEL HOPE HALL

THE day had been dark and stormy;
 Torrents of driving rain
 Had hidden the bright rays of sunshine,
 And darkened the world again.

But as I peered from my window,
 The sun flecked forth its gold,
 Claspings the rain-kissed earth
 Within its gentle fold.

And I saw before me a promise,
 A promise made of old,
 In the form of a beautiful rainbow,
 A part of love's story told.

And I read in the tint of that rainbow
 A message from above,
 Which dispelled the gloom of darkness,
 Assuring, "God is love."

This is the message it brought me,
 Quieting all my fears:
 The beauties of life would be lessened
 Had the eyes no tears.

So now in the midst of sorrow
 I recall through the weary years,
 That the soul could have no rainbow
 Had the eyes no tears.

Light Through the Cloud

RUTH NAOMI WILCOX

AMONG the rounding foothills, and not far from the high, rugged mountains, stands the Rocky Mountain Sanitarium.

It was a mid-August afternoon. The high peaks as well as the lowering hills looked parched and dry. White clouds floated slowly in the deep blue sky, and a sultry breeze stirred the leaves with a soft rustle. The most refreshing spot in the whole landscape seemed to be the white hospital, with its wide verandas shaded by green ivy. White-capped nurses in uniform slowly rolled their patients back and forth. Others were reading to the sick. Two or three groups of convalescent patients sat chatting as they sipped cold lemonade.

At the farther end of the wide porch, Mabel Dawson was resting after a strenuous day. As she sat looking down upon the broad, well-kept lawn and the little lake beyond, her thoughts strayed homeward. How she longed to be there for just one day, and have a chat with mother and some advice from father! How she would enjoy an afternoon on the banks of the gurgling little stream at the foot of the knoll where "home" stood!

Mabel was one of the most popular nurses in the sanitarium. Physicians, classmates, and patients all admired and respected her. Careful early training had made her faithful to duty, and her high spiritual and moral ideals had been an inspiration to many of her friends. Patients demanded her services, for they received strength from her confidence, and under her radiant good cheer forgot their suffering as she ministered to their needs. Mabel, however, knew nothing of her popularity. Hers was an unconscious charm.

But Mabel Dawson had her trials too. Today she wished she had never undertaken the nurses' training course. She was discouraged. For a month now she had been nursing an extremely nervous old lady, one of the few who could not seem to respond to her happy, but quiet ways. From morning till night she heard only peevish words and complaints. Nothing seemed to please. Then, too, that morning Dr. Moore had severely chided her for some slight mistake. Life looked dark and gloomy, even though the sun shone radiantly.

The one joy of the day had been an invitation from a friend, one of the wealthy women patients in the sanitarium, asking Mabel to accompany her on a trip to Europe. All her expenses would be paid, and her only obligation would be the giving of an occasional treatment to her friend.

But now not even a trip to Europe seemed alluring

as the tired nurse thought of home. She knew that her parents would not approve of her associating for so long a time with worldly people. She realized that the acceptance of the invitation would open the way to temptations that would test the strongest character. But then, she asked herself, what was the use anyway? Her lifelong desire had been to find a place in the organized work of her church and fill a position of trust and responsibility. But after graduation what chance would there be for her beyond nursing in private homes? There she would be all alone among worldly influences. But in this hour of discouragement she remembered her mother's words: "When things look the darkest, the light is about to break through the dark clouds." And so, with a glance at her watch, the old cheery smile flashed back, and she returned to her patient, determined to forget her blues.

On this same sultry August afternoon the sanitarium board had gathered for its monthly meeting. The head nurse was soon to leave, and they must choose some one to take her place. The names of several of the senior nurses were considered, but Mabel Dawson seemed most capable of all. Unanimously she was elected to the position.

When she went to her room late in the evening, she found this letter on her table:

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM,
 August 20, 1907.

"DEAR MISS DAWSON:

"As you probably know, our head nurse has passed in her resignation. For some time the board has been looking for some one to take her place. Your name has been favorably considered, and at the unanimous request of the board I take pleasure in asking you to accept the position of head nurse in this institution upon your graduation in the near future.

"Wishing you success, I remain

"Sincerely yours,

E. F. RAND, *Secretary.*"

As Mabel laid the letter down and heaved a sigh of surprise and relief, her mother's words again flashed into her mind: "When things look the darkest, the light is about to break through the dark clouds." Kneeling by her bedside, she devoutly thanked God for helping her to remain faithful to his cause, and for giving her her heart's desire, and asked for renewed strength for efficient service in her chosen work.

NEVER let enter your mind a shadow of doubt as to the love of the Father's heart, or the power of the Father's arm.—Müller.

Day

THROUGH the gate of morning
Comes the young child Day;
Softly lifts the sunbeams
Gleaming 'cross his way.

Pausing just a moment
Ere he passes through,
Throwing shafts of sunlight
On the morning dew.

Many gifts he carries
Which he gives away;
Some are kept and cherished,
Others thrown away.

In his bag he carries
Sorrow, woe, and pain,
Hope, success, and failure,
Smiles, and tears, and gain.

Through the gate of evening
Day has passed away,
Old and bent and weary,
All his hair turned gray.

But he leaves the promise
Of a sure return,
Bringing us new lessons,
If the old we learn.

AUDREY K. BROWN.

Accidental Bob

BOB'S dark skin proclaimed him a loyal son of the Southern sky. His brown eyes, dark hair, and pleasant smile made him prepossessing, despite the fact that his underlip and his hands were beyond regulation size. He was quick in his studies, and loved learning for its own sake. He was hard-working, frequently foregoing sleep and food to complete a task.

He was a fast workman, and capable, only for his blundering habit. He blundered here and he blundered there. He spilled the bucket of water here, and broke the bottle of bluing there. He tore the hall paper as he moved the coat rack; broke the mirror as he tried to shave; dropped the accumulated soot on the parlor rug as he changed the gas mantle; spilled the plastering on the morris chair, and the red paint on the sidewalk. He lost the tax receipt, and paid the wrong bill. He dropped his father's glasses, broke his aunt's choicest vase, and tore the pocket off a borrowed coat. If he was painting a roof, he spilled the paint or himself upon the roof and the sidewalk below. If he was staining inside work, the piano or Victrola would be sure to receive a partial coat. He managed always to do more than he was hired to do.

Friends and foes needed his work, but learned that they could not afford to hire him because of this extra work he always managed to do.

He was fast getting to the place where no one could trust him to do a satisfactory job, and had gained for himself among the boys the name of "Accidental Bob."

Bob never meant to commit these unfortunate depredations. He was always sorry, but not after the godly sort, else somehow, by hook or by crook, he would have invented or discovered an antidote for his blundering propensity.

Evolutionists say man was an accident. We are willing to allow this of Bob Reed, else how could so many blunders result from one person's performances?

Bob's quickness at creating excuses for his irregularities was only equaled by his adeptness at blundering. He never sensed that these things were about

to make life a failure for him, despite the high goal he had already set for himself.

In his town there lived an elderly man who was a devoted friend of Bob's parents and grandparents. In fact, the latter had given him his start in life. Having no heirs, this worthy gentleman had determined to settle a legacy upon Bob; but he could not do it unless there was a change in the boy. How to effect this change occupied his thought for days and weeks.

Finally he went to a neighbor who greatly needed some work done. He recommended Accidental Bob to him. "No; I had him once, and my house still bears his marks. He's a fairly good workman; but he's bound to spoil something before the job is finished."

How would it do to have a written contract to the effect that he forfeit five dollars for the first accident of whatever character, and ten for each succeeding one?

"Well, I might consider him under those conditions. Perhaps I will, if for no other reason than the hope of helping the boy to greater carefulness, for I like Bob."

The contract was duly signed and carried out, much to the chagrin of Bob, and somewhat to the depletion of his purse.

Bob soon got another job in the opposite part of town; but was nonplused to find that the man inserted a similar clause in the contract. He bit his lip and signed it, determining that it should be null and void so far as his part was concerned. And his grit almost carried the day, but not quite.

Everywhere he went for weeks he found himself up against the same proposition. He met the situation in a manly spirit, and finally found that he was not a bit afraid to affix his name to the most drastic contract. For he had been so humiliated by his first experience, and so inconvenienced by the pecuniary loss it occasioned, that he did some serious thinking.

He kept up this thinking operation through the second, the third, and even the fourth experience, and at the finishing of the fifth contract he found it was possible to do his work without even one small mistake.

Then it was that he saw the real significance of his past blundering. He saw that it had not only injured his reputation, but had brought serious reproach upon his profession as a Christian. For the sake of the gospel truth, for his own sake, for the sake of others, he determined to overcome his carelessness.

His resolve was carried out so successfully that in time the boys, from overhearing the complimentary speech of their elders, began to call him Careful Bob instead of Accidental Bob.

Thus it was that Careful Bob became the heir to a neat little sum left him by one whom he later found was responsible for the rebate contracts that had wrought such a wholesome reformation in his life, transforming him from an exasperating blunderer to one who could be depended upon for unusual carefulness and precision.

F. D. C.

"We wait for the Lord, our Beloved,
Our Comforter, Master, and Friend,
The substance of all that we hope for,
Beginning of faith and its end;
We watch for our Saviour and Bridegroom,
Who loved us and made us his own;
For him we are looking and longing.
For Jesus, and Jesus alone."

The Shoemaker of Today

THE shoemaker of earlier days, who sat on his bench and "stuck to his last," making such a picturesque figure that even the children learned a game of "tap, tap, tapping" to imitate him, would be a surprised man if he could be led through one of the immense buildings where shoes are manufactured today.

"Are you a shoemaker?" we can imagine him asking the first person he meets.

"No, I am a cutter," the man would answer, or, "I am a pull-over," "a heel slugger," "a vamp," "a skiver," and so on through a list of queer-sounding terms. Not one of them would answer to the title "shoemaker," for in these days it takes about one hundred different pairs of hands to make one pair of shoes. At least fifty different machines are used to perform the operations that were once the work of a single man. Many of these operations are performed entirely by women.

"This is the cutting-room," our shoemaker would be told at the first stage of his journey through the shoe factory. Even here he might see the machines at work, for it is possible now to cut out the leather and linings by machine; but of late, Dame Fashion has been so whimsical in her desires that to cut all shoes by machinery would mean making a new machine every two minutes, or thereabouts. So he will probably see the cutters at their desks, planning how to use the skins to the best advantage—for leather is expensive—and cutting with a sharp knife around stiff cardboard patterns, edged with metal. The lining cutter, at another table, is cutting his cloth eight thicknesses at a time.

The visitor will see light racks on wheels, loading up with bundles of the parts that have been cut, carefully tagged and waiting to go to the fitting-room. Just to keep the orders straight and see that all the parts of a given shoe finally meet, requires a system that staggers the unaccustomed mind.

In the fitting-room these parts first begin to come together. The room is full of humming, clicking machines, most of which are run by women, each performing a separate process. One, for instance, sews up the lining, another stitches in the backstay, another finishes the top. As we cannot hem an edge of leather to give it a finished appearance, a machine has been invented which cuts away a thin slice from inside the edge, so that it will fold back smoothly. This process is called "skiving." The edge is now cemented and folded firmly over, making a neat finish. We can see this finish where the vamp, or lower part of the shoe, is stitched to the top.

The most skilled operation in this room is that of "vamping," or stitching the vamp to the top. This may be done by a man or a woman. The two parts must be held so that, starting at the heel, the machine stitches to the toe and arrives with the two fitting exactly together. The vamped earns twenty or more dollars a week.

It is a curious sight to see the eyelet machine bite eyelets into the fronts of the shoes as rapidly as they can be fed to its iron jaws. Another machine seems to be tracing rapidly the outlines of buttonholes down a shoe; and when it has finished, the buttonholes are completely cut and made. Still another operation, which seems to occupy a twinkling of time, runs a lacer in the lower part of the laced shoe and ties a knot more perfectly than human hand could do it. This temporary lacing holds the shoe in shape while it goes through the lasting process, and makes the shoes much more uniform in fit than they were when the lacing was done by hand. It is these seeming trifles that make the perfection of the modern shoe.

If he has not fainted with astonishment before reaching this stage of his journey, the shoemaker will now find himself in the lasting department. The uppers are brought here, finished, but shapeless, ready to be shaped over the lasts and attached to the soles,

It Is the Correct Thing

TO use good jet-black ink.

To fold and direct a letter neatly, and to put on the stamp evenly, and in the proper corner.

To put on as many stamps as the weight of the letter or parcel demands.

For the autograph fiend to inclose a stamped and directed envelope when writing to his intended victim.

To inclose a stamp when writing to a stranger on your own business.

To use sealing wax, if you know how to make a fair and handsome seal.

To fold a letter right side up, so that the person who receives it will not be obliged to turn it, after taking it out of the envelope, before he can read it.

To use postal cards for ordinary business communications.

To use black-edged note paper when one is in mourning.

To write legibly.

To write straight.

To spell correctly.

To write numbers, dates, and proper names with especial care and distinctness.

To date a letter at the beginning on the right-hand side, and a note at the end on the left-hand side.

To use a monogram or device on note paper, either with or without the address.—*The Correct Thing.*

It Is Not the Correct Thing

TO use pale or colored ink.

To use ruled note paper, except for business communications.

To use note paper of bright, variegated, or very dark colors, or envelopes of eccentric shape.

To use a monogram or other device on an envelope.

To mail a letter without a stamp on it.

To use sealing wax if you do not know how, or if you have not time to make the seal carefully.

To direct an envelope wrong side up.

To use postal cards for private correspondence.

To write only the first letters of a word, and to represent the remainder by a series of unintelligible loops or runs.

To write in hieroglyphics.

To write up hill and down dale.

To use a great number of flourishes.

To imitate the handwriting of another person to such a degree as to lose the original character of one's own.

To sign a letter with a nickname, such as "Mamie," "Bessie," etc., unless one is writing to an intimate friend.

To sign a friendly letter, written to an equal, "Your obedient servant" or "Yours respectfully."

To underline or accent words frequently.—*The Correct Thing.*

which have been made ready in still another department. Small bins of wooden lasts are arranged, tier on tier, according to style and size, waiting to be clamped into the machines.

The insole is first tacked lightly to the last, the upper drawn into place, and with the pressing of a lever several pincers move forward, grasp the edges of the leather, pull it automatically over the edge of the last, and tack it in several places. This is the pulling-over machine. Most wonderful of all is the lasting-machine, which now fits the leather smoothly in place all around the sole, drawing it over and tacking it lightly with tacks that are afterward removed by another machine.

By a little study of any pair of shoes we happen to be wearing we could guess at some of the maneuvers necessary to attach the outer sole and the heel. The shoe would hardly be comfortable if the sole were fastened on by a heavy seam inside. Because of this the "welt" plan is commonly used. A strip of leather is stitched around where the upper joins the insole, and to this, outside the shoe, the sole is stitched in a seam which is visible on the upper side of the rim of the shoe, but not on the bottom, at least when the shoe is new. The secret is that the leather under the sole has been channeled, or split open, and the seam cleverly covered by pasting it down again. But this "lip" of leather soon wears off and betrays the secret.

To fasten the heel in place, to add the top lift to it, shape it around the edges, shape the sole likewise, level the shoe so that it stands firm, scour and polish the sole, and burnish the heel to a high finish are a few of the processes remaining. Last of all, the shoe must be stretched over a form and ironed to smooth out any wrinkles in the leather. It is ready at last for the packing- and shipping-room, where great wooden boxes are piled so high that a miniature elevator is sometimes rigged up to lift and lower the highest boxes in the pile.

Few modern industries are better organized than that of making shoes. This is particularly the case in America, with New England as the great center of the manufacture.—*Earl Ruliffson, in Young People.*

For the Finding-Out Club

What Country Is It?

THIS country is located on the peak of Monte Titano, and is completely surrounded by Italy. The people are often called the Sammarinesi. It is the world's smallest republic, containing only 32 square miles of territory. Its population is about 11,000.

The republic has seen sixteen centuries of peace. Italy has been its great protector, but even the invading armies respected its independence. Napoleon respected its independence, and in 1797 offered a large tract of territory to it. The people refused to accept it however. In a letter to his minister, Napoleon said, "We consider ——— as a model republic."

Three hundred of its youths served with the Italian army in this late war, but the government was officially neutral.

The main governing body is the Grand Council. The members of this were formerly elected for life, but now they are elected every three years. The Grand Council chooses two regents from its own num-

ber every six months. A man cannot be re-elected regent until three years after his last term has expired. Each regent is allowed 150 lire (about \$30) for clothes.

Justice is administered by three foreign judges who are changed every three years. This prevents favoritism in a community where nearly every one is related by either blood or interests.

The republic is often used as a refuge for political offenders. In 1849 Garibaldi found a refuge here from the pursuing Austrians.

A few years ago an offer was made to make the republic another Monte Carlo. This would have meant great wealth, but the people preferred the quiet life they are now living, so refused the offer.

MARK HAGMAN.

Who Was He?

ONE day, in a New Jersey village, a small boy was seen dragging a heavy rail along the street. When asked what he was going to do with it, he replied:

"I am taking it to Miss Becky, who has no fire."

With the spirit of kindness and helpfulness shown by that childish act, the boy grew to manhood, amiable, obedient, and conscientious. On finishing the medical course, he located in New York City, and was soon prospering in his chosen profession.

Then, one day, something happened which changed the whole current of his life. It was only the reading of a tract, borrowed from one of his patients, on "The Conversion of the World, or Claims of Six Hundred Millions," but it caused him to give up his bright future, and sail away for Ceylon, one June day, just a hundred years ago. A few years later he was transferred to India.

All his education and talent, all his energy and enthusiasm, were thrown into his work for the heathen in that distant field. From village to village he traveled, healing the sick, preaching the gospel, and scattering his Tamil publications throughout south-eastern India. Worn out in body by thirty-six years of such effort, he at last lay down to rest.

Eight of his sons and daughters, and grandchildren to the fourth generation, have caused his name to live by giving their lives to service for India,—a record which no other family holds.

BESSIE MOUNT.

Answers to Questions Printed February 11

1. Ahab, king of Israel, sent this message to Ben-hadad, king of Syria: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." 1 Kings 20:11.

2. Human might does not count for much when arrayed against the power of God. Ahab was trusting in the Lord to deliver him from the power of the enemy, while Ben-hadad was trusting in the might of his warriors. In sending this reply to his adversary, Ahab expressed the thought that it is not best for one to boast of what he *expects* to accomplish; rather wait until the task is done.

3. The prophet of the Lord said to King Ahab: "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." 1 Kings 20:40.

4. After the army of Ben-hadad had been utterly routed, he sent his servants to Ahab to plead for his life. The king of Israel, even though he knew that he should slay this wicked man, finally agreed to make a

covenant with him, and sent him away to his own country. The Lord then sent his prophet to Ahab, and he appeared to the king in disguise, saying that during the battle a man had been given into his care for whose keeping he was responsible with his life. He continued, "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." Ahab replied, "So shall thy judgment be; thyself hast decided it." Then the prophet removed his disguise, and told Ahab that because he had let go out of his hand a man whom the Lord had appointed to utter destruction, "therefore thy life shall go for his life, and thy people for his people."

Brotherly Love and Unity

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

THE children of God should be bound together into one perfect unit by the strong cords of brotherly love. A perfect whole, working with frictionless harmony, as under the direction of one great master mind, is the standard of perfection that God has set for his church; this ideal must be reached before his children can stand triumphant upon the sea of glass.

This unity is a seeming impossibility when we consider the widely differing individualities and many divergent thoughts, ideas, and convictions of those composing church membership. The goal can be reached only by constant striving and praying. God designs that his church be "a harmonious blending of a variety of talents." This condition has not as yet been reached, for among Christians today we find selfishness, criticism, envy, and suspicion.

There is only one remedy for this state, and that is the crucifixion of self and a realization of what it means to truly love God. Love to God is the first great commandment, and "he who loves God supremely will love his neighbor as himself." When our hearts are filled to overflowing with love for Christ, then we will not let anything cause friction between us and our brethren. We will be willing to do our part to clear away the rubbish of suspicion. We will be sympathetic and courteous. There will be no friction among those who have crowned Christ king, and let him rule within the heart. The Christ which is in the heart of the individual will meet the Christ which is in the heart of his brother, and there will be no room for anything but love and harmony.

When we reach the Philadelphian state for which we are striving, the church will become a powerful agent for the spread of the third angel's message, and the world will come to realize that this people of God has the truth for which they are hungering.

God has told us through his servant that unity existing among the followers of Christ is an evidence that the Father has sent his Son to save sinners. It is a witness of his power, for nothing short of the miraculous power of God can bring human beings with their different temperaments together in harmonious action. The world is waiting to see the working of this miracle in the hearts of God's people. Before this work is ever finished there must come to us an outpouring of the Spirit similar to that received by the disciples of old on the day of Pentecost.

Let us search our hearts individually, and put away anything that can hinder the working of God's power through us, or anything that will keep us from being a part of that perfect church which will be found at last without "spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

JULIAN GANT.

The Black Death

THE terrible sufferings, terrors, and ravages of the recent epidemic of Spanish influenza recall the black death, otherwise known as the bubonic plague, which swept the countries of Europe and Asia in the fourteenth century, leaving death and destruction in its wake. Nowhere in the pages of history is there recorded a pestilence which made such inroads into the foundation of civilization. World society was shaken like a leaf and there grew out of it superstition, persecution, and revolution, and then a complete reorganization of society.

The black death is thought to have originated in China, though some contend that there was a similar occurrence of it throughout the Roman Empire during the reign of Justinian. It appeared in China in 1333, and followed the trade routes of the caravans westward, reaching the lower Rhone in 1348.

The causes of this pestilence are not definitely known, but they are believed to be due to a specific microbe (*Bacillus pestis*), which took its name from the black spots that in many cases appeared on the body. The symptoms produced were headache, backache, pains, and expectoration of bloody mucus. Those stricken usually died in two or three days. The hale and hearty succumbed as readily as the weak and infirm. No kingdom escaped, no class was spared.

At this time there was much civil and national warfare being waged in Europe. England and France were in the midst of the Hundred Years' War. But men forgot their hatred of each other, and united in a common effort to stop the dreaded disease. Nevertheless all human endeavor was in vain. The plague ran its course, and whole families were blotted out. In fact, all animal life was threatened. Twenty-five million perished in Europe and forty million in the Orient. Huge pits were dug to bury the dead. Some were assigned watery graves, and many lay unburied for months. The seas bounding Europe were dotted with ships without crews — the sailors lying dead and putrefying on the decks of the aimless hulks. Many died of fear, and mothers forsook their plague-stricken children. Poverty and distress awaited those who survived.

In this, as in all other calamities, the blame was placed on sin. Living in an age of deception and darkness, the superstitious people in desperation tried to expiate themselves by all manner of bodily torture. The churches were filled with precious ornaments and treasures, but the priests feared to receive them. Some laid the blame on the Jews and persecution followed. No language can picture the horrible scenes during this epidemic.

There is a striking similarity in the black death and Spanish influenza of more recent date, in both the disease itself and the results which follow. Had we been eyewitnesses of the events and conditions in Central and Eastern Europe during the past few months, this comparison would probably seem more real to us. The mortality from the black death was much greater than that from the influenza, but we must remember that we are living in an age in which sanitary conditions are very different. Then, too, the influenza is far more deadly than the black death. All investigations made by the leading surgeons of the world have failed to reveal any clue as to its cause. Had it visited the world under the same conditions as the black death, it is safe to say that civilization would have been wiped out.

JOHN NEFF.

The First Robin

Good morning, Sir Robin, I'm happy to see
Your bright face once more in the old maple tree;
But, say, don't you think you are crowding the game,
So far from the South, with its roses aflame?
Are you cold? I should think so, because I can see
How the snowflakes are haunting your perch on the tree.
And the wind, how it whistles! Just look at your toes,
And you're red as a beet to the tip of your nose.
And there you sit perched, with your beak in the air;
Or, pardon me, maybe you're now at your prayer.

But if you are chilly out there on the tree,
Come into the house, and you'll see what you'll see:
A bright, cheery fire that is waiting to warm,
And not a soul here to molest you or harm.
The wife's sewing basket will make a soft nest;
We'll open the pantry and give you our best.
The high cost of living won't hinder a mite
From eating and drinking whatever's in sight.
We'll lock up the cat in the woodshed or bin;
All's yours, Mr. Robin, if you'll but come in.

And if in your heart you're inclined to repay,—
Of course, we don't ask it; but here's what I say,—
If in your big heart you're inclined to recip.,
Well, pardon me, Robin, I'll give you a tip:
Just hop over there on that portrait and sing,

Till the echoes themselves with your melodies ring.
I know it is in you; I've heard you before,
In last summer's songs in the tree by the door.

Remember, it's not a condition I make.
The whole house is yours, and it's yours what you take;
Help yourself where you will to the best you can find;
And if you are sleepy, just drop down behind
That bust over there and go to it for keeps,
Close up your bright peepers and get you some sleeps.
There's nothing too good for a birdie like you
Abroad in this storm—in your barefooties, too!

But, say, gentle Robin, what's come of your wife?
You came on ahead at the risk of your life,
To pick out a site for a nest by and by,
When the crocuses bloom and her wing's in the sky?
Oh, that's it! I knew that some cause must prevail
To prompt you to weather the sleet and the gale.
"You see, I came early ahead of the rush,
And so put one over on blackbird and thrush.
I'll pick out a home site for wife and me,
Out there on your lawn in the forks of the tree.
And say," said the bird, "if a fellow would win,
He must risk frozen toes and a red, frigid chin.
He's a wise bird who spreads out his wings for the race
E'er the one who would beat him has entered the chase."

—David Reed Miller, D. D.

The Red-headed Boy

THERE'S that awful red-headed boy in a fight!"
The sharp voice belonged to the sharp-faced teacher
of the fifth grade, who happened to be on duty at the
noon recess. She hurried to the struggling boys, and
with the assistance of another teacher managed to pull
them apart.

"Young man," she addressed the owner of the red
hair, "this is not the first fight you've had on these
grounds, but I certainly hope it will be the last."
She marched the panting boys to the principal's office.

In the meantime, a red head had appeared at an
upstairs window; one glance from a pair of intelligent
brown eyes took in the situation, and the head dis-
appeared.

"Yes, I saw him, with my own eyes, rush at the
other boy, grab him by the collar, and fling him
down!" The sharp voice was pitched so as to enter
the principal's ear, and penetrate to his rather kind
heart, arousing it to execute a righteous judgment on
the red-headed culprit.

"Be seated, boys. What grade are you in?" The
red-headed boy looked up.

"Indeed, I'm sorry to say he is still in mine!"
The sharp voice had emphasized "still."

"Did you attack this boy first?"

"With my hands, yes, sir."

"Why do you say 'with your hands'?"

"Because he attacked me, first, with his tongue."

The principal looked at the other boy, who grinned
and flushed.

There was a tap on the door. "Come in!" called
the principal, and a tall young woman with red hair
and brown eyes entered. She looked sympathetically
into the eyes of the boys, causing them both to blush
with shame.

The red-headed boy blushed, because he remembered
the fight he had had the previous year, and how this
red-headed teacher from another grade had walked all
the way home with him; and how she had told him
that God had made both their heads red; how he had
numbered each of those red hairs; how that it did not
just happen to be red, but that God had permitted
it to be that color; and that it was wrong to fight

about it, because it was like reproaching his heavenly
Father for making it red.

"Have a seat, Miss McClain; I'm glad you have
come. Now," to the black, drooping head, "how did
you attack him with your tongue?"

Both boys' faces grew redder. After an embarrass-
ing silence, the red head was thrown back, and a pair
of honest blue eyes looked at the principal.

"He don't want to tell you, because Miss McClain
is here. Please, Miss McClain, go out! then you can
come back when we holler 'Come.'"

The blue eyes looked beseechingly into the brown
ones. The principal raised his eyebrows; the thin lips
of the sharp-faced teacher curled contemptuously;
Miss McClain laughed merrily.

"Excuse me, Professor; but perhaps you don't un-
derstand. Why, it's something about red heads. You
see, Pat is so sensitive on the subject, that he can't
realize that I'm not at all so. Don't mind me, Earnest,
just speak the truth," but the boy only looked more
ashamed of himself.

Miss McClain smiled knowingly at the principal.
"He called him a red-headed, freckle-faced Irishman,
I expect. Was that it, Pat?"

"Ask him." Pat Dillon nodded toward Earnest.

Earnest raised his black eyes, full of tears and
shame, to his teacher's intellectual face; and the look
in her eyes brought him to his feet.

"Professor," he stammered. "I—that's exactly
what I said, only—that wasn't all. I said that his
mother nearly whipped him last night because she
saw a light through the transom and thought he was
still reading after she had told him to put out his
light and go to bed, but she found it was only the
light from his head. I—I didn't know how low-down
it was, until—until Miss McClain came in."

Miss McClain's eyes rewarded him. She was proud
of her pupil.

Pat was on his feet before Earnest had finished.

"It was my fault! I promised Miss McClain last
year that I would stop and spell 'God made it red,'
before I fought about it; and I forgot today; but it
is the first red-headed fight I've had since I promised
her," and they all believed it.

The principal rose and shook hands with the boys. "Now shake hands with each other!—that's right. Pat, my boy, I believe this is to be your last fight on account of your hair. Now, I want you to study your hardest, so I can promote you to Miss McClain's room. I think there you would soon learn to appreciate red hair."

Pat Dillon was promoted at Christmas, and from the day he entered Miss McClain's room, and looked into her eyes, he became a different boy. He was from the beginning her messenger, because, when she looked up to select some one, a pair of eager blue eyes begged to be of service.

The principal watched with interest the developing of the red-headed boy, by the tactful, intelligent, red-headed teacher.

"Miss McClain has the best-behaved grade in school. I've taught it twice," declared one senior to another whom she met in the hall, on her way to fill Miss McClain's vacant seat.

"I'm certainly glad to hear it, for I'm awfully nervous about teaching boys and girls of from ten to thirteen; they are simply at an abominable age! I'm not surprised that she has these violent headaches to come on suddenly."

"Don't you worry. If you want any information, just ask that red-headed boy; he's a treasure."

The nervous senior found the report to be true, and everything went on smoothly until the arithmetic class was called, and eight pupils were at the board, when suddenly the fire alarm rang.

"The fire drill!" exclaimed the senior, excitedly.

"Fire, fire, fire!" shouted a voice in the street below.

The senior sprang from her seat and rushed from the platform. Pat raced down the aisle, caught her in his arms, and hurried her back to Miss McClain's desk.

Interest in Pat's maneuvers had saved the grade from panic.

Holding the struggling, half-hysterical senior, Pat gave the necessary number of sharp, commanding taps. The grade responded mechanically; but when the little girl who led the line looked into the smoky hall, and saw white-faced teachers struggling desperately to control themselves, and the excited line of boys, she hesitated.

"Earnest, lead the line!" commanded Pat, "and every one hold on to the one in front!"

From the foot of the stairs the principal saw Miss McClain's grade holding their lawful place next the wall. A line too compact to be broken, they came on past him, and in their rear came a red-headed boy, dragging an unconscious senior.

In the morning paper was the principal's account of how Pat Dillon, in the absence of his teacher, had preserved the honor of the sixth grade. Miss McClain read it, and was proud of her red-headed boy.—*Alice Daly, in Christian Instructor.*

Ralph's First Check

A LETTER lay at Ralph's plate as he sat down to breakfast.

"Open it, certainly," Mr. Osborn said, as the boy looked up. Ralph was a mannerly little fellow. His mother had taught him it was polite to ask permission before opening a letter in the presence of another person.

A long, narrow slip of paper dropped out of the envelope. Ralph read: "Pay to the order of Ralph West, two dollars." At the bottom was a name, "Jane Andrews."

"Why, that's my grandmother," the boy exclaimed. She had always been only "grandmother," and the name really puzzled him. "She's given me money before, but it's the first check I ever had." He waved it joyfully.

Ralph's grandmother knew boys. She knew it would mean twice as much to a small boy, if the gift reached him while he was staying a few days in this great house. It was the house of a multimillionaire, which means a very rich man. That is neither here nor there, only it is a part of the story. Ralph didn't know anything about this multimillionaire business, and two dollars seemed a very large amount.

He passed the check to Mr. Osborn, asking rather timidly: "Could you cash it for me, please?" It isn't everybody who carries two dollars in his pocket.

Mr. Osborn looked at it gravely, and only Mrs. Osborn knew that his eyes twinkled. "I'll see," he answered, and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Really, I haven't that much change on hand." Ralph's eyes looked disappointed. "But how should you like to go with me to the bank, and get the money right from the cashier?" Ralph would like that very much indeed, it was so grown up and manly.

On the way to the bank Mr. Osborn asked: "How should you like the money? In two one-dollar bills or part of it in silver?"

Ralph thought a minute. "How many times would ten go in it? I can't quite do that in my head yet."

"Just twenty times, my boy. That would be twenty cents."

"Then I'd take it so I can take twenty cents right out."

They were at the bank now, and there was not time to say any more.



COME ON! LET'S GO!

It took some minutes to write "Ralph West" on the back of the check, for the boy was not much beyond printing. But the cashier was patient and smiling to the guest of Mr. Osborn.

"Give him a one and the rest in change, so he can have two dimes out of it," the latter said. The boy produced a small purse, and carefully put two ten-cent pieces in a separate place.

As they passed out, Mr. Osborn asked: "I don't want to pry, but would you mind telling me what you are going to do with the twenty cents?"

"Why, no, Mr. Osborn. I thought you'd know about that. Mother says one tenth of what we get is to go working for the Lord. Mother and I always save it out."—*Helen A. Hawley.*

My Dolly Dear and I

HER name is Mary Clarabelle.
I know you'd love her, too,
If you could see how good she is —
And sweet and pretty, too;
For when I leave her by herself,
She doesn't even cry!
And, oh, we have such lovely times,
My dolly dear and I.

But once, when we were playing house,
The wind came whirling round
And tipped her carriage till she 'most
Fell out upon the ground.
She didn't scream at all, she just
Held out her arms, and my!
But we did hug each other tight,
My dolly dear and I.

And when the dark has grown so black
You cannot see outside,
And all the great big boggy things
Come out from where they hide,
And creep behind us — still — as still —
We used almost to cry
For fear they'd grab us in the back —
My dolly dear and I.

But mother says that when the wind
Had frightened dolly so,
I ran to take her in my arms
As fast as I could go.
And just like that, through all the dark,
More close than she can tell —
God's holding out his arms, she says,
To me and Clarabelle.

So now, when all the shiny stars
Have lighted up the night,
And mother tucks me up in bed,
All soft and warm and white,
We aren't a single bit afraid
Of boggy things. 'Cause why?
We snuggle safely in God's arms,
My dolly dear and I.

— *Kathryn C. Wheeler, in the Continent.*

The Teacher's Vow

THE following epitome of professional ethics for teachers was written by Prof. Lyman C. Newell, of Boston University for students of the Lowell Normal School. He calls it "The Teacher's Vow."

I will see the good in all pupils and lead them on to higher attainments.

I will be patient and forbearing, confident in the belief that kindness and generosity will ultimately triumph.

I will scorn error, deceit, and all forms of falsehood, persistently foregoing sarcasm and injustice.

I will claim all nature as my heritage, and spend a portion of each day quietly in God's open air.

I will hold daily communion with my own soul.

I will accept my remuneration, however small, with-

out envy, complaint, or discouragement, never forgetting that a teacher is a leader into the higher life, and not merely a wage-earner.

I will work each day in unshaken assurance that peace and power come in full measure to all who are ready for the truth.

Wishing

I WISH that every single day
I'd wake already dressed;
The little chicks must like that way,
And birdies in the nest.
They never have to comb and brush,
And button everything
Before they get their breakfast mush,
Or fly around and sing.

There's too much soap and water stuff;
You scrub from ear to toe,
Until you're plenty clean enough —
And then first thing you know,
Just when you're having pecks of fun,
You find you're in disgrace!
"How did you get so dirty, son?
Come in and wash your face."

Just give me mud and overalls,
And I'm as pleased as Punch!
But right away somebody calls,
And then I get a hunch
It's soap and starchy things for me;
Right then I wish and wish
That I wore feathers, or could be
A lucky little fish.

— *Daisy D. Stephenson.*

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Missionary Volunteer News Notes

THE Morning Watch Calendar is the best ever, and its circulation has already gone above any previous year, — nearly 75,000.

The foreign mission goal of the ninety-two Maritime Conference Missionary Volunteers was \$150, and they raised \$980.83 by the Harvest Ingathering plan alone, or \$10.66 per member. Other parts of the Eastern Canadian Union have done well also. The Missionary Volunteers of London, Ontario, secured \$15.14 per member; Brantford, Ontario, \$10.50; and Ottawa, \$12.50.

The Greater New York Missionary Volunteers averaged \$10.69 per capita in the Harvest Ingathering. One society averaged \$27.64.

The Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Negro young people of the Southeastern Union writes: "Yes, thank you, we were able to push the Harvest Ingathering, and the young people did splendidly. One member of the Atlanta society raised \$50, another raised \$16.41, and another \$7.05. In Savannah one gathered \$37.75, and others received good amounts. The society there raised more than \$80. The Atlanta society received more than \$122 in the Harvest Ingathering work, and contributed \$54 for missions. Their goal was only \$115, so they passed it by a good margin. My people are doing a good work."

The Junior society of Reading, Pennsylvania, secured more than \$100 Harvest Ingathering money.

The Missionary Volunteers of Australia received upward of \$5,000 in the Harvest Ingathering cam-

paign. This was two ninths of the entire amount raised in Australia.

Our Missionary Volunteers have done splendid work in raising money for Armenian and Syrian relief. The Northern Illinois secretary writes: "In three months we raised \$640 for Armenia, and also went over the top for India." Several societies in different conferences have adopted two orphans, others have adopted more.

One girl writes about the Reading Course book, "The Days of June;" "What I have read has given me a longing to have a part in the work, and to live a beautiful life as did June Nicholson. Her testimony, 'To live is Christ, to die is gain,' impressed me greatly."

The spirit of our Missionary Volunteers is well represented in one Missouri society which wrote to the conference secretary asking that its goal be doubled.

The assistant secretary and treasurer of the General Conference for South America writes that Professor Crager, the Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Austral Union, "has been doing good work in organizing the young people's department, and we have been greatly encouraged by the way the young people are taking hold of the sale of periodicals in some of our mission fields."

Professor Crager writes of the young people at the Pua, Chile, school: "They have a strong working society there, and are doing much in spite of the fact that they are in the country and it is hard to get to where they can work, and also the fact that it rains there the larger part of the school year. They are monthly selling six hundred copies of our missionary paper."

The Missionary Volunteer work is making progress in Brazil. Brother Max Rohde writes: "We send out every month one hundred fifty programs and lessons in Portuguese to our young people's societies, who are studying 'The Coming King.'"

Should you like to see other interesting notes of what our Missionary Volunteers are doing everywhere? Write, or have your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary write, to the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department some of your interesting experiences.

M. E. K.

Missionary Volunteer Work in Nyasaland

THE superintendent of the Rhodesian-Nyasaland Mission Field, Prof. W. E. Straw, was one of our Missionary Volunteer workers in the United States before going to Africa. He writes concerning the young people and the young people's work in Nyasaland:

"While I was in Nyasaland we organized our people there for Missionary Volunteer work. It seems to me the principles of Missionary Volunteer work are just what are needed for our natives in this field. Mrs. C. Robinson was elected Missionary Volunteer secretary for Nyasaland, with two native assistants to act as field secretaries. These will go out to the different schools, and organize a society for Missionary Volunteer work wherever a school is conducted. So I suppose within a short time there will be thirty-five or forty societies in Nyasaland.

"However, our great need is literature for them. I do not think there is a scrap of Seventh-day Adventist literature, other than school books, for them to use. So when I was there the workers asked me to write a

few little tracts to use in their missionary work. We must have more literature for these natives. The New Testament is the only literature we find in the greater part of our Rhodesian field. When I see the opportunities, or lack of opportunities, these natives have, I wonder that they make the progress they do. But we believe better days are before us. We hope to have some literature that these people can use for their own benefit and also distribute among their friends. On the whole the work here in Rhodesia is moving along very encouragingly."

Surely our young people who have so many advantages and so much to help them, and with which to help others, will pray for the Missionary Volunteers of Nyasaland. Several years ago the young people of the College View, Nebraska, church supported for a few years Brother and Sister J. C. Rogers, who were our missionaries in Nyasaland. Those who gave of their means then will be glad to know of the fruit which is there now.

Brother Straw reports 731 in attendance at their last camp-meeting. There were 113 baptisms, making 125 for the year. There are now 512 church members and 500 others in Bible classes studying the message in preparation for baptism. The five weeks' institute which Brother Straw conducted was attended by 53 teachers.

M. E. K.

To Our Missionary Volunteers

THERE is one line of missionary work in which many of our students and other young people may have a part. It is that of getting in touch with many interested persons who desire literature. Some of these have been visited by canvassing students during the summer, and others have come in touch with our evangelists.

By distributing the cost of a club of *Signs of the Times*, a few cents from each one will pay for fifty papers, and in this way hundreds who have actually shown an interest in present truth can be reached week after week. This suggests one line of work for every Missionary Volunteer Society. In this way papers may be sent to hundreds of families who will accept and read them.

Fifty copies for six months in a club cost \$30 — only 30 cents a quarter for each one in a society of fifty members. For \$35 the names may be sent to the tract society, whence they will go to the publishers, and the papers will be mailed direct each week, leaving simply the work of correspondence with the society. This is a method of missionary endeavor that will bring results, and give the participants a good experience. The truth of this statement has been proved again and again. Do not neglect this opportunity for service.

Our Counsel Corner

DO you think it all right for our people to be members of the W. C. T. U.? I think the organization is doing some very good work, but am not well enough acquainted with it to know whether it would be best for our people to be members. E. H.

Seventh-day Adventists are a temperance people, discarding not only liquor, but tobacco, tea, and coffee. We can heartily co-operate with any organization which has for its purpose the abolition of the

liquor traffic, unless such co-operation should lead us into violation of other principles of truth. In recent years the temperance organizations have kept themselves comparatively free from religious legislation activities. What they will do in the future we cannot tell. Many regard the recent victory in the adoption of the prohibition amendment to the United States Constitution as the beginning of "welfare legislation," which, in their minds, doubtless includes Sunday laws. If we have capable women in the W. C. T. U., when these issues arise they will have an opportunity to show how such legislation is contrary to the spirit of the Master.

While we heartily believe in and work for prohibition, we should always remember that the only sure hope of this sin-cursed earth is the gospel of Christ. Prohibition laws are quite ineffective unless the majority of the people believe in and practice temperance; and the best way to save men and women from intemperance is to lead them to accept the gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation." So while we are interested in, and co-operate in every possible way with, temperance organizations, let us remember that the giving of the gospel message is our main business.

The W. C. T. U. was organized for a noble purpose, and is doing a great work. While it would seem best for our girls to give their spare time to our Missionary Volunteer activities, it surely seems right that our women of experience should help the W. C. T. U. in its great work, as long as they can do so without compromising principle. Many of our sisters are doing this with excellent results.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

XIII — The Review

(March 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 5 to 1 Samuel 3.

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

TIME: From the beginning of the conquest of Canaan by the children of Israel, through the period of the Judges, to the call of Samuel as the prophet of the Lord.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS: Joshua, Deborah and Barak, Gideon, Samson, Ruth, Samuel.

Questions

The Fall of Jericho

Joshua 5, 6

In what peculiar manner was the city of Jericho taken by the Israelites?

Who only of the people living in Jericho were saved alive? Why was this exception made?

The Taking of Ai

Joshua 7, 8

What was the result of the first attempt to take the city of Ai?

What caused the defeat?

How was the guilty one discovered and punished?

Describe the second battle of Ai.

The Battle of Gibeon

Joshua 9, 10

By what means did the Gibeonites become associated with the children of Israel?

What remarkable thing took place in the battle which Joshua fought in their defense?

Dividing the Land: Cities of Refuge

Joshua 14-24

How many kings did Joshua defeat in battle?

How did Joshua learn which portion of the land to give to each tribe of Israel?

For what purpose were cities of refuge provided?

Deborah and Barak Deliver Israel

Judges 2; 4

What took place among the children of Israel after Joshua's generation passed away?

What distress came upon them because of this?

What king greatly oppressed Israel for twenty years?

How was deliverance wrought through Deborah and Barak?

The Call of Gideon and His Work

Judges 6, 7

In what remarkable way was Gideon called to deliver Israel from the Midianites?

What miracles were wrought as proof of his call?

What tests reduced his army to three hundred men?

With what weapons did they overcome the enemy?

The Story of Samson

Judges 13-16

What was remarkable about Samson, son of Manoah?

What exhibitions of his strength are recorded?

How did he lose his great strength?

With what tragedy did his life close?

The Story of Ruth

Book of Ruth

Through what events did Ruth become associated with the people of God?

In what eloquent words was her decision made known?

How did she become acquainted with Boaz?

What great honor became hers?

The Child Samuel

1 Samuel 1-3

In what remarkable way was Samuel dedicated to God?

Where was he taken when yet a child?

What experience came to him when he was about twelve years old?

How is his faithfulness to duty shown?

Memory Test

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

"Come, and I will show thee the man whom thou seekest."

"The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor."

"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

"Speak; for thy servant heareth."

"I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle."

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

"The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon."

"If thou wilt go with me, then I will go: but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go."

"This our bread we took hot for our provision out of our houses on the day we came forth to go unto you; but now, behold, it is dry, and it is moldy."

"I coveted them, and took them; and, behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent."

"As captain of the host of the Lord am I now come."

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. Through God we shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down our enemies. Ps. 60:12.

2. Behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out. Num. 32:23.

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

4. Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me. Ps. 50:15.

5. There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass. Joshua 21:45.

6. The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. Ps. 34:16.

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

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

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

10. Beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Prov. 31:30.

11. Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right. Prov. 20:11.

12. Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. 1 Sam. 3:9.

Applied Mathematics

I SOMETIMES wonder what's the use
Of squaring the hypotenuse;
Or why, unless it be to tease,
Things must be called isosceles.
Of course I know that mathematics
Are mental stunts and acrobatics,
To give the brain a drill gymnastic
And make gray matter more elastic.
Is that why Euclid has employed
Trapezium and trapezoid,
I wonder? — yet it seems to me
That all the *plain geometry*
One needs is just this simple feat:
Whate'er your line, make both ends meet!

— Anne W. Young, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Found Nourishment in Crumbs

MR. WILLIAMS, the apostle to the South Seas, once had his attention arrested by seeing a man arise from some stones and walk on his knees to meet him. "Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island," shouted the man. Then the two engaged in a conversation concerning the man's experience.

Mr. Williams said: "Buteve, where did you obtain all this knowledge? I do not remember ever having seen you at the settlements where I have spoken; and besides this, your hands and feet are eaten off by disease, and you have to walk upon your knees."

Buteve answered: "As the people return from the service, I sit by the wayside, and beg from them, as they pass by, a bit of the Word. One gives me one piece, and another another, and I gather them together in my heart; and thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I get to understand."— A. T. Pierson.

The Widow's Meal

I REMEMBER being much struck years ago by an incident related to me by a Highland shepherd on my uncle's estate of Ardilly, the facts of which he, a good Christian man, was quite prepared to vouch for.

Up on a lone hillside there lived, about the middle of the century, a poor lone widow, who for many a long year had learned to rest, in every difficulty and in all her need, upon Him who has somewhere said, "Let thy widows trust in me." It was in the depth of winter when the incident I am going to relate occurred, and the poor woman's stock, never very abundant, was, I suppose, reduced to its lowest by the difficulty of finding any employment at that season of the year. Unlike the widow in the Hebrew story, she actually found her barrel of meal fail, and when she had finished the last handful she went to bed, possibly with the hope that she might be more successful in earning a few pence on the morrow.

But when the morrow came a terrible snowstorm swept over the land, and the lane leading to her little cot was almost blocked with snow. It was quite beyond her slender powers to battle with the raging storm and make her way to some neighbor's house, where at least she would be made welcome to a dish of porridge. There was only one Friend to whom she could apply, and in him she had the most perfect confidence.

Accordingly she filled her pan with water, and put it upon the fire, and actually put the salt in the water. "Noo," she said to herself, "I'll jist gang ben, and ask the Loord for the meal." So she retired into her inner chamber, and there with thanksgiving and praise she made her wants known to the Lord. She had not long been on her knees when there was a loud knock

on the door. "Na, na, Loord," she said, "thou canst na hae sent the answer sae soon."

But the knocking continued, and on her opening the door, a buxom farmer's lass, who lived some little distance off, flung down a sack of meal on the floor, exclaiming, "Father sent ye that; and I think ye may be very grateful to me for bringing it here through all this terrible storm. Whatever possessed my father I don't know, but all the morning he has been dinning into me about that sack of meal, and, snow or no snow, I must be sure and fetch it up to you; but it's been a pretty hard job getting through the storm, I can tell you."

So she was rattling on, when a glance at the old woman fairly overawed and silenced her. There she stood with uplifted hands and eyes bedimmed with grateful praise, as she exclaimed, "He's aye the same, Jeanie! He's aye the same! Mony a lang year hae I trusted him, and I ne'er found him fail; and he's nae failed me noo. I put on the water, and I put in the salt, and ne'er a grain o' meal had I in the hoose. Sae I was jist asking the Loord to send me the meal, when I heard ye knock at the door, and noo here comes the meal jist while I was asking for it."— *Selected*.

Breaquing It Gently

WE begin the publication of *The Rocay Mountain Cyclone* with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type phounders phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them until they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and the c's and x's and q's hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) "*The Cyclone*" whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us — it's a serious aphphair." — *Selected*.

"Powder Mill"

A YOUNG woman whom her friends recognize as having a very sweet disposition says that as a child she was possessed of a very high temper, a legacy left her by her father, and she so often exhibited this unbecoming trait of character that a young man boarding in their home nicknamed her "Powder Mill."

The mother tactfully used this fact to shame the child into an effort to overcome the unbecoming trait of character, and it had a more salutary effect than anything that had been done to correct the evil.

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